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*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

Illustration for "Wild Geese"

"NOTHING WOULD INDUCE ME TO PART WITH IT"





✓ 18281

# Harper's Magazine

VOL. CLI

JUNE, 1925

No. CMI

## SELL THE PAPERS!

### *The Malady of American Journalism*

BY A NEWSPAPER MAN

The author of the following article is an editorial writer on a well-known Western newspaper. He withholds his name out of regard for his colleagues, whose frank statements, along with his own, might be locally resented. The article undertakes to show how the modern newspaper, in its effort to achieve greater circulation, has lost sight of the aims and ideals which inspired the best American journalism of the days of Greeley and Dana.—*Editor's Note.*

THE owner, the editor, and the editorial writer of a daily newspaper of modest regional consequence somewhere in America spent ten minutes one afternoon last winter discussing a subscriber's order for five hundred copies of a recent issue. There were not five hundred copies left. The subscriber's check was of no great consequence, but this newspaper's clientele was sufficiently small for five hundred extra sales to mean something in circulation statistics. The informal conference was vainly trying to imagine where these copies could be procured.

"What the heck does he want them for?" finally growled the managing editor in the annoyed tone of a man to whom the troubles of others have been brought unnecessarily.

The owner explained that a syndicated column of editorial opinion, car-

ried daily in the principal position on the first page—the most widely distributed and best-known offering of its kind in America—had published something which the subscriber wished to use as propaganda for his business.

The grave conferees scratched their heads and decided there was no possible way of getting together five hundred copies. The subscriber would have to be notified of this.

"Why not write him," spoke up the editorial writer with deliberate malice, "that we don't print Brisbane to get circulation but only because we believe every word of it?"

Did this take courage? Did lightning crackle on the horizon? Was the insolent young man instructed to stop at the cashier's window on the way out and draw his pay to date?

Not a bit of it! I happened to be the



editorial writer. I knew my bosses' minds. What actually happened was that the two heads of the leading newspaper of a considerable-sized city and of a trade territory embracing three states snickered. Then the owner retorted, without rancor, "Gosh, but isn't he the sarcastic devil?"

But next day, when the universally famous column carried its customary sneer that Great Britain and Japan had deliberately hoodwinked us into signing the naval disarmament treaties of 1922 and were now deliberately cheating in their execution, did I editorially denounce the insinuation? I did not. On first joining that staff I had my experience with editorials rejected because they sought to debate directly with Mr. Brisbane; and no editorial writer yearns to fill his space quota twice. Instead, I remembered my standard instructions that, while Brisbane editorial policies are not necessarily our policies, we never weaken the prestige of a great circulation-getter by taking a direct issue with it.

Three or four days later I wrote an editorial, weakened in whatever effectiveness it may have had both by the time lapse and the "soft pedal," suggesting that evidences of British chicanery in the carrying out of the disarmament treaties was "hardly conclusive."

It may, or may not, make any difference what the newspaper readers of a middle-sized Western city and its surrounding circulation territory are encouraged to believe about the execution of the disarmament treaties. Time may prove Mr. Brisbane right. Nations may be safe only when suspecting the worst of other nations and, on the strength of that suspicion, doing their best to maintain dominant military establishments. Our newspaper's more feebly maintained policy of trusting—short of damning evidence of bad faith—to the decent motives and pledge-keeping instincts of others (as gentlemen are still

alleged to do in private life) may prove, with Mr. Brisbane's expert assistance, to be the hopelessly impracticable ideal of a civilization too hasty in calling itself Christian. Newspapermen, especially those who must bear the curiously argumentative labors of editorial writing, acquire early in life the knowledge that all genuine issues have two or more sides.

The point, as this rather trivial incident reveals it, is that our newspaper is eagerly willing, with a cynical humor which quite appreciates what it is doing, to suppress its side in order to sell papers. The Brisbane column is a circulation getter. Therefore, our policies, our leadership (potential and actual), must be subordinated to Brisbane.

Here, in short, is a typical case of a newspaper consciously and cynically selling its soul to the technic of commodity salesmanship.

If there is a serious degenerative tendency at work in American journalism, despite still increasing standards of technical efficiency, such incidents represent it. In order to get, in the easiest and quickest way, the mass circulation which is the basis of most advertising profit, American dailies (large and small) are withdrawing from the market all of the useful services they have to sell except one thing—papers!

They could sell leadership—wise or unwise, but at least honest. Instead, more and more they sell flattery of the prejudices and puerile vanities of the herd mind. They could sell information. Instead, more and more generally they sell printed sentimental spectacles on a par with the trashiest novelties of the "movies." They could sell a criticism of life in all its common phases more constant and practically effective than the criticism afforded by all the arts put together. Instead, they sell frothy praise for whatever emotional project happens to have caught the local fancy, or the report that the descendant of the old Knickerbocker family has married a negress.



They could sell a sense of proportion in all the vast realm of physical and emotional complexities that properly concern the citizens of a self-governing Republic. Instead, they sell for months on end the idea that the charges and counter-charges of marital infidelity between a New York banker and his wife are the most important events happening on earth. They could sell a sense of the separation between matters of private concern and matters of public business. Instead, they sell the impression that a sixteen-year-old San Francisco girl's morbid pathological condition is the personal business, not only of every San Francisco reporter on the assignment but of every newspaper reader from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego, California.

They sell papers—more than twelve million daily in our twelve largest cities alone! But a managing editor of brilliant technical efficiency complained to me one night last summer:

“What in hell can I get for a head the newsboys will cry when nothing's coming over the wire but this Dawes plan ratification?”

A local crime story arrived in due course, but for the time being he had been sincerely worried.

I like to look back to our files for the early 1890's. We served a community of barely ten thousand then with six or eight absurdly undersized pages, much overcrowded with liquor and patent-medicine advertisements and county printing. Technically we were a joke. Headline writers ran their sentences together in the subordinate lines, ignored the “street sales punch” in the news. They often called it a day when they had written “Washington Dispatches” or “Telegraphic News” above the principal first-page columns.

Taste and finesse were lacking on the writing side, and enlightenment in many of our views. We were interested in Texas politics but the most effective device, apparently, the editor could think of for opposing James Stephen Hogg's

campaign for the gubernatorial nomination was to make the inevitable pun on his name. Our opinions on “free silver” were for the whole decade more provincial than sound. Our manners were insufferable. To our opponents, journalistic or political, we granted only the occasional admission of their low cunning in crime and crookedness. We were crude, often wrong, and no doubt on occasion cruelly unjust. But two things stand out about us: we had a sense of proportion and we were not afraid.

Under those abominably written telegraph headlines we carried each day a highly compressed but intelligently plotted view of both national and foreign news. We might not have made such a splurge when a retiring governor of Kansas was arrested on bribery charges; but we gave a far better opportunity to know what the governors and the governments of other states were doing from week to week. When Wilhelm II discharged Bismarck we may have underplayed the event's sensational aspect. But our readers were told in a few succinct paragraphs just how this had happened and what it meant.

In our Washington news we were not fed one day on White House propaganda that the President will “press for” such and such a measure, and on Senate committee-room propaganda the next day that such and such a group of Senators will resist pressure. Instead, we were given a coherent account of what each public measure of consequence was about, and a brief analytical discussion, when the event warranted it, of the struggle over its passage. I can get a far more satisfactory idea from our six and eight-page paper of what the Fifty-first Congress was up to than I can to-day from our twelve to fifty-page paper of what the Sixty-eighth Congress is up to. Except for the fact that I was only a year old at the time, I could have written better informed political editorials in 1890.

In feature articles the improvement as we go backward is even more striking.



The syndicated mail correspondence of such journalists as Walter Wellman and d'Edmond was published in our paper almost daily. Almost never did such series deal obviously and deliberately with individuals or institutions of no consequence. Although Wellman and his contemporaries often wrote interestingly of the private interests and activities of the great and near great, the information which they gave almost invariably brought readers a sense of more intimate personal acquaintance with genuine public characters.

Bright little stories of White House cats and dogs may have been less numerous, but we had a truly better chance to know what our Presidents were like as persons. One came to know the Congressional leaders by more revealing traits than the fact that Senator A's wife bred canary birds or that Congressman Z's beautiful daughter was learning to write movie scenarios. Not that our paper maintained a mystifying silence on the love and cosmetic caprices of circus and theatrical stars—ancestors of the front-page raiders of Hollywood. But this response to petty curiosity was kept where it belonged—in little two and three-line paragraphs captioned "Jottings of Interest."

Biased as it sometimes was, our local reporting played up the projects and issues in which the community really had its stake—especially the controversial issues. The little spectacular insignificances which are the stock-in-trade of the modern newspaper as "human interest" stories were reduced to half a dozen lines in the "personal mention." Murders—and we had our share of them, since we were only a dozen years away from "wild west" conditions—were treated simply as exceptionally important police news. Even one or two done by or upon the first families, or possessing unusually spectacular features, were not displayed as having any more importance than the regular meetings of the city council.

Yet to-day I turn to our mechanically

neat and professionally sophisticated forty-four pages and find that yesterday the most important happening on earth was that a foreign resident shot a fellow alien, probably fatally, for alleged indecent advances to the former's ten-year-old daughter. I find that Jack Dempsey has married Miss Taylor; that Floyd Collins' body in its Kentucky cave is not yet reached; that a French jury has acquitted an actress who killed her lover to spare him his "death agony"; that a woman has presided over the Nebraska house of representatives for one day (though not a word of what she or the house did is published); and that gifts donated to a prophetess of a non-forthcoming end of the world by her followers will not be restored by the courts to the givers.

So much for page one! We are a stock-raising section, or at least were until hard times afflicted the cattle industry. Since then one of our chief ambitions has been to see the industry get financial relief and come back. The Secretary of the Treasury yesterday instructed a member of the Federal Farm Land Bank Board to make an official investigation of the live-stock raisers' need for help and to make recommendations.

But to find this out I must turn to the third column of the second page. Even inside the paper it is considered of less importance than the claim of a "defense alienist" that a sixteen-year-old girl who shot her mother is insane.

How much better taste and sense of proportion would our newspaper have shown in displaying this in 1890, even though its headline had been simply "The Live Stock Industry." The difference marks with sufficient accuracy the change which has occurred in thirty-five years in the newspaper's conception of its function. In 1890 our paper sold information and leadership. This morning it exploited six spectacular but wholly insignificant sensations on the front page, and hid away the most significant story of the day on the second page. *To sell papers!*



The circulation manager, I happen to know, was delighted. So, under the spell of the circulation manager's compliments, was the managing editor. There is nothing quite so reassuring to editorial executives to-day as to have the circulation manager's approval; and nothing, as I have observed, quite so dangerous as to have an effective circulation manager's active disapproval.

For these are changes in motive which not only affect newspapers as physical products. They affect also the men who make newspapers. One favorite refuge from the growing puerility and bad taste in the profession is a deep and uncompromising cynicism regarding the newspaper's social usefulness.

"Look here," a small city editor of exceptional competence put it to me recently, "if you and I were hired to feed the animals in the park zoo, we shouldn't kick, should we, because we couldn't give them the same kind of eating that we have on our own tables? We'd give 'em the garbage they liked, and take our pay on Saturday nights. Well, you and I aren't hired to make the world a better place to live in, or to fight and die for noble causes, or even to tell the truth about this particular Main Street. We're hired to feed human animals the kind of mental garbage they want. We don't have to eat it. I don't read our paper for instruction or even for fun. I just read it for errors and to see if we're handing out regularly what the boobs like for breakfast."

Other newspapermen—and they grow more and more numerous among the editorial executives—find this explosively critical cynicism personally uncomfortable. For them the technical thrills of devising headlines and "make-up" plans which will most quickly seduce the greatest number of vacant minds into buying papers become the supreme absorption and the supreme professional reward. They do their work in the spirit of the Chicago "make-up man" and pioneer in the journalism of mob sales-

manship, who would dash with a copy of each new edition into a neighboring saloon which employed a bartender of exceptionally low literacy. The editor would induce the bartender to read each story on the front page and then inquire if he understood it and if it interested him. Every story of which the bartender disapproved either went out of the paper in the next edition or on the inside pages where "the highbrows could hunt for it." This sort of facility to-day gives, in the average newspaper office, the first title to advancement in pay and responsibility.

Yet I believe that the majority of thoughtful newspapermen do the dreary work of catering to the lowest and most banal taste in their communities in the spirit of the small city editor just quoted. Either they take a perversely ironical pleasure in emphasizing the lurid inconsequence of their labors, or they loathe them with the peculiar hatred of men at once disillusioned in their jobs and bound to them by peculiar temperament and training useless to other industries. After nearly fifteen years of newspaper experience in all parts of the country and a fair acquaintance with the past of American journalism, I am tempted to the extreme statement that never were American newspapermen as a class so lacking in purpose or so contemptuous of their profession, morally and intellectually, as they are to-day when the technical efficiency of the press is at its height.

And this attitude tends to increase the very evils which are responsible for it. A profession that has no pride except in its technical adroitness, no sense of dignity except as regards its claim to be as irresponsible as possible, has no ethics, no courage, and no standards of taste.

I venture to charge that the lack of these things is in greater or less degree apparent in every edition of every newspaper in America. I do not say this because newspapers print crime news. Crime is properly reported as the register of our social—perhaps of our physiological—imperfection. To a less extent

the same is even true of certain types of personal scandal which may or may not reach the stage of court action. Where the press shows its lack of ethics and good taste is not in reporting but in *exploiting* crime and private scandal. Where it shows its lack of courage is when newspapers, whose owners and editors fully realize the evil, exploit crime and scandal with little, if any less, adroitness and salaciousness than newspapers which make a fetish of their efficiency in such performance.

A divorce case, for instance, develops in New York's so-called "high financial and social circles." It has only the faintest general social significance. But, from the first, such of this quality as it may have is utterly ignored or treated with addled shallowness. The only aspect seriously played up is its juiciness as private "society scandal."

The lower grade of newspaper readers enjoy salacious gossip about those whom, socially speaking, they envy. Therefore, for months and even for years one particularly risqué and protracted divorce case has *carte blanche* to the first page of virtually every daily newspaper on the continent until the familiar names of the principals, correspondents, and accessories become household words. The "conservative" newspapers vie with the sensational ones in obtaining inside information, frequently erroneous, by all the means known to evidence-getting detectives and expert procurers of scandal, however unavailable they may be to gentlemen.

The result, after four years, is not a single rational new light on the divorce problem but simply a further sharpening of the public's appetite for salacious social scandal; a sharpening of reportorial ingenuity in procuring it; a stronger editorial predilection for the details of such news when available; a stronger subconscious impression on the public mind that the Stillman case ranks with the great public events and issues of the 1920's. And—more papers sold!

There is a similar if less protracted

orgy when a sixteen-year-old California girl kills her mother. There can be no objection to the simple, bald reporting of so unusual a crime and its peculiar circumstances. But, for as long as the public appetite can be coaxed with such tidbits, the press of the whole country (with a few honorable exceptions) offers every shred of testimony that can be legally printed as to morbid pathological conditions in the case.

The daily crop of headlines, the news dispatches, and above all the weekly crop of lurid "feature articles" carry, furthermore, the insinuation that such conditions are typical of the depravity of large groups of wild and jazz-mad young people. The pruriency of the lowest classes of newspaper readers is stimulated by so much feeding. The same lovely trait is fostered and encouraged by so much in those who have hitherto been relatively free from it. Consequently it is a fair gamble that the next story which commends itself to editorial judgment by its salacious background will receive an even more "daring" and more exquisitely detailed exploitation. The next movie scandal will be "juicier" than the Fatty Arbuckle case if ingenuity can make it so.

What kind of ingenuity?

Imagination can supply most of the details. But one can put it down among the self-evident facts that printable and unprintable information regarding a sixteen-year-old girl matricide's sexual experiences was not obtained by methods of which editorial gentlemen commonly approve either in their private or professional effusions.

For example, a Philadelphia reporter some years ago "scooped the country" by bribing his way into the Pullman compartment of the widow of the victim of a famous lynching—it was an "all-white" lynching—in the middle of the night while she was bringing home her husband's body for burial, and wrote a brilliant emotional story of her hysterical outcry when she discovered the nature of the intrusion. Such conduct



may be defensible on the assumption that the press exists solely to sell papers, but hardly on any other grounds. Yet the misrepresentations, the browbeatings, faith-breakings and practical blackmailing operations to obtain stories which have no other purpose than to exploit somebody's misery, disgrace, or depravity for circulation purposes are familiar to every newspaperman of more than the most rudimentary experience. And although some of the practices tend to become conventionalized, the evil grows rather than shrinks. It is the easiest way to sell papers.

Fundamental to the growth of all this shoddiness and cheap chicanery is a lack of courage. I doubt if there is a newspaper in the country of conservative origins—barring the *Christian Science Monitor*, whose peculiar clientele affords a peculiar protection—which has not in the past twenty-five years abandoned a considerable share of its convictions and traditions of good taste and ethical performance in order to compete with the "yellows" for circulation. If this had represented an honest change of convictions regarding news policies one could respect it even while deploring it. But too often the defense for such transitions is expressed in the whimper, "Our competitors play up that sort of stuff, and where should we be if we didn't?"

In news policies this lack of courage can be detected, as a rule, only by the more subtle analytical processes. On the editorial pages it becomes a public scandal to any casual reader of fair intelligence. Pick up nine-tenths of the editorial pages of the leading provincial newspapers in America to-day, and the first thing in sight is the editorial writer's conscious effort to bootlick public sentiment instead of to inform and lead it. Leadership is evidently the last thing in the editorial mind. The complacencies, the prejudices, the "hush" inhibitions of the herd mind in its warmest raptures of self-esteem furnish the leadership. The newspaper merely follows.

Take the prohibition issue. Rightly or wrongly, I doubt if there is an industrial class in the community so opposed to the Volstead act's interference with personal liberty as newspapermen. By the peculiar individualism which leads men to attempt to become writing persons, as well as by the convivial customs immemorial in the profession, they are predestined to the opposition. Newspaper proprietors frequently absorb some of the virus from the editorial side, and without having taken a census I question if any other group of capitalists includes a larger proportion of private plaintiffs against Mr. Volstead.

But when it comes to official editorial policies, in spite of the lamentations of the Anti-Saloon League, it is pretty well demonstrable that the press favors prohibition by at least as much of a majority as the country. Here and there, through random contacts, I know of a considerable number of newspapers which indorse prohibition with no more sincerity than the average politician or book-agent brings to the task of indorsing the looks of the baby. If such an experience is a criterion there must be scores of others in the same case. For every newspaper bought up in the bad old days by subsidized advertising from the "liquor interests" I estimate that there is at least one and a half to-day spinelessly acquiescing in prohibition, against the personal convictions of owner and editors, because of the "circulation interest." At any rate, half the pro-prohibition editors one meets in the West these days explain their attitude on no other grounds than that it is "good circulation policy."

Too often "good circulation policy" determines all policies. The overwhelming majority of American cities to-day are affected deeply by the absurd "don't knock, boost" complex—so exquisitely and unreservedly expressed by the motto of the Denver Chamber of Commerce: "I will hear no evil of; speak no evil about Denver." In most such communities the proper critical functions of

the local editorial writer are practically obliterated. A criticism, no matter how crying the evil—for instance, of the Denver police order that all white girls leave the employment of Greek restaurants and confectionery shops within twenty-four hours—is a “knock.”

A “knock” is likely to be resented by someone who will show his or her resentment by stopping the paper. Subscription losses are circulation losses and mean that a year from now the advertising department may not be able to jerk its rates upward as far as had been anticipated. Therefore, praise everything in the local field. Flatter especially the pooled self-esteem, the provincial smugness and complacency represented in the “don’t knock” slogan. Be sweet. Be as inoffensive as possible even in discussing national and international issues.

Above all, don’t offend any organizations, however vicious, that have local strength. In Indiana, Georgia, and Texas in particular, the Ku Klux Klan has ridden into power largely on these and similar pious injunctions from editors and proprietors who, whatever their sins, have not approved of the Klan privately. In Texas, as I happen to know, one can locate almost precisely the cities where the Klan still holds political control by counting the newspapers which have preferred undiminished circulation to opposing it.

Yet degeneration of policy often comes eventually even to those newspapers which struggle against it. I could point to one newspaper in a large Southern city which, after preserving its community almost single-handed from the Ku Klux Klan menace and after conducting a sincere and gallant fight against illiberalism in theological, social, and industrial relations—all at once has unconditionally surrendered. Its last effort was made simultaneously against county grafting and deterioration of teaching standards in the public schools. The politicians, lay and educational, circulated propaganda that the convincing

testimony produced in the news and editorial columns was a “knock” on the town and therefore was hurting it. By making it—especially among the city’s several hundred school teachers—a point of “home-town loyalty” to cancel subscriptions, a temporary circulation loss of nearly five per cent was caused. The newspaper “quit cold.” Its instructions to editorial writers now are to “knock” nothing locally but arson, murder, and burglary and to write on national affairs with such a balance as to please, so far as possible, all partisans.

One wonders, when one reads laments for the passing of vigorous personal journalism in America, if instructions like this did not do the lion’s share of the killing. Where would Greeley, Bowles, Godkin, Watterson, and Halstead have been under perpetual instructions to “be sweet”?

One could not, however, have spent fifteen years in the newspaper business without recognizing the strength of the newspaper’s alibi and the ease with which the sins of the profession can be over-emphasized. Bunking the public by the dishonorable exploitation of false values is an art neither invented by nor confined to the press.

The difference is that the newspaper does its bunking in the open daylight and in the most public place in the community—on its own front page each morning or evening where every intelligent citizen is forced to be aware of it. When the real-estate firm or manufacturer bunks a customer it is an infinitely more private and shady transaction. The newspaper’s reputation for selling a shoddy product, deserved as it may be, is nevertheless thrown into unfairly high relief in comparison with the adulterating arts of those crafts of which the general public hears and sees little but the sanctimonious “ethical” resolutions indorsed at well press-agented national conventions.

Furthermore, the circulation urge is an instinct as vital to the newspaper’s



existence as appetite is to the human body. Except for a very few newspapers with a peculiar clientele and institutional character like the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Boston Transcript*, the press—under contemporary commercial conditions—simply cannot live and give the public any of its indispensable services unless it commands the patronage of a large bulk of the literate population in its community. Newspapers cannot be sold within range of the average man's pocketbook without deriving a preponderant revenue from advertising. Advertising cannot be obtained unless the circulation guarantees the advertiser an access to the mass of the buying public.

Nor can practical business men—who, under the present requirements of the press for elaborate mechanical equipment, must invest hundreds of thousands and even millions of dollars in order to own a newspaper—be expected blithely to risk such investments on ventures in editorial Galahadism. This might have been well enough in the good old days of local party organs which, though far from being Galahads, could afford to be courageous, rough-and-tumble fighters for definite convictions on an investment of a few thousand dollars. But it obviously has its limitations to-day, when it is as certain as sunrise that if one newspaper ignores a salacious scandal story from the motion-picture underworld, its competitor will capitalize it all the more in order to cut into the rival circulation.

Yet in finding an explanation for the evil we hardly find an excuse for wallowing in it, as seems to be more and more the policy of the press to-day. The essential need of modern journalism is to find an effective check upon it—a visible glimmer of the way out.

Newspapers—and one can count scores of them in recent obituary records—which simply wrap the mantle of their virtuous conservatism about them and lie down to die, certainly do not help to make these necessary discoveries. The

need seems to be for newspapers which will begin by making courage, intelligent criticism, good taste, and informative service the criterion of every news and editorial policy; and then, instead of exploiting journalistic shoddiness, will aggressively exploit their valid journalistic usefulness. The present vicious circle can be smashed only when a few representative newspapers begin putting normally aggressive circulation campaigns into operation, based on the proposal that for every column which competitors give to the current lewd divorce case they will give a column on subjects worth an intelligent citizen's attention.

I recognize that this may be tooting the bugles to self-destroying heroism. Given the long and accustomed debasement of the community and its post-graduate education to appreciate only the worst features of contemporary journalism, a newspaper following such advice may go grandly into bankruptcy. But at any rate the profession, which has consisted chiefly of imitators since Mr. Hearst became its inspired circulation-getter, needs a few courageous leaders who will put these possibilities to a test.

We might find that we could do more with them than reason permits us to believe. On the other hand, if the American mass intellect has sunk to such a level that it will interest itself in nothing but exploited sensation and salaciousness and will permit no expression of opinion that does not flatter the prejudices and complacencies of the temperamentally thoughtless and barely literate, it is time we learned this definitely. Even newspapermen have a moral right to know whether in the future their profession is to afford honorable employment for gentlemen of intellect and independent judgment.

Unless by some newspaper's courage and initiative in the next few years the slogan of American journalism can be changed from "Sell the papers" to "We sell self-respecting papers," the answer is likely to be disappointing.

# CIRCUS-RIDER TO RINGMASTER

[Casterbridge Fair]

BY THOMAS HARDY

*WHEN I am riding round the ring no longer,  
Tell a tale of me;  
Say, no steed-borne woman's nerve was stronger  
Than used mine to be.  
Let your whole soul say it; do:  
O it will be true!*

*Should I soon no more be mistress found in  
Feats I've made my own,  
Trace the tan-laid track you'd whip me round in  
On the cantering roan:  
There may cross your eyes again  
My lithe look as then.*

*Show how I, when clay becomes my cover,  
Took the high-hoop leap  
Into your arms, who coaxed and grew my lover—  
Ah, to make me weep  
Since those journeys joyed in so  
Ever so long ago!*

*Though not now as when you freshly knew me,  
But a fading form,  
Shape the kiss you'd briskly blow up to me  
While our love was warm,  
And my cheek unstained by tears,  
As in these last years!*



## WILD GEESE

*Awarded a Second Prize in the Fourth Harper Short-Story Contest*

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

THE cloud that at noon had passed like a slow-moving black swan over the desert town of Mesquite, by three o'clock had assumed the proportions of a huge drawn shade; ten minutes later it was raining, and in another ten minutes crystal-clear again with the heat sucking greedily at every drop which a capricious sky had let fall. But the scent of moisture on sagebrush and withered stubble released a pungence worthy of a far more generous baptism. It was as if the parched country, yearning mightily toward greater refreshment, had clapped its withered hands together in a sudden delirium of joy. A little shiver of delight ran through the poplars huddled near the water-tank and overhead a mounting meadow lark laughed out a brief rapture.

Jane Bradford, locking the door of the sun-bleached school-house, was too late to catch the thrill of rain upon her upturned face, but the lingering ecstasy of the spent shower had power to set her pulses leaping. If only, like the meadow lark, she could have given voice to her joy or, better still, wings to carry it up, up, and over the crest of the blunt scarred hills to freedom! . . . But she was still too young to be cheated of all demonstration and, facing about, she ran swiftly in the direction of home. Midway in her flight past the station she halted; what would the inhabitants of Mesquite think of their school-mistress? For a moment the question sobered her but the next instant she was on her way again, in full flight, the soft white folds of her skirt whipping the air

with the grace of a bit of drapery from some Attic frieze.

She was breathless when she reached her door and glad of the shade of the cottonwoods which threw grave shadows across the threshold. When, upon the death of her father, she had come in from Saltine Valley to Mesquite to take charge of the district school, it was these two cottonwoods that had decided her habitation: they seemed like sentinels standing guard over the gaunt, sun-bleached house they sheltered. Citizens of Mesquite had protested her choice: a lonely cottage detached from the ugly ripple of the town was no place for Jaspar Bradford's daughter. But she knew better: if her imagination read security into the presence of two tremulous cottonwoods, security was there. They let her have her way, with the gentle tolerance of the West, remembering that the Bradfords had always stood apart from them, especially the mother; assuredly, the mother never had taken root in her adopted country and Jane Bradford's whimsy concerning the trees was not surprising: Mrs. Bradford had been like that—full of quaint fancies.

To-day Jane Bradford found these two friendly trees more gracious than ever. The sun had not yet penetrated their green reticence and, as a breeze swept through them, the ground beneath sparkled with raindrops. It was as if they had hoarded this moisture for her special delight. In acknowledgment she lifted her face to their cool touch, drawing in deep breaths. Would her desert-bred soul ever quench the thirst that

had been denied it? As if in mockery the same breeze which had shaken the trees free of their refreshment grew suddenly hot with the dry pungence of greasewood and stubble. No wonder her mother had withered under the desert's arid touch—a woman reared with the tang of sea-mists in her nostrils! And in the indignant heat of this reminiscence she pushed into the house.

Inside, the tragic memory of her mother still clung to her, reinforced by the two household gods that had made life tolerable for the exile. There upon the table lay the conch shell, brought by a great-uncle from some fortunate excursion to the West Indies; and on a narrow shelf, in a conspicuous place of honor, stood the model of the good ship *Ariel* with an uncertain history that made any glory possible: talismans which under the spell of intense and bitter longing so often had brought the cool ripples of an imaginary sea splashing over the moistless sands of Saltine Valley.

The air of the low room was stifling. Jane Bradford opened all her windows and a truant gust circling the four walls caught the limp sails of the *Ariel*, transforming it into a thing of buoyant and incredible life. The illusion of swift flight was so intense and startling that Jane Bradford clapped her hands together in a gesture half pleasure and half fear; for the moment it seemed as if it might elude her, as if under the spell of some desert magic it would sail off and be swallowed up in a distant and faint mirage. But the next instant the sails were empty and the miniature ship again floundering in a tragic calm. Jane Bradford's hands dropped to her side; she felt that something eerie and mysterious had passed her, and in a rush of motionless wonder she stood transfixed until the dim realization that somebody was tapping discreetly at her door roused her.

The knock came again, this time with a vigor which seemed to proclaim that

the intelligence behind it had definite and positive knowledge of her presence. She wavered a moment, resentful of an irrelevant visitor breaking in on a mood so fragile and precious. But, realizing that there was no escape, in the end she threw open the door. On her threshold stood a strange and very self-contained man with a pale face and a crop of burnished hair which frequently goes with such a complexion; a male, still on the borderland of youth, in a smart tweed suit and tan spats—a thing as alien and foreign to Mesquite as the midsummer shower which had just spent itself, or the conch shell upon her table, or the model of the good ship *Ariel*.

He looked up with a twinkling glance and he said with an air of absolute candor:

"I knew you were inside the house because I saw you running toward it, not five minutes ago. . . . Do all the inhabitants express themselves so gaily?"

She colored. "It was the rain," she explained simply.

"Rain!" he scoffed. "You don't call *that* rain!"

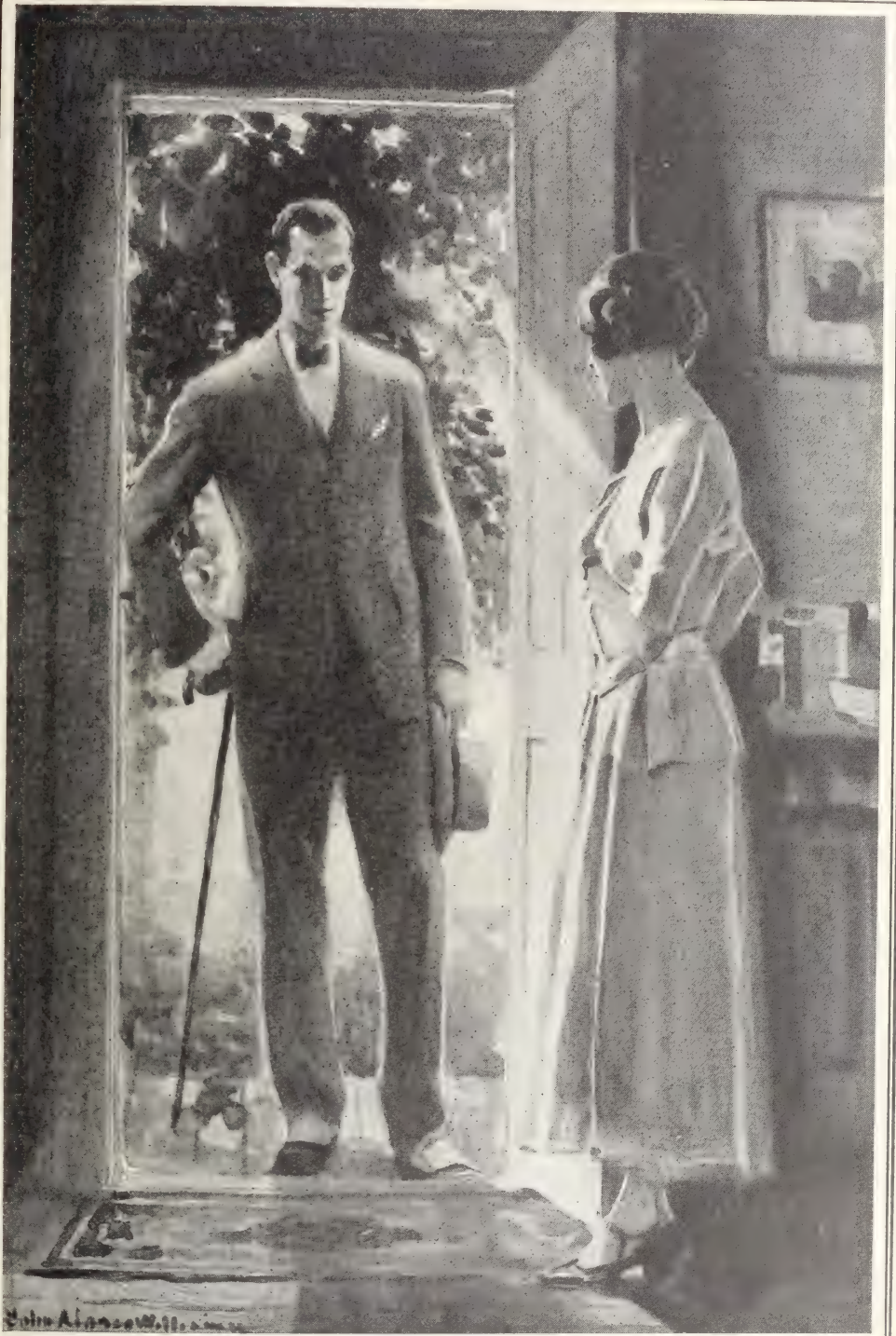
"It's as good as we can do," she returned defensively.

"I hate to disillusion you," he ventured, "but it was a very poor performance . . . an extremely poor performance; the rain, I mean. You, of course, were magnificent. It moves me to wonder just how you would react to a cloudburst."

She decided to meet his impertinence seriously. "I'm not sure, but I fancy I should die of joy," she answered, looking at him squarely.

He slipped easily from the traces of her gravity. "Well, we'll not order a cloudburst, then! At least not until we've come to some sort of terms. . . . You see, I go in for death only as a last resort—after every other persuasion has failed. . . . I suppose there's no doubt about your being the person I am looking for." He consulted a card. "Bradford—Miss Jane Bradford?"





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

"I KNEW YOU WERE INSIDE THE HOUSE," HE SAID

He puzzled her into an acceptance of his banter. "No doubt that I know of," she threw back.

"And that you own a ship model?" She assented. "Well, I've come several thousand miles to see it."

He made this extraordinary statement in a tone as casual as if he had said, "I hear you have a room to let; may I look at it?"

She fell back a little, wondering if he were quite a safe person: madmen always had been one of her special terrors. But his auburn eyes glowed so mellowly that she decided to chance him. . . . He entered the room with the faintest suggestion of a swagger and she saw that he carried a walking-stick. A walking-stick in Mesquite! He *must* be mad!

She went over to lower the shades while he appraised her habitation with well-bred interest. She felt distinctly annoyed. For, back of the almost casual estimate of her surroundings, she could sense a swift and unerring discernment. It wasn't fair for a stranger to attempt to discover *anyone* so promptly.

But she forgave him once his eyes had fallen upon the model of the good ship *Ariel*. A sudden wishful light that just missed rapacity crept into his eyes; he leaned back on his cane with an air of weary skepticism. She crossed over and took the ship model in her hands. He caught his breath, as a hunter does who waits to see the effect of his rifle shot. Then, as she surrendered it to him, he released a long exquisite sigh of satisfaction.

For a moment he seemed content just to stand there in an attitude of intensive contemplation. It was her turn to hold *her* breath: she never had seen quite such calm rapture. . . . He moved finally and set the coveted treasure down upon a table where the sharp desert sunlight gilded it to a twofold glory. She fell discreetly back, watching him trace its buoyant outlines with a sensitive finger, almost as a blind man might have done.

Presently he turned and said to her: "I've been ten months on the trail of this model. Tell me, how did you come by it?"

She sat down, motioning him to a seat opposite her. "It belonged originally to my grandfather, I believe."

He deserted his post with reluctance. "Ah, an heirloom, I see!"

She gave a pointed laugh. "Oh, much more than just an heirloom. It's my complete inheritance! That and a conch shell!"

He was on his feet in an instant, following the lure of her upraised finger. "A conch-shell. . . . How quaint! How absurdly quaint!" And with boyish eagerness he lifted the conch shell from its dusty place on the walnut writing-desk and listened to its imprisoned tempest. She smiled back at him as he laid the shell aside. He looked at her sharply. "The sea is a passion with you, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said faintly, turning away as if he had suddenly uncovered a weakness.

He resumed his seat. "Well," he began easily, "it's a passion with me, too. I come from Cornwall and it's in my blood. Matter of fact, I should have followed it but a lot of tiresome things interfered." He broke off and ran his lean white fingers through his red hair. His gesture was eloquent of defeat. "As it is, I can only play with the sea. So I run about the world collecting toys. It's great fun!"

"Toys!" She lifted puzzled eyebrows.

"Why, yes—don't you understand? Ship models—like the *Ariel* there—your *Ariel*."

She saw a sly crafty look creep into his eyes and felt the instinctive fear a mother feels in the presence of a stranger who casts covetous glances at her child. She rose deliberately and set the *Ariel* back in its place on the mantelpiece, saying as she did so:

"You can't fancy how fond I am of it. Nothing would induce me to part with it—*nothing*!"



She had expected him to be abashed by the vehemence of her outburst, but instead he nestled in his chair with an air of half-contentment and half-patience. It was plain that he was preparing for a long siege. "Naturally you're fond of it," he assented dreamily. "Who wouldn't be? Of course you know its history."

"No, and I'm not sure that I want to," she flung back, moved by an irrational fear that facts might rob her of right to its possession.

He opened his cigarette case and waited for her consent to smoke as he said blandly:

"It's what is known as a prisoner's model. A beautiful example of an English frigate done in 1803. It's got a sprit-topgallantsail that is enormously interesting. I've only seen one other of that period as stunning and that's in the South Kensington Museum. . . . So you see, you've really got something quite ripping."

She felt relieved: so far there was nothing in its history at odds with her rights to ownership. And it was intriguing to learn about it—made by a prisoner and all, the sprit-topgallantsail included. Not that this last mattered except that she liked the sea-going sound of it. She passed him a half-filled match-box. He nodded his thanks and lighted a cigarette.

"I first heard about it at Marseilles. I was talking ship models with an old American sea captain who had retired and was being dragged over every Cooks' tour in existence by a chit of a granddaughter. He remembered distinctly seeing this model in somebody's home in Gloucester. He described it down to the last detail; there wasn't even a ratline missing. When he got through I said to him, 'I'm going over to Gloucester to get it!' He thought I was mad, of course. And as a matter of fact I was. Every collector is that and worse!"

He closed his eyes as if the very memory of his pursuit had exhausted

him and she put in gently, "And what happened when you got to Gloucester?"

He revived languidly. "The usual thing. I ran around in circles. I talked to anyone who would listen to me, beat upon strange doors, frightened lone women half out of their wits at all hours of the day and night in an effort to locate my quarry. Everybody voted me crazy. Finally a deaf old fisherman gave me a clue. He'd seen, or heard, or dreamed about such a model, I couldn't quite gather which. On one point he was very definite: he was sure it had been shipped West—when, or how, or why, he couldn't remember. I made more inquiries. One fact led to another; people began to remember. I ended by establishing quite a case. At least I confirmed the sea captain's story: there *was* such a ship model and it had once been in Gloucester. It seemed reasonable to suppose that it was now somewhere in the West. But when I inquired about the West everybody seemed very vague. I discovered the West wasn't a locality—it was a state of mind. Chicago, Omaha, San Francisco—they were all West. At least they were west of Gloucester. . . . There was only one thing for me to do and I did it: I came West!"

"Stopping at Chicago, Omaha, and San Francisco?" she threw in with faint amusement.

"And way stations—almost all of them. But ship models grew scarcer and scarcer until I arrived in San Francisco; then things began to look up. I went around to second-hand shops and antique dealers and auction rooms. There were tons of ship models and other things. In fact, the other things were much more intriguing than their ship models. I bought no end of rubbish: egg-faced studio dolls; fat Chinese gods; a Russian icon from some Alaskan church; a fan that had once been the property of the Empress Carlotta. But one simply *had* to find an excuse for hanging around as I did, asking foolish questions.

"Finally, one day in a hotel lobby I met my man—a mining prospector cracked on the subject of ships. He said at once, 'I know where that ship model is. It's in the Saltine Valley. I saw it ten years ago at a farmhouse owned by a man named Bradford. It was so strange, stumbling onto a ship model in the heart of a desert. I tried to buy it, but it belonged to the man's wife and it seemed nothing would induce her to part with it.' And, would you believe it, he tried to persuade me not to bother further? He seemed to think that because he had failed, I should too. I never met anyone so absurd!"

Jane Bradford stirred, resting her chin—half reflectively, half defiantly—on her up-poised palm. His placid arrogance was enormously irritating and yet a certain admiration swept her as she said:

"I'm sorry . . . tremendously sorry . . . but of course—"

He cut her short. "My dear young lady, don't put yourself on record. It so often ends in such complete humiliation."

She drew herself up, looking down on him pityingly. "Ten months on a wild-goose chase!" she said with faint mockery. "It's too ridiculous!"

He half closed his lids and she could see his glance fixed pensively on his quarry. "Why ridiculous?" he drawled. "It's not on record that a wild goose has never been caught."

"Oh, if one had a lifetime, I dare say—"

"That's just the point: I have!"

Her answer was a rippling laugh keyed to a high note of derision.

There seemed no end to his audacities: point-blank without any preliminaries he said:

"Would it be too much trouble to ask you for a cup of tea?"

The prospect dismayed her but, remembering the simplicity of such occasions in all the English novels of her acquaintance, she decided that her

austere pantry would yield that much hospitality. Indeed, she managed so well with her thin slices of buttered bread and her pot of strawberry jam and her brewing—at his request—of the strongest and blackest tea she ever remembered having tasted that for a season he seemed to be beguiled from his original quest. But when he left he cast such longing glances back at the narrow shelf enshrining the good ship *Ariel* that she felt all the delicious cruelty of a sovereign who could distribute or withhold favors.

Afterwards, in the brief desert twilight, she recalled again the delicious thrill which had come to her on the wings of the places he had mentioned: Gloucester, Marseilles, Cornwall! Contacts—that was what the sea meant to her—a force which could touch all the far places of the earth: a fluid thing, changing, flowing, ebbing, without limitations; something mysterious and impalpable which the *Ariel* embodied. And she knew at once what the graven image of a tribe signified. The *Ariel* was her graven image, as it had been her mother's before her: the evidence of things that lay beyond reach, that always would lie beyond reach.

She remembered now that moment, years ago, when she first had seen this graven image of her mother's desire. She had looked at it with the dim comprehension of a child, unable to formulate her reactions, yet feeling a racial reaction stir her. Yes, always the sea had captured her imagination, yet it was not until her sixteenth year that she had had her first glimpse of it. They had gone, she and her mother, to a little white strip of beach lapped by the Pacific and her mother's joy at returning, even briefly, to her lost inheritance was moving and pathetic.

At first Jane Bradford had been disappointed, naturally; only a dull anticipation ever is completely satisfied at realization. It had been a gray-soiled day for one thing and the water had stretched out before her in turbid color-



less inertia—and this with her expectations keyed to something thunderous and glittering. Later, of course, she came to know its iridescences; its purple and green splendor; its frothing gaiety; its sky-blue calm. A fresh revelation for every day, a discreet withholding of its infinite secrets, a thing synonomous with the perfect lover or the perfect wanton (according to one's understanding) until she grew to find it matching slowly, insinuatingly, all the brave things her mother had said of it; all the brave things that only an exile *could* say.

An exile: that was what her mother had been, what her mother remained to the last day of her life—a woman born with the thunder of the Atlantic in her ears and condemned to the dry crisp silences of the desert. She had followed a land-hungry husband West—he who, in the end, was beaten by the very patch of ground which he sought to subdue and capture. A devilish bit of ground that, rimmed in by blunt scarred hills and coaxed to anæmic harvests with the dribbling overflow of a slow brakish stream which somehow managed to survive the consuming heat. . . . Yes, Mildred Bradford had offered everything upon the altar of this adventure; everything but her child. It was as if she had set her teeth grimly together and shaken her fist in the face of the desert which she hated so passionately and said:

"You shall never possess my child—*never!*"

And so from the first she had crooned softly to the nursling at her breast, songs of the sea, "I saw three ships a-sailing, a-sailing o'er the sea"—these were the first words that Jane ever remembered hearing in a land of powdered dust and panting lizards and still clear noons.

Then later had come the stories—tales of the sea, pictures of the fishing village of Gloucester where her mother had been born. Gray, misty pictures; steel-blue, white-capped pictures; green-gold,

sunlit pictures . . . drenched, drenched in moisture . . . cool to listen to. And finally the day when, in a package, had come from home two curious things—a ship model and a conch shell. . . . "I saw three ships a-sailing!" In a flash this picture ceased to be an abstraction.

As for the conch shell, Jane Bradford had held it to her ear while her mother had said:

"Listen! . . . There! Now you have heard the sea!"

It had been mysterious, this moment; and solemn—almost like a confirmation. It delivered Jane Bradford, somehow, from the sunburnt thrall of the desert and sealed her forever to the sea!

Yes, from that moment all Jane Bradford's dreams had the sea for a background with the gallant ship *Ariel* as her fetish and the conch shell an oracle filled with incomprehensible voices.

He met her the next day at the school-house and walked home with her, swinging his walking-stick vigorously. He carried an enormous orange-colored box with a procession of Chinese figures waving banners on it. For a town like Mesquite nothing could have been more diverting. At her doorstep he said:

"Aren't you going to give me my daily tea?"

"Yes, after you've told me your name."

"Cyril," he answered dryly.

His reticence annoyed her but she kept her temper. "Cyril!" she repeated, with a little inflection of sarcasm. "You must be a duke or something."

"*Must* is a terribly unpleasant word," he flung back.

She replied by unlocking the door and waving him in; he handed her the orange-colored box. "It's one of those rubbishy studio dolls that I picked up in San Francisco when I was *doing* all the antique shops. . . . Of course I've no use for it."

"Is that why you brought it to me?"

she asked, wondering at the sharp quality of her insolence as she tossed the box unopened upon a couch.

He gave her a tolerant smile which immediately put her at a disadvantage. She took refuge in her preparations for tea. He leaned back, stretching his legs out languorously, and she could see that his lazy glance was fixed on nothing save the good ship *Ariel*. She brought in the tea and rattled the cups to recall him. Really, she thought, for anyone who wore spats and was named Cyril his manners were extraordinarily bad. He revived languidly and she served him a severe note of disapproval, hardening her upper lip. But he was quite oblivious.

She left her own cup to cool and went to the orange-colored box, snapping the cord which secured its lid.

"I hope you understand," she said disagreeably, "that my decision about the *Ariel* is final. . . . I shall *never* sell it to *anybody*!"

He made no reply. . . . She thrust her hands into the box and dragged out a lean, spineless rag doll with a vacuous face that somehow contrived to look disparagingly human. She gave it an impatient shake and literally flung it into a nearby chair. It sat up, leering at her.

"You didn't suppose," she exclaimed, "that you could bribe me with a thing like that!"

"Beware of Greeks bearing gifts: is that it?"

"If you want to put it that way."

He turned two eyes mild with reproach upon her. "That's a very ungracious speech for such a charming young lady."

He kept on, for an entire week, drinking her tea and carrying gifts to her: fat Chinese gods, a Russian icon of beaten silver, a fan that had once been the property of the Empress Carlotta . . . every strange thing, in short, which he had acquired in his quest of the *Ariel*. It was the fan that did the most to unsettle her: old ivory and lace with

courtly figures painted on it. When she opened it a haunting perfume would fill the air, evoking dreams. This had been the bauble of a lovely woman and her personality still clung to it. . . . Upon the faded trappings of Jane Bradford's habitation these alien toys fell like jeweled beetles upon a dusty leafage. They were like a carnival troupe in flight, resting at a drab wayside inn. And the capacity within her that made sentinels of the cottonwoods, and filled the *Ariel's* empty sails, and gave an authentic voice to the conch shell, animating them with eerie life, welcomed them.

Sometimes as she sat opposite him, dropping the required lumps of sugar into his tea, she felt the whole incident of his coming and his presence to be a brittle dream that the slightest jar would shatter. She knew the neighbors were wondering about him, laughing at his ridiculous walking-stick and spats, but she had a way of deflecting their inquiries which they would scarcely have forgiven in another. The daughter of Mildred Bradford was bound to be queer, and so they accepted her with indulgence. But even if she had lacked reticence, how could she have answered them? Could she have told the inhabitants of Mesquite, "His name is Cyril, and he has come all the way from Cornwall to gain my model of the good ship *Ariel*?" Fancy how they would have received such a statement! It sounded outrageous even to her, committed as she was to phantasy.

But at other times there was a thin reality about him, softened by pathos which brought a little catch in her throat. "So I run about the world collecting toys." A thwarted desire lay back of this admission in spite of the air of inconsequence with which he carried it off. One day he caught a look of half interrogation, half pity which she had thrown at him and he tossed it back with the quiet mirth in his eyes. She flushed.

"I suppose," he drawled, "that my sort is new to you."



"Your sort!" she could only echo in her embarrassment.

"Yes—a man who collects things."

She met his gaze clearly now. "Not exactly. There's a cowpuncher over by Windgate who has a room full of rattlesnake skins. They say he'll ride a hundred miles to pick up a new one. I remember when I was a child he dropped in on us at noon one day and stayed to dinner. There was a rattlesnake skin that my father intended working into a belt drying on the wall. When he left, the skin was gone. He could have had it for the asking, but I guess he was afraid to risk it. I can recall how my father laughed."

He let the glinting light in his eyes smoulder. "You understand then that a man who collects things has no conscience . . . he stops at nothing."

She faced him squarely. "What you mean is that if worst came to worst, you could steal the *Ariel*."

He nodded. "Oh, very much sooner than that." He came suddenly to his feet and in an instant he was standing before her with the ship model in his profane hands.

A chill ran over her. "You wouldn't do that," she heard herself saying reproachfully.

He laughed and set the *Ariel* back. "Not until I've asked for it, at any rate. I shall be much more sporting than your cowpuncher. . . . Besides, it won't be necessary."

"Ah, you think I'm generous!" was all she could say in reply.

"Better than that! I think you're kind."

"I'm not," she said stubbornly. "It's ridiculous, your wanting it at all. You must have dozens of ship models."

"A hundred anyway," he cut in quietly.

"A hundred, then! While I've just got one."

"That's what makes it absurd. . . . Just one of anything is so stupid!"

His threat to steal the *Ariel* put a keen edge on the situation. She felt like

a princess in a fairy tale with a magical possession to guard. And the two darkly green poplars before her door became more and more the sentinels she had fancied them, only now they were enchanted. But try as she would, she could not make a sinister figure of a male in tweeds and spats, carrying a cane, and drinking tea with her. And yet she felt him quite capable of turning thief, almost more capable than a cowpuncher with a flair for rattlers' skins.

A man who could travel clear from Marseilles, France, to Mesquite, Nevada, in quest of his object would scarcely be balked by thin scruples. . . . She could have dealt with a cowpuncher who stole from her in a cowpuncher's way: or, more properly, she could have turned him over to the community for chastisement, which held every possibility of an unpleasant and irrevocable dangling from a convenient tree. But there was something too grotesque and out-of-the-picture about a lynching party with Cyril as the objective. No, it would be impossible to deal in any such fashion with a man who ran about the world collecting toys: dolls and Russian icons and lace fans; who said, "I shall be more sporting than your cowpuncher."

When he came again he had a book for her: *A Hundred Famous Ship Models*. And remembering his words of the day before she said, "Your collection?"

He laughed. "I should say not. I've not a single example as distinguished as the least of these. But? I shall have one as corking—when I carry back the *Ariel*." He opened the book to the first page. "This," he said, "is an Egyptian tomb model and opposite is the picture of a Viking ship at Gogstad. . . . Norsemen buried their ships and raised a mound over them. Whalers sprang from this type."

She bent over the huge book, fascinated. He described the solid oak planking of the Viking ships, and the square-sail of flax and the dragon's head at the bow. These were the ships (he ex-

plained to her) with tents stretched on deck for sleeping quarters, in which the Scandinavians voyaged to pillage Great Britain, Iceland, France, and even North America.

"Great vultures seeking spoils," he said.

She shook her head and her glance traveled through the open door far beyond the hills that hemmed the Saltine Valley.

"No," she protested, "they're more like eagles to me—free like eagles!"

He kept his glance questioningly upon her. "Like eagles liberating a race?"

"Yes—how did you guess?"

Later came models with platforms raised for the archers. Her eyes glistened. "The beginning of navies!" she cried, clapping her hands.

"How quickly you see things!" he commented in swift admiration. "Now we've come to the point where trade is born. These ships belonged to the Hanseatic League. They carried furs from Russia: ermine and sable for kings' cloaks. And copper from Sweden and woven cloth from England."

There followed bulky galleons which had fathered modern battleships, and in their wake the famous *Henry Grace à Dieu* launched in 1514.

"*Henry Grace à Dieu!*" she repeated, midway between interrogation and pleasure in just the sound of the name.

"Gorgeous, isn't it? . . . Built specially to bear Henry VIII from Dover to meet Francis I upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold. . . . And here is a model of Drake's *Golden Hind*. And no end of Venetian traders. Can you imagine the treasure they carried back to Italy? . . . And here—"

She put her hand on his as he turned the next page. "Let's stop right there," she said, "at *Henry Grace à Dieu* and *The Golden Hind* and the 'Venetian traders.'"

She felt the fleeting pressure of his cool white fingers. "They do stir up beauty in a person, don't they? . . . But we're only halfway through. There

is still Mr. Pepys' *Loyal London* and Lord Nelson's *Victory* and the Chinese tea-clippers."

"Let's save them until to-morrow," she pleaded.

He turned the pages back to the *Henry Grace à Dieu*. "Do you know," he said, looking at her intently, "that's the first time you ever asked me to come back."

Without answering she looked down at the stately outline of the *Henry Grace à Dieu*. If she had spoken she would have said, "But I wanted you." And in the flush of this realization her silence became prolonged.

The next afternoon when they had finished with Mr. Pepys' *Loyal London* and Lord Nelson's *Victory* and the Chinese tea-clippers she closed the huge book gently and she said:

"And, now, what about *your* models—the hundred or more that *you* own?"

He gave a deprecating laugh. "I told you yesterday they're not a patch on any of these. Simple church models and the like. Poor things but my own."

"Church models?"

"Yes, models hung in the churches for God's favor and blessing. You'll find them in all the French fishing villages. They make models of their sea-going craft and hang them from the church rafters. . . . It's a quaint custom."

She laid the book aside. "I think I should like your collection best," she said gravely.

His eyes smiled back at her. "Yes, I think you would."

"And if," she went on soberly, "I ever were to part with the *Ariel* I should like to think of it there—among the church models."

"Oh, I've plenty of profane types," he laughed. "They're not all such pious examples."

"It isn't that," she answered, "but the *Ariel* wouldn't shine in all that grand crowd." She pointed to the closed book. "It's a humble thing and it's always been in humble company."



He shook his head. "You're wrong. It belongs with the best. And in the end it will find it's level. As a matter of fact, I shouldn't be able to keep it always . . . it wouldn't be fair. My conscience would reprove me. Oh, I'll hold it captive for a while, as you have. And then one day I'll screw up my courage and place it where it should be—with the *Henry Grace à Dieu* and Mr. Pepys' *Loyal London* and *The Golden Hind*."

▶ "Hold it captive, as I have!" she found herself repeating slowly.

"Yes, isn't it imprisoned here? . . . You're the only one who really ever sees it."

She stood up. "It's mine, isn't it? Haven't I the right to imprison it?" Her voice rose with helpless vehemence.

"No, no one has the right to imprison a beautiful thing." She had no answer for him and he spoke again, rapidly, pressing home his advantage. "I mean to be fair. It isn't as if I'm asking you to give it to me. I'll pay you well for it. Usually I haggle over these things. Not because I'm close-fisted but because it's part of the game; like bringing down a bird in a single shot. But you—I'm going to tell you right off what it's worth: at least a thousand dollars if you want to know. And I'm prepared to pay that much—now, this very minute!"

"A thousand dollars! . . . No, it can't be worth that!"

"It may be worth more."

She went over to the shelf and stood gazing up at her treasure. When she finally spoke her voice was brittle:

"I shall never sell it," she said, "never!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "There is only one thing left, then," was his quiet answer.

After he had said good-night she took the *Ariel* down and hid it, not in the least effectively but with a sense of taking due precaution. The room seemed positively empty. Fancy anyone imagining that she would part with

it!—a thing bound up with every association of her childhood! . . . No, there was nothing that could take its place—not even the ivory-and-lace fan that once had been the property of the Empress Carlotta. . . . As for the thousand dollars, it was an affront to fancy that she would sell her birthright for such an obvious mess of pottage. . . . And yet, a thousand dollars might liberate her; might be the wings that would carry her over the rim of the blunt, scarred hills to freedom; upward as the meadow lark had been carried on that day when a truant shower had released a brief but violent ecstasy. This thought swept her like a gust, shaking her constancy. She put the conch shell to her ears and its voice was the moist voice of the sea, calling to her. And as she closed her eyes she smelled the lupines among the sand dunes, and heard the curlew's cry, and felt the cool spray against her cheek.

"The sea is a passion with you, isn't it?"

That was almost the first question he had asked her. . . . Well, he was offering her the sea in terms of a thousand dollars. Offering her the sea. . . . She listened again to the clipt voices that poured into her ears, distant roars, the soft plashing of water among the rocky pools. . . . Offering her something she already possessed—that was the thought which finally steadied her.

She rose and uncovered the *Ariel* again, setting it this time upon the table before her; the book of a hundred ship models stood open to the *Henry Grace à Dieu*. She would have liked to see it, this *Henry Grace à Dieu*, on the morning when it had weighed anchor at Dover with its courtly passenger list—setting out for the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Swords flashing from jeweled scabbards; wimples fluttering in the breeze; brocades and lace and laughter, perfume and ermine and sunlight. . . . And there was Drake's *Golden Hind* to scan again; and the Venetian traders and Mr. Pepys' *Loyal London* and Lord Nelson's *Victory*, and the Chinese tea-clippers. . . . What

processions and pageants and conquests they called up! And opposite them stood the *Ariel*, her *Ariel*: a beautiful example of an English frigate done in 1803 with its enormously interesting sprit-top gallantsail. A prisoner's model. A political prisoner? . . . a prisoner of the wars? . . . a prisoner of circumstance? . . . A murderer, perhaps—who could say? Releasing beauty; escaping upon the wings of creation to a truant freedom. Yes, it was beautiful, she could see it now. More beautiful than she had ever imagined, and it belonged with the others.

The realization came to her quietly, numbing her almost with its placid inevitability. It didn't belong to her; it never had. . . . She sat all night with that thought and the next day when he tapped upon her door she felt her heart stand still.

He said at once, "This is my last visit . . . I have come to ask you once more: Will you sell the *Ariel* to me?"

She answered him clearly. "No . . . I shall *give* it to you."

He stared at her. "But I must pay you."

"You cannot," she answered simply.

He sat for a moment in deep silence. "There is another thing I want," he said.

She rose with a fluttering fear. "Isn't one wild goose enough to capture?"

"One of anything is so ridiculous."

She could feel her lips harden. "My conch shell? No, you can't have that!"

He shook his head. "Can't you guess? . . . *You!*"

It was her turn to stare and yet she was not even frightened. She did not know his name . . . she did not know his fortune . . . she did not know his temper . . . but she knew her answer.

"I've a place in Cornwall—the sea laps it for miles and miles. And there is a castle on a cliff within sound and smell of it. . . ."

"A castle on a cliff," she heard herself echoing. "Then you are a—"

"Duke or something? . . . Does it matter?"

"No, it doesn't matter in the least," she answered.

## TRAGIC BOOKS

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

THAT I have lived I know; that I  
Have loved is quite as plain;  
Why read of Lear, a wild old king,  
Of Cæsar stabbed in vain?

The bitter fool, the Dover heath,  
The stumbling in the grass  
I know. I know the windy crowd,  
And Rome as in a glass.

Life taught them all. These later days  
Are full enough of rain;  
I will not weep unless I must,  
Or break my heart again.



# THE WIFE OF THE TRAITOR

*Portrait of Mrs. Benedict Arnold*

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

IN one of the fragments of the old Greek dramatists a tragic heroine pathetically describes the contrast in the life of a woman tenderly brought up in her father's house, shielded, petted, protected from all shocks and storms; then suddenly thrust out, perhaps when little more than a girl, into the great tumult of the world; yoked to a man of whom she may know nothing fundamentally, and forced to take her full part in all the struggles and battles and miseries of life. It was an old story in Sophocles's day. It is an older story now. But it is a true story always, and rarely has it been illustrated with more pathos and passion than in the case of Margaret Shippen Arnold. She was gently, affectionately nurtured, if ever girl was. Then at nineteen she attached herself to the fortunes of Benedict Arnold, and few women, Greek or any other, have been more bitterly buffeted about the world than she.

The Shippens were a prominent family in Philadelphia before the Revolution, active in public affairs and much respected. Margaret's father, Edward, was educated to the law in England and was always supposed to be, like others of his class, reluctant to see a separation from the mother country. At the same time he was certainly not a decided Tory, resented the encroachments of George the Third's government, and so retained the respect of all his fellow-citizens that, after independence was established, he was made Chief Justice of Pennsylvania and performed his duties with usefulness and dignity. Margaret

was born in 1760 and was one of a large family of sons and daughters. Devotion to her father seems to have been a marked characteristic of her, and we are told that in her childhood she made "his comfort her leading thought, often preferring to remain with him when evening parties and amusements would attract her sisters from home." Of her mother's influence or importance in her life we get no mention and the slight reference to her in letters of later years would not indicate that the maternal impression was very strong.

In spite of Margaret's taste for the domestic hearth it is evident that the Shippens were eminently social in their habits, and she was swept into the whirl like the rest. Both her portraits and tradition show she was very lovely, blonde, with a face that must have been gay and tender and responsive in every way; not by any means intellectual, but quick and keen and capable of mischief. Washington declared, at a somewhat later period, that all the young men were in love with Mrs. Arnold, and the disease seems to have been catching at all times. When the British occupied Philadelphia in 1778 there was an abundance of social gayety. In the wild far-rago of diversions called the *Mischianza* the Shippen girls were to have taken a prominent part, but this was thwarted by their father's reluctance to have them appear in public in Turkish costumes. Major André, who was one of the organizers of this festivity, was on friendly terms with the family and at one time painted a charming portrait of

Margaret, to whom he afterwards wrote a letter from New York, with courteous offers of service: a letter perfectly innocent in aspect, and probably in intent—but in view of final events considerably suggestive of disaster.

Then the British evacuated the city, the Americans took possession of it, and Benedict Arnold was made military governor. Arnold was twenty years older than Margaret. He was a widower with children. He was disabled by a wounded leg. But his quick, emotional nature enjoyed the contrast between the rough discipline of camps and the merry atmosphere of jest and gayety. Also, he was distinctly susceptible to feminine charm. Only six months earlier he had wooed—unsuccessfully—a certain Miss DeBlois of Boston, writing her these ardent if somewhat stilted phrases: "Friendship and esteem founded on the merit of the object is the most certain basis to build a lasting happiness upon and when there is a tender and ardent passion on one side, and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart must be callous to every tender sentiment if the taper of love is not lighted up at the flame."

Then Arnold came across Miss Shippen, was at once enchanted, and the flame which had burned so brightly for Miss DeBlois was soon transferred to the newer object. After a very brief delay he urged his suit, wrote a long letter containing the warmest expressions of devotion, and embodied in it various portions of the letter written six months before to Miss DeBlois—notably the above sentence, practically word for word. I strive in vain to picture to myself the lover's state of mind when he did this. Was there just the hint of a cynical smile about the mouth of the man of thirty-eight who thought he had learned what women liked to have said to them? Or did the rough, eager soldier really imagine that, having once hit upon the finest possible utterance of romantic affection, it would be vain to try to improve it?

And how did it all strike Margaret? That is what we shall never exactly know. There seems to be little doubt that her father was opposed to the match, as well he might be. Arnold was only a soldier of fortune, and the girl was a mere child. But fathers, no matter how much one has cherished them, count for little in such cases. Should not you like to have heard Arnold's wooing? Do you suppose it was in the style of the letter to Miss DeBlois or something altogether different? Mrs. Arnold's engaging biographer and relative, who has an almost superhuman gift for deducing something from nothing, proves Margaret's extreme modesty by the following sentence of a letter to Franklin from his daughter concerning his infant granddaughter: "You can't think how fond of kissing she is, and she gives such old-fashioned smacks General Arnold says he would give a good deal to have her for a school-mistress to teach the young ladies how to kiss." From which we are expected to infer that Miss Shippen was not an adept at kissing.

At any rate, kissing or no kissing, Margaret made up her mind to marry her middle-aged hero. And, having made up her mind, she did not allow a wounded leg to stand in the way. An eye-witness describes the wedding: "Arnold during the marriage ceremony was supported by a soldier, and when seated his disabled limb was propped upon a camp-stool." So, like the tragic heroine of Sophocles, this daintily nurtured girl took the arm of an adventurous warrior and stepped out into the wide, uncertain world.

And it was an uncertain world. Arnold's plans and status were far from fixed. He had not been promoted as he hoped, and his wound made a military career more difficult. At one time before his marriage he even thought of retiring upon a farm and announced that his "ambition was to be a good citizen rather than shining in history." It is





MRS. ARNOLD AND HER CHILD  
(From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence)

easy to imagine how a farm would have suited Margaret. Instead they settled down in Philadelphia and led a gay and expensive life. Arnold liked the display and the distinction and his wife liked the fun. If they spent largely, the fault was mainly his. She was a child and spent what he gave her and did what he told her, no doubt.

But the money had to come from somewhere. Arnold got involved in hazy speculation, sure to be disastrous to a military commander. He was by no means popular with the Philadelphia citizens or with Congress, and he was

shortly accused of dubious transactions amounting to peculation, and tried by a court-martial. He defended himself with energy and on the whole with success and was practically acquitted; but the court concluded that his conduct had been indiscreet enough to require a reprimand from Washington, which was duly though gently administered. It is easy to conceive how Arnold's pride was stung and how keenly his wife must have felt the affront and what she considered persecution.

The trial was completed in January, 1780. During the spring Arnold's

movements were uncertain and he was haunted by various vague projects. In March a son was born. When summer came Arnold succeeded in getting Washington to give him the command of West Point, and after more or less prolonged correspondence with the British, he agreed to surrender the fortress. In September Mrs. Arnold, with her infant, joined her husband. The negotiations came to a crisis toward the end of the month. André had his interview with Arnold and was captured on his return, with incriminating papers. Washington arrived at West Point the following morning, but not quite soon enough to intercept Arnold, who received word of what had happened and made a hurried escape. He was sitting at breakfast when the message was brought. He excused himself and his wife followed him. In her room he broke the news to her, left her almost distracted, flung himself on the first horse he could get, and fled down the river to the British. When Mrs. Arnold had recovered from her insanity of grief and bewilderment, Washington offered to send her either to her husband in New York or to her father in Philadelphia. She accepted the latter arrangement.

Such is the succinct, external account of the great tragedy of Margaret Arnold's life. But just here arises one of those puzzles which are the torment and the charm of the biographer's business; one of those problems which can never be quite settled because the data are not sufficient, yet must be dealt with and disposed of with some sort of conclusion, as definite as possible.

In 1836, fifty-six years after Arnold's treason, Matthew L. Davis published the *Memoirs of Aaron Burr*, relying mainly upon information furnished by Burr himself. In the first volume of this work Davis relates that Mrs. Arnold, on her journey from West Point to Philadelphia, stopped at the house of Mrs. Prevost at Paramus. There was some acquaintance between the ladies, Mrs. Arnold having already stayed there

on her former trip; and as Mrs. Prevost was entirely British in sympathy, so soon as Mrs. Arnold arrived she threw off the mask, declared that she was weary of acting, that she had been all along cognizant of what was going on, and had even urged and persuaded her husband to the step he had taken. Mrs. Prevost—who was herself, by the way, one of the noblest and most charming of women—was afterwards married to Burr, and according to Davis, told her husband this story.

Burr's later biographer, Parton, repeats the narrative with considerable variants but without giving any authority for these. According to him Burr was actually present at the scene between Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Prevost, and whatever report he made of it was that of an eye and ear witness.

Supposing we were to accept this story of Burr's as it comes through Davis and Parton, what would it mean? Here was a girl of twenty placed in one of the most tremendous tragic crises that could come upon a human being, exposed to the criticism of the keenest and most watchful eyes, and sustaining herself by acting—which, if it was acting, must have been superb. We have abundance of record from witnesses of her bearing immediately after Arnold's departure. Perhaps the account of Alexander Hamilton—who as a young soldier under Washington was present and wrote to his betrothed, Miss Schuyler—is the most vivid: "She, for a time, entirely lost herself. The general went up to see her, and she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved, another she melted into tears. . . . We have every reason to believe, that she was entirely unacquainted with the plan, and the first knowledge of it, was when Arnold went to tell her he must banish himself from his country and from her forever. She instantly fell into a convulsion, and he left her in that situation." Surely neither Mrs. Siddons nor Rachel could have done better.



The same testimony comes from Varicks and Franks, Arnold's aides, who had even better opportunities of observation.

In view of this evidence, historians generally refuse to believe Mrs. Arnold guilty in any way whatever. If that is the case, what becomes of Burr's story? The explanation of Mrs. Arnold's ardent and affectionate biographers is perfectly simple: Burr lied. This explanation is carried much further into an elaborate development as to why and how he lied. It seems that a tradition survives in the Shippen family to the effect that Burr, who had long been intimate with Mrs. Arnold's relatives, offered to conduct her from Mrs. Prevost's to Philadelphia and that on the way he made love to her and was indignantly repelled. In consequence he invented the slander to get his revenge. On the basis of this vague legend the biographer weaves the most extraordinary circumstantial narrative of Burr's attempted seduction of the distressed lady—a narrative cunningly de-

vised to impose on the simple as fact, but with no solid foundation in evidence.

All this mare's nest about Burr I instantly and totally reject, on *a priori* grounds. I have studied him long and intimately and in many respects I regard him with affection, in some with admiration, though hardly with esteem. His general attitude and conduct toward women was reprehensible beyond belief, and in a pinch I think it not impossible that he may have seized what appeared to him a favorable opportunity to make love to Mrs. Arnold, or to appear to do so. But that, no matter how this wooing was received, he should have gone out of his way to invent such a circumstantial story and then deliberately circulate it fifty years afterwards, I regard as too utterly preposterous to be entertained at all. It is simply out of the question. If I were forced to choose between the two alternatives—Mrs. Arnold's acting or Burr's deliberate slander—I should not hesitate a moment.



THE TREASON OF ARNOLD

Arnold is pointing out to the impassive Major André the advantages of concealing papers in one's boot.

(From an old print)

But I do not think we need be reduced to this. Independent of Burr, there is practically no evidence against the lady that counts. And as regards Burr's story, there is clearly the largest room for possible misunderstandings. Par-ton's and Davis's versions vary greatly (they both must have come through a considerable number of sources) and it is easy to suppose that Mrs. Prevost misunderstood Mrs. Arnold, and Burr Mrs. Prevost, and Davis Burr, and Par-ton everybody, as he was too liable to do. As I have said, the great body of historians exculpate Mrs. Arnold altogether, and on the whole I am not inclined to differ with them.

To be sure, she was very lovely. Washington's remark that all the young men were in love with her is not to be forgotten, and old historians are quite as susceptible as young soldiers. There is always Celia's cynical warning in regard to Nature's dealings with the fair sex, "those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly." If Mrs. Arnold had been old and plain, things might have assumed a different aspect. But what chiefly influences me as to her guilt is the inherent improbability. To suppose that the British would have actually carried on dangerous negotiations through a flighty girl of twenty is absurd. The most that can be imagined is that Arnold told her everything. But Arnold was a middle-aged man of vast experience. Who can believe that he would have confided such weighty matters to such a childish ear? He would rather have said with Macbeth:

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed."

The one thing to be emphasized, which is generally overlooked, is that, if Mrs. Arnold had been cognizant of what was going on, her measure of guilt would have been totally different from his. She was a child who had probably

grown up to adore British uniforms and British society. Neither politics nor military loyalty would have meant anything to her. Her husband had been abused and persecuted and was at last restoring his allegiance where it belonged. The rest would have been detail. And from such a point of view her complicity would have been comparatively excusable, if it were psychologically possible at all.

I do not think it was, at any rate more than as a matter of constant, instinctive wifely pressure, if it was even that. And evidently her countrymen, from Washington down, were disposed to exonerate her. Otherwise she would hardly have been permitted to return safely to Philadelphia, or to reside there, even for a time. This she did. After a few weeks, however, people began to get restive over the presence of the wife of an avowed enemy, and in spite of Mrs. Arnold's offer to break off all relations with her husband, she was compelled to leave Philadelphia and take refuge with Arnold in New York.

After a stay of a year in that city Mrs. Arnold went with her husband to England, and from that time England was her home. Till her death in 1804 she kept up an active correspondence with her father and others, and from this we are able to get an accurate and varied insight into her character.

It is clear that she was by nature essentially and eminently social. Human interests, human contact meant life to her; and it was mainly as she felt these that she was conscious of living herself. She liked to meet people, she liked to hear about people, their personal concerns and daily doings; she liked to play a considerable part in the doings of the world. It is true that at one time, under stress of circumstances, she declares "my ambition has sunk with my fortune," but later it springs up and she refers charmingly to my "vanity, or the natural ambition, which I confess has often annoyed me."



This social and human interest is the more striking in Mrs. Arnold because there seems to be a conspicuous absence of some other elements. In her very extensive correspondence there is no reference whatever to books: the intellectual side of life seems left out altogether. Religion is there in decent degree. Almighty God is a social personage who should be considered, like George the Third; but the search for Him is not a passion in her life. As to the country, no. Her father mildly suggests living there: it might be cheaper. But rural economy and solitude do not appeal. "The country in England with a certain establishment is delightful; but to go into it with a confined income, unknown and unable to associate with the most respectable part of its inhabitants would be extremely painful to me and would be too lonely for either my dear girl, or myself." The notion of associating with trees and flowers and birds would be ridiculous. They have not clothes or manners or distinction, or even souls, and what would life be if one could not mix with these?

Nevertheless, it hardly seems that in England the social ambition was much gratified. In spite of the patronage of the king and of a few persons of importance, English society in general did not greatly relish Arnold's past history and kept aloof from him. The isolation that resulted is pathetically indicated in Mrs. Arnold's complaint, during one of her husband's absences, of being "in a strange country, without a creature near me that is really interested in my fate." It might be supposed that such charm as is manifested in the Lawrence portrait would have attracted admiration and sympathy. No doubt it did; but it takes more than a pretty face to break down the barriers of society in England.

Mrs. Arnold's intelligence may not have been largely cultivated in abstract lines, but no one can deny that she was quick, active, and energetic in practical matters. All her life she had sensitive nerves to fight against, and when the

struggle came hardest she was apt to have internal difficulties to contend with, as well as external. In the crisis at West Point she was said to have been hysterical to the point of actual delirium. In a later crisis in England she herself writes that "for some hours my reason was despaired of." Yet there was the element of reserve, by which such high-strung temperaments somehow keep a hold upon themselves when it is absolutely necessary. It is at any rate clear that she directed her household and its affairs with skill, prudence, and success.

It is particularly interesting to follow her in money matters; for what concerns a wife and a mother more vitally than this? Mrs. Arnold has been frequently accused of extravagance. It is urged that her taste for expenditure and display was a main cause of her husband's financial troubles and hence of his ruin. Here again the faithful biographer does not fail her. Extravagant? Of course she was not extravagant. Over and over in her letters she insists upon the necessity of economy and her immense and constant efforts to exercise it. Her father especially commends her discretion, and in good set terms declares that he "never had reason to distrust your prudence."

This is all perfectly just. Only it is quite possible to be well aware of the value of money and of one's limitations in regard to it and still to spend very freely. There are, of course, those who squander with no discretion, and it cannot be for a moment maintained that Mrs. Arnold belonged to the number. But perhaps the most fundamental distinction in money concerns is between those who want little and those who want a great deal. It is only the former who are really independent financially and can afford to treat money as an indifferent matter. And Mrs. Arnold did not belong to this class. She liked pretty clothes. She liked comfort and ease and the good things of the world that are at once in-

dispensable and almost negative to those who are used to them. Above all, she liked to make a good showing before society, to keep up appearances. She was used to living like a lady, with ladies, and she could not bear not to do it; and it is amazing how much being a lady costs: "I am almost sick of the struggle to keep up an appearance, which however is absolutely necessary, in this country, to bring forward a young family." When you like so many things that cost money, you are pretty sure to spend it.

Yet however much she might feel inclined or obliged to spend, it is clear that Mrs. Arnold knew the value of money, how to handle it and to make it go far: hard experience had taught her so much. Also, she was a woman of business to a surprising extent. She gave a great deal of shrewd and careful thought to the subject of investments, exercised elaborate foresight as to the future, and her letters to and from her father are full of minute discussion of business matters. She was intimately conversant with her husband's rather complicated dealings. After his death she set herself with extraordinary energy to the task—which would have burdened any man—of clearing up the tangled relics of his estate, and the self-satisfaction with which she describes her efforts is not only pardonable but delightful: "I have paid every *ascertained* debt due from the Estate of my late lamented husband, within four or five hundred pounds, and this I have the means of discharging. I will not attempt to describe to you the toil it has been to me; but may without vanity add, that few women could have effected what I have done."

Mrs. Arnold's relations with the various members of her family, as fully developed in her letters, are always charming. Her affection for her father, and his for her, are peculiarly constant and significant. He writes to her at great length, expressing the deepest

solicitude for her welfare, extending advice and more substantial assistance in liberal measure. The daughter's letters are equally tender and responsive. She longs to visit her parent, longs to give him the care and attention which his age should receive from her, to talk over her difficulties and get the benefit of his counsel. Margaret's letters to her sister are also attractive, full at once of cordial confidence and natural interest in family and friendly matters. Nor is she less sisterly or less dignified in her references to a brother who seems to have got into financial trouble and to have entangled her affairs with his own. But what puzzles me, I confess, is the slight appearance of the mother in all this correspondence. She lived till 1794, that is, for thirteen years after Margaret went to England. Yet during all that time we are given no single letter addressed to her. Margaret occasionally refers to her mother's health and inquires for her with respect; but there is no evidence of the dependence or intimate longing which one would have expected to find. What does it mean as regards Margaret, or her mother, or both? I wish I knew.

With her own immediate family Mrs. Arnold is as interesting and as dutiful as with her relatives at home. Arnold had sons by his former marriage and for them she showed a most exceptional consideration, thoughtfulness, and a really exquisite desire to do what was in every way fair and loyal. She looked after their material needs, advised them in their difficulties, and particularly mediated between them and their father when there was occasion for doing so.

With her own children, above all, Mrs. Arnold was charming—all that a mother could be asked to be. She enjoyed them when well, she tended them when ill; and when she was ill herself, her dread of being a burden to them was so great and her desire to spare them so intense that, in her abnormal state of mind, it almost drove her to suicide: "At one period, when I viewed every-





*Courtesy of the Century Company*

ARNOLD AND HIS WIFE IN LONDON

"In a strange country, without a creature near me that is really interested in my fate."

(From a drawing by Howard Pyle)

thing through a false medium, I fancied that nothing but the sacrifice of my life would benefit my children, for that my wretchedness embittered every moment of their lives: and dreadful to say, I was many times on the point of making the sacrifice."

She had one daughter, Sophia, and four sons. All the effort of her life was directed to getting these children on in the world and to giving them such training as would enable them to fill a distinguished station with credit and success. Here again, as is natural, the substance of her own ambition is reflected in her ambition for them. There is no hint of any intellectual pursuit or interest, or that any such thing as books existed in the world. There is no special insistence on religious influence, or desire that the children should do good or live to benefit their fellow men. Public positions, prominence in the army or navy or political life, social success and standing, supported by the solid goods of fortune and also of character—these were the sort of things the mother had always wished for herself: why should she wish anything else for her children?

And her wishes were gratified; and that they were so must, no doubt, as always, be attributed mainly to her effort and devotion. Her children seem all to have been profoundly attached to her, and she speaks repeatedly of the comfort they bring her, of her pride in them, and of the absence of anything in their conduct to cause her regret. When you consider how a hundred million Americans feel about Benedict Arnold, it is interesting to think that their mother could so speak of his sons.

For they were the sons of Benedict Arnold and she was Benedict Arnold's wife, and no other phase of her career is so interesting to study as her relation to him. First, one is curious as to his feeling about her; but indications on this point are difficult to come across. What is most striking in Arnold's English

years is his silence. We have not one really personal word to show us what he felt about anything. Regret, remorse, explanation, apology, ambition, hope for the future—nothing comes to us. For twenty years the man's soul is hidden behind the curtain of oblivion. In the earlier period there are gleams of tenderness. Arnold's sister writes to Margaret during her husband's absence: "Yesterday got a letter from your anxious husband, who, lover-like, is tormenting himself with a thousand fancied disasters which have happened to you and the family." At the very end we have Arnold's will, and Mrs. Arnold is made sole executrix, which is perhaps as solid a proof of trust and affection as one can ask for.

The industrious biographer, always watchful and always logical, makes one of his remarkable inferences from a late letter of Mrs. Arnold's: "I sometimes fear that my reason will give way.—My sufferings are not of the present moment only.—Years of unhappiness have passed, I had cast my lot, complaints were unavailing, and you and my other friends are ignorant of the many causes of uneasiness I have had." This, says the biographer, means "the painful discovery that although her happiness had been sacrificed for Arnold, yet he had not always remained true to her." That Arnold was faithful I should gravely doubt, considering his character and his past; but I should want more evidence than the above to assert positively the contrary. At any rate, his wife does not hesitate elsewhere to speak of him as "the best of husbands" and to deplore "the loss of a husband whose affection for me was unbounded." I believe it was, and certainly it ought to have been.

For her tenderness and devotion to him appear in all her letters, though we have not a single word addressed to him directly. When he is absent she longs for him and cannot be at rest till she knows where he is and how he does. She hears of the capture of a town where



he is supposed to be and writes passionately that till she gets definite word she "shall not know a moment's peace of mind." But the most interesting and striking display of her feelings occurs in connection with the duel fought between Arnold and Lord Lauderdale, because the latter had made insinuations with regard to Arnold's conduct in America. Mrs. Arnold became aware of what was impending before the duel occurred and she depicts minutely her sufferings in connection with it. Anxious as she was, she yet thought first of what was due to her husband's reputation: "weak woman as I am, I would not wish to prevent what would be deemed necessary to preserve his honor." Yet the strain was hardly endurable: "What I suffered for near a week is not to be described: the suppression of my feelings, lest I should unman the general, almost at last proved too much for me; and for some hours my reason was despaired of." When all ends well and Lord Lauderdale calls upon her to express "concern at finding that I had been made unhappy," and some of the first characters in the kingdom visit the general to applaud his procedure, she has this charming word of appreciation of herself: "Nor am I displeased at the great commendations bestowed on my own conduct upon this trying occasion."

She loved him through it all, there is no doubt about that. But the question that teases me is, what she thought of him. Yet to get a wife's judgment and her intimate knowledge is always a difficult task. The instant anyone else judges or criticizes she leaps to defend, not so much him but herself, her judgment, her choice, her love. If you want to get the truth you have to watch, to divine, to develop with the subtlest care.

Such a process is immensely difficult when, as with Mrs. Arnold, we have only indirect and more or less formal correspondence. As to the one great event of Arnold's career, it may be said at once we have no word from her at all. What she thought of it we can only

guess in the obscurest fashion. As to his later life, what is most interesting and impressive is her obstinate effort to defend his reputation, to see that his name was transmitted to his children without a stain or blot upon it; and does not this show that she did not for a moment recognize anything reprehensible in his earlier conduct? Or does it? To pay his debts, to assure his respectable standing in the world—for this she toiled with incessant, unfailing loyalty, and practically laid down her life. "I have rescued your father's memory from disrespect, by paying all his just debts, and his children will now never have the mortification of being reproached with his speculations having injured anybody beyond his own family; and his motives, not the unfortunate termination, will be considered by them, and his memory will be doubly dear to them." His motives, not the unfortunate termination—was it not thus she looked at his whole life? As she expressed it elsewhere, in connection with a specific instance, but I think certainly with a general bearing: "The solicitude was in itself so praiseworthy, and so disinterested, and never induced him to deviate from rectitude, that his children should ever reverence his memory."

So the loyal wife asserts, and perhaps believes, that nothing ever induced her husband to deviate from rectitude—and that husband was Benedict Arnold. And what strikes one most in it all is the frightful solidarity, the desperate identity of husband and wife, through heaven and hell. The woman was delightful, adorable beyond most women, and ought to have been remembered as such. Yet the one thing that causes her to linger in history is that she was the wife of a traitor. You may extenuate, you may mitigate, may emphasize her innocence, her grace, her tenderness, her nobility, her charm; but always when she is spoken of comes "Oh, the wife of the traitor, Arnold." What strange, involving, enduring perdition we unwittingly bring upon ourselves!

# THE BLUE BEAD

## *A Story*

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

WE never knew why she came to our country nor what her motives were while she was here. As for me, I do not worry my head about women. By Allah! a man has not spent his youth at the court of Abdul Hamid without learning women, and a story too many times told is a dish without salt. Also, I was not interested in the little madame. She was too thin. She walked like a man and it was impossible to understand the language of her eyes. If all the women of America are like her, *per Zoti!* I pity the men! No, I was not interested in her.

Nevertheless, her fate is interesting. Strange things happen in our mountains. One does not speak lightly of that mountain valley to which she went—the valley of Bulqis. You have heard of the dervishes of Bulqis, yes? How they listen to the silence, and see the unseen—how they travel without going? It is said that they—Ft! I am a civilized man. One does not believe such tales, eh? But the people of Bulqis are a very old people, the oldest of Albanians, and they have kept the old gods. Lek was there with her, also. . . . And Lek's wife was a girl of Bulqis. . . . It may be—*Per Zoti!* anything may be.

Yet if it were true should I not have received my appointment to Paris?

Understand, I am a loyal Albanian and an officer. But to die for Albania is one thing and to live in it is another, eh? What can be said for this Tirana—a city, a capital, with neither an opera house nor a covered bazaar? One dies of dullness here. Still, my cousin is the cousin of the wife of Azif Pasha, who is

father-in-law to the brother of the Prime Minister. It is impossible that a man of my ability will be kept forever drinking coffee in this café where there is not even an orchestra.

But why should an American madame come here? Americans are rich; they can go anywhere. She was young; scandal could not already have driven her from all the civilized cities. But she was deep, that one. She lied with a skill which would have made even Abdul Hamid envious. Perhaps she was an agent of some secret service? Perhaps of the American oil companies? But she offered no one any money, and her talk of politics was all about Leagues, and peace, and land for the peasants. One would say it was the caprice of a woman weary of civilized love, seeking a new adventure. But—*enfin*, it was not that. Would she have chosen Lek, who is not handsome or rich or even the son of a Bey?

I was not interested in her. But, *per Zoti*, in this stupid village of a capital—! Also, I saw her first. Imagine: there I am, sitting in the guard-post on the Durazzo road, looking through the arches at white walls and minarets in the moonlight, hearing owls and fountains, and dreaming of the boulevards of Paris. What a life! Nowhere to go, nothing to see, no women— Even the noise of the automobile was a relief in that dullness.

It was not my place to halt it; I am an officer. But when I heard her voice I buttoned my uniform, gave a touch to my mustaches, and went out. She was



speaking English; no one understood her. The chauffeur knew only that she had landed from a boat in Durazzo and engaged him to bring her to Tirana. I commanded my orderly to bring a lamp and hold it close to her face, and then I first saw her irritating eyes. They were blue as the charms that ward off evil, but for the rest—! They were innocent, and yet not innocent; they were warm, and not warm; they looked straight at a man and smiled—but not as though they were smiling at a man. *Per Zoti!* I had not seen a woman like that. Her face had not the softness of the Italian or the shrewdness of the French or the bleakness of the English. There was something Slav in it; I spoke to her first in Serbian, then in German, and she said, "*Parlez-vous français, monsieur?*"

"I am American," she said.

You may imagine that I was gallant; I am an officer and I know women, eh? It appeared that she knew no one in Tirana; she inquired about a hotel. I ask you, what would one suppose from that? In mere courtesy, *entendu*, I was ready to accompany her, to make all arrangements, to offer her a little supper. I thought rapidly of kicking the servants awake and having something prepared. Even in Tirana it would be possible, and my orderly could borrow the wine from a brother officer; it would be a joke on him later.

She refused, warmly. "Thank you, monsieur, you are very kind. No, no, thank you. I will not trouble you." One would have thought she meant the words. Ah, but she was subtle!

I could only take her passport and let her go.

The passport was in English; I could make nothing of it. After we had all examined it, over in the officer's mess, we thought of Lek who had been educated in England. It was then past midnight but we sent a corporal and four soldiers to bring him. You perceive it was business of state. Also, Lek was nobody. His father had been a rich merchant of

Kossova, but they were ruined by the Serbs. Lek was a little man, not handsome, not very strong; his health had been broken in Serbian prisons during the wars. He was of no consequence whatever. The soldiers brought him in.

You may imagine with what suspense, as patriots, we watched him read the passport. But he could tell us very little. It appeared that she was—or had been—married, but there was nothing said about her husband. She was a writer, it said. A woman, and a journalist? Impossible. Perhaps a poet. By studying the visas we learned that she had been traveling quite rapidly for three years, throughout Europe and even into Russia. This traveling must have consumed a fortune; evidently her family was wealthy or she had an income from some secret source.

"Or perhaps—" said Captain Koleka, "a young woman, traveling alone, and pretty—?" He said the rest with his eyebrow, like an Italian.

"So?" said I, in a way to remind him that I am a major.

"Ah, you think her pretty, eh?" He gazed at the photograph on the passport.

I took the passport from him.

It was my duty to return it to madame, was it not? In any case it was my custom to take my morning coffee in the Hotel Europa. The motives of the others were obvious, amusing; there was not a vacant table when I arrived, having been delayed at the barber's. It was beneath my dignity to reply to Captain Koleka's remarks on my entrance. What can one expect of a man whose great-grandfather was not even a Bey? I was a Pasha before the wars made me a major.

Her room was directly above the café; we should have heard her slightest movement. There was not a sound. I had drunk no less than seven coffees with the Ministers at my table before she appeared. She came from the street. If it can be imagined she had been walking all that time, unaccompanied, in the streets of Tirana. What could be her motive?



SHE HAD BEEN WALKING UNACCOMPANIED  
THROUGH TIRANA

She stood in the arch of the doorway, her eyes confused by the dimness after the white sunshine of the street behind her. I have said that she was thin? She lacked the chic of the Parisian, without doubt. Her shoes were hideous—like a man's shoes. Her ankles were slim. She

wore a costume of heavy white linen, no gloves, a small black hat. A white blouse, buttoned to the chin, covered and revealed the curves of her neck. She carried a purple parasol and this made a glow about her. For a moment her cheeks appeared rosy, then she closed the



parasol and we saw that they were pale and sprinkled with freckles. No rouge, no lip-stick, no accent of black for the eyes—oh, a truly insolent disregard of all that makes feminine charm! Yet there was an air about her—indescribable.

She walked alone past the tables, neither slowly nor with haste, as though the room were empty. It chanced that the Ministers and I were nearest the stairs that led to her room. As she approached I rose, bowed.

"Madame, will you permit me to inquire whether everything possible has been done for your comfort, and to assure you that a humble major of the army of the republic is entirely at your service?"

Naturally, she remembered me. Trust the ladies to have an eye for a handsome officer, eh? She held out her hand and I was bending to kiss it—unperfumed and ringless as it was—when she gripped my fingers and took her hand away. Why should she insult me thus? It was part of her whole inexplicable conduct. She said, "Monsieur the major, you are more than kind. I should, in fact, like to ask you—"

I could only repeat, "At your service, madame."

"I haven't an interpreter yet, and I'm so hungry," she said. Imagine! She continued, "Would you tell the waiter that what I want is grilled bread and boiled eggs? I couldn't make him understand."

I am not one to lose my head in a situation. I presented her to the Ministers, gave her a chair at our table, and made it appear mere hospitality to humor her fantastic wishes. But the fact remained that she had insolently replied to my courtesy by attempting to place me—an officer!—in the position of a *kavass*.

Why? How can I say? From first to last she was inexplicable. She demanded food, at that hour, as though she were starving. She had no *kavass*, no servant at all, yet she gave the waiter a krone for himself and she talked to the Minis-

ters as though she were their equal. She asked the Minister of Agriculture questions which only a peasant could answer. Of herself she said that she was a writer—*une écrivaine américaine*.

We could make nothing of her.

"What journal do you represent, madame?" She replied brazenly that she was not a journalist.

"I write for the American reviews," she said, yet she did not represent any review. "I write books." Then she must have money, for it costs much money to pay for printing a book. Yet she continued to have no servants. She carried packages from the bazaars in her own hands, like a peasant.

We saw her going about the streets, walking in and out of Government House. She went to the offices of the Ministers, accepted their coffee and cigarettes, and—asked them questions! It was evident that she should be watched and, as she desired an interpreter, I offered to get one immediately. It was my intention to send for the grandson of my great-uncle, the renowned Djemil Pasha, then in Salonika. He could be trusted to watch her, and thus I would place both him and the government under an obligation to me. In the meantime we were more than courteous to the little madame, and she was more than subtle, looking at us with those irritating blue eyes and saying, "Thank you, thank you, monsieur." And hardly ten days had elapsed when we saw her going everywhere with Lek.

Can you conceive it, with Lek, who was nobody! who was not even handsome.

"Thank you so much, monsieur the major," she said to me, smiling, "but you need not trouble any more about an interpreter for me."

You comprehend it was not that I was interested in one so thin. Yet it is true that the other officers pretended to jeer at me about that little madame's so-called interpreter.

For consider, does one walk side by side with an interpreter, a *kavass*, in the public streets? Does one walk with him

alone into the country? Does one drink coffee with him, sit with him among the gypsies, join common soldiers by the roadsides, spend even days with him in peasant villages? Does one stroll with him under the moon in this town where there is nothing to see? We came upon them standing still, pretending to stare at—nothing. The moonlight, the arcades, the minarets, and cypresses. Pah!

"You find Lek to your taste, madame?" I said to her with an irony which she affected to ignore.

"He is an excellent interpreter," she said, "and a true gentleman."

He had lied to her. "You have been deceived, madame," said I. "His father was not even a Bey; he was a ruined merchant."

"Yes," she said. "He told me." And she spoke of the loss of Kossova, and of our relations with Serbia. She affected interest in these questions which concern only men and soldiers.

She irritated one to brutality. "Why do you stay here, madame?" I asked her.

"It is so beautiful!" she preposterously replied, "and I love the Albanians." Ah! "The peasants and the soldiers, the people," she went on. "Do you realize how wonderful they are, how honorable, how brave, how kind? And their stories, their songs—You have a native art here, a living mythology."

She would flatter me, you perceive, by flattering my country: thinking I knew nothing better. "Albania is not civilized, madame," I said. "I know Paris, madame; I know Vienna, Rome—the great world. There is nothing here. Ah, to hear music once more!" I hummed a strain of "*Un Peu d'Amour*." At this moment Captain Koleka entered the café, which had chanced to be empty. He entered to hear me singing to her and to see her warmly greet Lek and go away with him. The opinion of a low-born captain can be of no interest to me.

Then we learned that she wished to go to the mountains. Lek was going with her. He was asking permission from the government, and hiring a pack-mule.

They were going to walk, *per Zoti!* Imagine, to walk! Like peasants. It was known that if she wished a little journey *à deux* I could have taken her to Korea itself, in the fine carriage belonging to the father of my brother-in-law. Why, in the name of the Prophet, should she choose to walk with Lek in the mountains?

A man of my position naturally does not make an equal of a man like Lek. Nevertheless, that evening in the café I spoke to him. "What attraction has that little madame?" I said with contempt. "*Per Zoti!* she is too thin. A man likes a woman to be an armful."

The little bantam tried to stand up to me like a fighting cock. "The women of America are different; they talk with men like men. I will not discuss madame with you."

I recognized this insolence with no more than a look. But he did not get permission for that journey. Indeed, should I concern myself about his small affairs?

Meanwhile, madame would listen to no reason. In vain we told her that walking was hard in the mountains, that the life was savage, that she would meet only peasants. No one went to the mountains. Why should she wish to go? Perhaps she was acting from pique? As we say, only the spoon knows what is in the dish. She might imagine that she was pricking me with jealousy, that little dagger of the subtle woman. I jealous of Lek? I admit the idea amused me. Still, I am not one to disappoint the ladies, eh?

One could find her in the afternoons sitting at a table under the arcade of the café, writing in a small book or merely looking out at the painted mosque and the peasants by the fountain. She would look at them for hours, thinking—who knows what? It is incredible that she could always have been thinking of that little Lek. Yet she kept always between us that barrier of talk—about politics, about land, about peasants—meaningless talk. Undoubtedly it was coquetry.



So one afternoon I said to her—it does not matter what. The usual things. Yet with a delicacy, I assure you—with a sincerity, with a fervor!

She laughed. "Ah, monsieur the major, you don't expect me to take you seriously!" I assure you her blue eyes had nothing in them but laughter. What a creature! "Come, tell me," she said, "Who is that beautiful woman, all in red and gold, looking at us?"

Many thoughts came into my head. The woman was the mother of Lek. I asked myself, why does Lek refuse to speak frankly of this little madame, as a man among men in the café? It is evident what she is; he does not present her to his family. I said, "She is a mountain woman."

The mother of Lek came toward us. Madame continued to speak of her beauty, of her manner of walking, of her marvelous garments. As for that, the woman was old, she walked like any mountain woman, and her clothes were the cheapest of silks, woven and dyed by peasant women. It is true that she wore a considerable dowry of gold coins in her headdress and on her breast. "She must be the wife of a chief," said madame.

"Is this the woman from a foreign land who has bewitched my son?" said Lek's mother, looking at madame.

Madame exclaimed, "What does she say? Tell me what she says! Please!"

I forget what I replied. We sat at that little table in the shadow of the arcade and the mother of Lek remained standing by the flowing water of the gutter, under the plane trees. She said to madame, "Go back to your own country. Why do you come here to set your spell upon my only son?"

"What does she say?" madame repeated.

"She asks why you come to this country."

"Because it is so beautiful," madame replied, as senselessly as always. "Tell her I love the people, their songs, their stories. Tell her I am going to the

mountains. Where does she come from in the mountains?"

Am I a *kavass*?

"Madame is going to the mountains with your son," I said to the mother of Lek.

"Why does she look at me like that?" madame exclaimed.

The mother of Lek came closer, walking through the flowing water. "Go away," she said to madame. "Leave my son with his wife, who is carrying his son in her body. Go away. I am a woman of Kossova, I do not beg. I tell you—go away."

There was madame, demanding to be told what she said.

"She warns you not to go to the mountains. She says they are dangerous."

It was amusing to hear madame talking her absurdities. But was it my place to interpret them? "Enough!" I said to the mother of Lek. "Madame will do as she chooses. Go!" After all, I am an officer.

"She walks like a goddess," said madame, watching the woman go. "But why should she be angry?" Then she thanked me.

I rose and bowed. "A pleasure, madame. It is too great an honor to be permitted to be madame's servant."

It was part of her unfathomable subtlety always to appear blind to the subtleties of others. "I am grateful, truly," she said.

*Per Zoti!* there was a situation, eh? It was madame's wisdom to appear stupid—but even the wisest women can be deceived. She did not know that Lek was married. She hoped then that he would marry her? And the old mother— Yes, after consideration something might be made of that.

Imagine that I was given no time to consider! Madame had written, telegraphed—how do I know what she had done? Two days later the English consul came from Durazzo, and in that one afternoon he had the permission for her journey to the mountains. They dined together that night, talking till a late

hour. Was she an English agent? But the English and Americans are enemies because of Albania's oil fields. What double game was she playing? Or was the Englishman a rival of Lek? At the foot of the stairs he shook her hand, as though she were a man. Before dawn she and Lek had gone to the mountains.

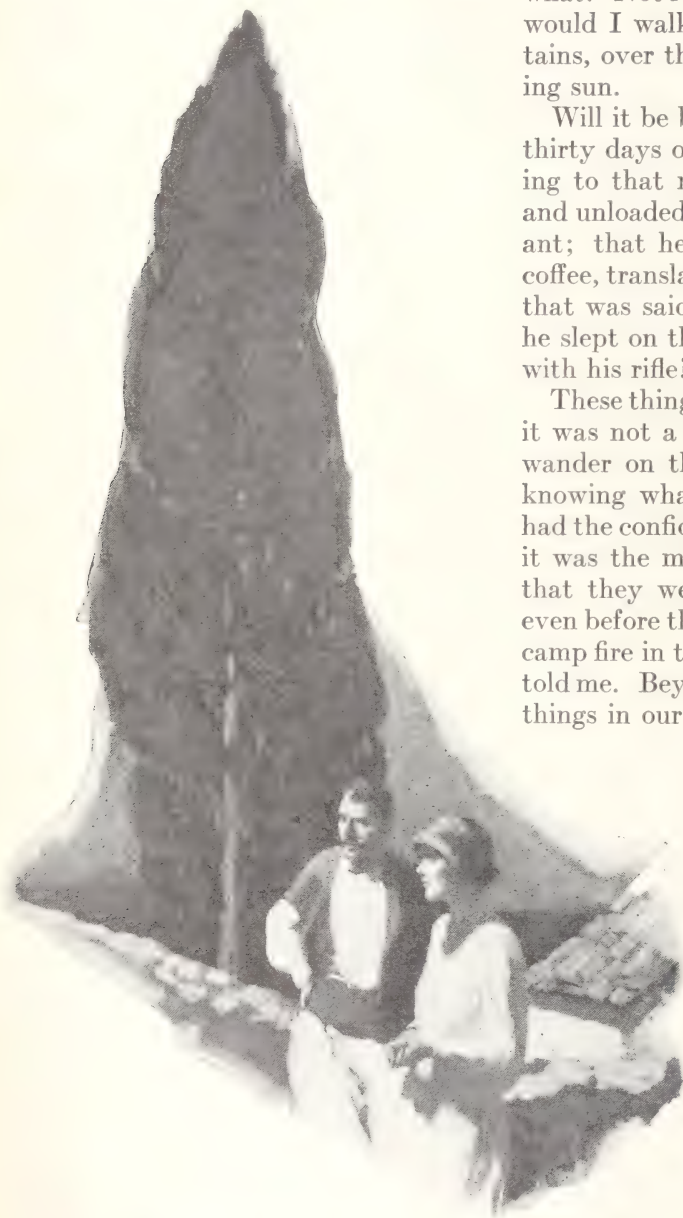
By Allah, it is not my idea of pleasure with a woman, those mountain trails.

Lek was undoubtedly mad. One heard that he had defied his family. "I will have one month of happiness in my life," he had said. Lek is Catholic, yet he had refused to listen to the priest. *Enfin*, what is religion? I am civilized, though I wear the fez. We know what all religions are, eh? Fatness for the lazy priests. But Lek was a serious Catholic. He had committed a sin. For what? Not for all the hours of Paradise would I walk one hour in those mountains, over those trails, under the burning sun.

Will it be believed that he walked for thirty days on those trails, merely talking to that madame? That he loaded and unloaded the pack-mule, like a servant; that he set up her tent, made her coffee, translated all that she said and all that was said to her, and that at night he slept on the ground outside her tent, with his rifle?

These things were true. You perceive it was not a time to allow strangers to wander on the Serbian border without knowing what they were doing, and I had the confidence of the Ministers. But it was the mother of Lek who told me that they were going to Bulqis. Yes, even before they had talked of it by their camp fire in the Mati, the mother of Lek told me. Beyond doubt there are strange things in our mountains, strange things in the world. *Per Zoti!* everything is a mystery—even Allah.

You comprehend it was my duty that took me to the house of Lek—a question of seizing still another house for League of Nations' commissions. The house of Lek was too small, but—*enfin*, one had a right to enter it, eh? The wife of Lek covered her face, as even Catholic women do before Moslem eyes, but the old mother met me boldly. We sat on



WE CAME UPON THEM STARING AT THE MINARETS  
AND CYPRESSES



the rug under the trees by the fountain, in the courtyard where the wife of Lek had been weaving. She said nothing, sitting there, a bundle of silks with strange eyes looking out of it.

"That evil one has bewitched my son," Lek's mother said. "She has a charm from the foreign demons. But she is going to Bulqis—she is going to Bulqis," the old woman said, and laughed.

*Per Zoti!* it was not a laugh to warm the sunshine. A man hears strange things in this world. One sits in a stupid courtyard, in this dullness of Tirana where nothing happens but the eternal movement of sunlight on white walls and the endless rippling of streams in these barbarous streets; one looks at these old women, listens to them—Come, come, *mon vieux*, we are civilized men, eh? All the same, how did they know that Lek and the little madame were going to Bulqis?

The old mother told me this, also: that Lek had been bewitched as a boy when he went to school in England. He had thrown away the blue ring she had fixed in his ear when he went, to protect him from evil. He had come back possessed by a madness, saying foolish and wicked things. He said that the life of a man was more important than his honor, or than even the honor of his family; he swore that he would never marry the woman to whom they had betrothed him in his cradle. They had tied him with ropes when the woman was brought as a bride to his house. He

had refused to look at his wife; he cursed his father. Only when his father was dying had the evil spell gone from Lek so that he consented to be married by the priest. But he had gone at once to the wars, leaving the women without hope of a son to keep the family alive.

After the wars they had followed him to Tirana, and they and the good priest had brought Lek back to the ways of honor and duty. But now the foreign

woman had come and brought the evil again upon him, destroying their peace, breaking his honor. The old mother would have cursed her—but she looked at his wife and was still, and she smiled.

Lek and the little madame were going to Bulqis. It was from that valley that the wife of Lek had come. You imagine to yourself that woman, scorned by her husband—. Trust the little ones to find consolation, you will say, eh? But, *per Zoti!* there was the old woman, watching! Yes, you imagine her, eating



THE MOTHER OF LEK CAME TOWARD US

her heart through all the years, perfuming, painting herself, braiding the gold coins in her hair, feverish, despairing, hoping—What an ending for the expectations of the girl carried as a bride to her husband's home! And now, when at last she is heavy with his child, this foreign madame with the irritating eyes comes and carries him away—that little madame who laughs in the face of an officer and a gentleman!

*Enfin*, Lek was stupid. A man should manage his little affairs better than that,

eh? *Mais, "toujours malheureux, les amoureux."* As for me, I do not worry about women. There are plenty of them—in any civilized country.

Yes, those two went to Bulqis. I know nothing of the place myself; a valley of rocks, they say, of strange caverns and strange springs. They say there is always a darkness in Bulqis, that the sun is afraid to shine upon the things that are there—things which only the dervishes see. It was in Bulqis, long ago, that the spirits of the trees sang to our king Alexander the Great of the world he was to conquer. It is said that one hears such songs there still. *Per Zoti*, if the little madame heard songs, they are not songs I wish to hear.

She was thin when she went; she returned a veritable bone. She reached the hotel one evening, brown and dirty as a peasant, wearing trousers and opangi that were rags. Yet she was unperturbed, even radiant. One would have said the happiest of—but can one call her a woman? Could any real woman be happy when men were seeing her in such garments?

*Enfin*, one does not believe these old women's tales of Bulqis.

She came down later, wearing her white costume which now hung upon her as upon a stick, and dined with Lek. *Per Zoti!* after thirty days of talking, still they talked. What has a woman to say that can last thirty days? That little madame who could not even play prettily with a compliment! *Entendu*, we crowded about her, offering them and hearing her babble. She talked of ten thousand nothings. Who cares for the ways of peasants? She showed little books in which she had written them down. She would write a book about Albania, she said. A book about our peasants? Who would believe such absurdity!

For the first time, however, she showed some femininity in her appearance—but what taste! On a silver chain around her neck she wore a blue bead—such a bead as peasant women tie in babies'

hair, and mule drivers in the forelocks of their mules, to guard against evil. A bead worth perhaps two piastres. It gave the lie to her pretensions about publishing a book, for no woman with money enough to pay printers would wear such trash as a jewel.

"Charming, madame!" I said, touching it. "The color of your eyes!"

"I like it," she said, drawing away slightly. "It was given to me on the way to Bulqis by a woman to whom we gave some medicine for her baby."

So: she had worn it in Bulqis.

To our conversation Lek added nothing. It was only with madame that one saw him talking. On approaching one heard nothing from his compressed lips. Madame showed toward him a species of affection without warmth. She treated him neither like a lover nor like a servant. Imagine, after thirty days alone with her, to have made no more progress! That night he did not go to his house but had a bed laid down for him in a room behind that in which the servants slept. He went to it as soon as madame had gone upstairs, shutting the door against our laughter. We amused ourselves for a time, singing songs from the French cabarets, but at nine o'clock the café closed. There was nothing to do but go home.

The dullness of Tirana at night is inexpressible. Not a movement anywhere, not one glittering window, not a strain of music. Nothing but moonlight and shadows on the arcades and on the running water that would not be tolerated in a civilized city. Not a sound except the streams or the barbarous quavering of some shepherd's flute. Actually, a man's footsteps make an echo. Without turning my head I can be sure that my orderly is close behind me.

We had not gone far that night when he said in a low voice, "Forgive me, Halil Pasha, may I speak? Someone follows us."

It appeared to be a woman. One cannot be too careful; these shapeless garments may also conceal a man with a



dagger. An officer must take no chances with his life, *entendu*. I commanded my orderly to stand between us while I questioned her. In fact, it was not a woman. But it was no man whom I had seen before, nor have I seen him since, nor any man wearing his strange fashion of garments. The moonlight filled his eye-sockets with darkness. He said:

"Halil Pasha, I bring you a message from Bulqis. This is the message. You hate her, also. There is a blue bead between her and—us."

You may be sure I asked him who he was. He answered, "You understand."

"Nonsense!" I replied. Then I said, "Why should I trouble myself—?"

"A brave officer deserves to be honored by his government. A brave and clever officer," that man said slowly.

"If there were a question of an appointment," I said, "a foreign appointment—?"

"To Cairo," said that man whose eyes I could not see.

"To Paris," I said boldly, "an appointment to Paris, at once."

"At once."

"For a blue bead?"

"For a blue bead."

"Wait!" I exclaimed, instantly seeing my error. "An appointment as ambassador, as ambassador—" But the man was gone.

It was impossible, in the thickness of the shadow under the arcades, to determine in what direction he went. There was not a whisper of opangi on the cobblestones. Nothing but the sound of running water and the call of that cursed owl in the cypress by the minaret.

*Per Zoti!* We are civilized, eh? We do not believe— Yet this occurred as I have told it. Pht! One would not think—one would not think of it twice.

Still there is always amusement in getting a token from a woman, eh? In this cursed stupidity of Tirana there is amusement even in getting one from a woman in whom, by Allah, one is not interested. Have I mentioned that Captain Koleka had got a handkerchief of hers? He can not make me believe she gave it to him. What was it, after all? A bit of linen—without perfume, without monogram, without even a bit of stain from red lips!



HE SET UP HER TENT AND MADE HER COFFEE

Her lips were not red when I saw her next day. She was nothing but eyes, and thinness—deplorable. But one can always rely upon the vanity of women, especially of the least charming ones. She was sitting in the deserted café, opening letters, scores of letters of every size and shape. She spoke of them happily when I sat down, saying they had been awaiting her return from the mountains. A pitiable attempt, you perceive, to show that men pursued her with *billets doux*.

"Do not speak of them," I said, turning away as though the sight were agony to me.

"Why, what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"They remind me of those other men," I said. I was obliged to speak quickly: someone might come in at any moment. Therefore I chose the brusque manner of a man overpowered by emotion. "Madame," I said, "your beautiful eyes have broken my heart. I cannot ask you to share my life in this horrible place. But—if I were ambassador to Paris—? Oh, madame, can you give me no hope?"

"But, monsieur—you aren't—it isn't possible you are asking me to marry you?" she said.

I assure you it was a ticklish moment for me. True, the Koran allows us four wives, but it is Albanian custom to have only one, and in any case I have no intention of troubling my household with a second woman. But there was tenderness in the eyes of that little madame. Even in that moment she was able to conceal her eagerness, but her warmer emotions were too strong. I averted my eyes and you may believe that I thought quickly.

"It was—my hope—" I murmured.

"Believe me, monsieur," she said, in the softest of voices, "I did not understand. I'm—"

I interrupted her cleverly. "Madame, you have given me the happiness of seeing you, of speaking to you, a happiness that must suffice for all my life. Madame, I am only a poor soldier. But—would

you give me the blue bead? I would treasure it more than my life. It would be a talisman—"

"Oh, monsieur, surely you don't believe that!" she said, almost laughing. Yet she was most amazingly softened. Had I cared to take the trouble, doubtless I could have developed in her a peculiar kind of charm. In another moment I had the blue bead and was concealing it against my heart. They are all alike, the women, eh? She detained me a moment longer, talking of—I know not what: her thanks for my kindness, her interest in my future, her hopes for my country—in another moment she would have been speaking of peasants again! Fortunately I saw the Minister of War going by and pretended that he had signaled to me.

If you doubt that I had the blue bead, you may inquire of any officer who was then in Tirana. I have since lost it somewhere. A blue bead worth a piastre! But, *écoutez*— Is it not curious that next day madame was ill, unable to leave her room? It was malaria, they said; malaria caused by her foolish habit of eating fruit. Perhaps. For ten days she was ill in that room filled with flies and mosquitoes, in the heat of summer. Lek took the Turkish doctor to see her once; she would not have him again. From beneath her windows we could hear her talking, talking, incomprehensibly, though no human being was with her. On the eleventh day she staggered downstairs—you may imagine what a spectacle. Her teeth chattered on the edge of her coffee cup. Lek was like one possessed by the small demons.

Listen again. Madame's money had disappeared. Can you explain how a handful of gold napoleons had disappeared from that room? No one could enter the windows. Every servant in the hotel was honest. Perhaps she had never had the money. Who can say? One never knew what she was, what she wanted here, whether she was rich or poor.

*Bien!* She had no money. She could



not pay the hotel or the doctor, she could not hire a carriage to take her away. You will say that if they—of Bulqis—wished her to leave Lek's country— But consider. She could neither go nor stay; it was as though the world rejected her. Yet all the while she shook with cold and burned with fever she smiled as always. The only change was in her eyes.

It appeared that she had checks on foreign banks. But what money-changer would give good gold for a piece of paper? This is not a civilized country. It was known that Lek had telephoned to Durazzo, but—mark this!—on the day she rose from her sickness the English consul had gone to Brindisi; he would be gone at least three weeks. If she had asked charity of the government she might have had it. Or some rich Bey might have taken pity upon her in the name of the Compassionate. But she would not ask. As for Lek—evidently when he went to the mountains he had left his money with his mother.

In the end she set out to walk to Durazzo, three days of walking. Lek went with her. He was even uglier than before, with a heat of torment in his eyes and the skin drawn tight upon the bones of his face. She left her baggage, saying she would send money later. She took only a small package and those books in which she had written. Imagine, that on the way to Durazzo she was lodged and fed by peasants!



"I BRING YOU A MESSAGE"

Two weeks later Lek returned. In Durazzo they had got enough money to pay madame's passage on an Italian freighter, the *Belgrano*. You recall its sinking, below Valona? Yes, she was on it when it sank. She was rescued and brought into Tepelini. She had then only the little watch on her wrist, which she gave for a visa to Greece. She went down through the mountains of Janina, walking—a six weeks' journey, to reach a consul of her own country. Conceive that on the day she crossed the Greek frontier an American consul arrived here! But she did not know that.

The refugees from Smyrna were at that time in Athens; she contracted the fever called typhus. I have heard that she lived, that she was recovering in Corfu when the Italians shelled it. Beyond that I know nothing.

This year a letter came from her to Lek; we saw it in the post office. She had not reached her own country yet, for the letter was postmarked Marseilles. The letter did not appear to have money in it, but there is no way of knowing, as Lek had paid her bills before it came. It is impossible to speak to him of her; the little bantam threatened

to kill Captain Koleka if he uttered her name again. *Per Zoti*, he would do it, too!

*Enfin*, only an idle tale. I have nothing to do with the superstitions of ignorant mountaineers; no, by Allah! I believe neither in gods nor devils, neither in Christ nor Mahomet. We who are civilized, we believe only what we see, eh? As for Lek, every Sunday he goes to mass and for the rest he walks alone, leading by the hand his little son, already dressed in the clothes of Europe. What, I ask you, could she have seen in one like that, a nobody, an ugly little silent man?

## A COURTESY

ELINOR WYLIE

HAVING conceived that this delight alone  
 Must be the corner stone  
 For all my building; having stripped it bare  
 Of you and found it fair;  
 Having accepted deprivation;  
 I have knelt down to bow  
 My brow upon the brow  
 Of granite; I have filled my empty hand  
 With running pulse of sand,  
 And twined my fingers in a bough of leaves;  
 I have pushed back my sleeves  
 To let the water twist  
 Its coolness round my wrist,  
 And I have kissed the comfortable moss  
 For cushioning a cross  
 Of racking timber sharp as childbirth bed;  
 I have embraced instead  
 Of love, a ponderable cloud of rain.

Let us return again  
 Together; let us kneel upon the grass  
 In quiet clear as glass,  
 Bending stiff necks and crooking stubborn knees  
 In courteous obsequies  
 For that poor wolf, but late mistitled Pride;

Let us be thankful that this beast has died,  
 And thankful for the silence of the trees,  
 As I was thankful for the cheer I had  
 To hear their chattering when I was sad.



# RENO

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

NOTHING is more bitter, we have been told, than a gratified desire. I pondered the saying often during my stay in Nevada. For I had had, for a great many years, a certain curiosity about Reno: a desire to experience it. I had wanted to see Reno, Nevada, as I had wanted to see Butte, Montana, and New Orleans, Louisiana, and San Antonio, Texas. It had struck me that it would be curious and interesting. Here I was, then, with my desire fulfilled, my curiosity free to slake itself; and I very much wished myself elsewhere.

The fact is that Reno, though a neat and pretty town, with one of those Western situations that break the Eastern heart with envy, is a very dull town for the visitor. It is only after the traveler begins to put to himself a few questions, and explore social history for the answers, that it takes on any interest at all. "How Reno got that way"—to use a despicable phrase—*is* interesting. And the answer is compounded of many subtle Americanisms. Reno could not have happened east of the Mississippi, whatever the state divorce laws. In fact, Reno could not have happened—again, whatever the divorce laws—outside the State of Nevada. Nevada is different from all other Western states; and the quality of Nevada is a strong element in the quality of Reno. The dullness is partly the fault of Nevada and partly the fault of Paris.

Let us orient ourselves by stating a few facts. Nevada, which, "set down in the East would fill a space from central Pennsylvania to Georgia, and from Delaware Bay to Ohio" (oh,

"goodly is our heritage!"), holds not much more than seventy-five thousand souls. Reno, on the eastern slope of the Sierras close to the California border, is by far the largest town in the state, having about thirteen thousand citizens. The thirteen thousand do not, presumably, include the seventeen or eighteen hundred men and women who are always there for "the necessary six months." Goldfield with an odd four thousand (before the fire), Carson City and Sparks with twenty-five hundred apiece, are Reno's only rivals—and you can see that they are not really rivals at all. Reno is the metropolis and the magnet—even the legislators, when the legislature is in session, are apt to stop in Reno and motor to Carson City for their day's duties. Moreover, it must be stated as sober fact that Reno as a place "gets" people—not only Nevadans but citizens of other states who have business interests in Nevada and therefore have to visit Reno. More than one rolling stone has rolled there to rest, liking it better than a hundred other places.

Why then call it dull? The answer, as has been said, is partly Nevada and partly Paris.

Reno is dull because its roots—socially, humanly speaking—are fastened in decay. If you like to put it in that way, Reno is sinister. This little town with its girdle of enchanting mountains, its wide well-kept streets, its delightful park where the Truckee River flows—irrigation creating for it a dense greenness in the midst of the hopeless desert—has a fairly equivocal future. Its past is the past of the great

mining camps. It was bred in their tradition. The wealth that is in Reno at the present day was made in Goldfield and Tonopah (for there is nothing left in Nevada of what was made longer ago in Virginia City). The Reno magnates are men who knew and took their part in the earlier hectic days—sinking into old age and death now, squandering or saving their “piles,” but without any prospect of more “piles” to be made. The gold and silver, you see, have gone. Even the Comstock Lode petered out at last; and though they are mining the cheap ore at Virginia and American Flat, though Goldfield and Tonopah go on somehow with dwindling strength, Nevada is forlorn of mining booms. Yet it must never be forgotten that the tradition, the point of view, the human habit of Reno are the tradition, the point of view, the human habit of the mining camp. A mining camp after the gold is gone is not a cheerful or an exciting place; and dabbling in cheap mining stocks, or playing the races (such races!), is a poor substitute for standing with your foot on the rail of the Crystal Bar and watching a fortune swim towards you. The big men, the great adventurers go, and only the little men and the habit of gambling—for lessening stakes—are left. The precious metals made the state; and unlike California, Nevada has not much to fall back on. Oh, yes, there is truck farming round Fallon: the land that is not good enough for cattle will suffice for sheep; and various Italians are slowly enriching themselves by intensive vegetable gardening. But the American population of Nevada has never been of the farming or the ranching type; the obstacles of the desert are too many to have attracted that type. So much for Nevada's part in Reno's dullness.

Reno has no visible industries. It makes its living, as far as one can tell, off the marital unhappiness that prevails in forty-seven states of the Union.

The divorcées (as they are always called) bring a certain amount of money into the place, and banks, shops, and markets are kept going in that way. The churches are inconspicuous; the few doctors have Chinese herbalists for hot rivals; the lawyers, naturally, are many. The Public Library is so tiny that it could not possibly keep anyone in reading matter for six months, and if there were a run on its shelves most of the besiegers would have to stop in the street. I remember that during my stay in Reno it was closed for a day or two “in order that a few shelves might be put up in the basement to accommodate books that might from time to time be added.” The Washoe County Court House, however, is a handsome building, and quite large enough to accommodate any number of simultaneous decrees. Divorce being the recognized industry—if not, indeed, a monopoly—the lawyers have pooled their interests to the extent of standardizing the fee for a divorce suit. The mere legal fee is not high—it is, or was, three hundred dollars, I believe—but extra expenses are almost certain to be incurred. You can get almost any ingredient of drama in Reno, naturally—from cocaine to the convolutions of Henry James psychology; yet the fact remains that Reno is less interesting than it must once have been because of the American habit, in later years, of going to Paris rather than to Nevada for easy divorce. Paris has resources of entertainment, distraction, civilization; and Reno has none. There is indeed an almost cynical refusal on the part of the solid citizenry of Reno to offer any attraction to the temporary resident save the attraction of legal escape from a detested spouse. They do not even change the bills often enough at the movie theaters to guarantee you a fresh one every day or two. Reno is dull; and the measure of stoicism with which the dullness is endured depends wholly on the character of the individual. Any American is likely to find a group of acquaintances in Paris; but he—or she



—will find no familiar faces in Reno. It is a lonely adventure, this six months' sojourn in little-populated Nevada. Nor can you mitigate it by running away for a week, now and then, to Salt Lake or San Francisco. They keep tabs on you better than they used. (Reno *has*, in its time, been criticized.) Your six months cannot be docked by so much as a day. If you leave the state, the time of your absence is charged against you and you have to work it out—"make it up" by prolonging your stay at the other end. You can divorce with ease in the sovereign state of Nevada; but in order to do it you have to stop there. Six months' residence is not much, but it has to be *bona fide*. No—not even the California shores of Lake Tahoe: you must remain on the Nevada side. Reno, then, really means Reno; and what comes of it?

Everyone who has lived in a college town knows the way in which "the students" are regarded as a class by themselves. "The students do this"; "the students never go there"; "the students like—or do not like—this or that." Precisely thus in Reno are "the divorcées" referred to. "The divorcées do thus and so"; "that is for the divorcées." What, then, is their manner of life? What are the occupations of their exile and the technic of their days? They come, a little shy and strange, and make their arrangements; they are not herded together by any social agent; there is no Beau Nash to control the society of Reno and introduce them to one another. There are no natural meeting places for lonely ladies and gentlemen: their amusements depend on their wits and their tastes.

If you are a woman desiring a divorce and resolved to obtain it in Nevada, you arrive in Reno and go to the hotel. There is more than one hotel, but one is pre-eminent. You choose your lawyer; you make your legal arrangements for freedom. If you have not decided on your "grounds" before you came, you must do it at once. Even in Nevada

you have to have "grounds"; though almost anything will go, especially as cases are not so likely to be contested here as at home. A dissatisfied spouse, that is, does not usually absent herself from home for six months until the situation has been, at least, stated. In a large number of cases the husband must, indeed, be paying the bills. All the ladies seem to cling to their engagement rings. Some of them have plenty of money, naturally—and there are ways to spend it in Reno, even if those ways are not very inviting. But there is not much "splurge" here. Remember, as we have said, that Reno is not fashionable, and that the people with money and imagination go to Paris. Truth compels one to admit that the divorcées are on the whole a cheap-looking lot; and that the few who look expensive look peculiarly uncivilized—are apt, in fact, not even to look respectable. Some are mouselike, and some look really miserable. But generally speaking they are poor figures for drama.

The divorcée, having secured her lawyer, sits down and prepares to wear out her necessary six months. She seldom stops more than a week or a fortnight at the hotel: she immediately takes a little apartment—whether it is a flat in one of the many apartment buildings or a mere room or two in a private house. There she busies herself as best she can, in ironically domestic ways. No acquaintances are made in the hotel itself which, in spite of hanging out a sign in its little lobby, "Breakfast being served" (or "lunch" or "dinner"), affects a truly metropolitan impersonality. Acquaintance, contacts come after the withdrawal to one's own lair. There are—as you would expect—both a furtive distrust and a secret freemasonry operative in the hearts of the divorcées. You are playing a lone hand in Reno; but so are the others. Gradually acquaintance forms, in apartment-house manner. You are very lonely; and in spite of your domestic duties (there are no servants to be had in Reno)

you hardly know what to do with yourself, unless you have brought a companion of your own sex, or your children. There is, you see, except in the racing season, nothing whatever to do in Reno; and the Silver State Jockey Club has only two meetings a year—early summer and early autumn. Those who can afford it usually buy motor cars. But who wants to drive through the desert alone? You enter into talk with the woman in the apartment beside or below you. She too is idle and lonely. You inspect each other; you make other similar contacts; and eventually there are bridge parties and movie parties. If you dine outside your flat—and many women seem to feel that breakfast and lunch are all they care to get for themselves—you find a friend to go with.

Sometimes of course, as anywhere else, a man or a woman has introductions to Reno residents and may work into the settled life of the place. But for the most part acquaintance has to be made in that casual and hesitating way; and I did not discover that it is any part of a lawyer's necessary business to find friends for his clients. The social life of the residents goes on apart from the divorcées. They must get a good deal of free drama from the situations that now and then arise publicly in this town; but the divorcées are their living, not their diversion. There is no prejudice against them as a type—Reno is not so cynical as all that—but natural social law operates. You cannot fill up your personal life with birds of passage; and unless a real sympathy springs up, you let them go their own way. "Do you play bridge?" the attractive young wife of a Reno lawyer whom I happened to "meet" asked me. When I admitted a faint addiction to the game she said, "Oh, you ought to get plenty of bridge, then. I believe the divorcées play a lot." I was not a divorcée, so far as she knew; but in spite of mild disclaimers I could never convince a Renoite that I was

anything but a divorcée, actual or prospective. What else, indeed, could I be? There is only one reason for any Eastern woman to be in Reno.

"How do they bear six months of it? What do they *do*?" I asked myself, over and over. Reno is four thousand feet high, set in the last tumble of the Sierras. Even if you have a car, the season for driving it is not so very long. No matter how you choose your season, there must be weeks, if not months, when you cannot sit in the park, meditating above the Truckee River, or play tennis on the park courts, or drive over one pass to Virginia City or over another range to Lake Tahoe. Even if you go to the races every day while they are on—and most people do—the two meetings together do not fill up many weeks. The racing is not first-class, you understand: most of the horses are bound for no more distinguished bournes than Vancouver or Tiajuana; they will never be entered at Saratoga or Belmont Park or for the Kentucky Derby. I sampled, as in duty bound, the most exciting feature of Reno social life; went to the races, bet according to the best advice and lost my money (but who would expect a horse named "Fireplace" to win a race?), discussed the ethics of the turf with my escort, and watched the curious limited throng. You look across the race track to a lonely beautiful range of the Sierras—never had race track a lovelier setting. There in front of you are the boxes of the magnates; all round you are collarless farmers and their tight-lipped wives, divorcées painted and unpainted, children in arms, drifting males of every type, a few squaws with papóoses on their backs, spectacled Chinamen. Everyone, male and female—except the squaws and the infants in arms—is betting. The *pari mutuel* machines during the summer meeting of the Silver State Jockey Club last year took in over two million dollars. This is Nevada, where betting is in the blood; and the divorcées bet too, up to the limits of their purses. Sometimes, alas!



beyond. One woman in my hotel corridor bet all she had, lost it, and came back to face the collapse of her budget and the complete frustration of her plans. Her despair terrified the chambermaid, who came in and told me about it. But the Reno hotel is not a boarding house, and the surface of life showed no ripple.

Twenty-one days of horse racing, however, do not fill six months; and my question persisted. What do they *do*? I should never find out without being told, so I asked respectively, a man and a woman who did not know each other. The man—a resident of Reno for years—said, “Well, to be perfectly frank, most of them take lovers.” The woman—herself a divorcée—said precisely the same thing. The longer I stayed in Reno, the more clearly I saw that that was the answer. As there are no legitimate social distractions for the stranger in Reno—by which I mean no plays, no music, no galleries, hardly a library, and churches very down at heel—the idle, discontented human being on the verge of a complete freedom takes to pleasures that even in Reno are not considered legitimate, though they are deemed, apparently, inevitable. These women are thrown absolutely on their own resources for six months in a strange land. Many, if not most of them, lack resources within themselves. The habitual duties and relations are violently excised from their lives. In many cases they have not yet planned their futures; and in any case their futures will not lie here. They feel the freedom of the cast-away, or the men and women having their last fling at a spa which they know will not cure. It is a curious, temporary, exotic interlude in life—and they are excruciatingly bored. The moral paste of which many of them are made is an inferior composition . . . and there are the same old easy and obvious temptations.

Some of them—let me say in parenthesis—have their future lives planned already. Not long before I arrived in Reno a woman had lost her head, Reno-

fashion; had taken an unscrupulous lover, a doctor who permitted her to acquire the drug habit. When she was down and out, he chucked her—refused even to visit her in the hospital, where she was lying clad literally in the rags of charity. Public opinion was roused against the man, and in camp-and-frontier fashion they ran him out of town. But the woman? Out of her own resources she had not so much as a toothbrush left. The man she expected to marry after her decree was granted had been supporting her; and he withdrew all funds after he learned of her behavior. Someone helped her to get out of Reno—whither she went no one knew. Oh, yes, that kind of thing happens, and real Renoites do not approve any more than you or I; but they are less censorious, perhaps, and—since surprise is a necessary element in shock—they are not so shocked, being unsurprised. Luckier divorcées than such a one as this buy her jewels out of the pawnshop, and life goes on.

There are exceptions, male and female: in many the moral paste is finer and the Reno interlude is a tragically necessary one. These men and women set their teeth and bear the burden of empty, small-town days—living quietly, seeing very few people, wringing such inspirations and suggestions as they can from mere patience. But, as we were saying, of latter years Paris has welcomed the best and most fortunate of these.

A scandal can be a scandal even in Reno, as I have intimated. You cannot run a successful industry in these days without a semblance of virtuous management. And the management is virtuous—granted its principles. That is why Reno looks like a paradox until one has looked hard and long. There is cynicism in the Reno point of view: there is also the blessed, honest, liberty-loving West. When a certain bishop started to make trouble about easy Nevada divorces, the Reno Chamber of Commerce met for a serious session and devised ways and means to “put a stop to

the bishop's foolishness." The home market must be protected. If Nevada adopted the New York divorce laws overnight, in six months—I should not give it more—Reno would be about as alive and prosperous, probably, as Tonopah. The University of Nevada would still sit on its hill at the far end of the town; the races might last out a year or two. But there would be very few shops and garages left, and I fancy more than one bank would fail. Reno does live on divorce: there is no use blinking the fact. Your six months' residence must be *bona fide*—they are very stern about that. Though your grounds may be fantastic—one man accused his wife of keeping too many Persian cats and got his decree with no difficulty—grounds of a sort you must have. It is possible to eschew publicity entirely: to have your hearing and get your decree after hours, with none but the absolutely necessary witnesses. I know of cases where it has been done—though discreetly—and the opportunity of like privacy was definitely offered to me. But on the whole the requirements are so easy that it is not hard to keep them honestly. The divorces that are fought are the divorces one gets at home. If a woman can arrange to live in Nevada for six months, it means either that her husband is willing for her to divorce him or that he is, financially and practically, powerless to prevent her. Divorcées arrive in Reno with a lot of spade-work already done.

Those are some of the cynical aspects of the Nevada attitude. To people who take the Catholic point of view concerning marriage and divorce, all aspects of that attitude are cynical. But being, historically and prevailingly, a Protestant country, America at large accepts the fact of divorce and differs only on the procedure. You must, I think, grant that every sovereign state has a right to make its own divorce laws. There is a certain amount of agitation at present for a uniform divorce law; but it is to be hoped that American

common sense will prevent such a calamity. There is no perfect divorce law, since divorces differ from one another as much as marriages do: no code can cover all cases. In Nevada they believe that they are acting morally in making divorce easy. They do not make it any easier, really, than some other Western states—Washington, I believe, grants divorces on as "slight" grounds as does Nevada, the difference being that it demands a longer residence in the state. Nor when I say that they believe they are acting morally do I mean to imply the least admixture of hypocrisy. This is the Far West: strongly individualistic, unable to live in bonds, distrustful of community tyrannies, able to do without luxuries so long as it has elbow-room. These are the people who must have wide views from their windows, who cannot be choked or herded or coerced—heirs of frontier codes and adventurous attitudes.

"Why should any woman live with a man who makes her wretched?" one Reno woman asked me. She was not arguing about divorce in general: she was merely indicating, while telling me about the unhappy position of a friend of hers, that she could see no sanction in heaven or earth for undesired bondage. Oh, yes, these Reno citizens believe in easy divorce; they are subtly horrified at the notion of anyone, save a criminal, being kept in any way captive against his will. Like you or me they can censure a particular bit of human behavior; but on the principle of the thing they are absolutely fixed. The laws must be thus to protect people's freedom: if some people misuse the laws—well, isn't that true of all laws? "It's very decent," I mused ironically one day, concerning some quiet breaking of bonds. My companion—a very hard-boiled Nevadan—brought his fist down on the table. "Exactly!" he said. "Nevada is practically the only state in the Union where divorce *is* decent. In most states they make it so disgusting that decent people can hardly go through with it."



Even the convinced and honest Nevadan must admit that a good many of the divorces are not morally pretty, and are acquired without due regard to personal responsibilities and other people's rights. But I think he would always cling to his conviction that it was better to have the laws abused than to abolish them. Nor does he worry over abuses so much as an Easterner, simply because, being a Far Westerner, he is used to minding his own business. East of the Missouri no one minds his own business; but west of the Missouri people really do mind it. I do not mean to hold up the sovereign State of Nevada as an example of legal purism. Nor is it an especially law-abiding state. It is wild country, most of it, pretty well unredeemed to civilization. Perhaps the only laws they respect are the laws that give, not curtail freedom. They more or less ride steeplechases through the rest, I fear.

My own position in Reno was of course anomalous. Within twenty-four hours I had to take an attitude; and it was not easy. I know of nothing more difficult than to discuss, in any detail, a divorce that you have no intention of getting. My first caller—to whom I had, indirectly, an introduction—opened conversation by saying sympathetically, "You are here for the usual reason, I suppose"—and proceeded to tell me of an apartment, providentially vacated, into which I could move within the week. Of course I did not want an apartment: I replied vaguely that I was there to look about me, to see what the place was like. "You don't mean to say, I suppose, that your getting your divorce depends on the beauties of Reno?" was his perfectly reasonable query. I could not truthfully say that it did. He was baffled, I suppose; thought me squeamish, or inferred that I was not yet sure of my intentions—perhaps, of my "grounds." Even my confession that I sometimes "wrote" started no suspicion. When I declared that I was not getting a divorce at present, I was

merely urged to get it at the right season of the year, since the six months of winter are the depressing period for "residence."

I think the impression I left with a few kind residents of Reno was that of an erratic woman who did not know her own mind; who was uncertain, not so much about Reno as about divorcing at all: a woman with strange irrelevant curiosities—about old mining camps, prize fights, Nevada thoroughbreds, mountain scenery, dead magnates, and State universities—who thus sought surcease from perplexity and indecision. No disclaimer—not my middle-age itself—could save me from the assumption that in my own good time I should bring suit for divorce; for there were plenty of other middle-aged women in Reno. I am told that the lone female, arriving in the town, is apt to be besieged by touts for lawyers. I was not—doubtless because I was immediately provided with acquaintance, as the hotel lobby could witness. I was, I suppose, an enigma; especially after I refused the suggestion of a party at a roadhouse (I do not dance and was frankly determined not to experiment with Nevadan violations of the Volstead Act) and confessed that I had been, more than once, to visit the University of Nevada campus. Even on my last evening in Reno, when I was known to be taking the train presently for Salt Lake City, a judge was dragged into the hotel to make my acquaintance on the score that sometime I should be coming back to encounter him professionally. The implication was that social relations with the bench could do no harm. Again I disclaimed intentions of divorce; but so does Reno work upon one that even as I said my farewells, with the Overland Limited drawing into the station, I failed to disclose that chief among the "friends" I expected to see in Salt Lake was my husband. It would not have done: it would have been out of keeping. A woman may, I suppose, tarry in Reno without divorcing, but

no woman leaves Reno to keep an appointment with her own husband. Moreover, there was my underlying sense of guilt: a few people had been polite to me, considerate, hospitable, and I was bringing no return—no lawyer's fees, no house rent, no grocer's bills, no bank account even. I had done nothing for the Chamber of Commerce. I had never lied to them; but I had wronged their natural expectations. . . .

I said earlier that Reno was not only dull but sinister; and I have not yet defended the latter adjective. I have tried indeed to explain that Renoites themselves are as nice as anyone else; and that though divorce, in the last analysis, gives them their livelihood, they are convinced that they are doing a moral service to the community. They are giving people their freedom—and freedom is a good thing—very cheap. The publicity, the indecency, the cruelty of divorce proceedings in most of our states really inspire in the Nevadan soul a moral horror. You may not agree with them, but it is not their bland good conscience that makes the atmosphere sinister. Nor is it the divorcees, poor things! They are depressing, as cheap folk making of life a cheap adventure are always depressing, but they would not suffice of themselves to make the air of this pretty town miasmic to the spirit. I knew within a few days that my acute discomfort, my sense of being cut off from all normality, sprang from deeper sources than the divorcees. "It's the races," I said to myself at first; "when the racing crowd has gone, the town will be itself." But eventually the races were over; the horses and their human satellites departed for other meetings; and the town remained the same. Give me any hotel lobby in the world rather than a hotel lobby in Reno; give me any Main Street rather than those trim and shaded avenues, any slum rather than Commercial Row. It is the male population of Reno—not the female—that makes one hire a motor car in despera-

tion and cross the ranges to other Nevadan desolations.

Men of Reno . . . I came very soon to capitalize them in my mind. "Men of Reno" . . . like the title of a tale—something, for quality, between Jack London and John Russell. They were the haunting horror, the poison in the town's blood. I am not speaking of the solid citizens: bankers, lawyers, merchants, and real-estate men. I speak of the drifting males who pace the sidewalks (you meet ten men to one woman, I think, on Reno thoroughfares), who clog the hotel lobbies, who pack aimlessly on street corners, who sit on the park benches above the Truckee River, regarding life with wandering, hostile eyes. I was in full tide of this disaffection when a divorcee told me that in four months she had never once, in daylight or after dark, had a discourteous word spoken to her by a man. That of course is the simon-pure West; and it was good hearing. I cocked my eye (we were dining together) at the other tables and the lobby just outside. I recalled a few news items in the *Reno Evening Gazette*. Aloud, I praised the West and the men of the West, harking back to old knowledge and old experience. There was no point in going into the subject with this simple soul. But I could not get rid, in my own mind, of "Gentle Alice Brown." You remember that her conscience was very tender in some matters but that she confessed with no qualms to having

. . . planned a little burglary and forged  
a little cheque  
And slain a little baby for the coral on its  
neck.

The men of Nevada seemed to me, conceivably, Alice Browns. They would not be discourteous to a woman (in the streets of Reno: I fear the unpoliced desert tells another tale); but they might, just possibly, kill her for the cash she carried.

Let me bring other witnesses. "I don't know what these men do," said



one divorcee. "They never seem to do anything. They just hang about. Of course the place is wide open, and the men gamble all the time or play the races or dabble in mining stocks. I suppose they pick up enough money to live on, somehow, but they don't seem to have any business or any work to do." Indeed, eleven o'clock in the morning or three o'clock in the afternoon seem alike to the men of Reno. There are many Italians (greatly prosperous), there are Mexican laborers, there are casual Indians, there are broken men who look as if they had once carried a solitary pick into desolate and delusive regions; but the mass of men that throng the streets of Reno are unplaceable to the normal imagination. They have not the sharpness we associate with men who live by their wits; they cannot all be hangers-on of the Silver State Jockey Club; they look as unprofessional as they do unbusinesslike; and they have no physical "points" to recommend them. They look crude without strength and shifty without sophistication. I have never, anywhere, seen so many human beings whose heads and faces seemed to have gone wrong in the modeling—all very well until suddenly a nose, a chin, a mouth, or some part of the skull's surface met with quick disaster. The exceptions did nothing but point the moral. Your eyes do not leap to the sight of an average human being unless they have been full-fed with the sub-average. It was absurd, the inveteracy with which one jumped to the conclusion that any average-looking male was merely waiting about for his divorce.

Lest it should seem that the divorcee and I were experiencing an essentially feminine shiver over the Men of Reno, let me quote, practically verbatim (I jotted his words down while they were fresh), a clean upstanding young son of the West, himself a ranch-bred lad, now living (and working) in Reno—a quoter of Mark Twain and a devoted admirer of the manifold colors and

shapes of the high Sierras. We held much conversation while our business lasted, and to him I put the question:

"What do these men do?" I asked. "They don't look as if they did anything."

"No, ma'am, they don't. Except gamble. There's not more than a quarter of the men in Reno that work for a living."

"Well, but they have to live. And sometimes the luck must go against them."

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes it does, of course. Why, you can't walk along Commercial Row without getting held up half a dozen times, for a meal. But I'll tell you—luck may go against them, but they've always got an ace in the hole. Money's easy in Reno, and they can get away with things here they couldn't anywhere else. Why, while the races were on, you could—anybody could—walk into any place in town and get a drink right over the bar. There were two roulette wheels going and two faro banks, and craps everywhere—just as long as the races lasted. Of course after the races they shut them up."

"But if everybody knew it was going on, the officials must have known."

"Sure, they knew. But you understand—they wanted to keep all that money in town. They didn't want people to clear out. And the officials get something on the side. Law's easy, you know, in this state."

"Do these men live in Reno all the time or come in from everywhere else?"

"Well, they maybe have to light out for a month now and then, but they come back in as soon as they can—ride in on a freight car or something."

"And they never do anything?"

"I've seen fellows round here for years that never did a stroke of work. You understand they may get cleaned out, but they've always got an ace in the hole. Yes, ma'am, always got an ace in the hole."

"Well, but how . . ."

"Oh, they've always got *something*—

maybe an automobile, maybe a woman. . . . Yes, ma'am, they've always got an ace in the hole. They do lose an awful lot, but they seem to go right on. They spend an awful lot and lose an awful lot."

This conversation came at the very end of my stay; but I took it for reminiscent corroboration of all that I had been feeling for a fortnight about the Men of Reno. The same lad told me—his face had lighted up enthusiastically when I spoke of the beauty of the town's situation—that he loved the place so much he could not be happy away from it for three weeks. There was nothing sinister about *him*, and he obviously disapproved of what he called "wildcat laws." He thought it, for example, distinctly wrong that a man he knew should have been allowed, only ten years ago, to put five bullets into another man on the street (causing him to lose both legs) and get off with a mere fifty-dollar fine for disturbing the peace. Yet I do not think he would be censorious like his young counterpart east of the Great Divide.

I have always regretted that my courage failed me for Goldfield, my only consolation being that I should have had to make the decision to go, almost immediately, since Goldfield burned to ashes during my stay in Reno. I hesitated because I was very much alone. If I went to Goldfield (nearly three hundred miles away in the desert) I should have to spend a day and a night there, whether I liked it or not; and though I should never hesitate, however solitary, to visit a mining camp during the boom period, a mining camp after the boom is over is another matter. The real people have gone, and only the desperate, the weak, and the shifty remain. No, I did not venture the long lonely trip to Goldfield. I think I probably made a great mistake. Virginia City's past is so far away now that there is nothing left by which you can recapture it. Architecture in a mining camp is a matter of board shacks with-

out cellars—sometimes the house walls are made of old barrels ranged side by side—and the earth literally resumes it. Between Reno and Carson lies the site of a town that once held twenty thousand souls; and of the twenty thousand residents, the twelve grocery stores, and the thirty saloons, all that the eye can now detect is a dilapidated stone wall that once enclosed the cemetery. No Old Testament city detested of Jehovah ever disappeared more quickly and completely. These things have happened in other Western states—even in California. But most Western states have a present that overshadows, displaces even the recent past: they are going strong on lumber, crops, mines, or cattle. In Nevada there is very little natural wealth of another kind to make one forget, to re-channel the imagination for one. They had Virginia City; they had Goldfield and Tonopah; and even to-day, in the windows of Second Street in Reno, you can see the printed record of the output—staggering even to minds which the Great War has accustomed to vast arithmetic—of the Comstock Lode.

Over in Virginia City itself, when you buy soft drinks in the old Crystal Bar, you see pathetic and absurd mementos on the walls beyond the shadow of the famous and incredible chandelier: General Grant and his lady dressed to go down into the mines, chaperoned by John Mackay and Colonel Fair; James J. Corbett with a pompadour, looking (in spite of being stripped to the waist) like a Sunday School teacher—witnesses of the great days long past. In Virginia City you expect it: it is natural piety if nothing else. But that Reno should still offer you those figures as a matter of contemporary significance seems strange—until you realize that Reno has nothing to remember and nothing to hope for save another "boom"; and that Reno fortunes, as we said, came out of Goldfield—and came rather by gambling in mines, I gather, than by digging in them.



The prominent residents of Nevada have not prevailingly been of a particularly civilized type. On the other hand, Nevada has welcomed, as temporary sojourners, all sorts and kinds. Therefore something cosmopolitan has washed off on the Nevadan metropolis; which is, I suppose, why Reno differs so subtly from other Western small towns. Its equipment for life is no better than theirs; but it has seen all sorts of people and events and is surprised at nothing. The seekers for freedom are less vital, less impressive, less interesting than the seekers for gold; yet no doubt they help to save Reno from being Gopher Prairie. But its fate is the general Nevadan fate: no one stays. The visitors vanish with their freedom as of old they vanished with their gold—both the freedom and the gold are more pleasantly squandered elsewhere. Nevada has always been, for most people, a purely temporary habitation. Therefore it is different from every other sovereign state. Reno is rather a curious isolated phenomenon than a portent or a menace.

"Say," said the elevator girl to me one day (if I ever go back to Reno, it will be for the sake of conversing with the elevator girls), "did you see the Bowers Mansion? Gosh, I wisht I had the time to tell you about Old Man Bowers. Our family was awful intimate with the Bowers family." And she shot upwards, chewing gum violently and adjusting her pink-chiffon dress with one hand while she operated the car skilfully with the other. She never did have time, friendly soul! for the whole story. But I saw the Bowers Mansion; and between manicuring and gum-chewing and the consumption of sundaes in lieu of lunch, and the eternal operating of the car, I learned that "Old Man Bowers, he made his pile off the Comstock. Back in Virginia City his wife used to take in washing and tell fortunes. Then he died; and after he died his wife she lost her money, taking advice from the other world about investments. And

gosh! the place was sold for taxes, and look at it now."

The Bowers Mansion lies between Reno and Carson City and is run as a roadhouse—so far as I know, a respectable one. It accommodates Sunday-school picnics occasionally, and divorcées make up parties to lunch there. The fountain that used to run wine when Old Man Bowers entertained his friends does not even run water now; and the solid-gold doorknobs and window-fastenings have been, I believe, frugally removed. The swimming pools (hot and cold, for this is Nevada, where boiling water issues from every mountain-side) are less decorative than swimming pools would be if built by such a magnate now. But at least Old Man Bowers stuck by the source of his wealth; built his Folly where he could look at the single range that separated him from the Comstock Lode. The clairvoyant power that had been a financial help in Virginia City lost his widow her fortune later in the Mansion. But, luckily, Old Man Bowers had died.

At one end of Reno the University sits on a hill of its own, and you look out between buildings across perfect turf to desert foreground and the beautiful Sierras beyond. Anyone in Reno will tell you that the only money made in Nevada mines that has ever done any good to Nevada is Mackay money. All the others lost their fortunes or took them out of the state forever. On the campus, at the end of a vast greensward as exquisite as a bowling green, flanked on either side by birch-shaded brick walks, stands the Mackay School of Mines, and in front of it the Gutzon Borglum statue of John W. Mackay—open shirt, high boots, the left hand resting on his miner's pick, the right hand full of nuggets. The sculptor has not tried to give John Mackay any beauty or comeliness; but he has given him something that the men of Reno have not—a look, shall we say, of reality; of a preoccupation (however crude) with vital things. The big

bonanza kings came and went, much as Mackay came and went; the ore of the Comstock Lode has been sifted over the whole planet; but some of the Mackay gold has returned to Nevada—and Nevada does not forget.

No, to understand Reno you must plumb the heart of the sovereign State of Nevada. You must understand that Nevada is no more fertile or settled for the crowds that have come to scar her soil. They have filched her mineral wealth and died or departed. Neither crops nor commerce have resulted. Yet these are the people and the frenzies that have built the tradition of the state. A mining civilization is not a civilization at all: it is temporary, feverish, uncreative. The divorcées of Reno are no more impermanent than the men who "made" and left Virginia City and later Goldfield. Yet these men have built a legend not like other legends, and Nevada's lonely and forsaken eyes still glow with romance. You might irrigate every inch of Nevada soil and turn in thousands of homesteaders; but Nevada, I fancy, would still remember, and would infallibly despise them. It is certainly not a state that is going to put barriers in the path of the adventurer: it is not going to make divorce difficult.

Reno, you may be sure, would like to be another Goldfield if it could. It never will be, since the gold is not there. But if you care to know the municipal ideals of Reno, let me record for you a paragraph from an editorial published in the *Reno Evening Gazette* after the Goldfield fire:

It was the last of the great mining booms, and, as the Associated Press story says to-day, Goldfield was the last of the mining boom towns. There will be others perhaps in the years to come, but there will never be another Goldfield. There was a Virginia City, and there was an Alaskan rush, with their histories and memories. Tonopah is still flourishing, with its traditions still alive. Goldfield, with its wonderful history, was a kind of combination of Virginia City,

Tonopah, and Alaska all in one, and the men who lined its busy streets in the great boom from 1904 until 1909 and 1910 had come from all the world. It was a wonderful cosmopolitan gathering. There were men from Dawson and from Nome, standing talking to men from the tin mines of Malaysia and the gold depths of the Rand, or from the mines of China and the distant Ural. Bankers and financiers from every country in the world were there, too, looking for investment. Men whose names stood high in London registered at the Casey and later at the Goldfield hotel and beneath their names would be seen those of bankers who ranked high up on the bourse of Paris or that of Berlin. It was a great gathering.

That is the happy city Reno would, in her heart of hearts, like to be—not a Port Sunlight or a Spotless Town or a Brookline, Massachusetts, or a Los Angeles, California. It is reduced instead to being a divorce mart and to finding its romance in its scenery—as the divorcées apparently are reduced to being "aces in the hole" for the males so vividly characterized by my young friend. Being Western—though Nevadan—it does its civic duty in the matter of planting trees, making wide streets, erecting beautiful school buildings. Its provision for public entertainment is small—smaller than that made by most isolated American towns. I never quite got over wondering why. Probably, however, you must go into the recesses of the Nevadan heart to find any answer. You do not take trouble to provide yourself (or the stranger within your gates) with amusement that does not amuse you. Horse racing amuses them—and they have the meetings of the Silver State Jockey Club. Prize fights amuse them; and in their day they have had famous ones. Gambling amuses them, and good liquor—but the laws are inconvenient, evade them as you will. Religion and chautauquas do not amuse them. Books and music and pictures and plays do not amuse them—and there are none. Because the eyes of the world are upon them they must be discreet—and Reno



is, as we have said, a dull town for the law-abiding visitor. Even divorce does not amuse them much: it has merely come to be the most valuable local commodity. The civilized people make their own life after the fashion of their Western kind—with much dependence on the scenery and motor cars, and on simple outdoor pleasures. But the excitement they crave is not the excitement that women's clubs or church sociables or a municipal entertainment committee can give them. They do not put out their hands for such pleasures.

Far out Virginia Avenue, or within the purlieus of the University, or on the lovely parked heights where a few

citizens can greet both sunrise and sunset, "homes"—and, no doubt, quiet—prevail. But down in the town people talk all night in the streets. I never woke, at any hour, without hearing conversation under my windows. Probably there are always some of the men of Reno who have not, at the moment, a place to lay their heads. And of course night is the best time for shooting craps in dark alleys. Curious little Reno! So pretty, so uneventful, so isolated—so very "small-town"—yet so manifestly linked to a brilliant and lawless past; and bearing for all eyes in the broad light of day the light flotsam of divorcees, the heavy jetsam of shifty, broken men.

## IN A POWDER CLOSET

(Early Eighteenth Century)

AMY LOWELL

**M**Y very excellent young person,  
 Since Fate has destined you to play the role of coiffeur,  
 You will permit that I admire your quite unsurpassed skill,  
 Together with your polished, if a trifle over-pronounced, manners,  
 Without by an inch lessening the distance  
 Which the hazard of birth and the artifice of custom  
 Have placed between us.  
 My mirror tells me that you are a personable man;  
 But, indeed, it is my own image in this same mirror  
 Which most occupies my attention.  
 That such a subject as I offer  
 Engages you to put forth your best efforts  
 Is only natural;  
 That I should remain indifferent is equally so.  
 Be satisfied that the exigencies of your profession  
 Admit you to privileges from which a more exalted station would exclude you.  
 My maid will, I am sure, be most happy to accommodate herself to your wishes.  
 She is a worthy girl and entertains a not unjustifiable belief in my continued recognition of her services.  
 The spray of heliotrope is well placed.  
 Do you think a patch just here—at the corner of the eye?  
 Ah, yes. It adds perceptibly.  
 You are, Sir, a consummate artist.  
 To-morrow at four I shall expect you.

# DYING FOR "DEAR OLD—"

## *A Study in Sportsmanship*

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

A YOUNG man is being supported by two comrades as he limps across a field. It would not be stretching a point to call him a boy, as he is just past nineteen. His face is grimed and bloody and one foot drags behind him. He is crying. Not because of his injury, mind you, for this is a deeper hurt. A cause for which he has fought is going down to defeat. After the grave disaster of this afternoon his team has lost all claim to the football championship of Cambridge, New Haven, and Princeton, N. J.

He is young, you say, and will soon get over the tragedy which has come upon him. I am not so sure of that. I remember the man who dropped the punt during my Freshman year at Harvard. Everybody thought Yale would win easily, but the crimson line was holding beyond all expectations. The score was 0 to 0 and then this man came into the game. The first play to follow was a punt by the Yale fullback. This man had the ball squarely in his arms. He dropped it. Down flashed a Yale end and in six rushes the ball was carried over the line. There was no further scoring. Yale won.

All this happened in November, and in June there wandered about the yard an unhappy soul who was known to all his fellows as "the man who dropped the punt." He was a senior and it may be that graduation brought some release, although it must have been hard for him to find a spot in the United States to which the news of his mishap had never carried. Fate had been harsh

to him but not unscrupulous, exactly. He did drop the punt. The true protagonist of the tragedy was another. He might have been spared, for at the time his brother dropped the punt this one had not yet matriculated at Harvard. That made no difference. The tradition endured. During his four years of college life he was known universally as "the brother of the man who dropped the punt."

And in all seriousness I advance the surmise that there are middle-aged men in this country who have been a little embittered and shaken for thirty years because of the fact that in some critical football game they acquitted themselves badly. The team on which they played was beaten.

I don't think this is a fantastic assumption. Unless he grows up to be President, or defendant in an important murder trial, the college football player is likely to receive far more extensive and searching newspaper publicity during his undergraduate days than at any other period of his life. He is called upon to face an emotional crisis in his life and to be watched by seventy thousand as he faces it. On the following day several million people will read of what he did. The quarterback who calls for a plunge through center will be publicly denounced as dull-witted if the play is piled up just short of the goal line. To stumble in the spotlight never did anybody any good, and if the man who fails happens to be nineteen years old he may get an ego bruise which will leave him permanently tender. And if he



succeeds brilliantly he may be no better off. The American community is cluttered with ineffective young men who gave their souls to learn drop-kicking and then found that there was no future in it.

The football player is not permitted to take any big game casually. Emotionalizing his men is accepted by the coach as a necessary part of his functions. "I was assigned to work on a big halfback," a former football star at Harvard told me. "He was a good defensive player but in the early games he didn't seem to show much fire. He was a lonely sort of a fellow and it took me some time to find a line to get going on. We talked awhile and he told me that he came from Weston, Massachusetts. I said to him, 'My brother lives in Weston, and when you get in that game to-morrow I want you to play so that he and everybody else in Weston will be proud of you. You don't want to disgrace my brother in Weston, do you?'"

"It was perfectly true that I did have

a brother in Weston," my football friend continued, "and the angle I took worked all right. In fact it worked a little too well. After I'd been talking about Weston for quite a time this big halfback began to cry. I couldn't get him to stop. He was crying the next morning when we got out to the field and the doctor wouldn't let him attend the talk before the game. The doctor had to walk him up and down the sidelines to get him quieted down. Still he did go in and play a whale of a game."

I've always wanted to get an exact transcript of the parting words of a head coach to his men or his subsequent speech between the halves. I do know one but it was delivered to the squad of a comparatively small college. Just before the North Carolina eleven took the gridiron against Harvard their coach said to his players, "I want you boys to remember that every man on the Harvard team is a Republican."

But in this case oratory failed. The game was a conventional Republican



GLUYAS  
WILLIAMS

HE CALLED ON THEM TO REMEMBER STONEWALL JACKSON AND LEE

landslide. More effective was an address delivered to another Southern team which invaded the North. On this occasion the coach relinquished his privilege of providing the last words and called an old gentleman into the locker room. And the voice of the veteran rang out like a trumpet call. He spoke of the Civil War and of how the South had held the Yankees back for four years. There was a line not to be split by any Yankee plunger. And the sons of Rebs could do it again. The old man called on the excited youngsters to remember Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. They remembered and played gloriously but later there was hard feeling, for the discovery was made that the old man had never served with any of the great commanders whom he mentioned but had actually marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the Sea.

Coaches are fond of saying, "I want you boys to fight and to keep on fighting." If asked to explain his precise meaning the coach would undoubtedly answer with complete sincerity, "I told them to play hard." But it does not always work out that way. Only too often the instructions are taken all too literally. Football grows cleaner but Spotless Town is still a long march ahead. And when a young man deliberately injures an opposing player by the use of foul tactics there are accessories before the fact. Graduates who insisted loudly that "Dear Old—" must have a winning team, and coaches who said that defeat would sully the honor of the institution, must share in the blame. It isn't possible to rouse impressionable youth right up to the point of being ready to die for "Dear Old—" and not have a few of them, in the heat of battle, come to the decision that some of the foe ought at least to be maimed for the same good cause.

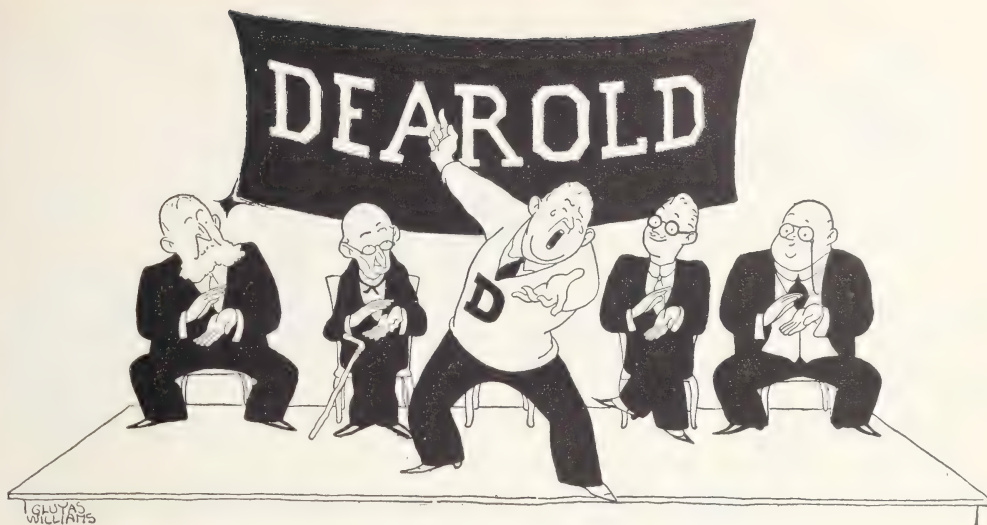
In spite of the stiff penalty provided by the rules, slugging continues. The officials can't see everything. Again and again players are tackled after they have crossed the sidelines and the whistle has blown. Men who are down get

jumped upon. To be sure there is a difference between hard football and dirty football. When one watches the big games from way up on the rims of bowls and stadiums he is likely to have a good deal of trouble in detecting just where honest ardor ceases and foul play begins. I have observed, however, that star players tend to get injured a little more often than those of slighter worth. To be sure, the burdens of attack and defense fall more frequently to the stars, but this is not the only reason. Football, even under strict observance of the rules, permits the practice of disarming the enemy by injuring his most conspicuous players.

And in addition to physically dirty play there are other devices not wholly glamorous. A great college coach taught his scrub team to curse the varsity players most foully through an entire week of practice. "It worked well," explained a veteran of that eleven. "When we got into the big game that Saturday I never paid any attention to the names they were calling me. I don't care about being called names like that, but the practice made me used to it. The coach told us not to listen to anything but the signals and to go through with our assignments. They did all the cursing and we won the game."

And if all this is well founded, why is college football looked upon as the very flower and pattern of the highest sporting ideals in America? I don't know why. I like to watch college football and I can get emotional about it, but when I want moral stimulus and confirmation for my faith in the fundamental romanticism of man I go to see professional baseball. There have been scandals in the big leagues and even the most worthy and honest player is paid for his performances on the diamond. That doesn't matter. The distinction between the amateur and the professional cannot be reduced to a simple formula. In any field of endeavor your true and authentic amateur is a man who plays a game gleefully. I have





GRADUATES AND COACHES INSIST ON HAVING A WINNING TEAM

never seen any college player who seemed to get half so much fun out of football as Babe Ruth derives from baseball. Ruth is able to contribute this gusto to his game spontaneously. Nobody makes him a set speech in the dressing room before he embarks to meet his test. The fans will not spell out "N-E-W Y-O-R-K" with colored handkerchiefs to inspirit him. There will be no songs about hitting the line. Indeed, Ruth will not even be asked to die for the cause he represents.

Instead of running out at top speed, Babe Ruth may be observed ambling quite slowly in the general direction of the diamond. He approaches a day's work. This thing before him is a job and it would not be fitting for him to run. But a little later you may chance to see a strange thing happen. The professional ball players take up their daily tasks. Soon, in the cause of duty, Ruth is called upon to move from right center all the way to the edge of the foul line. And now he is running. To the best of my knowledge and belief there is no current gridiron hero who runs with the entire earnestness of Ruth. Once I saw him charge full tilt against the wall of the Yankee Stadium. It was a low wall and Ruth's big body was so inextricably

committed to forward motion that a wall was insufficient to quell the purpose inhering in the moving mass. And so his head and shoulders went over the barrier and, after a time, his feet followed. The resulting tumble must have been at least as vicious as any tackle ever visited upon a charging halfback. But for Ruth there was no possibility of time out. He could not ask so much as the indulgence of a sponge or a paper drinking cup. Shaking the disorders out of his spinning head, he tumbled himself back over the wall again and threw a runner out at the plate.

It is my impression that in the savage charge up to the wall and over, Ruth was wholly in the grip of the amateur spirit. If he had stopped short of the terrific tumble his pay would have still continued. To me there is nothing very startling in the fact that young men manage to commit themselves wholeheartedly to sport without hope of financial return. That is a commonplace. Recruiting volunteer workers for any cause is no trouble at all. I grow more sentimental over a quality much rarer in human experience. I give my admiration utterly to that man who can put the full sweep of effort into a job even though he is paid for it.

The bleeding right tackle making a last stand on the goal line is to me a lesser figure than Walter Johnson staving off the attack of the Giants in the final game of the World's Series. For, as I look at it, the bleeding tackle is fighting merely for the honor and glory of his college. My mind will not accept him as a satisfactory symbol of any larger issue. But when Johnson pitched I felt that the whole samurai tradition was at stake. Once I shook hands with Walter Johnson and he remarked that the late summer had been a handicap for pitchers. Nothing more was said and I got no direct personal emanation from the man which convinced me that

I was in the presence of true greatness. It never was the real Johnson but only the fictional one which captured my imagination. He was the Prince of Pitchers and the Strikeout King. From Montana he came to the big leagues to throw a baseball faster than it had ever been thrown before. And as a boy I read of how the hands of his catcher were bruised and maimed by the ordeal of receiving this mighty delivery.

And so Johnson became a demigod, and I am always sad when the gods die. I saw Johnson sicken under torture as the Giants scourged him. I watched him driven to the dugout in defeat. And then I saw him come back from his



THE DUTY IS HEAVY UPON US AND WE MUST RENDER LIP-SERVICE





A SHOCKED SILENCE FOLLOWED HIS REMARKS

cavern revived with all his old magic. This demigod was alive again and before me was played out a solar myth. So it had been with Buddha and Osiris. There is resiliency in the soul of man and he may lie down to bleed awhile and return refreshed. College football is just a game: professional baseball can rise to the height of a religious experience.

And it is a religion with only the scantiest bonds of ritual. It is incumbent upon the faithful to stretch in the seventh inning. Beyond complying with that one easy ceremony, the rooter has no responsibility in this Quaker meeting. If he chooses to sit silent that is permissible. Only when the spirit truly summons him is there any necessity of shouting. And so I find the emotion of a big-league ball game far more genuine and deep rooted than at any college football encounter. All shade and sensitivity is sacrificed in football by the pernicious practice of regimentation. "A long cheer with three Harvards on the end," cries the man in the white sweater through his megaphone. It is entirely possible that at the precise moments he calls upon me and my fellows to declare ourselves there is stored up in none of us more than a short cheer. It may even be that we have no inclination to cheer at

all. Still, the duty is heavy upon us and we must render lip-service.

Before the afternoon is done the vilest sort of hypocrisy will be forced upon us. When the team in blue comes out upon the gridiron we shall all be called upon to render them a long cheer and to add three "Yale's" for courtesy. This is in violation of the deeper feelings of the human heart. We wish no success to Yale. At the mass meeting eloquent speakers have pointed out that it is imperative to the honor of Harvard that Yale shall be turned back from our gates. Already we have sung of our intention to smash, bleach, and ride them down. And here we are called upon to cheer them. It is all too distracting. Ambi-valency is not a condition which one cares to celebrate at the top of his voice.

The psychology of baseball is much more simple and more honest. The Washington rooter makes no pretense of wishing the Giants well. He pays them the compliment of thorough-going opposition. In the first game of the last World's Series two home runs were made by New York players. It was as if a lace handkerchief had been tossed into the Grand Canyon. This was an aggressive silence. A sincere horror and anguish struck forty thousand people into a muteness which fairly throbbed.

They made no dishonest pretense of polite applause but maintained instead an honorable silence.

And yet your baseball player and your baseball fan never take defeat in any such tragic spirit as the football collegian. Finality is so long delayed. The game which is lost may be cancelled by victory on the succeeding day. And all this serves to create in the mind of the impressionable a picture of life more accurate than that which is conveyed by football. Defeat is a portion of every man born into the world. He must learn to accept it and, if he is to amount to much in his community, he must get from every check a certain stimulus to appeal from the decision. There is no use crying over spilt milk because it is no great trouble to run around the corner and get another bottle. As our Salvation Army friends say, "A man may be down but he's never out." That won't do for a football proverb. A team can be both. Princeton, let us say, has just run rings around Harvard. The final whistle has blown. From this there can be no appeal. The issue may not be tried again. The teams will not meet for another year and then many a new figure will be in the lineup of either side. Here is a finality which is disturbing. The Harvard rooters have no recourse except to say that football is not so terribly important and that anyway Harvard still has a better English department.

I arranged that my small son should first come into contact with sport by watching professional baseball. One reason is wholly unconnected with ethics. When he asks questions I am better

prepared to answer them. But beyond that I don't want him to think of a game as something which leaves two or three young men stretched on their backs in the wake of every smashing play. I cannot think up any good reason, suitable to his immature years, why these young men should submit to such an ordeal. The chairman of the football committee at a great Eastern University explained to a mass meeting that preparedness was the chief justification for intercollegiate football. He said that unless the young men of America submitted to the arduous discipline and drill of training and the hard fierce knocks of fighting football, we should have no adequate officers for our next war. But I won't want to use that reasoning on my small son. I have tried to enlist him in the determined ranks of those who insist that there will be no next war.

Only once did I ever hear of an official football speech which met with my entire approval. It was made by a Harvard captain. His team had lost to Yale but by a smaller score than was expected. It had been a fast and interesting game. At the dinner when the team broke training the captain said, "We lost to Yale but I think we had a satisfactory season. We have had fun out of football and it seems to me that ought to be the very best reason for playing the game."

A shocked silence followed his remarks. He was never invited to come to Cambridge to assist in the coaching of any future Harvard eleven. His heresy was profound. He had practically intimated that being defeated was less than tragic.



# CHRONICLES OF A PLAYWRIGHT

BY JEROME K. JEROME

Dramatist, editor, and novelist; humorist and philosopher; author (at thirty) of *Three Men in a Boat* and *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, and (at forty-eight) of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, Mr. Jerome has always been worth listening to; and never more so than now, in his sixty-seventh year, when he sits down to tell us story after story of his adventures in the London Theater, in the friendly and informal style in which he would talk to a group of intimates around the fireplace at Marlow.—*Editor's Note.*

A LADY on one occasion asked me why I did not write a play. "I am sure, Mr. Jerome," she said with a bright encouraging smile, "that you could write a play."

I told her I had written nine; that six of them had been produced; that three of them had been successful both in England and America; that one of them was still running at the Comedy Theater and approaching its two-hundredth night.

Her eyebrows went up in amazement. "Dear me," she said, "you do surprise me."

George R. Sims told me that he once dined some friends at the Savoy. Over the coffee he asked them if they would like to go to a theater and they said they would. He took them to a play of his own. For some reason which Sims could not explain they did not like it. At the end of the first act one of them, turning to him, said:

"Rather dull stuff this. Don't you find it so?"

"Well, now you come to mention it, perhaps it is—a trifle," agreed Sims.

"Let's go on to the Empire," suggested another.

The proposal was carried *nem. con.* and, leaving their programs behind them, the party rose and made their way out of the theater noisily and cheerfully, followed by Sims walking soberly.

"It used to annoy me," added Sims,

"that not one theater-goer in a hundred ever takes the trouble to read the author's name. That evening I was glad of it."

"Barbara" was my first play. I am informed that nowadays managers read plays by unknown authors. In my young days they didn't. I read it to Rose Norreys one evening at her little flat in Chelsea Gardens and, good comrade that she was, she took it herself to Charles Hawtrey and stood over him until he had finished it. He wrote me, asking me to come and see him the following Tuesday at twelve o'clock noon—he underlined "noon." He was running "The Private Secretary" at the Globe. I got there twenty minutes early and walked up and down Hollywell Street until I heard Big Ben strike twelve. The stage doorkeeper said Mr. Hawtrey wasn't in. I said I would wait. The doorkeeper—a kindly soul, I wish I could remember his name—put me a chair by the fire and gave me a thumbed copy of *The Talisman*. He said that, speaking for himself, he considered it the best of all Scott's novels. Hawtrey turned up at a quarter past three. The stage doorkeeper introduced us and explained things.

"I'm so sorry," said Hawtrey. "I thought it was Monday."

His first wife told me that the night before their wedding his best man had (unknown to Hawtrey) put his watch on

an hour and a quarter, with the result that he got there five minutes too soon; and in certain circles he used to be known as "the late Mr. Charles." But he was always so charming about it that one generally forgave him.

He told me that he liked my little play immensely. There was only one fault he had to find: it was too short. I record the fact as being the only known instance in the history of the stage of a manager suggesting to an author that his play was not long enough. I promised to write in an extra scene.

"My brother George will see you about terms," he concluded as we shook hands. "He will want you to sell it outright. Take my tip and don't do it. It's just the sort of thing to catch on with the amateurs."

The "Producer" had not then arrived. He was an American invention. The stage manager, together with the prompter and the author, used just to worry it out. I have never been able myself to detect any difference. "Dot" Boucicault was one of the first, and for straightforward work is still among the best. If anything he is too painstaking. His method at rehearsal is to play all the parts himself, leaving the actor to copy him. On a certain occasion he had been coaching Gertrude Kingston, after this manner, for about a fortnight; and then one morning, taking her aside, he asked her how she liked her part.

"What part?" asked Gertrude Kingston.

"What part?" repeated Boucicault astonished. "Why *your* part—the Countess."

"Oh, that," answered Miss Kingston, "I thought you were playing that."

I take it Du Maurier's dictum really sums up the matter: That a play that is worth producing produces itself.

"Barbara" ran, on and off, for years and amateurs still play it. Following Charles Hawtrey's advice I had refused to sell it outright, though his brother George went up to a hundred pounds and the temptation was sore.

"Fennel," a one-act play which I adapted from the French of François Coppée, was chiefly remarkable for introducing Allan Aynesworth to the London stage. He played Sandro, the lover. I see that I describe him in the script as "a fine dashing good-looking young fellow." Aynesworth was all that, right enough; but on the first night he got stage fright. I was watching from the wings. I could see him getting more and more nervous and when he came to his big speech his memory snapped. I had prided myself upon that speech. I had done my best to put Coppée's poetry into English blank verse. It was all about music and the sunrise and Heaven and Love—(some two pages of it altogether. I could have forgiven him for forgetting it and drying up but, to my horror, he went on. He had it fixed in his mind that until the old man returned home he had to stand in the center of the stage and talk poetry. And he did it. Bits of it, here and there, were mine; most of it his own; a good deal of it verses and quotations that, I take it, he had learned at his mother's knee. I shouted to Stuart Dawson, who was playing the old man, to go on and stop him. But he would finish and threw such fervor into the last few laps that at the end he received a fine round of applause.

"Sorry I forgot the exact lines," he said to me as he came off. "But I was determined not to let you down."

"Woodbarrow Farm" was my first full-sized play. Gertrude Kingston produced it at a *matinée*, playing herself the "Adventuress." The trial *matinée* was a useful institution. I think it a pity it has dropped out. The manager would lend the theater in return for an option on the play; and the leading parts could generally be arranged for on a like understanding. At the cost of about a hundred pounds a play could be put before the public and judged: in the only way a play can be judged—through the test tube of an audience. Three out of four, in spite of friendly stalls, were seen to be no good; the fourth won the prize.



Bernard Partridge was the hero of "Woodbarrow Farm." Conway had been cast for the part originally. That was another sad story. He had made his name as Romeo to Adelaide Neilson's Juliet: the most Shakespearian Juliet I have ever seen, though Phyllis Neilson-Terry some years ago ran her close. It was plain before rehearsals were a week old that poor Conway would have to be replaced; and the grim task of breaking it to him fell upon me. I called upon him early in the morning at the Adelphi Hotel. He was standing with his back to me when I entered the room, leaning his head against the mantelpiece.

"I know what you've come for," he said, without turning round. "It's my own fault. I thought I'd pulled myself together. I must have another try—later on."

There is no catch in being the one to put an actor out of his part. Everybody tries to shift the job on to somebody else. There was a young actress, I remember, at Terry's Theater. She had been cast for a rattling good part on an unwise friend's recommendation, and had agreed to rehearse on approval. It was her first London engagement. She was no good and we all of us agreed that the Producer was the fit and proper person to handle the situation. The Producer flatly refused; and as we still worried him he gave us his reason.

"I had to do it once, some years ago now," he said. "She was an angelic-looking little creature. We had done

the usual damn silly trick of just choosing her because of her appearance. She wasn't bad, but she hadn't the experience. The part was too big for her altogether. She took it quite nicely. I went round to see her in the evening. She had a bed-sitting-room in a street off the King's Road, Chelsea. We sat and chatted, afterwards, about the British drama in general, and she made me a

cup of coffee. I flattered myself I had got out of it cheaply. She drowned herself that night—walked down the steps by Battersea Bridge into the river. This child reminds me of her. Somebody else will have to tell her."

Nobody did. We let her play the part. She wasn't good.



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. JEROME

Dan Frohman took the play for America. He wrote me that he was staying at the Hotel Victoria and would call to see me. We were living then in Alpha Place. My wife thought it would

be an artful plan to lunch him well first and talk business with him afterwards. He accepted our invitation. We felt we had him in our hands. It was a gorgeous lunch. There was caviar and a stuffed bird and tricky things in French. I saw to the cocktails myself, and after there was Château Lafitte and champagne. I can still see my wife's face when Frohman in his grave emphatic way explained that his digestion did not allow him to lunch: but might he have a few of the greens and some dry toast with a glass of Apollinaris. But he smoked a cigar with me afterwards and gave me good terms for the play.

The brothers Frohman, Charles and Dan, were good men to do business with. Their word was their bond. Charles used to say that no contract was ever drawn that a clever man could not get out of if he wanted to. Towards the end I never bothered him to sign anything. We would fix the terms over a cigar, and shake hands. He was a natural-born sentimentalist (most Jews are). He spent a good deal of his time when in England at Marlow where now stands a memorial to him. I had a house upon the hills and Haddon Chambers used to rent a cottage at Bisham, near the Abbey. On a sunny afternoon one often found Charles sitting on his own grave in Marlow Churchyard—or rather on the spot he hoped would one day be his grave: a pleasant six-foot-into-four of English soil under the great willow that overhangs the river. He was still in negotiation for it the last time that I talked to him there. He went down in the *Lusitania* the year following.

Frohman never pretended to know what the public wanted, and had a contempt for anyone who did.

"I'll tell you what a play is going to do after I've seen the second night's returns," he would say. "Some people will tell you before: but they're mostly fools."

First-night receptions tell nothing; first-nighters are a race apart. Like the Greeks they hanker after a new thing. The general public, on the other hand, are faithful to their old loves. I met Arthur Shirley one afternoon. A new and original drama of his was to be produced that evening at Drury Lane.

"Feeling cheerful?" I asked him.

"Tolerably," he told me, "there are three rattling good situations in it."

"Capital," I said, "you think they will go all right?"

"Well they ought to," he answered, "they always have."

I wrote "The MacHaggis" in collaboration with Eden Phillpotts. Penley accepted it but fell ill and handed the part

over to Weeden Grossmith. Our heroine shocked the critics—she rode a bicycle: it was unwomanly then to ride a bicycle. There were so many things in those days that were unwomanly to do; it must have been quite difficult to be a woman and remain so day after day. She smoked a cigarette. The Devil must have been in us. Up till then only the adventuress had ever smoked a cigarette. In the last act she said "damn"; she said it twice. Poor Clement Scott nearly fell out of the *Daily Telegraph*. Once before, it is true, a lady (Mrs. Huntley I think) had said "damn" upon the stage but that was in a translation from the French. No one dreamed the day would come when Mrs. Pat Campbell would say "bloody." But it is an age of progress, we are told. One blushes at the thought of what they may say next. She cost me a friend, that heroine of ours. By chance we christened the hussy Ewretta; and it happened to be the name of an actress friend of mine, Ewretta Lawrence. She wouldn't believe we hadn't done it with *malice prepense*. She never spoke to me again, for which I am sorry. It is always with fear and trembling that one chooses names for one's less immaculate characters. During the run of Pinero's "Mrs. Ebbsmith," a real Mrs. Ebbsmith committed suicide. She thought that Pinero had been told her story and had used it.

Phillpotts and myself had bad luck over "The MacHaggis." It was doing well when Penley suddenly closed the theater. His illness, it turned out, was mental.

One of the things I best remember in "The MacHaggis" was Reeves Smith's performance of a cheerful idiot. He was a delightful actor. He went to America soon after and they never let him come back. I met him there when on a lecturing tour. He was playing with Nazimova. I went behind to see him.

"Forgive me," I said, as soon as his dresser had left the room, "but aren't



you making him rather too noisy?" They were playing Ibsen—"The Master Builder," I think.

"Great heavens," he answered. "You don't think it's my idea, do you? It's the new method over here. Everybody has to shout at the top of his voice except the Star. 'How quiet and natural she is,' they say. 'What a contrast.' Clever idea—Gillette invented it."

Alla Nazimova was drawing all New

York. I found her somewhat changed from the quiet simple girl who with her husband (they spelled the name "Nazimof" then) had knocked at our door in London with a letter of introduction from friends of ours in Russia. They had got themselves into trouble with the political police and had had to cut and run with barely time to pack a handbag. She spoke German but he spoke only Russian. They looked little more than



FORBES-ROBERTSON (STANDING) IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

boy and girl; and he in his way was as beautiful as she was. That first evening we taught him an English sentence. He had said it in Russian, his eyes fixed on my wife. Alla translated it into German, and then we told him the English for it, which was: "You remind me of my first love." He repeated it till he had it perfect; and subsequently quite a number of women mentioned to me casually that he seemed to know only one English sentence. We chaffed him about it. He maintained it was not humbug. All beautiful women reminded him of his first love. But his last love! there was no one like her, and kneeling he kissed Alla Nazimof's hand. He was rather a lovable, childish person.

I took them to Tree and we fixed up a benefit performance for them at the Haymarket; afterwards I got Frohman interested and he fathered them into America. For some reason the boy went back to Russia and was killed in a pogrom. The first person she asked me about when I saw her in New York was "Madame Needles," as she had always called a small fox terrier of ours. They had been great friends and had played "hunt the slipper" together. Madame Needles would go outside the room while Madame Nazimof would hide one of her shoes and then open the door. Only once Needles failed to find it, and that was when Alla had sprinkled scent upon it.

Another play Phillpotts and I wrote together was "The Prude's Progress." Bernard Partridge was to have played an up-to-date journalist who knew everything and was not ashamed of it: an amusing fellow and Partridge would have played him to perfection. Alas and alack, I listened to advice. The author who listens to advice is lost. During the second rehearsal your manager draws you aside. He has been talking the play over with his mother-in-law. It seems that she likes it immensely. She has only one suggestion to make—or rather, two. He propounds them at some length. You explain that the adoption

of either would necessitate the rewriting of the piece. "Well, better do that, my dear boy," he answers, "than have a failure. I'm only advising you for your own good." The producer does not agree with the manager's mother-in-law. His advice is: "cut the other woman out altogether. Lighten the play and save a salary." He slips his arm through yours. "If it was only a question of art," he continues in a friendly undertone, "I dare say you're right. Unfortunately, we've got to consider the great B. P. Now I've had twenty years' experience. . . ." Later on the solicitor to the syndicate drops in and watches a rehearsal. He stumbles over the cat and reaches the stage. He has thought of an alteration that may save the play. The next afternoon the stage doorkeeper stops you on your way out; he also has been thinking the play over with the idea of helping you. They all know what the public want and how to give it to them: it is everybody's secret except the author's. I once overheard a producer talking to a friend concerning one of Barrie's plays.

"It was all no good," he was saying. "He wouldn't take my advice. Of course the piece was successful—in a way, I admit. But think what it might have been."

Over the play proper I had learned to be firm; but I was young at producing and I listened to George Hawtrey. He meant well. He was a dear fellow in many respects. He always did mean well. He had discovered a genius made by the Creator on purpose to play our journalist. Partridge was my friend, he would not stand in the way of my making my fortune—of my making Phillpott's fortune—of my making everybody's fortune. To cut a sad story short, I put it to Partridge and of course he agreed. But he never forgave me, and I have always felt ashamed of myself for having done it.

I wrote three plays for Marie Tempest, two of which she never played in



and the third she wished she hadn't. It was her own fault: she wanted a serious play and I gave her one. She loved it when I read it to her—"Esther Castways" was the name of it. She was magnificent in it and on the first night received an ovation, but of course the swells wouldn't have it. She had made a groove for herself and her public were determined she should keep it. We ought to have known that, all of us. I didn't get on with her at rehearsals. I wore a red suit which I rather fancied, myself, but somehow it maddened her; and I was obstinate and wouldn't change it, though she offered to buy it from me that she might burn it. A pity Marie Tempest ever got into that groove. She was a great actress pinned down to frocks and frivolity. Lillah McCarthy gave me an insight into female psychology when she told me that the first thing she did with a new part was to dress it. She could not imagine how the woman would think and feel till she had visualized the clothes she should wear. Then she began to understand the woman, working from the clothes inwards.

I can understand because the Stranger in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" came to me like that. I followed a stooping figure, passing down a foggy street, pausing every now and then to glance up at a door. I did not see his face. It was his clothes that worried me. There was nothing out of the way about them. I could not make out why it was they seemed remarkable. I lost him at a corner, where the fog hung thick, and found myself wondering what he would have looked like if he had turned round and I had seen his face. I could not get him out of my mind, wandering about the winter streets, and gradually he grew out of those curious clothes of his.

"Miss Hobbs" (or the "Kissing of Kate," to give the play its original title), produced by Charles Frohman in America with Annie Russell as Kate and wonderful old Mrs. Gilbert as Auntie, was my first real money-making success—if

a gentleman may mention such detail. She has been a good child to me, God bless her. She was a great success in Germany. I was living in Dresden at the time and the Kaiser sent me his congratulations through an official of the Saxon Court, who brought it to me in a big envelope: so he couldn't have been all bad. How the coming of the Great War was kept from us common people may be instanced by the production of my play "The Great Gamble" at the Haymarket six months before the guns went off. The scene was laid in Germany. One of our chief characters was a dear old German Professor. German students in white caps sang German folk songs and drank lager beer. We had incidental music, specially written, in the German style. The hero had been educated in Germany and the heroine's mother's co-respondent was an Austrian. For a solid month we rehearsed that play without a suspicion that the Chancelleries of Europe were one and all making their secret preparations to render it a failure.

Rehearsals are trying periods. Everybody seems to be wearing his nerves outside his skin. The question whether the actor should take three steps to the right, and pause with his left hand on the back of chair, center, before proposing to the heroine; or whether he should do it from the hearthrug, with his left elbow on the mantelpiece, may threaten the friendship of a lifetime. The author wants him to do it from the hearthrug—is convinced that from there and there only can he convey to the heroine the depth and sincerity of his passion. The producer is positive that a true gentleman would walk round the top of the table and do it from behind a chair. The actor comes to the rescue. He "feels" he can do it only from the left-hand bottom corner of the table.

"Oh, well, if you feel as strongly about it as all that, my dear boy," says the producer, "that ends it. It's you who've got to play the part."

"Do you know," says the author, "I

think he's right. It does seem to come better from there."

The rehearsal proceeds. Five minutes later the argument whether a father would naturally curse his child before or after she has taken off her hat provides a new crisis.

I wrote "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" for David Warfield. I worked it out first as a short story. It was John Murray, the publisher, who put the idea into my head of making it into a play; and when I saw Warfield in "The Music Master" it seemed to me he was just the actor to play it. He would not have had the dignity and

compelling force of Forbes-Robertson. He would have made the character win rather through tenderness and appeal. I was on a lecturing tour in America and had my agent, Miss Marbury, put me into touch with Warfield's manager, Belasco. It was in a Pullman car between Washington and New York that I sketched out the idea and it engaged him. We were both doubtful as to how the public would receive it but I thought I could do it without giving offence. Belasco agreed to trust me and on my return to England I got to work upon it.

It was not an easy play to write: one had to feel it rather than think it. I was living in a lonely part of the Chiltern Hills with great open spaces all around me, and that helped; and at last it was finished. I had arranged to return to America to produce "Sylvia of the Letters," a play I had written for Grace George; and I took "The Passing" with me.

I read it to Warfield and Belasco late one night at Belasco's theater in New York. We had the house to ourselves and afterwards we adjourned to Warfield's club for supper. It was about three o'clock in the morning and the only thing we could get was cold beef and pickles. They were both tremendously impressed and we found ourselves talking in whispers. I fancy Belasco got nervous about it later on. We fixed things up next morning at Miss Marbury's office, and he asked me to see Percy Anderson, the artist, when I got back to England and get him to make sketches for the characters. It was while



MR. JEROME SPEAKING AT A POLITICAL MEETING



he was drawing them, in his studio at Folkestone, that one morning Forbes-Robertson (who had a house there) dropped in upon him. Forbes was greatly interested in the sketches and Anderson showed him the play.

Forbes-Robertson wrote me telling me of this, saying that if by any chance arrangements between myself and Belasco fell through would I come and talk to him. His letter arrived a day after I had had one from Belasco, making it clear that he did not want, if possible, to be bound to his contract; so for answer I called upon Forbes-Robertson in Bedford Square and read the play to him and his wife. He too was nervous, but Gertrude Elliott swept all doubts aside and ended the matter.

We got together as perfect a cast as I think any play has ever had: Ernest Hendrie as the old Bookmaker, Ian Robertson as the Major, Edward Sass as the Jew, Agnes Thomas as Mrs. Sharpe, and Haidee Wright as the Painted Lady were all wonderful; and Gertrude Elliott played the Slavey. I was afraid at first that her beauty and grace would hamper her; but she overcame these drawbacks and, even at rehearsal, invested the little slut with a spirituality that at times transfigured her.

"We must have someone supremely beautiful for the part of Vivien," said Forbes-Robertson. "There are six women in the play; four of them have to be middle-aged and my wife has to disguise herself. It's our only chance."

I thought of Alice Crawford. Time was pressing and we sent her a wire. She had just left for a ball at the Piccadilly Hotel.

"You must go to the ball," said Forbes.

I went as I was in a blue-serge suit, brown boots, and a collar that I had been wearing since eight o'clock in the morning. I made a sensation in the ballroom. I gathered that the people round about took me for a policeman in

unnecessary plain clothes; but I spotted Alice Crawford and beckoned her outside. A gentleman came up and asked if he could be of any use—I take it the idea of bail was in his mind.

We produced the play at Harrogate. The audience there mistook it for a farce. It was by the author of *Three Men in a Boat*, so they had been told. That evening the Robertsons and myself partook of a melancholy supper.

In London on the first night the curtain fell to dead silence which lasted so long that everybody thought the play must be a failure, and my wife began to cry. And then suddenly the cheering came and my wife dried her eyes.

I was not present myself. I have shirked my own first nights ever since a play of mine was produced by Willard at the Garrick—I thought the applause unanimous but was received with a burst of booing. The argument is that if an author is willing to be applauded he must not object to being hissed. It may be logic but it isn't sense: as well say that because a man does not mind being patted on the back he ought not to object to being kicked. I remember the first night of one of Jones's plays. There was a difference of opinion and Jones very properly did not appear. In the street I overheard some critics from the gallery talking:

"Why didn't he come out," said one, "and take his punishment like a man?"

Forbes-Robertson was doubtful about taking the play to America. It was his sister-in-law, Maxine Elliott, who insisted. It was at her theater in New York that he opened.

Mathieson Lang took it East. In China a most respectable Mandarin came round to see him afterwards and thanked him.

"Had I been intending to do this night an evil deed," he said, "I could not have done it. I should have had to put it off until to-morrow."

[A chapter of Mr. Jerome's editorial reminiscences will be published next month.]

# BEHIND THE BLOCS

## *A New Explanation of Our Growing Sectionalism*

BY CHARLES MERZ

HERE are three characteristic traits of American politics at the present moment, all of which can be related to one central fact at Washington: bolting the party in the West; damning the government in the East; forgetting about States' Rights in the South.

You cannot open your evening newspaper, see a news reel at the movies, or tune in on a radio station without finding something which bears upon these tendencies. A Congressman from North Dakota demands that his party "do something" for the farmer, and his party retaliates by taking away his badge and not asking him to its next convention. An after-dinner speaker arises in the East (as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler recently arose) and asserts that American democracy is fast becoming American despotism because we have too much government at Washington. A Senator (Mr. Smith) from the state of South Carolina, which first adopted an ordinance of secession from the Union, now appears in Congress and submits a bill which authorizes the federal authority of the Union to push its way into a new field of state affairs, and spend thirty million dollars doing it.

Incidents like these suggest three tendencies:

In the West we have an agrarian radicalism which demands that Washington bestir itself and take a greater interest in the troubles of the farmer; assume more power to deal with railways, trusts, and middlemen; lend millions on farm mortgages; become increasingly a great central agency of control and regulation.

In some such faith as this lies the chief strength of the La Follette movement.

In the East, meantime, this program meets with signs of rapidly increasing irritation. Give Washington more power? Not much. Washington is drunk with power now. We hear most, to be sure, from those who are best able to express themselves; and this ordinarily means members of a well-to-do section of society who have access to the news columns of the press through one public forum or another. But these people—possessors of more than average influence—are emphatic in their views. They do not want more government. They want less government. Especially, they want less government in business. They want less taxes. They emphatically do not want more taxes, wherewith to set the government up in banking ventures or insurance schemes, or to buy the excess wheat of Western farmers. They like the Mellon plan. They like economy at Washington, and economy which includes lopping off whole government activities as well as saving on the blotters and ink-wells. They like federal retrenchment. They like being left alone. A popular address for any bankers', merchants', or manufacturers' convention east of Chicago could be written around the two phrases "don't meddle with business" and "government is best when it governs least."

Then, in the South, where loyalty to States' Rights is traditional and, theoretically, the doctrine still survives that it is dangerous to pile too many burdens on the shoulders of one government in



Washington, we find Congressmen headed for the Capitol, forgetful of States' Rights and bent upon putting Washington up to all manner of new things it has never tried before. Representative Tillman of Arkansas appears in Congress and proposes that the federal government invade the States with federal schools. Senator Harris of Georgia turns to the railways, and wishes the federal government to be in so many places at one time that anywhere and everywhere it can forbid the use of wooden cars. Representative Upshaw of Georgia asks the federal government to come into every local theater and, with one commission centralized at Washington, censor the morals of the movies. From the South, all traditions of States' Rights notwithstanding, comes a great deal of that leadership which brushes States' Rights aside and centralizes in Washington more authority than Washington has ever had before.

This change in point of view is recent; but it is unmistakable. For it is Southern leadership, plus Western leadership, which has taken away from the States—for one thing—power to decide whether or not they will have Prohibition, and has conferred that power on the nation. It is Southern leadership, plus Western leadership, which has sent the federal government into the money market—to loan many million dollars on farm mortgages. It is Southern and Western leadership which has set the federal government building roads and teaching schools, taking over responsibilities which the States once carried for themselves, acquiring each year authority which previously belonged to States, to cities, or remained undelegated.

In the shift of the South toward federalism, in the demand of the West for farm aid, in the reluctance with which the East views each new dollar spent in Washington and each new onward thrust of federal power, we have three real factors in the political scene of 1925.

The fact at Washington which relates these factors is the federal subsidy.

For many years this country had no federal subsidies. The States managed their own affairs and paid their own expenses as they went along. The federal government was content to stay in Washington. Even down to 1914, federal subsidies to the States were only a small item in the national budget, amounting in that year to six and a half million dollars, and voted to the States largely to take care of land-grant colleges and the National Guard. Six and a half million was less than one per cent of the government's expenses in 1914.

In 1914, however, came the Smith-Lever Act—and the outlay for subsidies took a new turn upward. The Smith-Lever Act had to do with agricultural extension work; it voted direct subsidies to the States for demonstrations in farm methods and home economics. Originally Congress appropriated \$1,080,000 for this purpose. But what Congress originally appropriates is very likely to be doubled or redoubled later, and the Smith-Lever Act has grown each year. Last year the appropriation was \$5,880,000.

Meantime, with the Smith-Lever Act as a precedent, Congress began enacting other laws conferring other subsidies upon the States for other local purposes. In 1916 came the Federal Aid for Roads Act. Beginning modestly, this act has grown each year until for 1924 the Budget Bureau has it down for \$63,000,000. Other subsidy laws have followed. And with the direct subsidies have come increased appropriations for such purposes as rivers and harbors, reclamation work, etc. Money spent in this latter way cannot strictly be classed as a subsidy, since the federal government retains title to the property which its appropriation improves. Nevertheless \$100,000 voted to dredge the Hudson is actually as much a matter of state aid as \$100,000 voted under the Act of 1916 to help New York build a new state road. And so, if we wish to measure the full scope of federal contributions to the States, we shall count subsidies both direct and indirect;

and for the year 1924 those subsidies were as follows:

*Direct subsidies—*

Smith-Lever Act of 1914 . . . . .	\$ 5,880,000
Federal Aid for Roads Act of 1916 . . . . .	63,375,000
Kahn-Chamberlain Act of 1918 . . . . .	93,627
Smith-Hughes Act of 1919 . . . . .	5,188,952
Industrial Rehabilitation Act of 1920 . . . . .	551,265
Sheppard-Towner Act of 1921 . . . . .	847,536
Federal support of Agricultural Colleges . . . . .	2,550,000
Federal support of Experiment Stations . . . . .	1,440,000
State Fund under Mineral Leasing Act . . . . .	2,787,411
State Fund under National Forest Act . . . . .	1,321,422
State Fund from Sale of Public Lands . . . . .	17,008
State Fund under Water Power Act . . . . .	2,063
Federal aid, National Guard . . . . .	19,466,889

*Indirect subsidies—*

Rivers and Harbors work . . . . .	30,421,300
Public Buildings . . . . .	506,600
Reclamation Projects . . . . .	10,691,000
National Parks . . . . .	1,624,065
Federal Aid, Forest Roads and Trails . . . . .	39,000,000
Federal Aid, Forest Fire Prevention, etc. . . . .	1,743,202

Total—\$187,507,340

This figure of \$187,507,340 is instructive. It represents the entirely novel degree to which the federal government now stakes the States to projects which were once thought to be the States' own business. We have come so far with subsidies that one dollar in every seven which Congress appropriates (aside from more or less routine sums to pay interest on the national debt and provide for the national defense) is appropriated nowadays for State assistance.

It is the last ten years that have worked this change. We have a new view of the federal treasury as a place for the States to come when they need funds. They need funds constantly.

And in the difference between what one State pays the treasury in taxes, and another State takes away from the treasury in subsidies, lies one explanation of those three current tendencies in West, East, and South described above.

For there is nothing mathematical about subsidies. They do not work themselves out in such a way that the State which pays most receives most in return, or the most populous State is granted appropriations in proportion to its numbers. What determines the size of subsidies is a variety of local conditions plus the effectiveness of bloc organization in Washington. Consider, for example, the cases of Nevada and New York.

New York, with its concentration of capital and its banking interests, is the greatest tax-paying State in the union. Last year it paid \$474,000,000 in taxes on personal and corporation income. It received in return \$4,020,445 under the six subsidy laws (Smith-Lever Act, Federal Aid for Roads Act, etc.) which Congress has recently enacted. This is a return of less than one per cent on its tax payment.

Nevada, meantime, paid into the federal treasury last year the sum of \$408,793, but took out of the federal treasury (under these same six subsidy measures) the sum of \$885,759—a return of over 216 per cent on its investment. Being a member of the Union, in the case of Nevada, is a very profitable venture.

Now the difference between returns in these two cases—the quite amazing difference between 0.84 per cent and 216.67 per cent—is an exceptional instance in the working out of subsidies, and no other two States show such a striking variation. Nevertheless, these figures are indicative of a certain general tendency. And if the test of tax-payment and subsidy-return is applied to the whole country it will be seen, I think, that if New York and Nevada are two extreme cases they are none the less cases which represent a very



genuine difference between the East and West.

It is a comparison of different *sections* of the country, rather than of individual States, which affords the best test. In the figures which follow I have used the conventional groupings:

"New England" comprises the six States from Connecticut to Maine.

"Middle Atlantic" comprises New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

"Middle West" comprises Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan.

"South" includes all States below the Mason and Dixon line, and as far west as Texas.

"West" includes all States from the Mississippi to the Coast States, the South excluded.

"Pacific" comprises Washington, Oregon, and California.

This table shows, first, what each section paid in federal taxes on personal and corporation income in 1924; second, what each section received in the form of federal subsidies in 1924; and third, what percentage this receipt bears to the sum paid in taxes:

	Tax Payment	Subsidy Return	Per Cent of Return
New England.....	\$160,383,650	\$ 4,195,619	2.61
Middle Atlantic....	715,225,737	14,546,650	2.04
Middle West.....	368,817,316	18,075,740	4.89
South.....	173,775,142	39,370,931	22.65
West.....	114,173,601	33,106,601	28.99
Pacific.....	97,896,118	9,992,545	10.21

Two figures stand out here—the figures for the South and West.

While the factory States of New England, the great tax-paying States of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, the compact tier of industrial and farming States of the Middle West show returns at such low figures as 2.61 per cent, 2.04 per cent, and 4.89 per cent, the South comes back from Washington with 22.65 per cent of what it pays in taxes, and the West with 28.99 per cent.

The Pacific Coast fares better than the East. But it is a poor third. Between the South and West on one side, and the rest of the country on the other, there is a wide gulf here in a very funda-

mental matter of taxation and division of receipts.

It is surely a factor of some political importance that the West profits from subsidies no less than fourteen times as substantially as do the chief tax-paying States of the Atlantic seaboard.

Now, it does not necessarily follow that because the South and West fare so well in subsidies they are taking an unfair advantage of their neighbors. If States like Nevada and Arkansas are now enriching themselves at the expense of States like New York and Pennsylvania, there are several pertinent considerations worth writing into the record.

For one thing it is obvious that the great Eastern States, as investment markets and as gateways to foreign trade, derive an incidental profit from any subsidy which raises property values in the South and West. New York City, for example, is a port and a market which owes much of its prosperity to the prosperity of its hinterland. Nevada benefits most from a subsidy spent in Nevada; but New York is not entirely a loser.

In the second place it is, of course, true that direct title to some of the property which is improved through subsidies in the Western and Southern States is held in the financial East.

And in the third place, it would be folly to forget the tariff. For years, admittedly, the industrial States of the East have enjoyed protection for their industries in a competitive world market. They have had the taxing power of the government applied for their own benefit, in another form of "subsidy"—some men think rightly, others wrongly—but the fact is that the thing has happened. And if the South and West now manipulate federal financial policy to some special sectional advantage it is not without a precedent.

Such points as these are relevant to the argument about subsidies: the argument as to whether sectional advantages for the South and West are now war-

ranted or are not warranted. But that argument I do not attempt to touch. The purpose of this paper is neither to defend subsidies nor attack them. It is rather to discuss what happens and note briefly its results.

And certainly in these variations of sectional advantage and disadvantage we have a factor which belongs in any consideration of the political line-up that exists to-day:

Here is the East, receiving in subsidies a pittance in return for what it pays in taxes. Subsidies increase, and yet the East does worse and worse for itself in Washington. For the East can never profit heavily from subsidies. It can never profit heavily because subsidies are, and will be, voted chiefly for such projects as forestation, new roads, and reclamation work—of which the East, comparatively, has little. Besides, the East pays such enormous taxes that federal bequests of modest size affect its standing but slightly. And the result is what might be expected. If the East sees a State like Nevada profiting from subsidies at better than the rate of two hundred per cent on its tax payment, while the best a State like New York can do is a return of less than one per cent, then the East is likely to conclude that the whole subsidy process is an abomination. We have here not the whole explanation why the East is anti-subsidy, anti-centralization, anti-government in business—why it likes the Mellon plan and wishes Washington would crawl back modestly into a smaller shell—but we have one cogent factor.

Meantime, and with the logic of the same equation, we have a new discovery in the South. The discovery is that Washington is a good place to come for State assistance. The East may find subsidies unprofitable; the South does better. Each of these subsidy measures is a repudiation of time-honored Southern doctrine that the States can and should finance their own affairs; each, because it is paid solely upon condition

that the States surrender a little more authority to Washington, is a direct invasion of States' Rights. But these considerations do not check the enthusiasm of Southern Congressmen. The Treasury is the Treasury, rich in its promise of State aid; and there is not a single State-invading subsidy of the last ten years which Southern leadership and Southern votes have failed to help through Congress. The authors of three of the first four subsidies were Southern men.

Finally, there is the West, with that agrarian radicalism which demands farm loans, farm boards, farm blocs, and a general extension of the authority of the federal government to deal with local problems of the wheat belt. It is surely no accident that the La Follette movement is strong where subsidies are strong, and weak where subsidies are weak. Mr. La Follette's best territory in the last election was in the West and on the Pacific Coast; those two sections are first and second (except for the South, which can be ignored in this reckoning because at present it is immovably Democratic) on the list of sections showing profitable returns from subsidies. Mr. La Follette's next best section was the Middle West; that is, the next best section on the list of subsidies. Mr. La Follette's worst showing was in New England and the East; that is where subsidies are regarded with small favor.

By themselves, of course, subsidies are no more the whole explanation of the La Follette movement in the West than they are the whole explanation of the Mellon movement in the East or the movement toward federalism in the South. But they are an integral part of all three movements, and the first point of attack.

There is a factor here which is developing a new set of alternatives within the two-party system of American politics, and a factor of more substance with each year that passes.

For we are not in the last lap of subsidies. We are in the *first* lap of subsi-



dies. And we are in the first lap because the sections of the country which profit most from the business of subsidies have just begun to realize the opportunities inherent in bloc action. Within recent months Congress has enacted still another subsidy measure in addition to those listed here—the Clarke-McNary Act, appropriating \$2,800,000 annually to subsidize state forestation work. Another subsidy measure was debated in committee—the Sterling Bill, appropriating \$100,000,000 with which to subsidize state education. A score of other subsidy bills were submitted to Congress in its last session. And it is a reasonably safe guess that there will be more of them at the next session. The subsidy issue will be argued with more and more insistence by its friends among the blocs.

And as it is argued it will raise, more or less inevitably, new questions of taxation and division of receipts, new questions of federal authority, of centralization as a method versus decentralization as a safe way out. Obviously those questions are the sort which touch the first-hand interests of the voter—how is he to vote? Our parties, as they are organized to-day, do not divide upon this issue. For the same Republican party which contains the farm bloc of Senator Capper—a bloc ardently in favor of more subsidies—contains also the business bloc of Mr. Mellon and Senator Butler, as ardently against them. The same Democratic party which contains a pro-subsidy contingent from the agricultural South contains an anti-subsidy contingent from the industrial East. And the La Follette movement, which

has managed to consolidate a good deal of subsidy enthusiasm in the West, does not penetrate the South at all—and will not, in the present order of affairs.

Whether the result will be to bring about a new party realignment in this country, with parties which do not try so endlessly to face both ways at once, is a point which lends itself to speculation; but such speculation should not obscure the fact that, in a very real sense of the word and upon a very wide range of questions, that realignment is already here.

What else does it mean when West and South vote so compactly against New England and the East? What else does it mean when members of Congress so easily ignore their party tags, so readily cross the party aisle in both directions, so willingly forget their Republicanism or their Democracy, to vote as big-tax men or little-tax men, big-subsidy men or little-subsidy men, big city men or little city men, friends or foes of State aid in schools and roads and reclamation?

In the West we have agrarian radicalism, demanding that Washington assume new responsibilities and new powers. In the East we have rebellion against taxes, coupled with insistence that the government retrench. In the South we have States' Rights left—a mere shadow of the States' Rights of fifty years ago—with a hundred busy legislators writing bills which strip the States of power. One factor which threads these tendencies and helps explain their motive is the subsidy. There is a new issue taking on importance in our politics, and on both sides it calls for volunteers.

# THE SONG OF THE FLYING FISH

## *A Father Brown Detective Story*

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE soul of Mr. Peregrine Smart hovered like a fly round one possession and one joke. It might be considered a mild joke, for it consisted merely of asking people if they had seen his goldfish. It might also be considered an expensive joke; but it is doubtful whether he was not secretly more attached to the joke than to the evidence of expenditure. In talking to his neighbors, in the little group of new houses that had grown up round the old village green, he lost no time in turning the conversation in the direction of his hobby. To Dr. Burdock, a rising biologist with a resolute chin and hair brushed back like a German's, Mr. Smart made the easy transition "You are interested in natural history; have you seen my goldfish?" To so orthodox an evolutionist as Dr. Burdock doubtless all nature was one; but at first sight the link was not close, as he was a specialist who had concentrated entirely upon the primitive ancestry of the giraffe. To Father Brown, from a church in the neighboring provincial town, he traced a rapid train of thought which touched on the topics of "Rome—St. Peter—fishermen—fish—goldfish." In talking to Mr. Imlack Smith, the Bank manager, a slim and sallow gentleman of dressy appearance but quiet demeanor, he violently wrenched the conversation to the subject of the gold standard, from which it was merely a step to goldfish. In talking to that brilliant Oriental traveler and scholar, Count Yvon de Lara (whose title was French and his face rather Russian, not to say Tartar), the versatile conversationalist showed an

intense and intelligent interest in the Ganges and the Indian Ocean, leading naturally to the possible presence of goldfish in those waters. From Mr. Harry Hartopp, the very rich but very shy and silent young gentleman who had recently come down from London, he had at last extorted the information that the embarrassed youth in question was *not* interested in fishing; and had then added "Talking about fishing, have you seen my goldfish?"

The peculiar thing about the goldfish was that they were made of gold. They were part of an eccentric but expensive toy, said to have been made by the freak of some rich Eastern prince; and Mr. Smart had picked it up at some sale or in some curiosity shop such as he frequented for the purpose of lumbering up his house with unique and useless things. From the other end of the room it looked like a rather unusually large bowl containing rather unusually large living fish; a closer inspection showed it to be a huge bubble of beautifully blown Venetian glass, very thin and delicately clouded with faintly iridescent color, in the tinted twilight of which hung grotesque golden fishes with great rubies for eyes. The whole thing was undoubtedly worth a great deal in solid material; how much more would depend upon the waves of lunacy passing over the world of collectors. Mr. Smart's new secretary, a young man named Francis Boyle, though an Irishman and not credited with caution, was mildly surprised at his talking so freely of the gems of his collection to the group of comparative



strangers who happened to have alighted in a rather nomadic fashion in the neighborhood; for collectors are commonly vigilant and sometimes secretive. In the course of settling down to his new duties Mr. Boyle found he was not alone in this sentiment, and that in others it passed from a mild wonder to a grave disapproval.

"It's a wonder his throat isn't cut," said Mr. Smart's valet Harris, not without a hypothetical relish, almost as if he had said, in a purely artistic sense, "It's a pity."

"It's extraordinary how he leaves things about," said Mr. Smart's head-clerk Jameson, who had come up from the office to assist the new secretary, "and he won't even put up those ramshackle old bars across his ramshackle old door."

"It's all very well with Father Brown and the doctor," said Mr. Smart's house-keeper, Mrs. Robinson, with a certain vigorous vagueness that marked her opinions; "but when it comes to foreigners, I call it tempting Providence. It isn't only the Count either; that man at the bank looks to me much too yellow to be English."

"Well, that young Hartopp is English enough," said Boyle good-humoredly, "to the extent of not having a word to say for himself."

"He thinks the more," said the house-keeper. "He may not be exactly a foreigner, but he is not such a fool as he looks. Foreign is as foreign does, I say," she added darkly.

Her disapproval would probably have deepened if she had heard the conversation in her master's drawing-room that afternoon—a conversation of which the goldfish were the text but of which the offensive foreigner tended more and more to be the central figure. It was not that he spoke so much; but even his silences had something positive about them. He looked the more massive for sitting in a sort of heap on a heap of cushions and in the deepening twilight his wide Mongolian face seemed faintly luminous

like a moon. Perhaps his background brought out something atmospherically Asiatic about his face and figure; for the room curtained in dim blue was a chaos of more or less costly curiosities, amid which could be seen the crooked curves and glowing colors of countless eastern weapons, eastern pipes and vessels, eastern musical instruments and illuminated manuscripts. Anyhow, as the conversation proceeded, Boyle felt more and more that the figure seated on the cushions and dark against the twilight had the exact outline of a huge image of Buddha.

The conversation was general enough; for all the little local group were present. They were indeed often in the habit of dropping in at one another's houses; and by this time constituted a sort of club of people coming from the four or five houses standing round the green. Of these houses Peregrine Smart's was the oldest, largest, and most picturesque; it straggled down almost the whole of one side of the square; leaving only room for a small villa inhabited by a retired colonel named Varney, who was reported to be an invalid and certainly was never seen to go abroad. At right angles to these stood two or three shops which served the simpler needs of the hamlet, and at the corner the inn of the Blue Dragon at which Mr. Hartopp, the stranger from London, was staying. On the opposite side were three houses, one rented by the Count de Lara, one by Dr. Burdock, and the third still standing empty. On the fourth side was the bank, with an adjoining house for the bank manager and a line of fence inclosing some land that was let for building. It was thus a very self-contained group and the comparative emptiness of the open ground for miles round it threw the members more and more on one another's society. That afternoon one stranger had indeed broken into the magic circle—a hatchet-faced fellow with fierce tufts of eyebrow and mustache and so shabbily dressed that he must have been a millionaire or a duke

if he had really (as was alleged) come down to do business with the old collector. But he was known at the Blue Dragon at least as Mr. Harmer.

To him had been recounted anew the glories of the gilded fish and the criticisms regarding their custody.

"People are always telling me I ought to lock them up more carefully," observed Mr. Smart, cocking an eyebrow over his shoulder at the dependent who stood there holding some papers from the office. Smart was a round-faced, round-bodied little old man rather like a bald parrot. "Jameson and Harris and the rest are always at me to bar the doors as if it were a medieval fortress; though really these rotten old rusty bars are too medieval to keep anybody out, I should think. I prefer to trust to luck and the local police."

"It is not always the best bars that keep people out," said the Count. "It all depends on who's trying to get in. There was an ancient Hindu hermit who lived naked in a cave and passed through the three armies that encircled the Mogul and took the great ruby out of the tyrant's turban and went back unscathed like a shadow. For he wished to teach the great how small are the laws of space and time."

"When we really study the small laws of space and time," said Dr. Burdock dryly, "we generally find out how those tricks are done. Western science has let in daylight on a good deal of eastern magic. Doubtless a great deal can be done with hypnotism and suggestion, to say nothing of sleight of hand."

"The ruby was not in the royal tent," observed the Count in his dreamy fashion, "but he found it among a hundred tents."

"Can't all that be explained by telepathy?" asked the Doctor sharply.

The question sounded the sharper because it was followed by a heavy silence, almost as if the distinguished Oriental traveler had, with imperfect politeness, gone to sleep.

"I beg your pardon," he said, rousing himself with a sudden smile. "I had forgotten we were talking with words. In the East we talk with thoughts; so we never misunderstand one another. It is strange how you people worship words and are satisfied with words. What difference does it make to a thing that you now call it telepathy as you once called it tomfoolery? If a man climbs into the sky on a mango tree, how is it altered by saying it is only levitation instead of saying it is only lies? If a medieval witch waved a wand and turned me into a blue baboon, you would say it was 'only' atavism."

The doctor looked for a moment as if he might say that it would not be so great a change after all. But before his irritation could find that or any other vent, the man called Harmer interrupted gruffly:

"It's true enough those Indian conjurers can do queer things; but I notice they generally do them in India. Confederates perhaps or merely mass psychology. I don't think those tricks have ever been played in an English village; and I should say our friend's goldfish were quite safe."

"I will tell you a story," said de Lara in his motionless way, "which happened not in India but outside an English barrack in the most modernized part of Cairo. A sentinel was standing inside the grating of an iron gateway, looking out between the bars on to the street. There appeared outside the gate a beggar barefoot and in native rags who asked him in English that was startlingly distinct and refined for a certain official document kept in the building for safety. The soldier told the man of course that he could not come inside; and the man answered smiling, 'What is inside and what is outside?' The soldier was still staring scornfully through the iron grating when he gradually realized that, though neither he nor the gate had moved, he was actually standing in the street and looking in at the barrack yard, where the beggar stood





"PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS TELLING ME I OUGHT TO LOCK THEM UP MORE CAREFULLY"

still smiling and equally motionless. Then when the beggar turned towards the inner building the sentry awoke to such sense as he had left and shouted a warning to all the soldiers within the gated inclosure to hold the prisoner fast. 'You won't get out of there anyhow,' he said vindictively. Then the beggar said in his silver voice, 'What is outside and what is inside?' And the soldier, still glaring through the same bars, saw that they were once more between him and the street, where the beggar stood free and smiling with a paper in his hand."

Mr. Imlack Smith, the bank manager, was looking at the carpet with his dark sleek head bowed and he spoke for the first time.

"Did anything happen about the paper?" he asked.

"Your professional instincts are correct, sir," said the Count with grim affability. "It was a paper of considerable financial importance. Its consequences were international."

"I hope they don't occur often," said young Hartopp gloomily.

"I do not touch the political side,"

said the Count serenely, "but only the philosophical. It illustrates how the wise man can get behind time and space and turn the levers of them, so to speak, so that the whole world turns round before our eyes. But it is so hard for you people to believe that spiritual powers are really more powerful than material ones."

"Well," said old Smart cheerfully, "I don't profess to be an authority on spiritual powers. What do you say, Father Brown?"

"The only thing that strikes me," answered the little priest, "is that all the supernatural acts we have yet heard of seem to be thefts. And stealing by spiritual methods seems to me much the same as stealing by material ones."

"Father Brown is a Philistine," said the smiling Smith.

"I have a sympathy with the tribe," said Father Brown. "A Philistine is only a man who is right without knowing why."

"All this is too clever for me," said Hartopp heartily.

"Perhaps," said Father Brown with a smile, "you would like to speak with-

out words, as the Count suggests. He would begin by saying nothing in a pointed fashion and you would retort with a burst of taciturnity."

"Something might be done with music," murmured the Count dreamily. "It would be better than all these words."

"Yes, I might understand that better," said the young man in a low voice.

Boyle had followed the conversation with curious attention, for there was something in the demeanor of more than one of the talkers that seemed to him significant or even odd. As the talk drifted to music, with an appeal to the dapper bank manager (who was an amateur musician of some merit), the young secretary awoke with a start to his secretarial duties; and reminded his employer that the head-clerk was still standing patiently with the papers in his hand.

"Oh! never mind about those just now, Jameson," said Smart rather hurriedly, "only something about my account; I'll see Mr. Smith about it later. You were saying that the 'cello, Mr. Smith—"

But the cold breath of business had sufficed to disperse the fumes of transcendental talk, and the guests began one after another to say farewell. Only Mr. Imlack Smith, bank manager and musician, remained to the last; and when the rest were gone he and his host went into the inner room where the goldfish were kept and closed the door.

The house was long and narrow, with a covered balcony running along the first floor, which consisted mostly of a sort of suite of rooms used by the householder himself, his bedroom and dressing room and an inner room in which very valuable treasures were sometimes stored for the night instead of being left in the rooms below. This balcony, like the insufficiently barred door below, was a matter of great concern to the housekeeper and the head-clerk and the others who lamented the carelessness of the collector; but in truth that cunning old

gentleman was more careful than he seemed. He professed no great belief in the antiquated fastenings of the old house, which the housekeeper lamented to see rusting in idleness, but he had an eye to the more important point of strategy. He always put his favorite goldfish in the room at the back of his bedroom for the night and slept in front of it, as it were, with a revolver under his pillow. And when Boyle and Jameson, awaiting his return from the tête-à-tête, at length saw the door open and their employer reappear, he was carrying the great glass bowl as reverently as if it had been the relic of a saint.

Outside, the last edges of the sunset still clung to the corners of the gray-green landscape; but inside a lamp had already been kindled; and in the mingling of the two lights the colored globe glowed like some monstrous jewel and the fantastic outline of the fiery fishes seemed to give it indeed something of the mystery of a talisman; like strange shapes seen by a seer in the crystal of doom. Over the old man's shoulder the olive face of Imlack Smith stared like a sphinx.

"I am going up to London to-night, Mr. Boyle," said old Smart with more gravity than he commonly showed. "Mr. Smith and I are catching the six-forty-five. I should prefer you and Jameson to sleep upstairs in my rooms to-night; if you put the bowl in the back room as usual, it will be quite safe then. Not that I suppose anything could possibly happen."

"Anything may happen anywhere," said the smiling Mr. Smith. "I think you generally take a gun to bed with you. Perhaps you had better leave it behind in this case."

Peregrine Smart did not reply, and they passed out of the house on to the road round the village green.

The secretary and the head-clerk slept that night as directed in their employer's bedroom. To speak more strictly, Jameson the head-clerk slept in a bed in the



dressing-room, but the door stood open between, and the two rooms running along the front were practically one. Only the bedroom had a long French window opening on the balcony and an entrance at the back into the inner apartment where the goldfish bowl had been placed for safety. Boyle dragged his bed right across so as to bar this entrance, put the revolver under his pillow, and then undressed and went to bed, feeling that he had taken all possible precautions against an impossible or improbable event. He did not see why there should be any particular danger of normal burglary; and as for the spiritual burglary that figured in the traveler's tales of the Count de Lara, if his thoughts ran on them so near to sleep it was because they were such stuff as dreams are made of. They soon turned into dreams with intervals of dreamless slumber. As usual the old clerk was a little more restless; but after fussing about a little longer, and repeating some of his favorite regrets and warnings, he also retired to his bed in the same manner and slept. The moon brightened and grew dim again above the green square and the gray blocks of houses in a solitude and silence that seemed to have no human witness; and it was when the white

cracks of daybreak had already appeared in the corners of the gray sky that the thing happened.

Boyle, being young, was naturally both the healthier and the heavier sleeper of the two. Though active

enough when he was once awake, he always had a load to lift in waking. Moreover, he had dreams of the sort that cling to the emerging mind like the dim coils of an octopus. They were a medley of many things, including his last look from the balcony across the four gray roads and the green square. But the pattern of them changed and shifted and turned dizzily, to the accompaniment of a low grinding noise, which sounded somehow like a subterranean river and may have been no more than old Mr. Jameson snoring in the dressing-room. But in the dreamer's mind all that murmur and motion was vaguely connected with the words of the Count de Lara about a wisdom that could hold the

levers of time and space and turn the world. In the dream it seemed as if a vast murmuring machinery under the world were really moving whole landscapes hither and thither; so that the ends of the earth might appear in a man's front garden, or his own front garden be exiled beyond the sea.

The first complete impression he had



"I AM GOING UP TO LONDON"

were the words of a song, with a rather thin metallic accompaniment; they were sung in a foreign accent and a voice that was still strange and yet faintly familiar. And yet he could hardly feel sure that he was not making up poetry in his sleep.

"Over the land and over the sea  
My flying fishes will come to me  
For the note is not of the world that  
wakes them  
But in ——"

He struggled to his feet and saw that his fellow-guardian was already out of bed; Jameson was peering out of the long window on to the balcony and calling out to someone in the street below.

"Who's that?" he called out sharply. "What do you want?"

He turned to Boyle in agitation, saying "There's somebody prowling about just outside. I knew it wasn't safe. I'm going to bar that front-door whatever they say."

He ran downstairs in a flutter, and Boyle could hear the clattering of the bars upon the front-door; but Boyle himself stepped out upon the balcony and looked out on the long gray road that led up to the house, and he thought he was still dreaming.

Upon that gray road leading across that empty moor and through that little English hamlet there had appeared a figure that might have stepped straight out of the jungle or the bazaar; a figure out of one of the Count's fantastic stories; a figure out of the *Arabian Nights*. The rather ghostly gray twilight which begins to define and yet to discolor everything when the light in the east has ceased to be localized lifted slowly like a veil of gray gauze and showed him a figure wrapped in outlandish raiment. A scarf of a strange sea-blue, vast and voluminous, went round the head like a turban and then again round the chin, giving rather the general character of a hood; so far as the face was concerned it had all the effect of a mask. For the raiment round the head was drawn close as a veil; and

the head itself was bowed over a queer-looking musical instrument made of silver or steel, and shaped like a deformed or crooked violin. It was played with something like a silver comb and the notes were curiously thin and keen. Before Boyle could open his mouth the same haunting alien accent came from under the shadow of the burnous, singing words of the same sort:

"As the golden birds go back to the  
tree  
My golden fishes return to me  
Return ——"

"You've no right here," called out Boyle in exasperation, hardly knowing what he said.

"I have a right to the goldfish," said the stranger, speaking more like King Solomon than an unsandaled Bedouin in a ragged blue cloak. "And they will come to me. Come!"

He struck his strange fiddle as his voice rose sharply on the word. There was a pang of sound that seemed to pierce the ear; and then there came a fainter sound like an answer, like a vibrant whisper. It came from the dark room behind where the bowl of goldfish was standing.

Boyle turned towards it; and even as he turned the echo in the inner room changed to a long tingling sound like an electric bell and that to a faint crash. He stepped swiftly into the inner chamber. The old clerk had already regained the top of the stairs, panting a little, for he was an elderly gentleman.

"I've locked up the door anyhow," he said.

"The stable door," said Boyle, out of the darkness of the inner room.

Jameson followed him into that apartment and found him staring down at the floor, which was covered with a litter of colored glass like the curved bits of a broken rainbow.

"What do you mean by the stable door?" began Jameson.

"I mean that the steed is stolen," answered Boyle. "The flying steeds. The



flying fishes our Arab friend outside has just whistled to him like so many performing puppies."

"But how could he?" exploded the old clerk, as if such events were hardly respectable.

"Well, they're gone," said Boyle shortly. "The broken bowl is here, which would have taken a long time to open properly, but only a second to smash. But the fish are gone, God knows how, though I think our friend ought to be asked."

"We are wasting time," said the distracted Jameson. "We ought to be after him at once."

"Much better be telephoning the police at once," answered Boyle. "They ought to outstrip him in a flash with motors and telephones, that go a good deal farther than we should ever get, running through the village in our night-gowns. But it may be there are things even police cars and wires won't outstrip."

While Jameson was talking to the police-station through the telephone in an agitated voice, Boyle went out again on to the balcony and hastily scanned that gray landscape of daybreak. There was no trace of the man in the turban and no other sign of life, except some faint stirrings an expert might have recognized in the hotel of the Blue Dragon. Only Boyle for the first time noted consciously something that he had all along been noting unconsciously. It was like a fact struggling in the submerged mind and demanding its own meaning. It was simply the fact that the gray landscape had never been entirely gray; there was one gold spot amid its level stripes of colorless color—a lamp lighted in one of the houses on the other side of the green. Something, perhaps irrational, told him that it had been burning through all the hours of the darkness and was only fading with the dawn. He counted the houses and his calculation brought out a result which seemed to fit in with some-



JAMESON WAS PEERING OUT OF THE LONG WINDOW

thing, he knew not what. It was apparently the house of the Count Yvon de Lara.

Inspector Pinner had arrived with several policemen and done several things of a rapid and resolute sort, being conscious that the very absurdity of the costly trinkets taken might give the case considerable prominence in the newspapers. He had examined everything, measured everything, taken down everybody's deposition, taken everybody's fingerprints, put everybody's back up, and found himself at the end left facing a fact which he could not believe. An Arab from the desert had walked up the public road and stopped in front of the house of Mr. Peregrine Smart where a bowl of artificial goldfish was kept in an inner room; he had then sung or recited a little poem and the bowl had exploded like a bomb and the fishes vanished into thin air. Nor did it soothe the Inspector to be told by a foreign count in a soft purring voice that the bounds of experience were being enlarged.

Indeed, the attitude of each member of the little group was characteristic enough. Peregrine Smart himself had come back from London the next morning to hear the news of his loss. Naturally he admitted a shock; but it was typical of something sporting and spirited in the little old gentleman—something that always made his small strutting figure look like a cock-sparrow's—that he showed more vivacity in the search than depression at the loss. The man named Harmer, who had come to the village on purpose to buy the goldfish, might be excused for being a little testy on learning they were not there to be bought. But in truth his rather aggressive mustache and eyebrows seemed to bristle with something more definite than disappointment; and the eyes that darted over the company were bright with a vigilance that might well be suspicion. The sallow and smiling face of the bank manager, who had also re-

turned from London though by a later train, seemed again and again to attract those shining and shifting eyes like a magnet. Of the two remaining figures of the original circle, Father Brown was generally silent when he was not spoken to, and the dazed Hartopp was often silent even when he was.

But the Count was not a man to let anything pass that gave an apparent advantage to his views. He smiled at his rationalistic rival, the Doctor, in the manner of one who knows how it is possible to be irritating by being ingratiating.

"You will admit, Doctor," he said, "that at least some of the stories you thought so improbable look a little more realistic to-day than they did yesterday. When a man as ragged as those I described is able by speaking a word to dissolve a solid vessel inside the four walls of the house outside which he stands, it might perhaps be called an example of what I said about spiritual powers and material barriers."

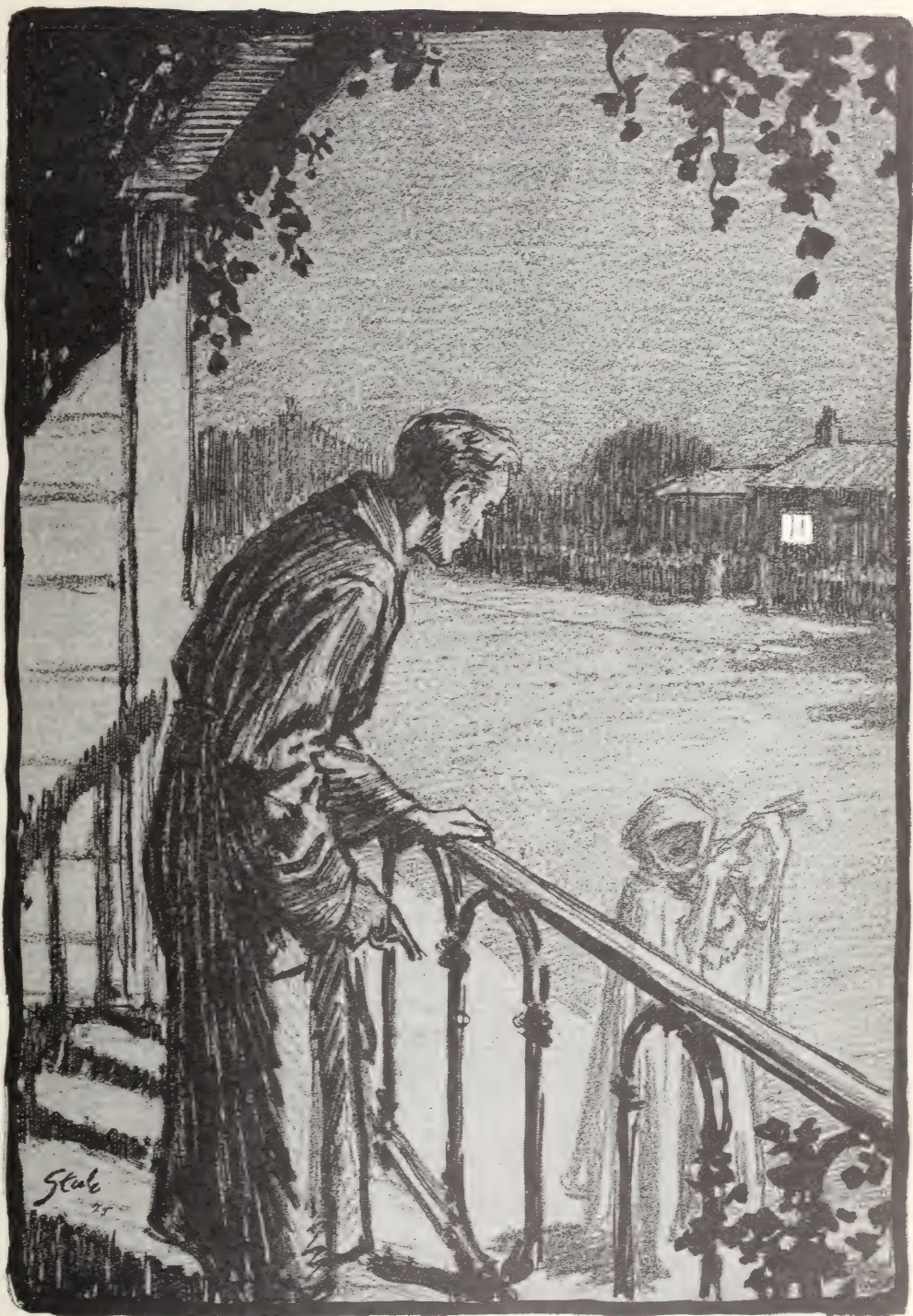
"And it might be called an example of what I said," said the Doctor sharply, "about a little scientific knowledge being enough to show how the tricks are done."

"Do you really mean, Doctor," asked Smart in some excitement, "that you can throw any scientific light on this mystery?"

"I can throw light on what the Count calls a mystery," said the Doctor, "because it is not a mystery at all. That part of it is plain enough. A sound is only a wave of vibration, and certain vibrations can break glass if the sound is of a certain kind and the glass of a certain kind. The man did not stand in the road and think—which the Count tells us is the ideal method when Orientals want a little chat. He sang out what he wanted quite loud and struck a shrill note on an instrument. It is similar to many experiments by which glass of special composition has been cracked."

"Such as the experiment," said the Count lightly, "by which several lumps of solid gold have suddenly ceased to exist."





*Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele*

HE SAW A FIGURE WRAPPED IN OUTLANDISH RAIMENT

"Here comes Inspector Pinner," said Boyle. "Between ourselves, I think he would regard the Doctor's natural explanation as quite as much of a fairy tale as the Count's preternatural one. A very skeptical intellect, Mr. Pinner's; especially about me. I rather think I am under suspicion."

"I think we are all under suspicion," said the Count.

It was the presence of this suspicion in his own case that led Boyle to seek the personal advice of Father Brown. They were walking round the village green together some hours later in the day when the priest, who was frowning thoughtfully at the ground as he listened, suddenly stopped.

"Do you see that?" he asked. "Something odd about the pavements here—just this little strip of pavement outside this small house."

Father Brown looked up rather earnestly at the house, which was high and narrow and carried rows of striped sun-blinds of gay but already faded colors. The chinks or crannies that gave glimpses of the interior looked all the darker; indeed, they looked almost black in contrast with the façade thus golden in the morning light.

"That is Colonel Varney's house, isn't it?" he asked. "He comes from the East too, I fancy. What sort of a man is he?"

"I've never even seen him," answered Boyle. "I don't think anybody's seen him except Dr. Burdock; and I rather fancy the Doctor doesn't see him more than he need."

"Well, I'm going to see him for a minute," said Father Brown.

The big front-door opened and swallowed the small priest; his friend had an instantaneous glimpse of the copper face of an Indian servant and a large palm in a pot. It reopened in ten minutes and Father Brown emerged, still smiling, and continued his slow and pottering progress round the square of roads. Sometimes he seemed to have forgotten the matter in hand altogether;

for he would make passing remarks on historical and social questions or on the prospects of development in the district. He remarked on the red soil used for the beginning of a new road by the bank; he looked across the old village green with a vague expression, saying, "Common Land, I suppose. People ought to feed their pigs and geese on it, if they had any pigs or geese; as it is, it seems to feed nothing but nettles and thistles. What a pity, that what was supposed to be a sort of large meadow has been turned into a small and petty wilderness! That's Dr. Burdock's house opposite, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Boyle, almost jumping at this abrupt postscript.

"Very well," answered Father Brown, "then I think we'll go indoors again."

As they opened the front-door of Smart's house and mounted the stairs, Boyle repeated to his companion many details of the drama enacted there at daybreak.

"I suppose you didn't doze off again?" asked Father Brown, "giving time for somebody to scale the balcony while Jameson ran down to secure the door?"

"No," answered Boyle, "I am sure of that. I woke up to hear Jameson challenging the stranger from the balcony; then I heard him running downstairs and putting up the bars; and then in three strides I was on the balcony myself."

"Or could he have slipped in between you from another corner? Are there any other entrances besides the front entrance?"

"Apparently not," said Boyle gravely.

"I had better make sure, don't you think?" asked Father Brown apologetically, and scuttled softly downstairs again. Boyle remained in the front bedroom, gazing rather doubtfully after him. After a comparatively brief interval the round and rather rustic visage appeared again at the head of the stairs, looking rather like a turnip ghost with a broad grin.

"No, I think that settled the matter of entrances," said the turnip ghost



cheerfully. "And now I think, having got everything in a tight box, so to speak, we can take stock of what we've got. It's rather a curious business."

"Do you think," asked Boyle, "that the Count or the Colonel or any of those eastern travelers have anything to do with it? Do you think it is—preternatural?"

"I will grant you this," said the priest gravely: "If the Count or the Colonel or any of your neighbors did dress up in Arab masquerade and creep up to this house in the dark—then it *was* preternatural."

"What do you mean? Why?"

"Because the Arab left no foot-prints," answered Father Brown. "The Colonel on the one side and the banker on the other are the nearest of your neighbors. That loose red soil is between you and the bank: it would print off bare feet like a

plaster cast and probably leaved red marks everywhere. I braved the Colonel's curry-seasoned temper to verify the fact that the front pavement was washed yesterday and not to-day; it was wet enough to make wet footprints all along the road. Now if the visitor were the Count or the Doctor in the houses opposite, he might possibly, of course, have come across the common. But he must have found it exceedingly uncomfortable with bare feet; for it is, as I remarked, one mass of thorns and thistles. He would surely have pricked himself and probably

left traces of it. Unless, as you say, he was a preternatural being."

Boyle looked steadily at the grave and indecipherable face of his clerical friend.

"Do you mean that he was?" he asked at length.

"There is one general truth to re-

member," said Father Brown after a pause. "A thing can sometimes be too close to be seen, as, for instance, a man cannot see himself. There was a man who had a fly in his eye when he looked through the telescope, and he discovered that there was a most incredible dragon in the moon. And I am told that if a man hears the exact reproduction of his own voice, it sounds like the voice of a stranger. In the same way, anything that is right in the foreground of our life we hardly see; and if we did we might think it quite odd.

If the thing in the foreground got into the middle distance, we should probably think it had come from the remote distance. Just come outside the house again for a moment; I want to show you how it looks from another standpoint."

He had already risen, and as they descended the stairs he continued his remarks, in a rather groping fashion as if he were thinking aloud.

"The Count and the Asiatic atmosphere all come in, because in a case like this everything depends on the prepa-



A ROUND VISAGE APPEARED

ration of the mind. A man can reach a condition in which a brick falling on his head will seem to be a Babylonian brick, carved with cuneiform, and dropped from the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; so that he will never even look at the brick and see it is of one pattern with the bricks of his own house. So in your case—"

"What does this mean?" interrupted Boyle, staring and pointing at the entrance. "What in the name of wonder does it mean? The door is barred again."

He was staring at the front-door by which they had entered but a little while before; and across which stood once more the great dark bands of rusty iron which had once, as he had said, locked the stable door too late. There was something darkly and dumbly ironic in that old fastening closing behind them and imprisoning them, as if of its own motion.

"Oh, those," said Father Brown casually. "I put up those bars myself just now. Didn't you hear me?"

"No," answered Boyle, staring. "I heard nothing."

"Well, I rather thought you wouldn't," said the other equably. "There's really no reason why anybody upstairs should hear those bars being put up. A sort of hook fits easily into a sort of hole. When you're quite close you hear a dull click; but that's all. The only thing that makes any noise a man could hear upstairs is this."

And he lifted the bar out of its socket and let it fall with a clang at the side of the door.

"It does make a noise if you *unbar* the door," said Father Brown gravely, "even if you do it pretty carefully."

"You mean—"

"I mean," said Father Brown, "that what you heard upstairs was Jameson opening the door and not shutting it. And now let's open the door ourselves and go outside."

When they stood outside in the street, under the balcony, the little priest re-

sumed his previous explanation as coolly as if it had been a chemical lecture.

"I was saying that a man may be in the mood to look for something very distant and not realize that it is something very close—something very close to himself—perhaps something very like himself. It was a strange and outlandish thing that you saw when you looked down at this road. I suppose it never occurred to you to consider what *he* saw when he looked up at that balcony."

Boyle was staring at the balcony and did not answer, and the other added:

"You thought it very wild and wonderful that an Arab should come through civilized England with bare feet. You did not remember that at the same moment you had bare feet yourself."

Boyle at last found words and they were to repeat words already spoken.

"Jameson opened the door?" he said mechanically.

"Yes," assented his friend. "Jameson opened the door and came out into the road in his night clothes, just as you came out on to the balcony. He caught up two things that you had seen a hundred times—the length of old blue curtain that he wrapped round his head and the Oriental musical instrument you must have often seen in that heap of Oriental curiosities. The rest was atmosphere and acting—very fine acting; for he is a very fine artist in crime."

"Jameson!" exclaimed Boyle incredulously. "He was such a dull old stick that I never even noticed him."

"Precisely," said the priest. "He was an artist. If he could act a wizard or a troubadour for six minutes, do you think he could not act a clerk for six weeks?"

"I am still not quite sure of his object," said Boyle.

"His object has been achieved," replied Brown, "or very nearly achieved. He had taken the goldfish already, of course, as he had twenty chances of doing. But if he had simply taken them everybody would have realized that he had twenty chances of doing it. By cre-



ating a mysterious magician from the ends of the earth, he set everybody's thoughts wandering far afield to Arabia and India, so that you yourself can hardly believe that the whole thing was so near home. It was too close to you to be seen."

"If this is true," said Boyle, "it was an extraordinary risk to run and he had to cut it very fine. It's true I never heard the man in the street say anything while Jameson was talking from the balcony; so I suppose that was all a fake. And I suppose it's true that there was time for him to get outside before I had fully woken up and got out on to the balcony. But suppose I had woken up too soon."

"Every crime depends on somebody not waking up too soon," replied Father Brown, "and in every sense most of us wake up too late. I for one have woken up much too late. For I imagine he's bolted long ago; just before or just after they took his fingerprints."

"You woke up before anybody else anyhow," said Boyle, "and I should never have woken up in that sense. Jameson was so correct and colorless that I forgot all about him."

"Beware of the man you forget," replied his friend: "he is the one man who has you entirely at a disadvantage. But I did not suspect him either until you

told me how you heard him barring the door."

"Anyhow, we owe it all to you," said Boyle warmly.

"You owe it all to Mrs. Robinson," said Father Brown with a smile.

"Mrs. Robinson?" questioned the wondering secretary, "you don't mean the housekeeper?"

"Beware of the woman you forget, and even more," answered the other. "This man was a very high-class criminal; he had been an excellent actor, and therefore he was a good psychologist. A man like the Count never hears any voice but his own; but this man could listen when you had all forgotten he was there, and gather exactly the right materials for his romance and know exactly the right note to strike to lead you all astray. But he made one bad mistake in psychology. And that was about the psychology of Mrs. Robinson."

"I don't understand," answered Boyle, "what she can have to do with it?"

"Jameson did not expect the doors to be barred," said Father Brown. "He knew that a lot of men, especially careless men like you and your employer, could go on saying for days that something might as well be done; but if you convey to a woman that something ought to be done there is always a dreadful danger that she will suddenly do it."

# A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

V—*Charles Dickens*

BY ERNEST BOYD

THE reputation of Charles Dickens differs in one vital respect from that of the other classical writers whom we have considered: his fame is essentially popular. He is not an author whom the critics of his time had to defend against an indifferent public opinion, and his after-fame is not swathed in the mummy wrappings of academic annotators. The consequence is that, although the literature which has accumulated about him is voluminous, it lacks the unconscious humor of the customary classical exegetists, who have had no opportunity for the display of their peculiar talents. They have placed him on no pedestal like that of Shakespeare; they have not embalmed him like Milton; unlike Swift, he has not frightened them into misrepresentation; unlike Byron, he provides no horrified thrills which induce a determination to hush things up. His name is in all the college manuals and is familiar wherever books are read, but it owes nothing of its survival to professors, who, it is interesting to note, are but scantily represented in the bibliography of his commentators. Dickens is the first great author whom the plain people discovered for themselves.

When Charles Dickens was born, in 1812, the last flickering lights of the eighteenth century were disappearing, the nineteenth century in all its fatuity had rapidly set in, and by the time he had got over his literary nonage in *Sketches by Boz*, Queen Victoria was on the throne, and it already seemed as if what we know as Victorianism was an eternal and immutable condition. The

superstition of progress and the dogma of democratic infallibility were enthroned, and an era had opened up which needed prophets of a character appropriate to its peculiar needs. Literature had ceased, or was ceasing, to be the possession of a civilized minority, and after various hesitations fiction emerged as the dominant literary *genre*, the form most suited to the mass consumption which became the result of the spread of "education." Most of the novelists who shared with Dickens the enthusiasm of this new public, Harrison Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, Theodore Hook, and Wilkie Collins, were so bad that by comparison Dickens seems more than great enough to explain his survival. If the others are now forgotten, we must not forget that to the taste which Dickens fostered they were as acceptable as he, for discrimination is no part of the demand out of which his fame grew.

With the possible exception of Walter Scott, whom "no adult can read and every grown-up person has read," as Georg Brandes remarks, Charles Dickens represents the beginning of that species of literary mobocracy under which the man in the street has become increasingly the arbiter in matters which he does not understand. To this day only the most modest claims are made for Dickens as an artist and a craftsman, but his position in the affections of the crowd has always been such that criticism has been obliged to accept him and to silence its æsthetic conscience as best it can. This abdication finds its sequel to-day in the endeavor to explain "the



significance" of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, and in the general conviction that one person is just as qualified as another to speak as a critic of art and literature. Its apotheosis is found in the attitude defined by Tolstoy in *What is Art?*, where that logician of primitive Christianity carries his concern for the masses to the point at which almost every great achievement in the arts is dismissed as unworthy. An entirely new definition of art is his logical solution of the problem at which so many like to tinker—the problem of how to make art subserve a moralistic end and also remain within the reach of uneducated and undeveloped minds. Better, it seems, that infantilism be the lot of the artist than that the limitations of the mob be exposed by confrontation with matters above its level. Under a Christian democracy Tolstoy's book should be the official primer of æsthetics, for it is the only complete exposition of the ideas with which less honest minds eternally strive to compromise.

It is highly significant that Charles Dickens is one of the few writers of accepted renown who is frequently cited with approval by Tolstoy. He is the predestined glory of the evangelical literary world and the perfect model of the bourgeois Anglo-Saxon genius. He is genial, vulgar, boisterous, sentimental, and full of good intentions. He never looks a problem straight in the face if he can help it, and his flight from reality is so instinctive that he can visualize the worst social conditions, the most repulsive human types, the most tragic circumstances only in terms of the grotesque or the melodramatic. We are constantly reminded of the immortal types which Dickens has given to the whole English-speaking world: Bill Sikes is the burglar incarnate, Mrs. Gamp the nurse, Bumble the beadle, and Squeers the schoolmaster. To mention such personages as Sam Weller, the Artful Dodger, Mr. Micawber, Uriah Heep, Mr. Podsnap, Pecksniff, Mark Tapley, and a host of others, is to conjure up at

once as definite a character as a person one knows in actual life. Yet the slightest reflection will show that these creations are as unreal as the heroes and heroines of the Pollyanna school of fiction. Bill Sikes and Nancy are a criminal and his girl, a pair from which those who most delight in Dickens would be the first to shrink had anything of the reality been allowed into Dickens's picture of them. Mr. Micawber is the kind of man whom his friends soon learn to avoid and whose selfish imbecility usually destroys the happiness of those who unfortunately depend upon him.

Not only does Dickens conceal all that these people really are, but his perverse sense of humor leads him to show a marked preference for getting his fun out of what is manifestly horrible or depressing to anyone with a sensitive but realistic imagination. When one begins to recall the scenes and characters which have remained as examples of Dickens's humorous fancies, one finds that an enormous number of them is intrinsically quite the opposite of funny. Dotheboys Hall and Mr. Squeers are assuredly far from laughable; Quilp is a disgusting brute; Mrs. Nickleby a dreadful infliction upon her daughter; the Reverend Mr. Stiggins a repulsive, snivelling creature; the Marchioness a painfully overworked drudge. Yet, so incurable was Dickens's sentimentalism that he could present all this sordidness, brutality, poverty, and crime without ever making their reality felt, while congratulating himself on his "realism." "I will not abate one hole in the Dodger's coat, or one scrap of curl-paper in the girl's dishevelled hair," he writes, and one is reminded of the tears and patches on a stage costume representing poverty.

In what seems to me a strenuous effort to lend some significance to the fact that Dickens survives, while his friend and collaborator Wilkie Collins is dead, like most of his contemporaries, it is said that he was a great instrument of reform, a champion of the poor, an incarnation of the sturdy virtues of Merrie

England. If the description of Dotheboys Hall reformed the English school system, then Early Victorian England was more susceptible to gentle reproof than the history of the period indicates. The Chartist movement, the Land war in Ireland, the factory legislation of Lord Shaftesbury, and so forth, are not precisely evidence that social changes were so easily effected as this theory of Dickens as the scourge of evil would imply. Neither his Bumble nor his Micawber gives any more sense of the cruelty of the Poor Law and of imprisonment for debt than his Nancy conveys the impression of being an authentic specimen of her class. His world is one of such grotesque unreality that it would be as plausible to argue that Marie Corelli's *Wormwood* aroused France and Switzerland to prohibit absinthe, as to see in *Nicholas Nickleby* or *Oliver Twist* historic documents in the history of social reform in England.

That Dickens himself had some illusion as to the reformist mission of his writings is undeniable, but his intentions need not be accepted for achievements. When the late Miss Marie Corelli wrote such masterpieces as *The Sorrows of Satan* and *Temporal Power* she had as assuredly a serious aim as had her distinguished competitor when he wrote *The Christian*. But in their unreal worlds of melodrama it is impossible to take seriously the situations described, even though one be as horrified as Miss Corelli herself was when she showed us a depraved young English girl reading Swinburne and smoking a cigarette. Propagandist fiction is bad enough in all conscience, but were it added to the other defects in Dickens he would not be read as he is to this day. Fortunately for him, his propaganda was so divorced from reality that none of his readers ever slept a wink the less on that account, just as the equal esteem in which Marie Corelli was held by the plain people was in no wise determined by their indignation at the turpitude which she professed to uncover.

The aim of Dickens was primarily to amuse, and in this respect he was so obliging that he would alter a story to make it more pleasant. When his Jewish customers protested against Fagin he provided Aaron in *Our Mutual Friend* just to show that there were noble Jews as well as the other kind. His ambition was not to express himself, except in terms of what he held in common with the average reader, but to express the point of view of his public at any cost. In other words, Dickens had all the requisites for the manufacture of digestive fiction, and he is the legitimate ancestor of the innumerable brood that has followed him in that lucrative business. The notion that popular circulationists write with tongue in cheek is erroneous. They always conceive of themselves as having a lofty purpose and, like Dickens, they imagine that they can deal with problems, with the harsher aspects of life, without bringing blushes to supposititious cheeks, and without really getting below the surface. What seems to less commonplace minds a lack of artistic integrity becomes in them that most precious of all illusions, a moral purpose. They claim to be far more effective than their less fortunately constituted colleagues in that the very sweetness and delicacy of their method enables them to build up a huge following and to reach thousands who would not respond to the unpleasant truth.

Dickens was born into English literature just at the moment when the ideals of Victorianism demanded a writer who could triumphantly realize them without doing violence to his own ideals. Whereas a Thackeray had at least the grace to admit that it had become impossible for an English novelist to emulate the author of *Tom Jones*, Dickens professed to have been greatly inspired and influenced by Fielding and Smollett, but made no complaint against the conventions which were emasculating the English novel. He was in his element in a society whose ears were stopped with cotton wool, and where taboos so



virulently flourished that the expression "Early Victorianism" was to become the synonym for unhealthy prudery and self-complacent ugliness based on what we now know to have been sheer intellectual dishonesty. The result is that the modern reader can respect only those isolated figures who miraculously escaped the prevailing blight and are rewarded in our esteem for the actual or comparative neglect which was their fate at the hands of the Victorian public. If Charlotte Brontë, or Jane Austen before her, had reflected the popular taste as Dickens did, one might have more respect both for the English novel and for the voice of the people as the voice of literary criticism.

The newly arising middle-class, with the carrot of progress dangling before its nose and the dawn of the industrial era filling the skies with clouds of smoke, very naturally demanded the literature to which it could respond, and the supply was forthcoming. There was the dreary tribe of women novelists of both sexes, the George Eliots, Gaskells, Trollopes, and worse, with Dickens leading them on. Under his reign, as much as under Victoria's, English fiction allowed its feet to be bound in bonds so tight and deforming that the cramped and almost atrophied muscles are only now beginning slowly to recover their old suppleness. The undoubtedly great talent of Dickens did not suffer under the constraints which hampered and delayed greater men who followed him immediately, like Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, and Samuel Butler. He easily accepted the postulates which governed the writing of fiction during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century in England, postulates which make one marvel all the more because of the wonderful beginnings to which they promised an ignominious end. After Defoe, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, these purveyors to the legendary "Young Person" were a feeble succession in a line so mighty that the Continent had learned the craft of fiction from the

British novelists. Now came the novel made chemically pure by resolute evasion and timid euphemism, romanticizing the home, sentimentalizing distress, substituting marriage for love, and in its endeavor to eliminate sex almost obliterating what was known at the time as the Sex. To enumerate the omissions and defects of the Victorian novel is to sum up the entire stock in trade of Dickens: his inability to describe women who are not either morons or comic stage characters, his avoidance of passion until its wicked fruits can be dragged in for melodramatic effect, as in the affair of Steerforth and Little Em'ly and the story of Lady Dedlock in *Bleak House*, his young girls who are just pale puppets to be used for the introduction of marriage bells and, in general, his tiresome insistence on foibles and eccentricities in lieu of characterization, his substitution of masks for faces.

It is not for nothing that the era of Dickens saw the decline of the English novel from a first-rate achievement for adult minds to a distraction for children and an aid to digestion. The genius for fiction, frustrated in England, found expression in France where the preoccupations of the literary world were far removed indeed from debates as to whether *Oliver Twist* was not an immoral glorification of crime. Balzac had produced a large part of his colossal work, and *Eugénie Grandet*, *Père Goriot* and *Les Illusions perdues* made an appearance which coincided with that of *Sketches by Boz*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*. When England was wallowing in the bathos of Little Nell, Stendhal published *La Chartreuse de Parme*. Between 1833 and 1853, the years when Dickens's fame and popularity reached their highest point, Balzac was pouring out of his wonderful fecundity the finest volumes of his *Human Comedy*; and he was then a man with a vast quantity of work behind him, sufficient in quantity to have at least begun to exhaust the imaginative vigor of a lesser writer. In the prodigious canon of

his writings—which the bibliographers list in more than three hundred titles—there is much rubbish; even in the more modest compass in which his collected works are preserved, many volumes could be spared. All that is conceded as to Balzac's lack of style makes his case somewhat analogous to that of Dickens, whose defects are frankly admitted by most critics. Yet there can be no comparison of these two novelists who dominated the fiction of their countries in the early nineteenth century. Balzac was a great creative genius who made the modern French novel. Dickens was an energetic entertainer whose success helped materially to unmake the modern English novel.

During the twenty-year period mentioned Dickens published *Sketches by Boz*, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, and *Bleak House*, which are not only the books of his own heyday but also those upon which his posthumous popularity chiefly rests; they are the quintessence of all that is Dickensian. They all belong to that first half of the nineteenth century whose ingenuous self-satisfaction with the shibboleths bequeathed by the then deceased and therefore respected French Revolution is so well reflected in Macaulay's *History of England*. Smug piety and domesticity enjoyed the highest sanction and example of the Court, and the country had the popular literature it deserved. But the turn of the century was to witness the first uneasy stirrings of a conviction that all was not well, and by 1859, when Darwin published *The Origin of Species*, the political and theological illusions necessary to the existence of Victorianism were being rudely shaken. Even Dickens was touched to some extent by the movement of ideas, and during the last fifteen years of his life his writings showed traces of a less unscrupulous optimism. In 1854 *Hard Times* appeared, followed by *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual*

*Friend* and the unfinished *Edwin Drood*. These are the works which are credited with a real seriousness, and in them, if anywhere, the claim of Dickens to be regarded as more than a puppet master must be found.

"One or two passages of exquisite pathos and the rest sullen Socialism" was an eminently Victorian contemporary's judgment on *Hard Times*. In reality, the book is the nearest approach Dickens made to realism, in the sense that he places his scenes not in some phantasmagoric world of his imagination but in the Potteries, and his characters are recognizable types rather than caricatures. Coketown is presented, not as a slum with picturesque possibilities, but as an ordinary factory town such as Arnold Bennett might describe. Its smoke and dirt, its miserable population, its masters Gradgrind and Bounderby are no longer subjects for humorous embroidery. Dickens is content to describe them as they are and to use them to point the moral of his great discovery: that the industrial revolution meant not progress but the degradation of civilization. Mrs. Gamp and Quilp and Bill Sikes are not precisely charming people, but in their presentation by Dickens many people profess to be charmed by them. Nobody has found Gradgrind and Bounderby charming, although through sheer force of habit Dickens tries half-heartedly to make comic figures of them by his usual device of emphasizing oddities of speech and demeanor. Having described Bounderby drumming on his hat as if it were a tambourine, Dickens proceeds to add, "Mr. Bounderby put his tambourine on his head, like an oriental dancer." He provides Sleary with a stage lisp worthy of a burlesque show and, having created a relatively credible young woman in Louisa Gradgrind, he puts her through melodramatic paces comparable to those of Edith Dombey. If there is anything worse in Dickens than the scene in which Louisa tells her father that she nearly succumbed to Harthouse, either



in its stilted language or its general unconvincingness, I have not discovered it.

In *Hard Times* Dickens has largely resisted that perverse desire of his to make all loathsome creatures funny, but he still clings to the corollary of that method: he makes tragic figures theatrical and flies ignominiously from all manifestations of the elementary human passions. He either cannot—as I think—or will not create character and analyze human motives and impulses. We must be grateful when, as in *Hard Times*, he succeeds in showing us types undistorted by his resolve to be whimsical under all circumstances. Ordinarily types are abstractions which we do not accept for living human beings in the works of greater novelists. But Dickens felt so strongly the theme of *Hard Times* that he—perhaps unwittingly—planted certain types squarely before us. Better than the hackneyed passage about Gradgrind the man of facts, is this sketch of the self-made ignoramus:

Vagabond, errand-boy, vagabond, labourer, porter, clerk, chief manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. Those are the antecedents, and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby of Coketown learnt his letters from the outsides of the shops, Mrs. Gradgrind, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from studying the steeple clock of St. Giles's Church, London, under the direction of a drunken cripple, who was a convicted thief and an incorrigible vagrant. Tell Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, of your district schools and your model schools, and your training schools, and your whole kettle-of-fish of schools; and Josiah Bounderby of Coketown tells you plainly, all right, all correct—he hadn't such advantages—but let us have hard-headed, solid-fisted people—the education that made him won't do for everybody, he knows well—such and such his education was, however, and you may force him to swallow boiling fat, but you shall never force him to suppress the facts of his life.

Unlike some of the other horrors which Dickens described, this one, so far as I know, is not counted among those with whose abolition he is credited. Even the formula for describing

this Early Victorian Babbitt is still working well. Another phenomenon of modern times is also well recorded in this epic of industrial progress:

There was a native organization in Coketown itself, whose members were to be heard of in the House of Commons every session, indignantly petitioning for acts of parliament that should make these people religious by main force. Then came the Teetotal Society, who complained that these same people *would* get drunk, and showed in tabular statements that they did get drunk, and proved at tea parties that no inducement, human or Divine (except a medal), would induce them to forego their custom of getting drunk. Then came the chemist and the druggist, with other tabular statements, showing that when they didn't get drunk, they took opium. Then came the experienced chaplain of the jail, with more tabular statements, outdoing all the previous tabular statements, and showing that the same people *would* resort to low haunts, hidden from the public eye, where they heard low singing and saw low dancing, and mayhap joined in it; and where A. B., aged twenty-four next birthday, and committed for eighteen months' solitary, had himself said (not that he had ever shown himself particularly worthy of belief) his ruin began, as he was perfectly sure and confident that otherwise he would have been a tip-top moral specimen.

Here, too, is an abuse which Dickens somehow failed to abolish, no doubt because, as these two quotations indicate, *Hard Times* lacks that genial note which turned Nancy into a sweet young thing and made Quilp just a quaint little creature. It is the harshest of all his works and one of the least popular. It is, to quote Bernard Shaw, "the first fruit of that very interesting occurrence which our religious sects call, sometimes conversion, sometimes attaining to conviction of sin . . . the occasional indignation has spread and deepened into a passionate revolt against the whole industrial order of the modern world. Here you will find no more villains and heroes, but only oppressors and victims, oppressing and suffering in spite of themselves, driven by a huge machinery

which grinds to pieces the people it should nourish and ennoble, and having for its directors the basest and the most foolish instead of the noblest and most farsighted."

Mr. Shaw is, of course, trying to persuade himself that, having touched earth for once, Dickens is to be hailed at this point as a Socialist, probably the only occasion when Bernard Shaw and Lord Macaulay ever found themselves in agreement. "Entirely right in main drift and purpose" was Ruskin's comment, which leaves the novel as such uncriticized. Looking at the book today, one is more impressed by its crudities than by its virtues when compared with the works of the earlier manner. Mr. Sleary, Cissy Jupe, Rachel and Stephen Blackpool are honest, noble, God-fearing, unselfish workers contrasted mechanically with the hardness and swinishness of the Gradgrinds and Bounderbys. Slackbridge, the trade-union organizer, is a middle-class bogey, as incredible, as unrelated to the truth as Dickens's equally bourgeois misconceptions about the aristocracy. He sees the trade unions with the same eyes as Gradgrind, and describes the meetings of Slackbridge with all the ignorance of a man who hated to remember that he once worked in a blacking factory. If Dickens had possessed that insight into the minds and hearts of the working-classes with which his radical as well as his sentimental admirers endow him, it is strange that this "apostle of the people," as Edwin Pugh calls him, could be guilty of the middle-class snobbery of *Hard Times*. The truth is that this book simply stands outside the previous limits which Dickens had set himself; it does not stand higher, because at best it has the qualities of Charles Kingsley: it is mid-Victorian radicalism.

*Little Dorrit*, his next book, is another attempt on the part of Dickens to write seriously. The difference between it and his previous work is more obviously illustrated by the fact that it treats realistically a theme which the author had

already treated fantastically. Edward Dorrit's disintegration under pressure of financial circumstance is the true story with which Dickens trifled when he drew his picture of Mr. Micawber. It is, I think, significant and typical of the problem with which Dickens confronts the modern reader that Edward Dorrit is probably the obscurest character in the Dickens repertory whereas Micawber is one of the most familiar. Dorrit is one of the rare instances of honest analysis in the writings of Dickens, Micawber is one of the many instances of sentimental embellishment; the former is forgotten, the latter is remembered. What is even more significant of the attitude of those who admire Dickens is the bewildered speculation as to how the same person, to wit, the novelist's father, could serve as the model for both Micawber and Dorrit—a bewilderment as naïve as that which might be produced by comparing the antics of a drunken man as seen by a boon companion with those antics as reported by the policeman who arrested them. The moment that Dickens describes anything as it exists in reality, we are warned that he is not himself. By one of those sardonic strokes of fate which were peculiarly numerous, as we have subsequently discovered, in the unspacious times of Queen Victoria, the life of Dickens refused to become a part of his scheme of things. The coryphant of domesticity could not live with his own wife. The anxieties of that crisis are urged in extenuation of the fact that it was then that he wrote *Little Dorrit*, a story with an unhappy ending.

We are entitled to congratulate ourselves that he did not live in this so enlightened and uninhibited age, when he would assuredly have found it both necessary and desirable to transform his domestic affairs into copy. Let us be content to note that when the bottom dropped out of Dickens's universe he also dropped his rose-colored spectacles and attempted to see life steadily, if not whole. The consequence was that in *Little Dorrit* he has left some satire which



it is still possible to read with enjoyment, the picture of the Circumlocution Office, for example, in which the eternal beauties of bureaucracy are enshrined. The essence of parliamentary government is contained in such passages as this:

Then would the noble lord or right honourable gentleman, in whose department it was to defend the Circumlocution Office, put an orange in his pocket, and make a regular field-day of the occasion. Then would he come down to that house with a slap upon the table and meet the honourable gentleman foot to foot. Then would he be there to tell that honourable gentleman that the Circumlocution Office was not only blameless in this matter, but was commendable in this matter, was extollable to the skies in this matter. Then would he be there to tell that honourable gentleman that although the Circumlocution Office was invariably right, and wholly right, it never was so right as in this matter. Then would he be there to tell the honourable gentleman that it would have been more to his honour, more to his credit, more to his good taste, more to his good sense, more to half the dictionary of common places if he had left the Circumlocution Office alone and never approached this matter. Then would he keep one eye upon a coach or crammer from the Circumlocution Office below the bar, and smash the honourable gentleman with the Circumlocution Office account of this matter. And although one of two things always happened; namely, either that the Circumlocution Office had nothing to say, and said it, or that it had something to say of which the right honourable gentleman blundered one half and forgot the other; the Circumlocution Office was always voted immaculate by an accommodating majority.

The light-hearted Dickens reappears in *Our Mutual Friend*, but in the main his later works are marked by an air of gravity which corresponded to a change in the temper of the times and in the circumstances of the author's own life. It would be an exaggeration to pretend that Dickens, even at this stage, showed any signs of being a man of ideas. In *Hard Times* and *Little Dorrit* there are flashes of genuine satire which enable one to reread those books with less impatience than the more typical works

arouse, but the essential childishness and superficiality of Dickens are inescapable. Balzac had died before Dickens entered this final phase of his career, but already another Frenchman had arisen to dwarf him. *Little Dorrit* was published the same year as *Madame Bovary*, and the mere juxtaposition of the two at once settles the place of the English novelist; he is simply not grown up. Furthermore, both Dickens and Flaubert established a line of fiction, and the one is infantile while the other is adult. To a superlative degree Dickens embodied that quality of mawkish respectability which differentiates modern English fiction from that of Continental Europe.

When Washington Irving wrote to Dickens of "that exquisite tact that enabled him to carry his reader through the veriest dens of vice and villainy without a breath to shock the ear or a stain to sully the robe of the most shrinking delicacy" he undoubtedly expressed an appreciation which is widely shared. In fact the same testimony has been proudly paid to a vast school of British and American novelists. Yet may one not legitimately ask what sort of morbid delight is this which brings writer and reader into contact with persons and situations from which they really shrink in horror? If an author likes to linger in "the veriest dens of vice," then intellectual honesty and artistic courage demand that he shall not pretend to be elsewhere. If such scenes have any genuine importance in the execution of his aim it must be because of their intrinsic effectiveness. Otherwise they are mere stage settings, artificial and unconvincing outside the world of pure make-believe. In fairy tales one does not consider the authenticity of material detail, but we expect of the modern novel something more than a fable for children; and it is because so many of our novelists do not realize this that fiction in English has ceased to offer anything to the intelligence, becoming nothing more than a means amongst others of killing time.

To demand that a writer shall give us only what he is prepared truthfully and honestly to describe is not, as some think, to insist that he shall outstep Zola in the inventorying of Nana's bedroom or Coupeau's kitchen. All that one asks is that, if he introduces us to Nana, she shall not be palmed off as a species of Little Nell. William Dean Howells, according to his latest biographer, wrote forty volumes in which "adultery is never pictured; seduction never; divorce once and sparingly . . . marriage discordant to the point of cleavage only once and in the same novel with the divorce; crime only once with any fullness; . . . politics never; religion passingly and superficially; science only in crepuscular psychology; mechanics, athletics, bodily exploits or collisions, very rarely." Whatever may be thought of this conception of the function of the novel, Howells had at least the courage of his omissions and did not try to include surreptitiously, as it were, what he conceived to be unpleasant or undesirable. He did not qualify for that strange test of merit which Washington Irving applied to Dickens. It is curious to notice that this list of Howells's taboos is almost a summary of Dickens's themes, yet the English novelist was no less squeamish than the American; he was simply less logical.

He was, however, more astute, not deliberately but unwittingly and instinctively; for he was able to satisfy that profound Anglo-Saxon yearning for appearances and compromises. Had Flaubert described Bill Sikes and Nancy, Dickens would not have made it one of his bravura pieces on the lecture platform—nor would Flaubert, for that matter, had he bethought himself of that lucrative aid to literary fame. Nobody ever congratulated the creator of *Madame Bovary* on having concluded that superb analysis "without a breath to shock the ear," for he so decidedly shocked the ears of the Second Empire that its well-known pruderies were out-

raged to the point of indicting him. Neither then nor since, nevertheless, could any intelligent person be found to argue that "the robe of the most shrinking delicacy" was stained by Flaubert's regard for his own artistic integrity. Therein lies all the difference between a novelist who knows what the public wants and one who knows only what he himself must and can do, between a great creative genius and a public entertainer. Their aims and their methods are as far apart as their fields; the one deals with life, the other with conventions.

The inevitable conclusion to the premise of the Victorian novel is a literature for grown-up children, which becomes, in the last analysis, a literature to be read in childhood. Hence the statement of Brandes about Scott which I have already quoted, and which may well stand for all that group of read but unreadable nineteenth century English novelists. If one begins young enough to be still in the omnivorous stage of reading it is possible to absorb Dickens with appropriate rapture, and it is sometimes possible to take him up again and see him through the merciful glamour of one's youth. But the spectacle of a person of mature taste encountering Dickens for the first time would have about it an air of incongruity as unbecoming as the sight of a man of forty stuffing himself with cream puffs in schoolboy fashion. The meal would prove also equally indigestible. Such defiances of nature are compatible only with youth. Then the receptive faculties are more developed than the critical, and pleasure is unrestrained by reflection. Thus it is without difficulty that one accepts the conventions of Dickens's unreal world where all the stage properties, scenery, and costumes are of the best quality, but the pretense of life is unsustained. Here are good humor and fantastic imagination, tears and thrills, a delightful fairyland in a realistic setting—everything that makes Charles Dickens an excellent writer for children.



# MUD, MUSSOLINI, AND THE MOTOR

## *The Tale of a Colombian Journey*

BY WILLIAM McFEE

IT was said by those who claimed an interest in the future prosperity and welfare of their visitor that the only way to go from Cartagena to Barranquilla was by steamer. It was true, they said, that a trail led around La Popa and across the swampy delta-lands to the city on the Magdalena, but it was not a route to be commended to anyone who wished to take back to North America memories favorable to Colombia. Words to that effect. Yes, it was even conceded that a motor car was known at times to get through, not "without novelty" as the Spanish say, but that too was fortuitous and no man could tell what might transpire on the way.

This was, all unknown to those kind friends and counselors, a fatal argument. To one who has always traveled within the bonds of discipline, to whom even enemy bombs and shells in the War never gave the feeling of being outside his conventional environment, the notion of a motor-car ride through an unknown land and with a chance of adventure appealed with irresistible power. Once it was admitted he could do it, he gave his friends no peace until he found the office where a large and smudged poster, homemade by the proprietor, announced that he would contract to carry his patrons on the following Friday to Barranquilla, with Security, Dispatch, and Felicity, leaving at ten o'clock with the utmost promptitude. Tickets would be obsequiously bestowed upon intending voyagers in return for the sum of ten pesos gold, a

highly reasonable amount of baggage being admitted without extra charge. Other information, in Spanish not to be guessed at by one who has no more than a memory of the Latin tongue, was added in smaller letters.

The office was just off the corner of one of the squares, and ranged in front of a pent-house not far away was a fleet of three ancient vehicles bearing on their radiators an assortment of honored names. Those Americans who find it impossible to approve of homemade cars and so go to Europe, at vast expense, for their locomotion, should investigate the records of some of these old heroes from Detroit who take year after year of killing punishment in exile, who carry spare springs on their running-boards and spare crank-shafts in their tool-boxes, who never get a heartening coat of enamel or any of the usual little touches of affection from the accessory shop. Never does a crushed fender get straightened or a splintered windshield renewed. However, Señor Salcedo Maria, the enterprising Colombian who has lost patience with a government which has not yet realized the necessity for roads, takes care that the interior gadgets of his machines have due attention from time to time. They have to make their own road, it appears, and you note compensating spring-shackles, snubbers, and recoil straps in place. The lime-stone dust of the Barranquilla district has scoured the paint and enamel and plating from the corners, and the four spare tires behind show where they have borne the heat and burden of the day.

It appears, on inquiry, there is a place available in this modern diligence and the ten gold pesos are handed over. Nothing now remains save to institute tactful inquiries concerning the activities of a famous but invisible laundress who promised delivery without fail three days ago. It is possible she is of a humorous turn—since the message comes back by the small negro boy that she has been having a baby and so has got behind with the laundry, but it will be round in the morning.

And so it is, very damp indeed and suffering somewhat when crushed into an over-full valise; but it is nearly ten already and the coach is at the door to take me to the bureau of Señor Salcedo Maria, whose car is advertised to start with almost incredible punctuality. Mine host and his major-domo, colored gentlemen with features of burnished ebony, and the usual swarm of servants are on hand to bid farewell to their one and only tourist, the latter being persuaded to accept a modest *solatium* for services rendered. It may be remarked here, while we are gallop-

ing up the *Calle de Universidad*, that the traveler must be prepared, in New Granada, to meet at the moment of departure from his hotel a small army of servants of whose very existence he has been kept in ignorance. They materialize out of the circumambient ether, they rise from unexpected crevices in the building, they appear suddenly halfway down apparently empty stairways, and they bear before them extended palms. They have obscure sources of information and are the familiar demons of the cab driver who has been summoned to carry you away. Their clothes would be scorned by an unprincipled scarecrow and their religion seems to have prohibited ablutions. Yet it is good policy to do something for them and it must be recorded that their ideas of reward are modest. Even if you give nothing they will not withdraw their favor from you, but will let you depart amid valedictory smiles and the indestructible courtesy of their race. *Vaya Usted con Dios!*

So we do, and arrive punctually at Señor Salcedo's door, but the car is not



A PICNIC SPOT ON THE MAGDALENA RIVER





A NATIVE HUT AND ITS INHABITANTS—HUMAN AND PORCINE

yet ready for the great adventure. A passenger, who resembles a good-natured Mussolini in yellow riding breeches and black leggings, is seated on a stout valise and is evidently despondent over the information that a small boy is offering him through the office cage. This small boy, who may be a son of Señor Salcedo, has an air of being in captivity in the cage, like a songbird, and instead of persevering with a typewriter he has in there, continually stands up and talks treble Spanish very fast through the bars, and it sounds to an uninstructed ear very like bird language. At this point two other passengers arrive: a woman and her small daughter, and the small boy converses with the lady in tones of great animation. One feels, watching him, hopping from his perch by the typewriter to the front of his cage and back, that it would be very difficult to lure him into school. His fine black eyes and expressive hands indicate he has found his vocation. He is optimistic and is equal to conversing amiably with a schoolmaster, should one appear. And he seems to be justified in his confident attitude, for a venerable six-cylinder touring car roars up

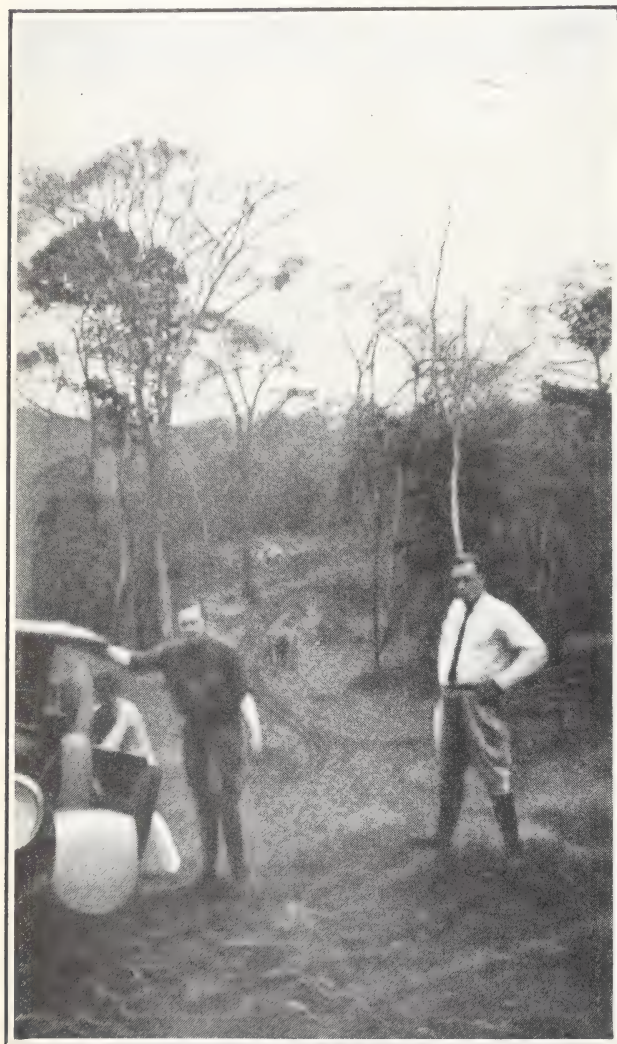
with much blaring of the horn, quite like the coach and six of olden times when it came into the tavern yard.

Even now, however (and it is ten-thirty), that mysterious faculty the Latins possess in a very high degree—of enjoying the present moment so much they seem reluctant to relinquish its exquisite savor; that propensity for investing the most trivial human function with torrents and cataracts and cloudbursts of talk—prevents our departure. Mussolini converses with the driver and the driver's assistant, a lank youth engaged in lashing our baggage on the running-boards where it will receive maximum damage or be most effectually inconvenient should one wish to get out. Señor Salcedo appears and talks to the other passengers and the boy in the cage trills musically to all and sundry. Two other passengers arrive who complete our company and immediately join in the talk. Considerable ingenuity has been used in the design of some of the baggage. Bundles are offered to the assistant chauffeur that are baffling in their polyhedral complexity. Everyone save the foreigner is well fortified with provisions for the journey, and it occurs to him he

might have time to get something. The chauffeur, however, seems telepathically aware of this idea and immediately sounds a terrific blast on the horn to inform the burgesses of Cartagena Eroica, Queen of the Oceans, that the departure of the *automovil a Barranquilla* is impending. But the small boy in the cage, who has been having a great time with a telephone, screams something and we wait a little longer, enjoying more torrents of conversation. All seven seats are occupied and the interstices filled with small parcels, so that the tonneau-space is practically solid, with Mussolini and his companions appearing above as though

partially buried alive. The running-boards and front-fenders are full of heavy baggage and there is even a dress-basket tied to the radiator. At last, with a roar and a most theatrical backfire, we dash across the square into the *Plaza de los Coches*, just within the main gate, and then, much to the astonishment of one passenger at least, pull up, back into the curb, and are at once surrounded by a crowd of interested and unoccupied citizens.

This is the Spanish way, and it has the prime virtue of giving the roaming traveler that precious second chance to observe. It gives him the second glance up the street which stays in his memory and perhaps becomes pregnant with meaning in the future when his fecund fancy, like the oyster with the microscopic irritant, enfolds the hard and sharp impression within the smooth and brilliant emollient of a new-fashioned tale. So he hopes, as he looks around him, noting the yellow clock-tower clean cut against the blue and gold of the sunlight of New Granada; the dramatic confluence of two streets, like the meeting of two dark rivers in a jungle of commerce; the romantic shadows beneath the arcade where are the stalls of food hawkers in a press of customers; and just as his chauffeur evokes a last whoop on his horn and the parcel for which we are waiting is flung into the car, a friar in a brown corded habit, with a huge bag of a hood behind his tonsured poll and a staff and scrip for offerings in his grimy grasp, steps off the sidewalk and shambles away toward the Cathedral as Franciscans have done these four hundred years. The next moment the car dashes through



THE ROAD, AS THE SPANISH SAY, "DIED"



the main gate and starts, without any further pretense at delay, since it is now eleven-twenty, for Barranquilla.

It is a statement provocative of much mirth from those who are not Spaniards that all Spanish towns are beautiful a mile away. The obvious retort—that many American and English towns are not beautiful even when several miles away—comes with a shock to unthinking patriots but it is true none the less. And it may be asserted that in Colombia it is the modern extensions beyond the ancient boundaries which affront the eye more than the original cities. Along the coast these extensions are largely the result of a negroid population that seems to spawn rather than propagate in a legitimate fashion, so rapidly does it increase. And so, as we rock and sway forward through the suburbs of Cartagena, we find lines of thatched huts that might be exhibited from Central Nigeria, and the roadway is littered with sucking pigs, hens with attendant broods, and naked children. These warrens are alternated with sections in which fine houses are buried in palms and poincianas and flaming begonias, their gardens and balconies looking out over a calm lagoon.

But soon these habitations cease to delight the eye, and the road, skirting the great lift of La Popa, runs through a sparse scrub and becomes a mere cattle-track across the marshy waste. And here is a strange impression to be noted, an impression not to be entirely explained by the physical phenomena. For as the road clears the houses and runs dustily for a while along an outlying elevation



ROPING THE WHEELS TO MAKE THEM HOLD

of La Popa hill, it is lined with prickly pears and cactus, and donkeys with women and children pass us, and there is a white church like a mosque, and the seasoned traveler suddenly thinks of the road out of Joppa on the way to Jerusalem. It goes in a moment, that impression of the Holy Land, but it is very vivid and valuable. It furnishes a key to a great deal that is puzzling to the Northerner when he comes to New Granada, since it suggests to him that these folk are the heirs, through Moorish Spain, of an oriental tradition. They are a people of flocks and herds, of simple habits, with a limited vocabulary

and an objective belief in their religion that is somewhat beyond our sophisticated souls. Their large dark eyes rest upon us as we storm past them, leaving them enveloped in choking white dust. They bear us no malice for shoving them to the wall, but they give one the impression sometimes of being able to wait any number of centuries for their turn to shove. There is something disturbing in the dignity of their bearing, since for the most part they are but peasants and have no working conceptions of our way of living at all. "A hundred years behind the times!" the modern salesman may mutter, but if he could only identify for us the spiritual excellence of his own particular times it would help us to condemn the peasants. The salesman is trying to explain the other to himself, and is only half successful. It is not easy to describe a race that seems to be intellectually stunned.

You find this quality in them all—in merchants and mechanics, in coal-passers and chauffeurs. The glance they fling to you in passing is not indicative of an appeal but of a mood of wonder. The hazards of history have afforded them no cumulative causes for arrogance, but they have inherited pride. They are all proud. Even Mussolini, as I call him, half immersed among his parcels and offering in a most friendly way his scanty English, has pride in his demeanor. The lady with her little girl is neither rich nor handsome nor of ancient lineage, yet she preserves in her manner a dignity none can gainsay. The little girl is even more impressive, though her cheap cotton frock reaches only halfway down her thighs and her little brown elbows are grubby. And our chauffeur, in his torn blue shirt and oily hands and rather damaged boots, has the air of a proud pretender in exile. He drives well enough, but it is the skill of a fatalist, of one who is capable of driving us all to perdition but who refrains on account of pride.

And in truth he has enough to do to

occupy his mind now that the road has "died," as they say here, and our progress is accompanied by the sharp crackle of foliage against the sides and top of the car. The ground is moist and sometimes widens to make room for a cattle-wallow, and great delicacy is required to choose a happy mean between the morass and the plunging tree boles. It would be almost an evasion to say that in the process we who travel are shaken up. It would be much more accurate to describe us as resembling the molecules in an atom. We collide and rebound, we rock and sway, and we come down with a crash among the baggage. Our interest in the scenery is diminished by our anxiety about our valises, which seem to be tumbling from the running-board and require an occasional halt to tighten their girths of twine. Our chauffeur's assistant enjoys the opportunity thus afforded for leaping over the side and demonstrating his skill as a maker of knots. His knots are admirable, having but one defect, that neither he nor anyone else can undo them.

And soon after passing through a village apparently inhabited by African pigmies—since none save small naked children and young swine are visible—we begin to ascend a low range of hills that are the last outlying spurs of the Departamento de Bolívar west of the Magdalena. The track, it must be remembered, is no more than a bridle-path and there is no grading. The streams flow westward into the sea and the direction we follow is mostly at right angles to them. So we come upon short but steep places that prove our engine to have an excellent constitution, especially when we descend into the dry bed of a stream rather than test the bridge. And this is a rule rather than the exception. Mussolini, in reply to a look of astonishment, wags his finger before his nose (which is the universal Latin-American negative) and says the bridges are "no good." So down we go and miraculously ascend the





BARRANQUILLA PLANS GREAT DOCKS AND A COMMERCIAL FUTURE

farther bank. Presently we confront a slope of reddish clay that defeats us, and while the rear wheels continue to spin we slip back until we bring up against a fallen tree. Here our assistant chauffeur comes into action, producing from his store a coil of old rope which he proceeds to wrap around the tires. This turns out to be much more efficient than it looks. A sort of community feeling, of solidarity, which has arisen among us induces us to assist as members of a crew rather than as passengers. We become absorbed in the question whether there is enough rope. We walk away with the fall of it and suggest more sophisticated hitches than our young friend has hitherto learned. And then, with a boiling radiator and a grand heave behind by all of us—save the chauffeur and the ladies—we send her over the top. We discover it is indeed the crest of our small foothills, and climb in, very much refreshed and rather muddy from our toil.

It is in this valley ahead of us that we come upon groups of peasantry such as could survive only in a land devoid of

the means of transportation. The earth is yet rich from rotting timbers, and now and again we breathe the heavy smoke of burning wood that drifts across the way from where the jungle is being cleared to grow cane. They are, as we would say, small-holders, and their economic independence is very striking to one coming from the intricate existence of North America. They have no wants or desires they cannot supply from their own land and labor or by a monthly visit to the small town not far away. Bananas, plantains, yuccas, mangos, sweet potatoes, and sugar cane grow in patches about their wattled huts which we pass with a squall from the horn. Now and then we see them by the sugar mill, a contrivance of hardwood wheels and rollers standing under an open-sided roof. Donkeys bring the cane and oxen drag the pole of the mill round and round. We see them in their fields where they pause for a moment to watch the *automovil* go by. And particularly in the pose of the women, with their shawled heads and their general appearance of tragic actresses who have been sentenced to hard labor, we be-

come aware of yet another impression indigenous to New Granada.

It is an impression that remains obstinately, in spite of kindly friends and courteous hosts and hostesses of cosmopolitan culture. It arises without warning as we look out of the windows of up-country trains, and is extraordinarily powerful as we swoop down from the air in a hydroplane at some forlorn village on the muddy bank of the Magdalena. They stand and look, these grave brown people, as though their roots were in the virgin soil beneath them, and they make us feel that we are come not merely to another country but to another world. It is inescapable, that illusion of being extra-terrestrial visitants, the winged victors of space and time. It steals the heart and engenders that most delicate and fugitive sentiment one has for the folk in fairy tales and ancient legends. For with all your good will and uplifting sympathy, that is about as near as you will get to the business and bosoms of these alien rustic souls.

And there is one place in this part of the country where the track, after passing through a stretch of forest land,

comes out suddenly upon the shores of a little lake and skirts the western bank before plunging again into the twilight of the woodland. Perhaps it is the immemorial appeal of the cloud-flecked sky in still water surrounded by the tropical foliage. Perhaps it is the vision of a giant Ceiba tree standing up sharply against the sky-like the tall motionless plume of a distant shell-burst. Perhaps it is the pelican that moves magnificently across the face of the waters like a miniature pterodactyl. But the impression is one of primeval days, as though we had by some accident burst not only into another world with our wonderful internal combustion engine, but had traversed time as well and caught that world at its beginnings. And the great green lizard perched motionless on a tree near by does nothing to lessen the illusion.

It was not so long after we left the village a few miles farther on, where we filled the radiator and exchanged salutations with Mr. Salcedo's local representative, that we began to experience "the novelty" which the Spaniard drily



MODERNITY IS THE KEYNOTE OF BARRANQUILLA



accepts as the inevitable fortune of the traveler. For the track grew damp and deceptively covered with leaves. The ooze flew outward fanwise from the wheels, and our chauffeur assumed a more than usually fatalistic expression. He was plainly uncertain of the ground since there were divers paths winding in and out among the tree trunks. He wrenched the wheel this way and that, and we struck submerged tree trunks with ominous twangings of the springs. And almost before we could comprehend it, for the engine never failed us, we were in up to the axles and the hind wheels were whirling helplessly in a smother of black porridge.

It looked as though we had reached the end of our tether. There was evidently another fifty yards of it to be traversed and no help in sight. And forty kilometers to Barranquilla! In addition to this it looked like rain and it was late afternoon. The assistant chauffeur, taking an active leap from the running-board, found firm foothold among the shrubs and, finding a short branch, afforded us a means of exit.

But the chauffeur began to resemble more and more a pretender in exile. To our sympathetic murmurs he returned an entirely hopeless shrug of the shoulders, extracted a bottle of beer and a piece of cheese from the door-pocket, vaulted ashore, sat down against a tree and, as far as a wandering stranger could determine, gave us up as a bad job.

It was here that the writer and Mussolini began to form a coalition with a view to getting to Barranquilla. We were in a low forest land; the morass in which we were stuck was due to a spring close by, and nothing was to be gained by procrastination. So we came face to face with the essential problem—how to get out. The loss of heart on the part of the gentleman in charge of the expedition was to be deplored but could be surmounted. Mussolini, his square and belligerent features contracted in a frown, seemed to be of very different metal. *Si, si*, it could be done. First,

we should have assistance. At his bidding the assistant chauffeur set off through the trees to the village. In half an hour he returned with apparently the entire population, headed by the small boys.

Problems of engineering were now discussed by means of eloquent gestures. *Si*—precisely, we must elevate the wheels. An expedition of two set forth to find a suitable sapling for a lever while we rolled a burnt log into position as a fulcrum. It slowly sank into the black slime, so another was laid upon it. The arriving population, who seemed to enjoy the whole business with considerable relish, were deputed to collect leaves and branches. They returned in relays, holding their plunder aloft as though celebrating some antique festival of the woodland: an illusion admirably supported by their entire innocence of clothing and their dramatic attitudes as they cast the greenery upon the oozing mire.

So you must see it in your mind's eye, you whose domains are threaded and ribboned with tarred highways, hard as iron and smooth as black satin—that scene in the forest twilight: the figures of white and brown and black men intermingling as they hurried to and fro about a frowsy motor car sitting like a hen in the primordial slime. Up to their knees in sloshy liquid mud they are, as they move about, and the baggage on the running-boards is slowly sinking in.

Mussolini, whose real name is Jesus Balderamar—which gives one a startling insight into the objective quality of the Latin American's mind—frowns very much but radiates energy. Inspired by his example we seize the pole and essay to pry one wheel from its slough of despond. It is too large. A gentleman with a machete volunteers to taper it and in his enthusiasm nearly lays the tire open with a wandering swish of the twenty-four-inch blade. The chips fly while our chauffeur lolls disconsolately against the tree, tilting his beer bottle, scratching at times at the red ants who are advancing all over him. Once more

we make the attempt; the order to bear down is given, the wheel rises, and our pigmy rescuers—whose round heads and eyes emerge from their layers of dripping filth—hastily thrust leaves and twigs and branches beneath the wheel. So! We have made a start.

The other wheels do not rise quite as satisfactorily as this. There are slips owing to the greasy surface of our fulcrum and because we who bear down are hobbled with the peculiarly adhesive qualities of our enveloping mud. And once a squeak from an almost invisible infant who was toiling on its knees warned us to lift again quickly.

All this was not done, you will remember, in a turn of the hand. Our lady passenger who was seated patiently a little distance away, keeping her child from the great ant hills that seem so attractive to children, was pessimistic when assured she would soon be on her way. She did not speak but raised her arm in an expressive circular gesture toward the declining sun. That was true, we admitted, and began again with renewed ardor at our task.

And at last all was in order. The car stood on dry wood and bracken; behind the rear wheels a line of saplings had been laid in the ruts clear up to solid ground. The moment was come to put our labors to the test. Our chauffeur was induced to rise and again assume his rightful position. For three hours he had remained convinced we should never get out until Señor Salcedo sent another machine with a rope. Now he would have the melancholy pleasure of showing us all our toil had been in vain. He and Mussolini exchange staccato and reverberating sentences in incomprehensible coast-Spanish. Moreover, the radiator is dry. But the traveler from North America is prepared to back a car made in Detroit to travel fifty yards or so even with a dry radiator, and the pessimist is overruled. Moreover, how are we to get to Barranquilla if we go back? It is pointed out that a hasty survey has been made by some of us

among the trees yonder, and with a copious layer of branches he can get through. Thus reassured, our pretender in exile decides to make a bid for fortune. The engine roars. Now come one, come all. To assist us, mud-encased negro boys come up out of the void as though freshly created from their mother-earth and not yet disengaged from the business of parturition, and lay hands on available projections. Mussolini on one side and a perspiring tourist on the other lead a chorus of co-ordinating shouts. The engine roars again, the wheels scutter and jam, and at last take hold. She moves. There are redoubled shouts and heaves, a small nigger tumbles and is yanked back from a premature death, and we are triumphantly staggering after a retreating motor car as it regains terra firma. We shake hands with one another and empty our pockets of centavos and dimes and nickels for the population, who will probably talk of these great doings for many days. A can of very dirty water is poured into the radiator and we set out on the detour among the trees.

It is getting on toward evening when we arrive, having struck at last an authentic road at a fine clean town with an enormous church standing up sharply against the western glow. There is a spacious plaza in front and wide sandy streets, where we halt a while to stay a hunger that has become insistent. We invade a store, to the astonishment of the proprietor, and order beer and bread and canned herrings and cheese, and distribute them to our party. The population collects about the doorway and stares with disconcerting curiosity as we devour our provender. They indeed regard us as denizens of a distant sphere, and they are sufficiently urbanized to permit an obvious envy in their unwinking gaze. Fortunate beings we must be, since we come from the great city of Cartagena and in a few hours will be in the still more magnificent city of Barranquilla, where are all sorts of



metropolitan delights. So they seem to think as they gaze at our moving jaws.

And then it grows dark on the way in between avenues of trees, and the headlights send long shafts ahead that illumine and augment to enormous size the donkeys loaded with little haystacks whom we overtake. We are sliding down a long tunnel in the darkness into Barranquilla, and on the edges of the shafts of light shine the eyes, like burning rubies, of night-hawks waiting for their prey. Sometimes they meet us in mid-air and fly towards us—the terrible eyes gleaming with sullen ferocity—and then vanish in the gloom. Silence has fallen upon us for we are weary, and the little girl is asleep. The houses are continuous now, and the lights of stores throw yellow beams athwart our path. The road has become wide and crossed by the dry beds of rivers of rain water, so that we rock like a ship in a swell after a storm. We turn down a street of white houses with huge bars in the windows, and Mussolini—Señor Jesus Balderamar—alights. This is his *casa*. He raps with determination upon the casement; the door swings wide; a handsome dark lady, with three dark daughters peeping over her shoulder, bids the master of the house welcome after his many perils. We shake hands, much regretting our inability to converse and express our feelings. We move on and deposit the lady and her small daughter at a more humble door. One by one our friends vanish into their homes, and finally the stranger, murmuring "*Pension Inglesa*," is deposited in front of a vague building that seems to have been his abode in some former existence; and blinking very much in the light of the office, he discovers he was expected hours ago and had been given up for lost; his friends have been telephoning and will be very glad to hear he is at last arrived.

All of which is highly agreeable after so arduous a journey. So is the shower, once divested of the heavy mud-caked

boots and leggings and riding gear. And better than all is the appearance of friends who at once divine the appetite that will brook no delay, having made such journeys themselves, and we adjourn to a fine white club where a noble meal is produced with all the accessories of civilization.

That, of course, is the keynote of Barranquilla—modernity. It has neither antiquity nor the jewel-like loveliness of Cartagena. It sprawls, without shame, along the dusty limestone bank of the great river and differs only in size from all those riparian agglomerations between here and Girardot. It seems to ache to be modern. It has banks and stores and factories, and a railroad will some day crawl south to Calamar through Sabanalarga. It has opera, and movies like sinister dreams. It is growing, and you are commanded to admire its American-plan suburb. When the mouth of the river is dredged—a scheme relentlessly pursued by the prominent burgesses of the town—deep-water ships will tie up at docks where now the limekilns and quarries lie concealed in the tall grass. This will mean more banks and stores and movies. The clubs will be more magnificent and the motor cars will no longer rupture their mechanisms in passing down the street.

And one cannot but wonder at times whether those who wish so earnestly to transform Barranquilla into a replica of St. Louis or Omaha, and who see it always from the seat of an automobile, are aware of the essential spirit of the inert city. For it looks very different indeed when one walks. It looks very different when the observer loafs on the high sidewalks at the corners, or sits on a rawhide chair at the doorway of a thatched hovel. He must leave the clubs with their tennis and cocktails and billiards and their piled copies of *Punch* and *Life* and *The New York Times*. These are the barricades erected by the wide-awake aliens, from behind which they attack the older civilization. These are sym-

bols of progress, and the seats of an automobile are the chariots of an invading army which by peaceful penetration is loosening the fabric of Iberian culture. And soon, as far as Barranquilla is concerned, it will be disintegrated and lost. For the artist that is a matter for regret, since the new dispensation is essentially a materialistic contrivance and the invention of alien races, while the other is of a spiritual nature and leaves the soul a measure of liberty we are often too wise and too hygienic to understand.

So the philosophic voyager, comforted though he will be by the charming hospitality pressed upon him, thrilled even by the enthusiastic schemes for golf links and country clubs and universities and docks for ships loaded with gramophones and radio-sets and enameled baths and more and more motor cars—will sometimes slip away to see Barranquilla, as its boosters never do. A good time is when the dancing has begun on the hard courts behind the club, the fox-trot music coming scratchily from the gramophone among the shrubs and mingling with the hiss of rubber-soled shoes on the sanded concrete as the couples sway and oscillate beneath the moon among the palm trees. For a while the intolerable ache in their exiled hearts is soothed by a memory of their homeland. For a while they have forgotten that inexorable tropic life besieging them so closely, that steady drain on their interior resources as they

cope with the problems of existence amid the debris of Spanish rule. So we can slip away down the bumpy road, deep in calcined dust, to where the cottage doors beneath thatched roofs stand wide to the silver night; and perhaps we shall hear the click of castanets and the stamp of a red-heeled shoe keeping time with the seductive harmonies of a *marimba*. The women of Colombia are not beautiful save in their hair and their love of rhythm. Their expression is austere and repelling, and they are innocent of the arts of galantry. So in dancing they have a remote, abstracted air, as though they were in a trance and not really in Barranquilla in nineteen hundred and twenty-four, but in that prehistoric city that lay baking in the hot sunlight so many æons ago, when emissaries from Tiahuanaco came down the great river on the way to Quiriguá and Copán, and passed a night in diversion before setting sail across the great sea. And when you come out and follow the wide streets beneath the moon, that illusion of a dead city besets you. You turn a corner and there is no one to challenge the impression; the crumbling adobe walls remind you of dead places like Pompeii and Herculaneum, and you wonder whether that jolly Barranquilla you left a few hours ago is not the dream, and this white corpse stretched out in the limestone dust beneath the moon the reality, the vestige of a forgotten empire.



# THE LION'S MOUTH



## UNEMPLOYMENT THROUGH THE REBEL'S EYES

BY MALCOLM LOGAN

THAT rich phrase "out of work" is open to many interpretations. In the minds of those who take their work seriously it evokes the picture of a shabby failure shivering on a park bench; the completely cynical regard it as the equivalent of "out of the frying pan into the fire"; but the *révolté*, the man who does not fit into the pattern of modern life, sees in it as clearly as in the words "out of prison" the glittering idea of liberty.

I am in the latter class. For me there is no adventure more exciting and stimulating than that of losing a job. Yet even when work has become intolerable it is with the greatest reluctance that I discard it. Inertia disguises itself under the mask of common sense, which is usually nothing more than supine acquiescence to necessity. As Gulliver was bound to earth by a thousand cobweb threads, so are we held by myriad ties to accustomed ways of life. The words of the unfortunate daughter of the Pope in *Candide* concerning our reluctance to end our lives applies with equal force to my hesitation in leaving a despised position: "A hundred times I was on the verge of killing myself; yet still I loved life. This ridiculous foible is perhaps one of our most fatal characteristics; for is there anything more absurd than to

wish to carry continually a burden which one can always throw down? to detest existence and yet cling to one's existence? in brief, to caress the serpent which devours us, till he has eaten our very heart?" That same folly makes me hold to the unpleasant things I know rather than venture after the unknown, which may conceivably be worse.

There always comes a day, however, when sublime madness will not be denied; when soft April beckons me along strange roads; or when autumn, dying magnificently, makes me see that my life, too, may be shaped into something beautiful. My years of monotonous work, those years that the locust has eaten, seem then the bitterest waste of opportunity. And so, filled again with the desire to spend some of life in passionate living, I revolt.

How sweet are those first few moments of freedom! In a sweeping vision I see the world's broad meadows, its long adventurous roads, its seas, its cloudy mountains. I become conscious of the immortal loveliness which dead men have somehow wrung from life for me. The high dreams of earlier years are remembered and I vow that I shall follow them again. Godlike I stride out of the office where my late fellow-workers still bend over their desks; and I am sorry for them that their eyes cannot be opened, that they cannot know the drunken ecstasy of liberty.

There always comes to me in these moments the illusion that I have made a sharp clean break with the past. The docile worker has died that a rebel might be born. And the rebel shall do all the things the docile man dreamed of doing: see strange cities, read books, make love

to girls, listen to music, talk to people and find some understanding of them. I feel all new, strong, courageous.

Unfortunately that first mood passes. I begin to realize that this can be only an interlude. Eventually my neck must be thrust voluntarily under the yoke. While I am working the rigid economic laws are forgotten, as we forget the laws of gravity while we obey them. When I am out of work, however, they are instantly perceptible. I am faced with the brutal fact that I must work or starve. That is a sobering reflection; it blunts the fine edge of joy. Thus at the outset the dark shadow of work falls across my path to make freedom a little unquiet.

Freedom from dulling drudgery is so difficult to attain that it too often becomes an end in itself instead of the first step towards a more intense life. There are many obstacles to be overcome before it is gained. The opinion of the stolid, unimaginative world haunts me; there are days and nights of mental searching when I wonder if the call of liberty is not the voice of self-indulgence. Those who have never felt the hatred of monotony which is mine have no conception of the conflict which precedes revolt. Walter Lippmann knows of it when he writes, "The sheer struggle for freedom is an exhausting thing; so exhausting that the people who lead it are often unable to appreciate its uses."

Nor is liberty a pleasant state of life. It is a bitter drink even for the strong, and poison for the weak. It requires a self-discipline undreamed of in the world where life runs in neat little grooves. It may become license or it may be made barren. Sometimes the knowledge that it will soon end paralyzes him who has won it. Sometimes it brings about a frenzy of industry which is misdirected and brings no results. Those who have won liberty are truly conscious "of the splendor of life and of its awful brevity." That knowledge can never be banished; it follows the rebel always, a constant reminder that nothing on earth, even freedom, is complete and perfect.

To escape that I usually go away from the scene of my recent employment. One of the most persistent of my illusions is that the past can be left behind with its background. The same belief, I am told, is cherished by the ostrich. I reflect that I can leave this place with all its failures, compromises, wasted opportunities, and go to some new bright city where I shall do everything exactly right. Shall I enact there the same unlovely drama? Decidedly not! That is part of the dead and buried past.

So I pack and leave. There is a certain sense of adventure in being carried on a train or boat away from the old life into a new one which may be full of beauty and accomplishment. It creates a spurious feeling of progress. That is probably the American in me who is drugged into such a belief by swift motion.

In the new city there are many absorbing things to be seen, heard, and discussed. The time which should be spent in seeking work is taken up in other ways. A hundred ideas for prose masterpieces germinate in my mind, but all are so importunate that I cannot give any the development it deserves. I walk through crowded streets, knowing that drama is all around me but that I may never hope to discover it. Freedom is so brief, and there is so much to be done!

Until my money gets dangerously low the days and nights pass in a glamorous procession. There comes a time, however, when the necessity of finding work becomes acute. And this task of hunting it is the most distasteful of any toil. Work, like love, avoids those who seek it too ardently. Universal suspicion centers upon the man who is unwise enough to let people see he needs a position.

It is in this period just before the end of liberty that the rebel undergoes the worst hardships. The physical side of it is bad enough; but the real struggle is to maintain self-respect. I always have an uneasy feeling that I am one with the ragged men who stand in front of employment agencies, reading the



cards tacked there and radiating an atmosphere of hopelessness. I must perpetually reassure myself that my unemployment is deliberate and chosen, while theirs is accidental.

Fortunately, I usually get a position before the belief that I am merely shiftless overcomes me. This is the crowning joy of unemployment. Safety is welcome then; a little moment of rest while the forces of revolt gather again in me is almost as sweet as freedom.

This question may naturally arise: why, since revolt ends in failure and hardships, don't you settle down? My answer is that no matter how barren my revolts may be of concrete accomplishment, they are worth all the miseries they entail. For they open to me a window through which I see, if only for a brief interval, all the beauty, the cruelty, the magnificent sweep and surge of life.



### GIFTS AND TROPHIES

BY SOPHIE KERR UNDERWOOD

SOMETHING ought to be done about them, something drastic, something thorough. It is doubtless too late to get anything on this subject into the platform of any of the political parties. Maybe the Lucy Stone League might be induced to help—when they are through with the order that married women in Government service must draw their pay by their married names. And there is always the chance of running an extra amendment to the Constitution, now that we've got the habit. Anyway, as I said, something ought to be done.

Consider the case of our esteemed Secretary of Agriculture. A little while ago all the Sunday gravure sections carried a picture of this amiable gentle-

man standing between two other amiable gentlemen, each of whom appeared to be holding in his arms a cow about the size of a well-grown Chow dog. The caption beneath revealed the fact that these were not real cows, but "interesting models of the true Holstein cattle" which had been presented to the Secretary by the National Holstein Cattle Breeders' Association.

It is safe to say that no true woman saw that picture and read that caption without also instantly imagining a little domestic drama, about as follows:

THE SECRETARY (*entering his own home and speaking with suspicious enthusiasm*): Oh, what do you think! The Holstein Association has given me a couple of fine models of true Holstein cattle—you know, papier-mâché things, *very* cleverly made. They look exactly like real cows, only not so large. Isn't that splendid?

MRS. SECRETARY (*warily*). Where do you intend to put them?

THE SECRETARY. They'd look perfectly fine on the piano.

MRS. SECRETARY. Over my dead body!

THE SECRETARY. Well, why not one on each side of the fireplace? So unique!

MRS. SECRETARY. Unique, certainly—but they are not going on each side of the fireplace.

THE SECRETARY. Hang it, they're beautiful cows. And I'm the Secretary of Agriculture, aren't I? I've got to put them *somewhere*.

MRS. SECRETARY (*coldly*). I fail to see the necessity, no matter what you are.

THE SECRETARY (*trying diplomacy*). Where do *you* think they should go, my dear?

Never mind the answer. But I am willing to bet dollars to snowflakes that there are no Holstein models decorating that home at the present moment, and that there will be none hereafter. And after the cattle may come the horses, the hogs, the innumerable breeds of poultry.

But let us shift the scene. Picture to yourself the Metropolitan Opera House,

in gala array, crowded by an eager, enthusiastic audience. The first act of "L'Amore dei Tre Re" has been divinely sung by Bori the Beautiful and her worthy associates. The curtain has fallen, but before its ample golden draperies stands no less a personage than Mr. Paul Cravath, and he is speaking words of high praise and compliment to the composer of the opera. At last Mr. Montemezzi himself is haled upon the stage and stands, beside Mr. Cravath, listening modestly to these laudations.

Then . . . "As a token of our appreciation" . . . and "In commemoration of this occasion" . . . Behold one of the attendants of the opera house, a swarthy alien in plush knee-pants, entering on this scene and offering to Mr. Montemezzi, as Mr. Cravath makes the appropriate gestures—what? What indeed! A large heavy rectangular plaque, covered with a raw shade of purple velvet and bearing a massive silver laurel wreath! What a jolly little gift! What a useful, practical, delightful *bijou et bibelot* to have around the house, especially on rainy days! No wonder Mr. Montemezzi could say but a few faltering words in return! If he had seized the wretched object and bashed Mr. Cravath and the knee-panted alien over their two heads with it he would have struck a much-needed blow for art and sincerity.

And what do you suppose Signora Montemezzi said when he went back to Italy and opened up the box and said, "The music-loving American people gave me that for composing 'The Love of Three Kings'."

Once more let us shift the scene. It is a dinner at a woman's club, a club whose membership represents the arts of literature and painting. The dinner is given in honor of a retiring President and also in honor of the President Elect.

While the members toy with their demi-tasses the retiring President rises to say a few words, just a few words, for she is not going to make a speech, oh no. The members settle themselves

for at least forty minutes of intensive listening.

The retiring President tells of her devotion to the club, her admiration for its members and their achievements, her never-dying surprise that she should ever have been given the honor of heading such a glorious galaxy, her unworthiness, and her delight that her place is now filled by one who is all womankind supreme. She tells of her joy in the work of the club, of the aid and inspiration she has received from her fellow officers, their complete and cordial co-operation without which she would have perished by the wayside long since. And so on.

This is the first thirty minutes and the members are beginning to be fidgety. But the Retiring President is not done. She must say just one word more. She must pay a fitting tribute to the new incumbent.

And she does, she does. A tribute to her personality, her ideals, her intellect, her magnetism, her—well, she omits nothing save the name of her dress-maker. And she cannot refrain, says the Retiring One, from giving to this marvelous, this *ne plus ultra* successor of hers, under whose direction the club will inevitably march forward to a future of glittering magnificence—she cannot refrain from giving to her a little, little token of her own personal love and friendship and appreciation.

She produces from beneath the table—after a struggle—a large square package and the club comes up for a third time from beneath the engulfing tide of words to wonder what can be in it! More love, more friendship, more appreciation, all with a quiver in the voice—but at last the package is in the new President's hands and she is opening it and trying to look worthy and not annoyed.

The package contains an enormous photograph of the Retiring President in her best evening dress and ermine scarf, and it is elaborately, expensively framed. The story is a true one and the point of it is that the two women were about as



ond of each other as you, gentle reader, are of poison ivy.

What devil of mischance is it that enters into those who choose "presentation gifts" and makes them select—ninety-nine times out of a hundred—something the recipient doesn't want, couldn't want, hates at first sight, and yet dares not throw away?

And as for trophies—that is the same story, only worse!

Only last Wednesday I met a friend, a charming woman, usually serene and calm, but on this occasion flushed with anger, eyes bright with nervous tears, lips drawn into a line of desperate resolution.

"I am on my way downtown to see a lawyer about divorcing Ned," she said. "He has begun to put his golf cups on my drawing-room mantel."

My cry of sympathy brought out the whole dreadful story.

"I didn't mind," she said, "so long as they were in the dining room and the library. They are ugly and useless, but I was willing to sacrifice the appearance of those two rooms to his pride in his skill. But when they were put in my drawing-room—you know my drawing-room!—I cannot and will not stand it."

I do know her drawing-room. It is a perfect room, oval in shape, done in purest Georgian to the least detail. Golf cups on that mantel, flanking the Chelsea figures, the Joseph Hancock candlesticks!

"My dear," I said, "don't do it. I have a plan for you. Stage a burglary. Let the maids go out, leave the pantry window open, pack up the cups and any of your other silver you don't like—wedding presents and such—and neatly remove them. Have them melted down, and take the money and add a couple of pearls to your string. I would recommend hiring a burglar, but if he should be caught—and the police are sometimes

quite bright in these little affairs—it would be awkward all round. No; every wife of a golf-trophy husband her own burglar, is my motto. In this way you save lawyer's fees, avert divorce, and rid your house of your pet pests. He can begin all over again with the dining room and library now."

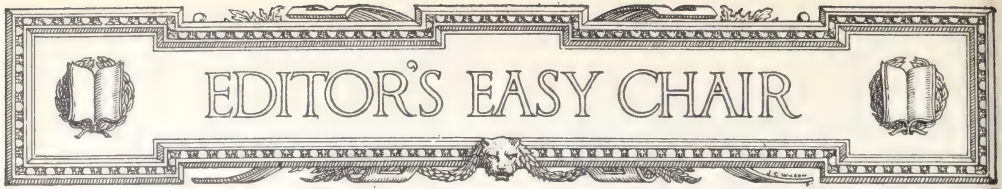
She burst into tears and flung herself on my shoulder. "You have saved me," she sobbed. "I hated to divorce him, I love him devotedly, as you know: but my drawing-room—my drawing-room!"

Imagine the way husbands would be urged to compete if the prizes were good-looking vases, compotes, tea sets, coffee urns, trays, candelabra, cocktail sets! Imagine having a closet full of such things along in June when the wedding invitations begin to come in! "Let me see, Roderick, we'll give Cousin Sarah the bonbon dishes you won at Sleepy Hollow—they don't match the rest of my silver. And we'll send that Miss Jenks, who's going to marry your old college friend, the duplicate tea caddy you won at Manchester."

Oh, wouldn't it be heavenly! There would be no more complaining golf widows. No more would raging golfiacs have to lie to their wives and sneak away from home when there was a match on. Instead, wives would urge their husbands to become experts, and there would be a keen domestic gallery at every match.

No one can seriously urge that the usual sporting prize is an object of beauty or utility.

But, murmurs the chronic objector, the true sportsman does not play for the prize—he plays for the love of the game. To which I can only reply that I see no reason why the true sportsman should therefore be penalized by giving him a hideosity, an inutility, a promoter of domestic discord as a reward of his sportsmanship.



## LONG LIFE OR NOT?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**H**OW long should we want to live? Someone has put that inquiry to the Easy Chair, suggesting this and that: as how many people have a desire for great age even though it means nothing more than sitting in a chair and passing out without pain; whether it is a reasonable desire; whether it is good in itself to live long; whether it is physical vigor that makes life agreeable and desirable; whether the joy of life is another term for youth. Someone suggests as things proper to hope for, "hard work, as much leisure as our intellectual resources can bear and a quick curtain." What do you think of that? A quick curtain!

Well, let us consider! We see people who dislike all thought of death, do not want to think about it, feel that it is a horror. We notice that some old people get the habit of life so strongly and feel so unequal to any radical change that they seem to prefer to live on through the decay of most of their senses and even in more or less pain. We notice that by common consent it is considered normal and healthy for the young to want to live. That is what they came here for—to live. It is their duty not to shirk it if they can help it. We can agree as to that. Probably most of us can agree that it is everybody's duty to live his life through in so far as he can. Suicide is not well regarded, though excused sometimes when the circumstances are very exceptional. It is instinct to cling to life, a sound instinct, indeed, a pious instinct. There is a kind of trust in God in it.

Then why do so many people end their lives?

Mostly from sickness of some kind, or disappointments in love or business, or loss of money. They get tired out; they lose courage; they have more ill luck than they think they can bear; they have no sustaining religion; their minds break down. Sometimes in cases of incurable disease suicide is a way of escape from a slow and painful death. But long life is traditionally regarded as a blessing. Why should it be? Why should it be thought blessed to linger on, more and more dependent on other people as the physical powers diminish?

One can think of only one reason and that is that while the physical powers are growing less, the spiritual powers may be gaining. There is only one reasonable apology for life anyway and that is that it is evolutionary; a course of training and preparation for something that follows it in an existence detached from our physical bodies and from earth. What we get here, if we get it, is or should be to our advantage when we leave here: not our money, not our possessions, but our training in character, in understanding, probably in all kinds of knowledge and in some kinds of power. For mortals the only solution of the problems of life and death is immortality. Without that they put thumb to nose and wag fingers at you.

There is a joy of life that belongs to youth. We all know about it—the joy that sings and goes forth strong to win a race; the joy so much identified with



he body. Less well known, because so much less commonly experienced, is the joy of age that comes of understanding, the joy of the mind and of the spirit where something speaks to us, where there is an invisible companionship, where the adventures of a lifetime recorded in the subconscious mind become an open book which one may read when nothing else invites him. And there is always the joy of learning; at least there may be in old age, if one does learn and keeps at it. There is vast entertainment for one who has learned some of the laws of life to watch them work, and to search out new ones and try to apply them; and he is especially fortunate if he has come to realize how small is the sum of all he knows, or that any man knows as yet, in comparison with what is still to be discovered. Of that sort are the best joys of age, and with them may be included the simple pleasures of the senses, and beauty in all its forms.

**W**HAT affair of ours is it when we die? Did we have any choice about coming into this life? Why then choice about leaving it?

We have not much choice. We are spared that. If long life comes to us we are entitled to believe that it comes for our good. The right idea of life is continuation; that death is not a terminal, but no more than an incident; that it is not a crash, but a mere change of cars. We pass out of our physical bodies and proceed in our spiritual bodies—invisible, to be sure, to most mortal eyes though some mediums seem to see them—but bodies not the less, and made of something fit to hold and continue personality, and capable in some cases of extraordinary physical exploits of a sort; and in other cases apparently of communication.

One finds some old people living a good deal in the next life before they die. And one also sees spirituality prolonging life; purifying its desires, diminishing its anxieties; excluding the considerations and the appetites that wear

out our mortal frames. There are people who seem to us to be living in two planes of existence at the same time: old people usually who have considerably let go of the world though they still live and work in it, and have partly passed over to the life to come. For such people death is no more than a slight jolt—a very interesting change, but no wise appalling. If one thinks, as so many people do nowadays, that we pass into the beyond precisely as we are, and go on there with the unfinished course we have run here, the terrors of the change are considerably abated. Will it then be indifferent to such people whether they live or die? No! For if it were there would be no point to mundane life. For if people think that they carry out into that life beyond what they have gained on earth, they will wish their gains to be as considerable as possible. If we could be trained to complete advantage in the beyond, why should we be born on Earth? There is a reason why we were born here. The fact that we were born here implies that the life on Earth is to our advantage; that in the school kept here we learn things necessary to our development; for though those things, if we die prematurely, can still be imparted to us and doubtless are, yet the appointed place to get them is here. To get all one can out of life is the right aspiration for us human creatures; to keep at it as long as we can, and work at it as long as we live; not to hurry off into the next plane without the education which we are entitled to get here.

That is the great consideration which enters into any discussion of how long one would wish to live. All he can know is that he should wish to live until his job on earth is completed, until he has gained what for him is attainable here. Guard life then and cherish it, for it is precious while it lasts, and so is health. But surely one should aspire so to live his life as to be always ready to pay it in when occasion of due importance and validity demands it. All philosophers

and most poets agree about that, from Emerson's

'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die.

to Lovelace, and—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

And what says the great authority?  
"Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

SO much for long life from the standpoint of the person who lives it. Now as to society. Is it profitable to society that we should live long? The doctors tell us that the duration of life has increased twenty years in the last century and is likely to be increased another twenty years in the century to come. That will about double it. The Milbank Fund in New York proposes to spend two million dollars to increase the longevity of the East Side residents of New York between 14th and 64th Streets. That is a residential strip two miles long and about half a mile wide. How about that? As an experiment it will be interesting, but is it going to be profitable to the city? We have considered the possibility of spiritual profits in old age; how is it on its economic and industrial side? Are the aged going to earn their keep, and if so, how?

Suppose the Milbank Fund produces a much increased proportion of old people in that strip that is to be benefited by its attention; who is going to take care of them? Grandparents may not do as well in flats as they used to do in farm houses. They mean more rent, more food. Are they going to be worth it, and is it going to be possible to provide it for them except at the public expense?

Some of these questions seem rather ominous. The answer we get to them all is that increased longevity is simply an incident of better health in a community, and that better health, of

course, is profitable. That is, the same process which provides for an increased number of old people provides also for increased competence in them while they are growing old, increased ability to earn and provide for old age, and increased ability in their children, if they have them, to provide for them. So there is not really anything terrifying in the idea of longer life. One cannot say that it is not economic. If life is good at all, it is worth living through to its natural end. If old age is a penalty of health, it is one worth paying.

There are, of course, those (we always have them with us) who are afraid too many people will be born, and we must expect the same sort of minds to be apprehensive that people will live too long; but those people have not confidence in life nor in the Giver of it. Along with greater age there should come more sense. When a larger proportion of the population is mature, past the age, say, of forty, and ranging from that to eighty, there ought to be an increased capacity in the country for government, for legislation, for all kinds of direction. Older people even now are wiser than young ones. They have a propensity to be mossbacks; not adventurous enough; too apprehensive of the effects of change; but just now hereabouts we hear that the jails and prisons are all crowded—with whom? Old people, mature people? No—with boys, from sixteen up. The hold-up men are mostly scandalously young. They do not know anything yet. Most people do acquire a certain amount of sense just by living. They cannot help but observe and learn.

THERE must be more wisdom in the world to keep up with the increase of knowledge. Knowledge and the powers resulting from it seem just now to be running away with us. What is the cure? Less knowledge? Not at all! More! And part of the cure may be more time to get that knowledge, more time to grow wise. There is nowadays a vast amount of action and of legisla-



tion based on half knowledge. People do not see things as they are. They see them very distorted. They try to cure evils with remedies that make worse evils. Consider the problem of intoxicants and what it will mean when the day comes when we see that problem not through glasses darkly, but in the light of fuller knowledge of man, of his body, his soul, his subconscious mind, and any other properties that he has, if he has any. The problem of intoxicants is quite capable of being solved and handled. The trouble is that people do not know how to do it. Consider the great problem of heresy. What is it? What is right and desirable to believe? All the heresy squabbles would fade away if there were a truer understanding of the subjects they are concerned with.

Of course, any one of us may come to be considerably old without becoming very wise. Take any large community as a whole and the chances are that, if the average duration of life in it is high, it will be more wisely managed than if it is low. The sages ordinarily are old men, detached more or less from the activities of life; comparatively dispassionate. A true sage is very valuable, especially in politics and in religion—which two subjects are much nearer related than people usually appreciate—and the influence of sages and wise old men and women, and even old men and women who are not particularly wise, is quite extraordinary. Whether it is due to the Fifth Commandment or to their having the reins of authority still in their hands, their power in the world is astonishing. As a rule it is a power to hold back, but not always.

Laws and rules of life generally, regulating our habits and behavior and attempting to regulate our beliefs, should

reflect not youth alone, or middle age, or old age, but the whole of life including all three. The young are the great doers; the old are the restrainers. They know better than the young what not to do; they know better than the young, or should, the limitations of regulation. They should have learned that good conduct and good character come from within and cannot be secured, though they may be favored, by rules applied from the outside.

Long life in a way saves cost in education. There must be parents who, when they get a child "educated" and started in life, feel that he ought to go on forever, and that nothing less is worth the pains taken and the cost incurred.

Certainly not, and nothing less is offered. Whenever a human creature dies—whether a year old or less, or a hundred years old or more—nothing that had been well done to teach him is wasted. But, of course, all parents prefer that the benefit of teaching should accrue visibly in this mundane life. They feel that when a child has been duly taught they are entitled to get, here and now, the benefit of him, and they will see a better economy in instruction and training that shapes a life for eighty years on earth than one much earlier transplanted. Of course, that is a natural feeling and as far as it goes it helps the economic justification of old age. We want the good and valuable old people to stay on as long as possible. Not all old people seem to us good and profitable, but not only is our judgment about that liable to error, but we shall not get the valuable old people unless human life in general is protracted enough to give an assortment to choose from.

## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

WE HAVE read many an indictment of American journalism, charging it with venality, obscenity, and other sins; yet most of these attacks have found us lined up unhesitatingly with the defense. Reformers who would have the newspapers suppress all mention of crime, radicals who lament the supposed control of the press by advertisers, usually are better acquainted with their own theories than with journalism. But when a man on the inside, who knows his facts, stands up and speaks his mind concerning the current tendencies of the press, he cannot be so easily dismissed; we must give him an open-minded hearing. The author of "Sell the Papers!" prefers not to be identified, but we may say this much: he is an editorial writer on a well-known Western newspaper.

The preëminence of *Thomas Hardy* among living writers in English is so unquestioned that it is an honor to publish his latest poem. The second of June, 1925, will be his eighty-fifth birthday.

In our Short Story Contest we made a rule that no winner of a first prize in any of the competitions would be eligible for later awards. But this rule did not affect the winners of second prizes; it seemed altogether fair that they should have a chance to compete again. Under these conditions *Charles Caldwell Dobie*, of San Francisco, emerged the only double winner. "The Hands of the Enemy," which we published last March, and "Wild Geese," which follows Mr. Hardy's poem in this issue, were both awarded second prizes.

The other day we were lunching with a distinguished British novelist. He had just been reading Philip Guedalla's portrait of King Louis XVI. "If there is any other living English writer," said he, "who could have written the last page of that article, I should like to know who he is." If there is

any American writer who rivals Mr. Guedalla as a master of the historical portrait it is *Gamaliel Bradford*. His technic is utterly different, but with what discriminating fairness and precision he depicts for us the tragic Peggy Shippen! "The Wife of the Traitor," we are happy to announce, marks the return of Mr. Bradford to HARPER's in a series of four studies of American women, all of them the wives of men either great or notorious. All but one of them (Mrs. Abraham Lincoln) appear to the biographer to be fully their husband's equals, says Mr. Bradford, and yet all four would probably be forgotten by history save for their association with their husbands' careers. Here is a fact for feminists—and others—to ponder over!

To return a moment to the Short Story Contest: differences of opinion among the Judges were the rule rather than the exception, but the difference of opinion with regard to one story was conspicuous. "The Blue Bead," by *Rose Wilder Lane*, was ranked first by one Judge in the final competition, who spoke of it as "a very clever picture of an American type, seen through the uncomprehending eyes of a South-East European . . . a thoroughly artistic job;" and was not included at all by the other Judges in the first four stories. Perhaps there will be a similar difference of opinion among HARPER readers. It seems to be Mrs. Lane's lot to provoke disagreement; her remarkable new novel, *He Was a Man*, has been enthusiastically praised by some of the ablest reviewers and denounced by others—Laurence Stallings going so far as to say that he detested it. Mrs. Lane knows her Albania, as readers of *The Peaks of Shala* will agree, and plans shortly to leave Missouri to return to the Balkans for an indefinite stay.

From Albania to Reno is a seven-thousand mile leap. *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* in



ner study of the Mecca of the mismated does more than picture for us the metropolis of Nevada: she shows us a new and little-known side of the whole problem of divorce. Mrs. Gerould lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

**Heywood Broun**, on the other hand, probably could not be induced to live in Princeton, being a Harvard graduate and a confirmed New Yorker. As columnist of the *New York World*, he performs the difficult feat of filling a twelve-hundred-word space six days in the week, and of being always entertaining, usually amusing, and often exceedingly wise. Occasionally he can be induced to write magazine articles in which the entertainment, humor, and wisdom are sustained over a wider space, and he does so this month in his whimsical (yes, Mr. Broun, whimsical) observations upon sportsmanship.

If **Jerome K. Jerome** were an American, he would be cited as one of those who proved the possibilities of American democracy by rising from adversity to success. When he was a little boy his family suffered terrible financial losses, and for years he struggled as clerk, penny-a-liner journalist, school-teacher, and provincial actor, until *Three Men in a Boat* made him famous. At the age of sixty-five he turns to reminiscence, and tells us some excellent stories of his adventures in the theater, culminating in the triumph of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

Here is a conundrum: if New York gets back from the Federal Government, in subsidies, one cent out of each dollar it contributes, and Nevada gets back two dollars and sixteen cents, what becomes of the Republican and Democratic parties? For an answer which illuminates the whole political problem of to-day consult **Charles Merz's** article. Mr. Merz, one of the editors of the *New York World*, wrote "Congress Invades the White House" in HARPER's for May.

A new Father Brown detective story by **G. K. Chesterton** and **Ernest Boyd's** article on Charles Dickens (the fifth of an unconventional series by the brilliant Irish-Manhattan critic) are followed by a chapter of muddy Colombian travel in **William**

**McFee's** most delightful vein. Mr. McFee, it will be recalled, was formerly a sea-going engineer and is the author of *Casuals of the Sea, Command*, and other excellent books. He now lives at Westport, Connecticut.

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The poets of the month, in addition to Mr. Hardy, are **Lizette Woodworth Reese** of Baltimore, a frequent contributor to HARPER's whose exquisite verse is represented in many an anthology; **Elinor Wylie** (Mrs. William Rose Benét), whose work as a poet is equalled in distinction by her novel, *Jennifer Lorn*; and **Amy Lowell**, who wrote and championed free verse in the days when free verse was considered radical; and now, after establishing a secure reputation among the outstanding American poets, has written perhaps the ablest and most scholarly of all the biographies of Keats.

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**Malcolm Logan**, a new contributor who writes us (from New York City) that the news of the acceptance of his manuscript reached him on Friday the thirteenth, which he will hereafter defend from the slanderers who call it a day of ill luck, shares the pages of the Lion's Mouth with **Sophie Kerr Underwood**, former managing editor of the *Woman's Home Companion* and one of the most popular fiction-writers in the country.

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"In Bonnet and Shawl," the painting reproduced on this month's cover, is the work of Irving R. Wiles, one of the foremost American portrait painters. Mr. Wiles was born at Utica in 1861, studied with his father, L. M. Wiles, and later with Chase and Beckwith in New York and Carolus-Duran in Paris. He was elected a member of the National Academy of Design in 1897.

He has won a number of notable prizes, and his figure work, in addition to his portraits, represents him in the City Art Museum, St. Louis; the old City Hall, Brooklyn, New York; Corcoran Gallery, Washington; Military Academy, West Point, New York; and the Metropolitan Museum. In addition to his portrait work, Mr. Wiles has painted many delightful sea studies at his summer residence at Peconic, Long Island.

Not for many months has any HARPER article met with such a response as the Reverend Fred Eastman's "Shall I Remain in the Ministry?" in our March issue. It has been extensively quoted and discussed, both in the lay press and in church periodicals, and Mr. Eastman has been deluged with letters. Shortly after the article appeared he came into the HARPER office bearing a brief case crammed with the first eighty-three of these letters, and reported that they were still coming in so fast that he found it hard to answer them as faithfully as he would like to. They came from every part of the country, mostly from those who faced a problem similar to his; and so far only two, he said, dissented from his argument. Many of the writers sought his advice. There could be no more convincing testimony to the value of such a courageous and penetrating study of the dilemma of the preacher who cares "more for the individual soul than for the institution."

☞ ☞ ☞

Whether Mr. Eastman or some other contributor is the Japanese gymnast referred to in the following letter from a missionary in Central America, we have been unable to decide. We print a portion of it word for word, spelling and all:

"I am no desciple of the Papacy, which is looking for the sun of great successes to rise in the West of its past history; nor am I the caustic caustic that tries to prove that universal falsehoods are more sacred than divine inspirations themselves; but if I wished to prostrate the sophistical teachings of up-to-date Modernism on his face by a well-directed blow on its multiple-headedness I would not strive to do it by using the Japanese gymnastics."

This rebuke, as may be imagined, prostrates us on our multiple-headed face.

☞ ☞ ☞

Her work as a Judge in the Short Story Contest completed, Miss Zona Gale writes us expressing her pleasure and interest in ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> and adds, "It seems to me that you have done a great service in this whole matter, for though only two new writers

were brought out, yet this kind of recognition given in general to story-writing dignifies it in a way which is largely overlooked. The difficulties of making out an income tax paper are doubled by the fact that no such animal as a story-writer is allowed for! The service of such a contest seems to me as great in indirect ways as in the concrete values, which are many."

☞ ☞ ☞

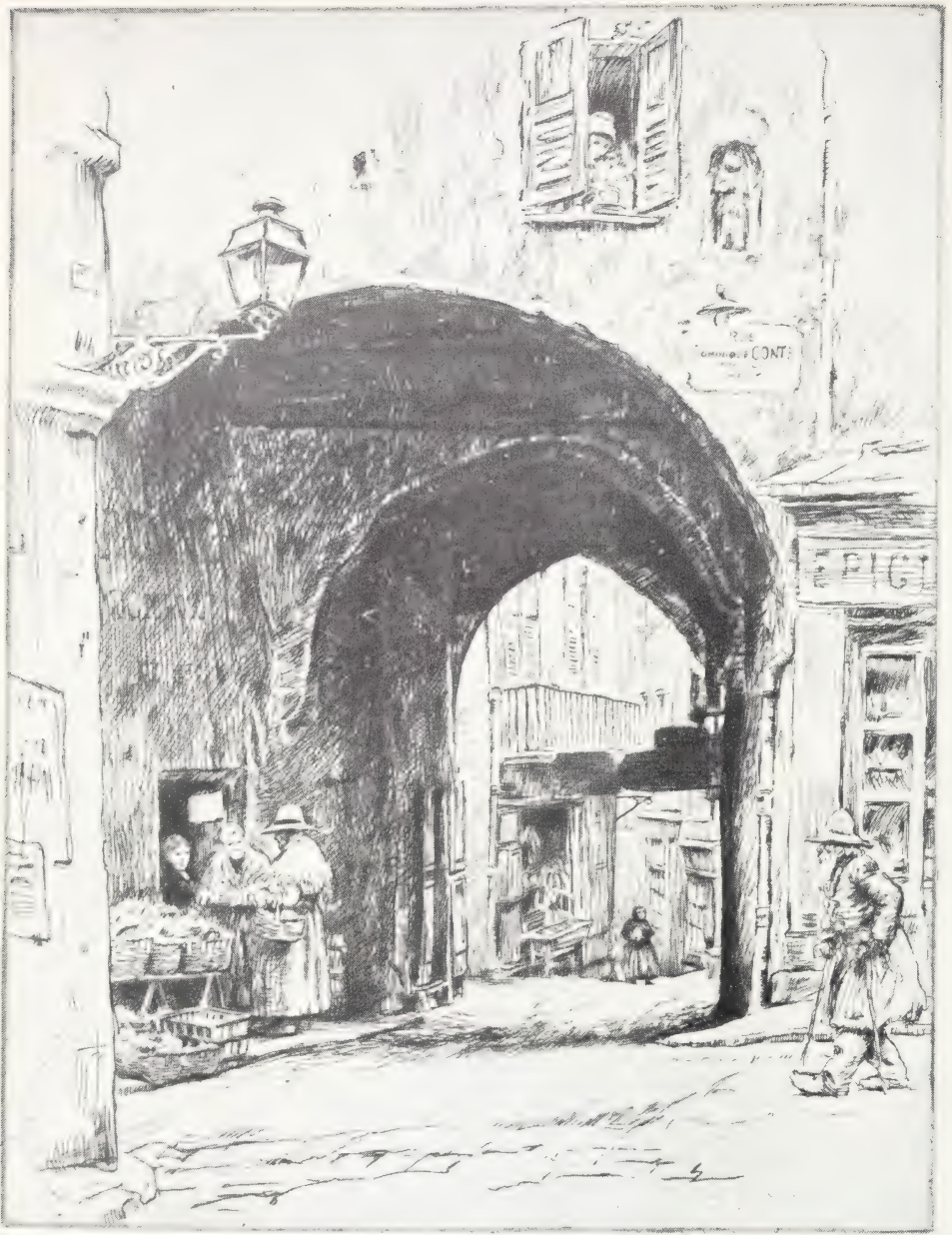
From a Wisconsin reader comes the following anecdote suggested by Mrs. Gerould's comments in the March issue on the rivalry between Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma:

I was familiar with Seattle both in the days when Washington Hotel sat proudly on its mesa, and in the after-the-war period, when it seemed to me to be so sadly in need of a coat of fresh paint. I am not so sure that even in the earlier days Portland, as a rival, was considered altogether out of the running. In those earlier days when a certain type of revival meeting was more frequent than at the present, a friend of mine, for a number of years an enthusiastic resident of Seattle, was attending a meeting of this sort. The evangelist had just come from conducting a revival in Portland. He was earnestly urging his audience to manifest their desire for a change of heart and a better life by standing. As the response to his impassioned appeal seemed to fall upon reluctant ears, he endeavored to stimulate action by recounting the rewards of his labors in Portland, where penitents crowded each other about the altar, and where the numbers, which he seemed to have carefully tabulated, were such as to arouse civic pride. My friend, who by the way, was a member of the Methodist Church, in good and regular standing—albeit, perhaps not exactly the type of the original followers of John Wesley—stood the inferences as long as she was able. Then standing and turning toward the audience, most of which was behind her, she said in a clear voice, audible throughout the large church,

"Tally one for Seattle! Anything to beat Portland!"







"Etchings of France," by Kerr Eby (p. 157)

*Rue Dominique Conté, Grasse*







# Harper's Magazine

VOL. CLI

JULY, 1925

No. CMII

## THE LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS

*An Uncensored Statement*

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U.S.N. (Retired)

We called Admiral Fiske's attention to the omission from his article of any reference to the claim that one of the consequences of the Conference is that our navy is not allowed to elevate her guns to as high a degree as the British navy, that our navy is not allowed enough men to enable the captains to fight their ships effectively, etc. Admiral Fiske has answered that, while these are facts, and while they make it impossible for our navy to maintain a 5-5 ratio with the British navy, and while it is true that there are also other serious consequences, nevertheless, as compared with the consequences mentioned in his article, they are microscopic.

Admiral Fiske states that he omitted mention of these matters in order not to distract the attention of the reader from the serious situation which his article describes.—*Editor's Note.*

THE results of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament, when they were first announced, met with great and wide acclaim. The clearest statement of them was made at the Fifth Plenary session, when Secretary Hughes said, "This treaty ends, absolutely ends, the race in competition in naval armament. At the same time, it leaves the relative security of the great naval Powers unimpaired." The nation accepted this statement.

What are the facts?

In August, 1921, the President of the United States sent an invitation to the governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan to participate in a "Conference on the subject of Limita-

tion of Armament, in connection with which Pacific and Far East questions should also be discussed." The first plenary session of the Conference was held in Washington on November 12, 1921.

In the Conference the United States was represented by four delegates: Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State and Chairman of the American Delegation; Senator Lodge, Senator Underwood, and ex-Secretary of State Elihu Root. These gentlemen were very distinguished lawyers and jurists.

Previous to the Conference the General Board of the Navy had been instructed by the civilian authorities to make a report, for the use of the American Delegates, which would provide for a limita-

tion of naval armament, and yet leave the United States with a navy adequate to defend our territory, to safeguard our world-wide commerce, and to maintain our policies and rights in foreign parts. The fact that this action had been taken was published, and it commended itself to the nation for the reason that people realized that the four distinguished statesmen who composed the American Delegation could not possibly be familiar with the principles and the facts of naval logistics, material, strategy, and tactics, whereas the General Board's whole *raison d'être* was for studying those things and advising the government concerning them.

The General Board had been in continuous existence since the Spanish War, a period of about twenty-one years. For several years it had been merely allowed to exist, mainly because of the prestige of its first president, Admiral Dewey. But as the years went by it gradually secured the confidence of the navy, and then of the nation for the reason that its advice had been found to be sound. It has usually been composed of about eight rear admirals and captains, whose records of long and intelligent service marked them as fitted for such work. Every effort has always been made to secure the best possible men, in order that their outlook would be comprehensive and their counsel sound. A vital factor in their deliberations has been the information continually collected in all maritime countries by the agents of our Office of Naval Intelligence.

Another vital factor has been the studies of the Naval War College at Newport. Ever since the victory of Japan over Russia in 1905 the College has recognized the fact that Japan had come to the front as one of the most intelligent and aggressive nations. For this reason the College has been conducting for twenty years war games in a supposed war with Japan. As the result of these games, and of the numberless written and oral discussions that had taken place, the War College and the General

Board had, previous to the Conference, come to very clear conclusions regarding the amount and the composition of naval force which the United States would need in case it should ever become necessary to uphold our rights in Far Eastern waters. Of course, the Naval War College co-operates intimately with the General Board. In fact, the President of the War College is, *ex-officio*, a member of the General Board.

The purpose of the Conference received world-wide approval, for it promised to establish such a condition of affairs that the cause of peace would be promoted everywhere, especially in the Far East. No people were more heartily in favor of holding the Conference than the navy officers of the United States; for they welcomed the prospect of having the complicated naval situation brought under the examination and guidance of the fine minds of well-instructed statesmen, as distinguished from those of uninstructed politicians.

It may here be stated as a fact that navy officers, even if they are militarists in the sense that they believe in the maintenance of a naval force adequate to the purpose for which naval force is maintained, are not militarists in the sense that they desire war. We realize that (as I stated in the preface to my book, *The Art of Fighting*) "The evils of war are so heartrending that every friend of the human race would greet with joy the coming of permanent peace, and would aid every movement tending to insure it."

The situation in the Far East was exceedingly difficult, mainly because of the unprecedented rapidity of the rise of Japan. In 1854, only sixty-seven years before, the Empire of Japan consisted of a few small islands, inhabited by people whom we should not now call even semi-civilized. When the Conference met that Empire was one of the most highly civilized and highly admired in all the world. The reason was that, within sixty-seven years, Japan had shown intelligence, energy, imperialistic ability,



and commercial ambition to a greater degree than any other nation on the earth. By the war which she initiated against China in 1894 she had acquired the important island of Formosa, with other territories, and won a high place in the family of nations.

Her way to becoming the Great Britain of the East seemed sure, when in 1898 the United States suddenly captured the Philippine Islands. In a moment the whole probable future of Japan was changed for the worse. No longer was Japan the only civilized and commercial nation on the coast of Asia. A competitor had appeared. A highly commercial nation now possessed islands nearly as large as Japan herself, covered with a more fertile soil, and containing better harbors. Those harbors could be used as bases for both commercial and naval operations along the whole shore of Asia.

Later, in 1905, Japan had vanquished one of the greatest nations of the earth—Russia—in a war conducted on both land and sea. Not long after this she acquired the whole of Corea. Since then she has gradually been extending her influence throughout the whole of Eastern Asia, including Manchuria, Mongolia, Sakhalin, and (most important of all) China.

Long before the war between Japan and Russia the encroachments on China of Russia and Great Britain—both in seizing territory and in acquiring commercial advantages—had become so great as to cause the United States to take measures to prevent the disintegration of China, and to secure equal opportunity for trade with China, and in developing its resources. The end for which the United States strove is ordinarily spoken of as the "Open Door."

Since the defeat of Russia by Japan, and especially since the collapse of the Russian Empire, the greatest impediment to the "Open Door" has been Japan. That this should be so is natural, and this statement is not intended as a charge against her. Japan has simply been doing what all the nations in the

past who became great had done. *She has merely been doing the things by doing which they became great.* Perhaps the best recent example of this procedure is that of Great Britain; but Rome, Greece, Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, etc. became great by similar procedures; and so did France, Spain, Germany, Russia, and Italy. Those procedures consisted mainly in aggressive measures both political and economic, the development of higher standards of living, *and the invention of increasingly effective armament, wherewith to overcome the opposition of people of lower civilization.* For instance, the deciding cause of the failure of the long effort of the Mohammedans to subjugate Europe was the superior armament of the Christians.

The great inventions which brought about better means of transportation and communication were, of course, vital factors in making Japan's rise so rapid. They are sometimes mentioned as promoting peace. But they do the reverse because they bring competing nations into dangerous proximity. So long as Japan was an isolated country she lived in peace. But in forty years after she ceased to be an isolated country she was at war with China. Ten years later she was at war with Russia. Ten years later she was at war with Germany.

Not only do swiftness and certainty of communication and transportation bring nations into dangerous proximity; they also cause events to move with such swiftness that people do not have time to think. It is easier to avoid a danger that is coming slowly than one that is coming swiftly. On July 31, 1914, the events in Europe followed one another with such swiftness that the statesmen did not have time to visualize them clearly and accurately. Each nation was somewhat in the situation of the Texan of a few years ago, when he saw (or thought he saw) the other man reach for a pistol in his right hip pocket.

For all these reasons the Far East situation when the Conference was called

was full of perplexing possibilities, including even the possibility of war. In fact, there were not a few well-informed people who felt that the outcome would probably be war.

Therefore, the relief of all people was great when, at the first session of the Conference, the proposal of the American delegation for limiting armament was read, beginning with the statement, "The United States proposes the following plan for a limitation of the naval armament of the conferring nations. The United States believes that this plan safely guards the interests of all concerned."

The inescapable inference was that the great minds of the statesmen had devised a plan which the General Board believed to be safe, and which would nevertheless stop the great expenditures then going on in the competitive race for naval armament.

Personally, however, I was much surprised when I read the plan proposed and the Secretary's statement concerning it, for the following reasons:

In 1910 and 1911 I was a member of the General Board and in charge of the war plans. It was then supposed (as it is now) that, in case any situation arose in which Japan might wish to induce the United States to yield to her on some point, Japan would simply threaten to capture the Philippine Islands, realizing that we knew the great difficulties, expense, and uncertainty which would attend any attempt to recapture them.

Later, I was Aid for Operations, from February, 1913, to May, 1915. My duties and responsibilities were virtually the same as are now those of Chief of Naval Operations. In fact, through the agency of Representative Hobson, I had the title changed to Chief of Naval Operations. During the two years and three months that I was Aid for Operations the problem of carrying on a war with Japan was my principal preoccupation. Naturally, I became familiar with the subject. During the seven years that elapsed between my resignation as Aid for Opera-

tions and the meeting of the Conference the difficulties of re-capturing the Philippines increased; because, although the use of oil instead of coal helped the fuel problem, and although we had many more merchant ships available, yet the increase of effectiveness of the submarine and the coming of the torpedo plane and bomber made our forces much more vulnerable to attack.

Furthermore, during the interval between February, 1913, and August, 1914, I frequently advised the Secretary of the Navy that Japan would probably maintain a peaceful attitude until we became involved in a war with some other nation, or until some situation developed which would handicap us in any operations in the West Pacific. To make it possible to operate in the West Pacific, I pointed out that ships of long steaming ability were needed. We succeeded in getting such ships provided in the "1916 program."

Naturally, I was surprised when I read that the Conference had scrapped *those ships*, especially when I supposed that the General Board had agreed to it.

In order to realize the importance of this surrender it must first be realized that the ships which the United States was actually building under the 1916 program were so powerful that leaving them out left out the most effective parts of our navy! Great Britain when she went to the Conference had no new capital ships building. The United States had fifteen new capital ships building. When the United States agreed to scrap those ships *we made it impossible for our navy to equal Britain's actually*, though it can be made to seem so on paper.

It may be objected that there is no use in bringing Great Britain into the discussion because we shall never go to war with her. We do not see any probability at the moment of going to war with either Japan or Great Britain. But we did not see any probability of going to war with Germany until a year or two before we went to war with her; and we did not see any probability of going to



war with Spain in 1898 until less than three months before the actual battle of Manila Bay. We may as well realize that the threat to British sea commerce which the building of our merchant marine makes deals Great Britain a blow at least as great as our capture of the Philippines dealt to Japan. And we may as well remember that Great Britain fought and vanquished Spain, then Holland, then France, and then Germany because they threatened the predominance of British commerce on the sea.

To most laymen, a proportionate reduction of armament, such as the Conference adopted, may seem fair to all nations concerned.

It might have been fair if it had also been agreed that no battle should ever occur between any two nations except at a given place in the ocean, equally distant from the bases of both nations, to be conducted under "Marquis of Queensberry rules" with umpires, seconds, etc. But, in case we should unfortunately have a war with Japan, Japan would simply capture almost all the Philippines and thereby force us to fight the battle close to her bases and far from our bases. Under such conditions, a ratio of 5 to 3 in our favor would not be enough to put us on equal terms.

It must be clear to the reader also that, besides the ratio between the forces, the total of the forces on each side affects the question vitally. For instance, even if the ratio between us and Japan were as high as 2 to 1, we should be powerless against her if we had only two ships, because two ships alone could not accomplish anything on either the Philippine or the Japanese coast.

Some navy officers, when they heard that the Conference proposed to scrap nearly all of our best capital ships, concluded that this was done because of a realization of the coming of air power, and that it was intended to arrange matters so that the navy would make up for its loss of battleships by a tremen-

dous increase in air power. Imagine their surprise when the Conference limited the airplane carriers for the entire navy to one hundred and thirty-five thousand tons! This dealt the navy a blow at least as severe as did the limitation of capital ships, because it made it impossible for us to go to the vicinity of Japan or the Philippines with any air force at all comparable with the air force which Japan will have on shore, say at Formosa. It more than doubled the handicap under which the United States will act if the Japanese should ever take the Philippine Islands.

Navy officers, as a class, were as surprised as I at the plan adopted by the Conference, because the war games played at the Naval War College for twenty years had showed that any such force as that permitted us by that plan would be inadequate to carry out the purpose for which it would be sent.

It would be impossible to explain to the lay reader in a few pages all the facts that the war games had developed. But if anyone will glance at the map on the accompanying page, he will note that the Philippine Islands lie about seven thousand sea miles away from the coast of the United States, and that there are no islands of any considerable size on the line between them, except the Hawaiian Islands and Guam. There is a base in Hawaii, but it is very small and contains only one dry dock. Guam has no base worth considering, is extremely small, is only lightly fortified, and has no dry dock. The navy has been trying for twenty years to get adequate bases at both Hawaii and Guam. It has failed wholly in regard to Guam, and has succeeded only very inadequately as to Hawaii.

Therefore, it seemed desirable to the navy to guard the Philippines so that the United States fleet, when it arrived in the vicinity, would be able to steam into a large and well-protected harbor and find adequate means of supply and for making the repairs which are always necessary after a long trip.

The reader may here say, "What is the use of our holding the Philippines anyway; why not let the Japs take them and keep them?"

The answer to this is that the Philippine Islands are very valuable possessions indeed. They cover almost as much area as the Japanese islands; they are more fertile, the climate is better, and the harbors are very much better. There is no more reason for giving up these islands than a man would have for giving up his pocketbook to any man who demanded it. Sometimes, the reasons are so strong that the man does give up his pocketbook. Perhaps similar reasons may become so strong that we shall give up the Philippines.

The further fact, however: that we have developed a foreign trade as great as that of the British Isles, and that the biggest prospect of profits is in the vicinity of China, rather than anywhere else in the world, emphasizes the desirability of our not giving up the Philippines. Our merchant marine will need the Philippines with their large harbors as commercial bases if it is ever to carry on trade with China and the vicinity on a scale commensurate to the market there.

*It is clear, therefore, that commercially as well as strategically the Philippines constitute the key to the Far East situation.*

Whether we should try to recapture them in case they were captured is hardly a practical question; for the reason that we could never look the other nations in the face if we submitted to such an insult. Even Secretary Daniels agreed with me that if the Japanese did capture the Philippines we should be bound in honor, at least, to try to recapture them.

The twin facts that the Philippines are valuable and that we should be bound to try to recapture them if they were forcibly taken from us make the Philippines uncomfortably like hostages in the keeping of Japan.

This is not all: the whole question of maintaining peace between us and the Japanese depends mainly on the firmness

with which we hold the Philippines; for the simple reason that if they are defenseless they will increasingly constitute a continuous temptation to the Japanese to take them. This temptation may become irresistible in case an acute conflict of interests should come up at any time, especially if it is accompanied, or followed, by some unfortunate incident that may cause excitement.

The Japanese understand these matters better than we do, for the simple reason that, more than in any other nation on the earth, their statesmen understand strategy. Both the Japanese statesmen and the Japanese strategists realize the actual value of the Philippine Islands to the United States and their potential value to Japan.

It was doubtless for this reason that the Japanese government instructed their delegates to the Conference that the most important thing for them to gain was an agreement by the United States not to fortify further the Philippines or to improve them as naval bases.

A friend of mine, in cogitating before the Conference met about the probable objective which the Japanese would strive to achieve in the Conference, came to the conclusion that it would be an agreement by the United States not to fortify the Philippines further. When he saw that this was exactly what the Japanese proposed he felt considerably elated at his perspicacity. Then he cogitated as to whether the United States would agree. He concluded, of course, that the United States would not agree. When he read later that the United States had agreed he made a more humble estimate of his perspicacity—and of that of the American Delegates.

The surprise of navy officers at the plan of limitation of armament that the American delegates agreed to was changed into astonishment when Secretary Hughes, Chairman of the Conference, presented what has since been called "The Naval Limitation Treaty," and accompanied it with the statement





means by which the navy can best serve the people. In order that the navy may be able to do this, navy officers are given their fundamental training at the U. S. Naval Academy, and are continued in their training night and day, seven days in the week, during all their active careers. No other profession is so highly specialized. In no other profession, not even in the medical, are the requirements and conditions so esoteric.

The reader may answer that those requirements and conditions are purely technical, that they begin and end with the intention of making the navy fulfill its sole function—that of a mere instrument to do what the civilian authorities wish it to do.

This idea is held generally throughout the country. No idea more fraught with peril to the nation can possibly be conceived. It has caused the civilian authorities to get the country into wars, and, at the same time, to be unprepared to wage the wars economically or effectively. Many instances of this have occurred in our history because of the lack of co-operation which ought to exist between the civilian authorities and the army and navy, between statesmanship and strategy.

Co-operation between statesmanship and strategy has been the best in those cases in which the statesman and the strategist wore the same hat; as did Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Washington when he was president. In other cases it has never been complete. At the present time it is the most nearly complete in the Empire of Japan. It is probably the least complete in the Republic of the United States.

In the United States lack of co-operation has not been blamable on the navy men, but on the statesmen. The navy men have done their best to co-operate, beginning while at the Naval Academy by studying International Law. When the Naval War College was established at Newport, about 1885, the study of International Law, History, and World Politics was made one of the most im-

portant parts of the course. Doubtless, the reader knows that navy officers frequently are called on to act promptly in matters involving points in International Law, in support of the policies of the nation and in defending the rights of our citizens in foreign parts.

Few American statesmen, on the other hand, have shown any adequate appreciation of the necessity for co-operation with navy men. American statesmen have always loudly condemned the use of force, *before the event*; but when the event has occurred they have loudly called for it. When Mr. Bryan was Secretary of State I was Aid for Operations of the Navy. Mr. Bryan was continually proclaiming in the newspapers his detestation of the use of force, and at the same time having instructions given me to send battleships to places where they were not really needed. His insistence was carried so far as to make it impossible for our Atlantic Fleet to be maintained in proper training.

The ability of the navy to assist the State Department and to inform the State Department as to what the navy can do rests largely on the courses of instruction which navy officers receive at the Naval War College. The system of instruction is the applicatory system. It consists in the mastering of principles, and then the application of those principles to given cases. In applying those principles, officers follow wholly the "Estimate of the Situation" method.

The Estimate of the Situation method was the invention of the German General Staff. It is the result of a successful attempt to arrive at decisions by a method so rigidly accurate as to be almost mechanical. It constitutes one of the triumphs of the human mind. After undergoing crucial tests for many years, it was adopted some years ago by the navies and armies of all the principal Powers. It has not yet, however, been adopted by the civilian statesmen. For this reason the operations of statesmanship are rarely conducted on so high an intellectual plane as are those of strat-



egy. The main single reason for this is that the less exact methods of statesmanship result in an estimate of the situation which is not so comprehensive, largely because some of the factors in the situation are apt to be overlooked. The factor most apt to be overlooked, or undervalued, is that comprising the second stage in the Estimate of the Situation method—that is, the difficulties and dangers in the way, especially the strategic dangers.

The following examples may be cited:

Before the World War the naval and military strategists of the United States, Great Britain, and France warned their governments repeatedly of the dangers which the aggressive policies of Germany and Japan were introducing into the world situation. The cases of Field Marshal Roberts and Admiral Lord Fisher are in everybody's mind. For some curious reason it is not clearly in the mind of the American people that our naval strategists did as Roberts and Fisher did. For instance, on August 1, 1914, the day on which the World War broke out, the General Board wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, estimating the situation in the light of the history of the past and the conditions existing at the moment and pointing out the extreme probability of our being drawn into the war. The letter closed with the following sentence: "We should prepare now for the situation which would thus be created." Furthermore, on November 9, 1914, I wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy in my official capacity as Aid for Operations, reporting the navy unprepared for war and elaborating the subject. One sentence was, "If this country avoids war during the next five years, it will be accomplished only by a happy combination of high diplomatic skill and rare good fortune." Both of those letters were ignored by the statesmen in charge of our government. Furthermore, I was forced to resign my position because, as the Secretary of the Navy stated to the House Naval Committee, "Admiral

Fiske was not in harmony with the Department."

The result was that this country was unprepared when we went into the war. Had our statesmen followed the advice of the strategists, and permitted our navy to get into a state of reasonable preparedness, it is inconceivable that the Germans would have dared to sink the *Lusitania* or to commit those other acts that forced us into the war.

During the war the operations of the Allies were handicapped by the statesmen, because they disregarded the advice of the strategists. The end in view looking too big in proportion to the difficulties in the way, the civilian statesmen embarked in a series of eccentric operations in Mesopotamia, at Gallipoli, etc., which prolonged the war and caused a sacrifice of blood and money that was both tremendous and unjustifiable.

Even in Germany the statesmen failed to grasp the situation. Before the war Admiral von Tirpitz pointed out that, in case of a war with Russia and France, Great Britain would not fail to come in; in fact, that she would constitute Germany's most dangerous enemy. The event proved Tirpitz to be right and the civilian statesmen wrong. When the war broke out Tirpitz was the only man in high official circles in Germany who had made any record of achievement whatever; and yet the civilian statesmen ignored his advice.

We hear the statement frequently made that Germany's military operations were conducted more skillfully than was Germany's statesmanship. This is true, and it raises the interesting question: If this was the case in Germany, where even the civil officials were in a measure strategists, what must be the condition in this country?

What will probably be the outcome?

The outcome cannot possibly be good. The parallel between certain of our statesmen ignoring the General Board in the latter part of 1914 and other statesmen ignoring the Board in the latter part of 1921 seems so perfect as to suggest

that the results in the latter case will be as bad as were those in the former case: worse, in fact, mainly because we see no probability now of our ever having again the protection of the British fleet.

Before closing I beg to remind the reader that, according to the State Department's official announcement in July, 1921, the Conference was called "with a view to reaching a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East." A common understanding was reached which was embodied in what is called the Nine Power Treaty, between the United States, Great Britain, France, Japan, Italy, Belgium, China, the Netherlands, and Portugal. Had this treaty been ratified by all those Powers, the United States might have been reasonably warranted in limiting her armament according to some fair agreement. But France, for reasons excellent to herself, has not ratified the treaty. Therefore, the treaty is ineffective; and therefore no "common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East" is in existence which is binding on any of the Powers. Nevertheless, we are obliged to limit our armament, and to leave the Philippines defenseless, by the Naval

Treaty, which has been fully ratified by all the Powers that subscribed to it; and we have made it easy for Japan to exercise her will unrestrained in the Far East by the co-operation of that treaty and the Four Power Treaty.

Therefore, looking toward the future with the light supplied by the history of the past, we see that the main probable consequences of the Conference are:

First. There will be a period of time throughout which it will continuously rest in the power of Japan to make a series of small encroachments on our rights to the Open Door which we shall not think it worth while (or safe) to resist lest the Japanese capture the Philippines; for our agreement not to increase the fortifications in the Philippines, and simultaneously to reduce our armament too much, makes it possible for Japan to "bluff" us continuously.

Second. Finally, the aggregate of such encroachments will become so great that tension will ensue. Then some emotional disturbance will arise which will prompt the Japanese to take the Philippines and force us into a highly expensive war: highly expensive to us, but not to the Japanese.

## YOUTH AND AGE

BY VIRGINIA STAIT

**A**CROSS the space called years you question me:  
 "Why are you gladful, knowing you must wait,  
 And chance a boat to some place far remote,  
 That may return with love, be wrecked, or late?"

Across the space called years I question too:  
 "Forsaking all—is your love so sublime!  
 Are you so made that you are unafraid,  
 Are you so sure of harbor, anchor, time?"



# THE CLOVER LEAF

BY HENSHAW WARD

**H**ERE at my feet is a bunch of clover. As I stoop to pluck one of the leaves, I am—in comparison—a giant a million miles tall scrutinizing our little world. If such a giant's eyes were no sharper than ours, he could hardly perceive anything on our globe that was less than fifty miles broad; he could not detect New York City or the height of the Andes. So, if we wish to see anything of a clover leaf, we must reduce ourselves.

We must reduce to the dimensions of a medium-sized microbe—to the height, say, of one ten-thousandth of an inch—while we correspondingly increase our power of vision.

Permit yourself to be thus minimized while we take an excursion into this bit of green that nods in the breeze.

Shrink yourself gradually, and thus avoid too great a shock. First, you are two inches in height—four times as tall as the width of the leaf, which now looms before you a spiny, big-ribbed affair, glowing with life. Then you are reduced to a tenth of an inch; you cling to the edge of the leaf, which seems thirty feet broad, and you feel a vertigo as a breath of air swings you through an arc of twenty feet. Become ten times smaller still—the leaf is a hundred yards broad, and the little fuzzy hairs appear as spiny trees fifteen feet high that glisten with a fierce whiteness against the background of billowy green. If you submit to another similar reduction, the opposite edge of the leaf will be more than half a mile away, lost to view beyond the swell of the surface. One last reduction, and here we are—two microbic pygmies at the edge of a leaf nearly six miles wide. We find ourselves perched on a ridge

that is as rugged and jagged as an arm of a volcanic mountain. Indeed we are on a more perilous footing than those tourists in the Yellowstone Park who motor over a rocky knife-edge that slopes steeply down three thousand feet on either side; for our leaf is in its fleshiest part less than a thousand feet thick.

Beneath us we feel the throb of the mighty protoplasmic engines; we have glimpses of great streams coursing beneath the shining, waterproof surface of the top, which undulates for two and a half miles to the cañon that is over the midrib. All this plateau is covered by a forest of the white spines that rise like giant masts of crystal fifteen hundred feet above the network of dark veins.

Before we venture into the terrifying interior of this monstrous place, be assured that we are not playing with a fantasia. Small as we have made ourselves, we are not nearly small enough to penetrate the last secrets of a leaf. Our vision is still far too coarse to see even the most puffed-out molecule of starch or sugar, which would be to our gross microbic eyes only  $1/250$  of an inch in diameter. No, small as we are, we have descended only to those limits that a microscope can reach, and are still like great blinking monsters before the ultimate facts of the leaf's structure.

We wish to go in. But we are altogether too large to enter through the upper side of the leaf, for no space there would admit a finger. The only opening on the edge is a blow-hole that is spouting out water vapor and that offers no inlet. We peer along the under side. About a hundred yards away is a hole that looks promising. Fortunately there is a thousand-foot spine, rooted beyond

the opening and growing across it, close along the under surface, which offers us a rough bridge. We scramble along on this huge, sparkling log, below the under surface of the leaf, till we are beneath the mouth of a cave. At first we are almost blown down by a blast of oxygen that is rushing out, and then are almost sucked up by a current of carbon dioxide. At the edge of these currents we find a place where we may swing ourselves by our hands up to an oval aperture that is heaving in an alarming manner. We can feel the surge of sap in the bulging guard-cells, which sway the wall of the cavernous mouth to and fro; they might quickly swell across the opening and crush us. Luckily at just this moment they are slowly drawing apart.

We venture between them when the opening becomes five feet wide. We find ourselves at the bottom of a funnel whose wall rises steep and slippery forty feet above us. Up this we clamber. Here at last is quiet and security, for we are in an open space some fifty feet wide and a hundred high, whose sides are composed of a dozen or more irregular blocks. Imagine some houses, with elastic walls, wedged tightly but not accurately together to inclose a great chamber, and you will have an idea of the surroundings that close us in. The walls of these houses are six inches thick, but so nearly transparent that we can make out fairly well what lies behind them: globes and disks, ten feet or more in diameter, that are suspended in a liquid, that are slightly in motion, and that look busy. "Busy" is a queer word, but it conveys the impression made upon any visitor to the interior of a leaf.

These globes are the cells that manufacture sugar—and that is all we know about them. The chemist, after his most searching investigations, is still as unable to peer into the workings of these factories as we are now with our human eyesight sharpened seven hundred thousand times. We can only gaze and repeat, "They make sugar." In the course

of a summer they will manufacture enough sweet food to form a layer half a mile deep over the whole leaf.

If we wish to explore, the way lies open above. We had best take our bearings, so that we shall not get lost in the galleries that ramify among the big cells. Our forty-foot climb up into this chamber was through the under surface of the leaf; we are now in its soft interior. Above us lies the thickness of the leaf—perhaps six hundred feet—which is packed nearly full of the houselike blocks, through whose walls we have been looking. These are the green cells; half a dozen layers of them are between us and the top surface of the leaf; all around us they stretch, out to the very edges—a million or more of them. We are going to climb up through them, and if passages open sideways, we must keep good track of our directions or we shall never find our way back.

Through the air-passages we poke our way between the pulsing walls of the cells and mount toward the upper side of the leaf. The cells become more narrow, more close packed, more green, until, when we have struggled upward four hundred feet, we come to the base of a close array of them that are much longer, wedged tight together, like so many flexible boxes, reaching to the upper surface. They deserve their name of the "palisade" of cells. At one point we can squeeze another hundred feet through an air-channel, but here it ends and we must stop.

Familiarity with these more active upper cells shows somewhat of their inside. The sugar-making disks, smaller and flatter here, swim in a liquid. But the liquid is only the lining of the cell. All the interior is filled with sap, which holds the liquid against the wall.

If sugar-making is a secret, ten times a secret is this liquid, which we never tire of watching, viewing it as if through the glass of an aquarium. It is in constant motion, sometimes swirling by a mile a minute, sometimes busied with little whirlpools; now it is of the faintest



green color, and now yellowish; here it is a thin, translucent jelly, and there is filled with fibers and rods, globes and crystals. It is protoplasm. It is life. Whatever other wonders we see in a leaf are explainable to some degree by a chemist, but man has not yet spoken the first syllable that shall help to interpret protoplasm. When we have begun to understand it we shall have begun to understand life—not before. It is as different from mere sugar as a man is from a stone. If you grant a biologist just one cell full of this protoplasm, he can imagine that from it came all the classes of life; without it he cannot tell you aught about the beginning of life; all inorganic matter, be it ever so complex, is on one side of a great gulf, and protoplasm is on the other side.

What a purblind, witless thing is man when he encounters a leaf!

As we continue to explore we are overpowered with the complexities that surround us, of which we can gain hardly any knowledge. Here is a strange cell that contains, as if it were a showcase in a museum, a glittering, spiked crystal five feet in diameter. Was it lugged up here from the roots or was it formed here as a waste product? Here are pipes several inches in diameter through which protoplasm pours from cell to cell. We are bewildered by the currents all about us: air circulating everywhere, free oxygen being driven out, carbon dioxide being drawn in, water pumped to every quarter, sugar carried out for transportation to the roots that need the food, sugar transformed to starch and back again to sugar.

And all these operations are simple compared with the other functions of a leaf. Not all of man's factories and laboratories can equal the refinement of

the varied processes that go on every minute here. There are special cells to distil the waterproofing for the outside of the top; there are others that transform sugar to cellulose and build walls with it; there are the guard cells that regulate the intake and outgo at the pores. A leaf compounds and transmutes the most delicately adjusted kinds of intricate carbo-hydrates and proteins, of oils and fats and coloring-matters and alkaloids and digestive fluids and acids, and many products that are quite beyond detection.

Suppose that the human mind could grasp partially the possibility of assembling all these activities in a soft plate half an inch wide and one-hundredth of an inch thick; the mind would only have begun its journey of understanding. What regulates and directs the whole organization? Where is the nerve center that tells ten thousand pores to open five per cent wider because the temperature has changed? Where is the mechanism that controls the turning of leaves for a better spread to the sun? Whence issue all the uncountable thousands of orders every hour to the hundreds of thousands of cells, telling them when to work and when to desist? What engineer so directs the currents that in every least vein the sugar is floated along in one direction, the other food by a tube inside the sugar, and water in the opposite direction through a companion tube? We weary of a mere rehearsal of a mere part of these orders for work.

Our excursion is over. Now we may enlarge ourselves to our normal size and be again the blind and massive monsters who can see nothing in a leaf. We look down at the hall of wonders where we spent such an adventurous hour—at a mere clover leaf bobbing in the wind.

## THE AMATEUR

*Awarded a Third Prize in the Final Harper Short-Story Contest*

BY PHOEBE H. GILKYSON

THE mail-train had left the station, and the alarm clanged at the crossing, but the little gray roadster skimmed impudently over the track under the very nose of the locomotive. The mail-time gathering at Smink's General Store stirred appreciatively: young Mrs. Wynne's arrival was always enlivening. She swung her car neatly into an open space between the low porch and the dappled trunk of a tall buttonwood tree and vaulted out in high good humor: she habitually played to an audience, real or imaginary, and one of the few relaxations she permitted herself since her marriage was to come occasionally for the morning mail and make a dashing descent upon the village as lady of the manor among the varletry.

Rainwashed sunlight of early June spun a becoming aura about her as she ran up the steps, and she flashed her best smile at old Mrs. Fye, who sat on a bench fanning herself with a sunbonnet. Within the building she patted a child's tow head and installed herself on an up-turned barrel to wait while Mr. Smink laboriously sorted and stamped the letters. She was agreeably aware of shy admiring glances from the country folk and knew she made a charming girlish picture in her trim linen gown against the dingy background of the store. She never smoked cigarettes or wore sophisticated clothes in Wynnedale, but the sacrifice thus entailed was compensated by her satisfaction as an artist at fitting herself so well into the picture. One no longer heard the whisper of "movie actress" in connection with "Peter Paige

Wynne's new wife." Now they merely murmured "Young Mrs. Wynne."

An odor of peanuts and soap and gum boots mingled within the store, and Becky yawned as Mr. Smink slowly popped the letters into their honeycomb of receptacles. Four, six, eight letters and a bundle of papers had gone into the Wynne box; it bulged importantly over its less favored fellows. The Wynnes, as befitting feudal lords of the locality, had a box of special size. Perhaps in the world beyond the hills of Brinton County their name had lost, with gradually failing fortunes, something of its old glamour and potency, but here its importance remained an unwavering tradition. Becky knew of the consternation caused by Paige's marriage, less than a year ago—"in the movies, my dear, and not even a star. Just a character actress and not pretty, unless you like that thin gypsy type. No money, and heaven knows where she came from; somewhere in the Middle West. . . ." It had been as great a triumph to establish herself with the obscure gentlefolk about Wynnedale as might have been the social conquest of a smarter locality, and even more difficult. But Becky had the reputation of mastering thoroughly her roles. . . . She and Paige had planned to live nearer Philadelphia, where he had a good business opening and she a wider scope for her talents; but for some reason she wasn't quite ready to leave Wynnedale.

Mr. Smink slammed down the wicket and the villagers filed by, pausing to gossip and compare mail-order cata-



logues. Becky, graciously receiving the Wynne apportionment, realized that she had again forgotten the mail-bag. It was a strict rule that no one should get the mail without a bag for safekeeping: life at Wynne Hall was made up of quaint details that became of actual importance by virtue of long custom. Becky was amused at the childlike feeling of guilt which assailed her for the moment; she was in danger, she told herself, of taking Wynnedale seriously. But the sight of a letter directed to her in a familiar back-hand scrawl diverted her attention and, stuffing the other mail into a crack in the seat of her car, she climbed in to enjoy some pages of gossip. It was from Gay, good old Gay, the one being on earth with whom she had shared her fears and hopes and plans in the old days. Gay too was married now, to a wealthy manufacturer, and was absorbed in a fast little world of her own on the semi-smart fringes of New York.

The letter—whose Special Delivery stamp hadn't hastened its arrival appreciably—retailed the information that Gay and her husband, with a congenial couple, were motoring through Philadelphia, and couldn't Becky and Paige meet them on Wednesday night for dinner at that amusing new hotel near Overbrook?

"You see, Becky, old thing," ran the letter, "I have tact enough not to bring this bunch to Wynnedale, much as I'd like to see you milking cows on the old homestead. But something tells me we'd be congenial as Capital and Labor with your in-laws. Honest, dearie, Paige is sure a sweet thing and I suppose you know your mind, but I often wonder how can you stand those mossy old swells. If you'd stayed in the business Sam Dunne would of given you a big part this year and you'd of been famous in no time and drawing big money. He told Edna that you had real screen personality. Or you could of married that rich Kelly fellow, and been sailing around in your own yacht this minute. But you and I both know, dearie, that you had

more brains than the rest of us and if you got what you want stick to it and God bless you. But don't forget the old days. Come early Wed. night. Tell Paige we'll bring plenty of hooch. As I remember, he doesn't mind diluting his blue blood with alcohol once in a while. . . ."

Wednesday . . . why, this was Wednesday! That meant they must start by five; it was a two-hour run to Philadelphia. It would be fun to see Gay again! A pang of homesickness smote her and she wondered, for a moment, if it would make her restless to revive old memories. She headed her car away from Wynne Hall; she would go home by the longer road, over the hill, for she found it easier to think with the rush of air in her face and power under her feet. Gay never would believe that Becky's marriage had been a love-match, or that during her brief acquaintance with Peter Paige Wynne he had spoken as vaguely of his family and background as she had of hers. "Country people . . . good old things, but rather slow," he had said. That the astute Becky Thorne should succumb to nothing more significant than a man's slow smile and absent-minded courtesy, the set of his rather shabby English clothes, and the little ripple in his short fair hair was quite inconceivable to Gay, and she regarded her friend's surrender with suspicion. Later, when it appeared that he was the son of a distinguished, if somewhat impoverished Pennsylvania family, Gay had laughed knowingly and asked who had given Becky the tip. One couldn't explain to Gay that she had recognized something in Peter Paige himself which answered, vaguely, her hunger for superiority; the hunger which had dominated her from childhood and carried her beyond each goal that she had established for herself. If she had wanted wealth or social prominence she certainly might have done better, for the Wynnes were a stock which had begun to go to seed. He was neither brilliant nor forceful, but he had the mysterious

quality of fineness that never failed to stir her in its manifestation. . . .

At full speed Becky topped the hill by the church, and as she dipped again a gust of wind caught the pile of letters, whirled them overhead, and scattered them maliciously along the road. Still busy with her thoughts, Becky stopped the car and gathered them hastily. There had been eight letters besides the papers, she remembered, and she could find only seven. Perhaps she had miscounted. But there had surely been a long yellow envelope. . . . She ran back along the road for a hundred yards and searched the tall grass on either side, but found nothing. It was probably an advertisement, she told herself irritably, and returned, warm and cross, to her car. The Wynnes wrote too many letters anyhow, and got too many. It would be better for them if they lived more and scribbled less. . . . She let out her motor again, whirling down the hill and into the village in a cloud of dust, scattering a flock of white chickens and grazing the nose of a surprised old horse. Beyond the village, on the old post road to Philadelphia, the drowsy sweetness of honeysuckle drenched the stone gateway of Wynne Hall.

As she swung up the drive the shadowy stillness of venerable evergreen trees closed in behind her, and at the head of the somewhat shaggy lawn these gave way to masses of glossy rhododendron that banked the flagged court before the house. The country roads she had just traversed meant nothing to Becky; their steep little rounded hills and aisled orchards were just so much vacancy to her. But Wynne Hall stirred something within her, a wonderment and satisfaction not unmingled with sadness. Although its white pillars were in need of paint, it bore the aura of a gracious past, tangible as the pungence of its boxwood hedges. There was nothing of pseudo-colonial or renovated farmhouse about it, as with so many of the dwellings in this part of Pennsylvania. It belonged frankly to the thirties, when high ceilings and ample

doorways and big windows, fine woodwork and low-tread hospitable stairs bespoke hospitality and easeful living. It was a square house of weather-worn stucco over stone, with pillared entrances on the north and east sides and a wide veranda on the south and west. The kitchen and servants' quarters were in a separate building, joined to the house by a covered way above ground, with a subterranean passage beneath. Within, the furniture was a curious mixture of fine old simplicity and Victorian rococo; certainly no one could mistake it for the work of a professional decorator.

The wide front door stood open in the June warmth, and as Becky mounted the steps old colored Cæsar, who had come from Maryland with Paige's mother when she married, shuffled forward to meet her.

"Ole Mahs' Wynne say, will you please, ma'am, come out in de back gya'den," he announced unctuously. "He bin waitin' fo' to speak to you." He grinned and muttered approvingly as Becky ran down the paneled hall. Cæsar found "Miz' Paige" endlessly pretty and amusing.

The south veranda gave upon a flagged terrace that sloped to the formal gardens below and overlooked the green lowlands of the creek valley, where a herd of Holstein cattle stood like tiny inlays of ivory and onyx in an enamelled panel. The young summer sun had not yet burned the freshness of spring from the shrubbery; and the tall boxwood hedges, Wynne Hall's pride, were darkly green as burnished metal in the morning light. The lilacs were done blooming and it was too early for the riotous color of the flowerbeds, but the first roses were in bud, and Mother Wynne moved among them with her clippers, a beautiful tragic note in her black dress. Becky paused in the doorway, approving the scene. She never had possessed a family of her own in this sense, and to see them grouped here against that effective backdrop made her think of an old Southern play. Miss Janet, Paige's thin, intellectual aunt, sat in a whirl of papers at a wicker table on the veranda; Miss Rose,





SHE FOUND IT EASIER TO THINK WITH THE AIR IN HER FACE

the gentle, plump aunt, was reading to her father on the grass by the magnolia tree.

Grandfather Wynne in his wheel-chair was hardly the genial, snowy-haired Southern colonel of the picture, but Grandfather Wynne bore no stamp of a set pattern. His clean-shaven face—thin and parchment-pale—was nervous and mobile, with black piercing eyes under heavy brows; and his hair, fiercely curling, had dulled rather than grayed with time. He had a long, almost cruel upper lip, but when he smiled his mouth was kindly and sometimes tender. Becky at heart was desperately afraid of him for she felt that he penetrated the poses that were so indispensable a part of her; but, as always, she took refuge in playing to her invisible audience with the role of girlish vivacity at the feet of venerable wisdom.

Gaily she moved across the grass to him. She had learned the quick slender gait of a trained dancer and knew its value in crossing an open space under critical eyes. With a little half-mocking courtesy she handed him the bundle of mail.

"You wished to see me, sir?" she asked

in her best Virginia accent. This sweet elliptic drawl was one of her best assets; she had acquired it two years before while boarding with a Southern family in Brooklyn.

"Major Carney left this for you," he told her, handing her a folded paper. "He thought it necessary to apologize to me, but explained that he had warned you several times. Naturally, he can't continue to show undue leniency merely because you are my granddaughter-in-law."

Major Carney was Wynnedale's autocratic old justice of the peace, and an implacable foe to fast driving. Becky had been amused by his reprimands and in New York would have considered a summons for speeding a huge joke, but now it didn't seem quite so funny under the polite gaze of her husband's family. She knew that in their eyes it was a regrettable lapse, and exasperation welled within her: did they expect her to make herself over completely to their ænemic standards? Heaven knew she had tried hard enough, but one is human. . . . For a moment her old self awoke and wanted to swear—to give these people a real jolt. But she had trained herself

always to burn her bridges behind her: she never reverted to a lesser role. She was a *grande dame* now; a Wynne. So in a calm bored manner she took the paper and folded it deliberately.

"How amusing!" she remarked. "I suppose one should be grateful for a new sensation, no matter what." She moved with conscious grace toward the house.

"One moment, Rebecca," called Mr. Wynne, looking up abstractedly. "Did Caesar give you all the letters?" This spoiled her exit, and annoyed her.

"I went to the post office myself," she replied shortly.

"Odd! That letter always comes on the sixth," he commented, half to himself.

Mentally she destroyed the lost letter; it simply never had existed for her. It was impossible to admit carelessness just then. She gave him a wide, rather plaintive glance from her long-lashed eyes.

"That's all there were," she stated, and moved again toward the house.

In her room she was aware that the little incident had lowered her high spirits; she must be growing hyper-sensitive in this chaste atmosphere, she told herself. It would do her good to see Gay again, even if her friends were a bit vulgar. One needed a whiff of vulgarity now and then. She laid out several evening gowns and deliberated which she should wear that night; it had been months since she had worn evening clothes.

She studied her face in the mirror: it was thin and elfish, with a rather wide red mouth, beautiful teeth, straight nose, and long narrow gray eyes. She wore no makeup at Wynnedale and her sleek, dark, close-cropped hair made her look like a boy; but she had animation and intelligence in her face; no one could call her ordinary-looking. She thought of her arrival at Wynne Hall eight months before, when Paige had brought her home to visit after their honeymoon. She had been entirely conscious of the Wynnes' misgivings about his sudden alliance and it pleased her to feel that they could find no flaw in her speech, dress, or manner.

Indeed, she had been almost disconcerted to find them so simple and kindly, for she had schooled herself to more of the grand manner. It had been at her insistence that she and Peter Paige had stayed on at Wynne Hall: at first because she saw that he was needed in managing the place since his father's death; later because there was something that puzzled her, something she wanted to understand about this family. There never was a hint of the friction that proverbially exists between in-laws; and yet a subtle reserve seemed to underlie their kindness. It was the same quality in essence that had marked Paige as different from the wealthy young blades who had formerly constituted her idea of aristocracy, and somehow after eight months she seemed further than ever from analyzing this difference. She was going through the motions of an intimacy which didn't exist, and of late she had felt a growing uneasiness that something she might do or say would define the fact that she was hopelessly alien in spirit. Always she had appropriated any quality she admired: an accent, a gesture, a laugh; and had endured the gibes of her friends at what they chose to call affectation. For she knew it was more than affectation; she assimilated the thing she affected and made it a part of her. Mediocrity was the unforgivable sin to Becky, and her twenty-four years had been a tireless process of discard and selection. Was she, for the first time in her life, to be defeated in a characterization? How Gay would laugh to see her take the Wynnes so seriously! To her they would seem finicking and unimportant.

From her window Becky saw Peter Paige, in faded khaki riding-clothes, jump off his horse and cross the lawn to his mother. He was warm and dirty from the farm, but it was impossible for him to look uncouth, no matter what he wore. She thrilled as always at his easy grace. Everything she had studied and striven for was innate with him, and although she knew she was stronger than he and



would always dominate him, his very weaknesses were those of caste. . . . She heard voices on the terraces and assumed that he was being told of her fall from grace, but when a minute later he appeared upstairs his face expressed only his usual pleasure at the sight of her.

"Why drag all your gowns out?" he inquired, indicating the bed. "Going to have a sale?" She told him of the prospective trip to the city.

"Fine! Put out my things too, will you? Must run down to the P. O. after luncheon; Grandfather is worried about a letter."

Becky flushed. "I can't seem to convince him that it didn't come," she said coldly.

He stared. "Oh! So *you* got the mail! Did you take the bag?"

"Of course I did." She turned her back. "I suppose they think me completely untrustworthy since I got pinched."

"You got what?" His amazement was genuine.

"Didn't they tell you that, either?" Becky was amazed too. These Wynnes certainly weren't human. Or perhaps, she thought, if they really loved her as one of themselves they wouldn't be so beastly polite. "I'm to appear before the Major tomorrow for speeding. Isn't it a scream? And I drive so carefully, too. You know I do."

"Really, Becka?" His face clouded slightly although he smiled.

"I'm afraid the family are horrified," she told him airily. "Hope the Major doesn't make it too heavy. I'm sorry, old son; I won't do it again."

"It isn't the fine, you know," Paige explained with

some effort. He hated to talk seriously. "It's simply the—the Wynne name, you know. They like our women to—well, to stand well about here, among the country people. Old-fashioned rot, of course. And you've been wonderful, Becka," he added hastily. "I know it's been awfully slow for you. But you wanted to stay, didn't you?"

Becky was studying him objectively as he talked, with an odd tenderness in her eyes. The quaint exploded theory of putting women on a pedestal fitted, somehow, with Paige's beautiful thin face; his high-bridged nose and cleft chin and amiable—too amiable—mouth. In re-



GRANDFATHER WYNNE BORE NO STAMP OF  
A SET PATTERN

pose his face held always something of wistfulness; one could picture him with a high black stock at his throat. . . .

"Pete," she demanded suddenly, "why did you marry me?"

"I s'pose I married you for your money, child," he told her with cheerful sarcasm.

"Pete," she persisted, "is there anything wrong with me—anything you'd like to change very much?" He regarded her with frank approval.

"Miss Becky," he pronounced, "you're the rightest thing I know of."

He was undoubtedly the most satisfactory person in the world. She laughed and told him to hurry and wash for luncheon, but as she ran downstairs she had a sudden realization that Paige was more self-sufficient than she. Lovable and easy-going as he was, no one person or thing could ever be entirely indispensable to him. She, Becky, wasn't like that. . . .

At luncheon she was unusually silent, and studied his family objectively as she had studied Paige. Mother Wynne, with her shining silver hair, presided over the meal, gently solicitous for everyone's comfort but always half-abstracted, never wholly engaged. Paige's detachment was inherited from her but she was more emotional than he, with quick girlish gestures when she talked that showed her strain of French blood, and a naïve literalness that never followed the quick nonsensical humor which Paige shared with his grandfather. The men were inclined to tease her and laugh at her impractical comments, but at times she descended from her clouds with a sort of sublimated logic that went straight to the heart of a discussion; and her final word, to all of them, was law. Becky admired her with a shy awe that she couldn't entirely overcome; she was so beautiful and so at peace, so different from the garrulous matrons Becky had known elsewhere. She had seen her one morning with heavy silver braids which hung to her knees, and thought her like an enchanted princess whose eyes, still brave

in the unspent youth of her spirit, held gentle surprise to find how long she had slept. . . .

The meal was nearly over when the door-knocker clanged and Cæsar, returning after a moment, carried a letter on a tray—a letter in a long yellow envelope.

"Mist' Charley Jennings say he foun' dis yer lettah on de road dis mawnin'," he explained to Mr. Wynne. ~

There was an involuntary pause in the conversation and Becky felt they were trying not to look at her. She managed her contrition very well and berated her own carelessness with childlike remorse. "How perfectly dreadful of me! I should really be punished! I don't remember seeing it at all!" But the muscles about her mouth and eyes felt unpleasantly constricted and her hands were clenched under the table. Everyone began to talk again, almost too animatedly, but a constraint had frosted the air and she saw that Peter Paige had flushed.

After the meal he waited and rumbled her hair, as though to apologize for an unworthy suspicion, and as they lingered old Cæsar shuffled up, carrying the letter-bag.

"Tain't yo' fault you los' dat lettah, Miz Paige," he assured her kindly. "I tuk dis ole bag las' night t' put new strap on huh an' fo'got to put it back dis mawnin'. Lettah's boun' to git los' when you ain't got no bag."

This time it was Becky who flushed; then she laughed irrepressibly. "Well, I'm out of luck to-day!" she cried flip-pantly. "The Lord must have meant me to be an honest woman, for I'm certainly the world's most unsuccessful liar."

Paige laughed too, but did it rather unconvincingly, and a hurt, surprised look had come into his eyes. He was the least self-righteous of men, but Becky saw with a pang that he didn't find this amusing. It was the first time he had caught her in an outright fib and he was frankly bewildered by it. She read in his face that it cast a shadow back over other things she had told him and made a dozen doubtful points assume a more



doubtful color. He lighted a cigarette in an effort to be casual, but his mouth was set in a strange line. An unreasoning rage mounted within her. How silly of him to make so much of such a trifle! And how silly of her to feel so cheapened, so petty, when she had sacrificed so much for him!

"I'll see if the car is in shape," he said evenly, and ran his hand over his crisply curling hair as he always did when puzzled. "You'd better rest for a while before you dress," he added as he walked slowly down the hall. Overhead the family portraits gazed down on Becky with stiff disapproval: those superior, disagreeable old Wynnes. . . .

Becky did lie down, and shed a few angry tears, but found no sleep. When it was time to dress she deliberately chose her gayest gown and rouged her face and lips. They started out in the little car and Paige pretended to be in high spirits; she knew he wanted to assure her, in his inarticulate way, that everything was all right.

But Becky's gaiety was gone and the subsequent party, so far as she was concerned, was a failure. Gay, she discovered, was getting fat; her trim outlines had blurred grotesquely. She wore too much jewelry and still had that loud laugh. If Gay were out of luck, ill or unhappy, her old affection might reassert itself; but prosperity sat unbecomingly upon her.

Peter Paige, always sensitive to a situation, felt that he was to blame for his wife's low spirits and redoubled his own liveliness. He danced a great deal, insisted upon playing the drum in the orchestra, produced champagne after a whispered discussion with a waiter, and drank more than was good for him. Becky refused more than one glass and was irritated to see Paige grow flushed and incoherent. The men in Gay's party had thick necks and wore rings. The crowning annoyance was when Gay asked her with loud giggles which father she used in Wynnedale, the college professor or the Virginia clergyman. . . .

At eleven o'clock Becky insisted upon starting home.

She took the wheel herself and Paige, sliding down in the wide seat, slept immediately. It was a warm night, lightly overclouded, and the air like damp velvet against her cheek was sweet with honeysuckle along the country roads. In the lowlands her headlight stirred pallid veilings of mist. She drove as one in a dream; she felt, she told herself, like a snail or whatever the creature is that has outgrown one shell and can't find another to crawl into. Had these more-or-less decayed gentlefolk bewitched her that she should take them so seriously? They had lost most of their money, their name was becoming forgotten, they lacked ambition and aggressiveness, they were content to sit peacefully at home, marking time against the seasons. And yet this attitude cheapened for her all of the old values. For a moment she envied Gay, whose mind held smugly to standards it understood.

She threaded an old covered bridge, whose dry bones rattled beneath the rush of her wheels, and her headlight cast queer dusty shadows along the rafters. She was on the home-stretch now; the village lay beyond, although at this hour no lights were in evidence. Paige still slept.

Rounding a slight bend, a pair of blazing headlights cut like knives from out of the blackness—an automobile was approaching at top speed. She drew over as far as the road permitted, blinking against the sudden glare. She was within fifty yards of the other car when she saw a man move in the shadows before her—a negro, undoubtedly drunk, and wavering in pitiful confusion between the two batteries of light. Her brakes screamed and wheels dragged as she stopped, giving him an ample margin, but he staggered directly in the path of the other car. It swerved, but not enough, and struck him fairly, hurling him across the road, where he crashed in a dreadful heap upon the stones of a broken wall. She seemed to hear the impact of his body with every

nerve, as though she herself had been struck.

The strange car sucked past her like a dark torpedo and she cried out, sick with horror. Incredibly, they did not mean to stop; she saw the tiny red light vanish around the bend. Sobbing with helpless rage she half-turned her car in pursuit, but reason told her this was useless. She could do nothing in this lonely stretch of valley. Even a telephone warning from the village to other stations was hopeless; she had no way to identify the car.

There was nothing to do but carry the poor man in to the village, and she leaned over to arouse Peter Paige. But with hand outstretched she stopped, as another aspect of the situation dawned upon her. He had been asleep and had seen nothing; the victim, even if he were alive—which was improbable—had been too drunk to know who struck him. Her recent arrest would have an ugly significance, and the story of a mystery-car on this lonely road at midnight sounded ridiculously flimsy. Would anyone—would even Peter Paige believe her?

Her throat felt dry and constricted and a weakness gripped her muscles. She knew, had she been guilty, she might have manufactured just such a story. Of course no case could be proved against her; she had no anxiety on that score. But everyone would think she had lied. She could feel again that dreadful pause at dinner, see those strange lines about her husband's mouth. It was cruel that she should have to face such a situation at this time, just as she felt herself at a definite disadvantage with her husband's family. She knew they would suffer less from the thought of her guilt than from her doubtful claim of innocence. Indeed, if she were lying she could carry it off much better; in the nervous excitement of playing a part she was at her best, while now her anxiety to be believed would confuse her, make her unconvincing.

To drive on at once, without a word to anyone, was the only alternative; but that was quite unthinkable. Lie she might, but she had never been a rotter,

and if there were any life in this poor creature he must be carried to the nearest doctor. Well, this was no time for acting; she must be herself, the most difficult role of all, a role she was sure to botch. Seizing her husband by the shoulder, she shook him vigorously.

"Pete, wake up! Wake up! There's been an accident!" Her voice seemed inadequate and parrotlike, as though she were repeating someone else's words. He opened his eyes and blinked at her dully.

"Accident? Where? Who?"

"Somebody hurt! A man—badly hurt—I'm afraid he's killed!" Paige was alert instantly and she saw horror in his face.

"Who did it?" he asked instantly.

If he had asked anything but that, and so directly, Becky might have assembled her wits. But now, forced to meet his apprehension, something collapsed within her. She stammered incoherently, "A strange car—they wouldn't stop! He stepped in front, right in front—they struck him and threw him clear across the road! Oh Pete, they went on, they wouldn't stop!"

He was completely sobered now and peered at her sharply in the dim light.

"Brace up, Becka! I don't understand; talk straight! *Who did it?*"

The fear in his voice, in his face, was plain; and Becky knew that the fear was of her—fear that she would lie to him. There was a little pause in which something within her struggled blindly and helplessly. It was unendurable. This couldn't go on; Paige must believe in her at any cost.

"I did," she said deliberately. "He was drunk and I struck him." Her courage returned in a flood. With the familiar thrill of the creative artist she faced again her invisible audience. It was only in playing a part that she could be truly herself, and here was a role that fired and stimulated her. The fearless admission of guilt—here was the Wynne manner, and she could handle it impeccably.

She jumped out of the car, with Paige stumbling after, and bent over the dreadful huddled thing by the wall.





“‘TAIN’T YO’ FAULT YOU LOS’ DAT LETTAH”

“It’s a negro, a tramp . . . we must carry him to Doctor Reed’s at once. Hurry! I can take his feet.” Between them they lifted the poor broken wretch into the car. “You drive,” bade Becky, supporting the man’s head on her lap and wiping the blood from his face with her scarf. “Oh Pete, Pete, I want to die! I’ve killed him, I’ve killed him!”

Paige was all gentleness and sympathy.

“Poor old girl, hell of a shock for you. Now I want you to keep quiet about this; I’m going to say it was me. It will sound much better.”

“No, no!” She clutched frantically at his arm. “Don’t you dare, Pete! I—I couldn’t bear it; you mustn’t! Don’t you see, it’s—it’s mine, and I’m going through with it! I couldn’t bear it any other way!”

“But really, Becka—”

“No, no!” Her voice rose hysterically, and to quiet her he had to give in. This was a farcical possibility she hadn’t anticipated but she was touched too at his wanting to lie for her, as she in her own way was lying for him.

A hoarse and sleepy doctor in an office

that reeked of drugs pronounced the negro unquestionably dead, and at the sight of her own bloody hands and dress in the light, Becky fainted quite genuinely. Paige took her home and tucked her in bed with a tenderness she had never seen in him, and Becky was appropriately tragic and spent and gentle. . . .

Next morning Paige had broken the news to his family before she awoke, and Becky, quite honestly exhausted by the night's nervous strain, heightened their affectionate solicitude by wanly declining to eat any breakfast. Her determination to shield Paige had touched them, and for the first time in her life Becky found herself an object of the clan spirit that rallies to its own in time of stress. They extolled her skill and quick wit in driving, and unanimously agreed that the man must have been either a drunken vagabond or a deliberate suicide. When Becky insisted upon rising and seeking out Major Carney to tell her story, she was firmly ordered to remain in her room and rest while Grandfather Wynne notified the Major by telephone that he must come to the house if he wished to get her statement about the accident. Doctor Reed had been permitted to think that they had found the man already injured in the road, so the Major was quite unaware of her intended confession.

Becky, revelling at heart in the warmth of the family's anxiety, pursued her role of martyr by dressing and going downstairs to wait for him, and Cæsar sniffed frankly at the sight of her pale grave face as she descended. He had a stubborn fear that she might be handcuffed and dragged off to prison, and confidentially asked Paige if he should get out his ole shotgun.

All hovered about her cushioned chair on the veranda, and Aunt Rose tried in vain to tempt her appetite with special dishes: "You must keep up your strength, my dear!" When Grandfather Wynne patted her arm and said, "We're all standing by, Rebecca!" and Mother Wynne called her a brave little girl, Becky looked at them slowly, with an

odd swelling in her throat, and wondered why, in her own personality, she never had succeeded in getting so near to them as this. . . . On a sudden impulse she arose and asked Grandfather Wynne if she might speak to him alone for a moment in his study.

No one seemed surprised; the Wynnes never showed surprise at anything. Paige wheeled the old gentleman into the little book-lined room, with its black-marble mantle and old walnut furniture and oval photographs of bewhiskered relatives; then after a questioning glance at Becky, left them alone, closing the door after him. Becky stood by the table, pulling at her handkerchief.

"Have you," she asked, "a copy of *Æsop's Fables*?"

He indicated a place on one of the shelves that lined the room. Finding the book, she turned the pages and laid it before him, open at the story of "Wolf, Wolf!"

Seriously she inquired, "Is that the only reason one shouldn't lie? Because an emergency might occur when you want to be believed?"

"Isn't that an excellent reason?" he countered amiably.

"Then if one is clever enough not to get caught, it doesn't matter?"

After a pause he said, "Won't you sit down, Rebecca?" She perched stiffly on the edge of a chair.

"I lied to you yesterday about your letter," she said directly. "Please don't pretend you didn't know it."

"Very well," he replied as directly, "I won't."

"But I didn't come here to apologize," she went on. "It's more important than that. You see, I'm not sorry I lied; I'm only sorry I was found out."

"At least," he commented gravely, "you are no hypocrite."

"I suppose I lack moral sense, whatever that means," she stated, "for I have no feeling about it at all, except that it has put me in an undignified position. . . . I've always had to bluff and scheme a bit; I'd be in a country town this





HE BENT OVER THE HUDDLED THING BY THE WALL

minute washing dishes for my step-mother if I'd been afraid to lie now and then. I'm not ashamed of it. I never had anybody to tell me things but I've always known what was real when I saw it, and after seeing it nothing less would satisfy me. I hate anything second-rate. And now, if anything of my old self is

going to come between me and Pete, it's got to go. I've scrapped a lot of it and I'll scrap the rest. But you Wynnes have got me puzzled. I've always been good at picking up new ideas and I know I can learn your ways if you'll just explain certain things to me." She played to no audience now and the words came

bluntly, painfully. "For instance, how can you remember to speak the truth in an emergency, when you're afraid, or want something very much, and haven't time to think? It isn't religion, is it? For you don't seem very religious. You must have a better reason than that."

Grandfather Wynne laughed oddly.

"I'm afraid, Rebecca, that you are an insatiable idealist."

After a moment she suggested, "You are laughing at me?"

"Not in the least," he assured her. "The fact is, I am flattered by your fearing me enough to lie to me." He paused reflectively. "To care so much what people say and think is very natural—and very youthful—but the world doesn't merit being taken so seriously. Later, when you find that no man is worthy of your fear and that ambition is dust in its attainment, you will turn from facts to ideas and explore the terrible simplicity of truth for the beauty you have begun to crave." He leaned back and put his finger-tips together, enjoying this opportunity to be didactic. "But to do this you must be disillusioned and very weary; so weary you can transmit to your children very slight conviction of life's importance. By that time the world will be done with you, and one way or another will destroy you.

"So even if I could help you to such a viewpoint, I doubt if you would thank me. And it would be a very bad thing for us all, my dear Rebecca, to lose your passion for living. Without your ardor the world would be a dreary place, like a picture gallery with no one to look at the pictures or a library with no one to read the books." He hesitated a moment. "As for Peter Paige, it was a stronger and older instinct than either of you understands which drew you together. He has the unconcern with practical essentials that marks him for destruction. Unless . . . unless you can save him." His stern upper lip had curled a very little. He would rather see Paige destroyed, thought Becky without rancor; he can't quite forgive me for being stronger.

Grandfather Wynne raised his head and spoke more animatedly, as though to divert his own thoughts from a depressing channel.

"It is a craving for texture, for urbanity in your contacts that has dominated you, my dear Rebecca," he went on, "but this has led you unexpectedly to a sense of personal dignity; which after all is a more active agent for virtue than all the copy-book platitudes in the world. For instance, in the crisis of last night's accident you were almost overzealous to take the blame—"

Very pale, Becky had risen again to her feet when a rap at the door interrupted and Caesar announced Major Carney. The venerable "Squire," chewing tobacco and arrayed in a rusty blue coat that he always wore officially, bowed and scraped and removed his hat. Paige, who followed him in, crossed over to Becky and assumed a protective attitude which secretly pleased her.

"Sorry to be late," observed the Major importantly, "but I got some more news on the accident last night, and all I got to do now is to tally it with what you and the Missus saw, Paige."

Becky's heart seemed to stand still.

"A car broke down at Heebertown, ten miles from here, with engine trouble early this morning. The fellows at the garage identified it as stolen, and since a mud-guard was bent and splashed with blood they crossquestioned the two men in the car pretty close. The younger one broke down and told everything, tryin' to square himself. He says they struck a nigger down here near the covered bridge about one this morning, so the police 'phoned to me about it. Doctor Reed says it was soon after one when you brought him in."

Paige was radiant, but Grandfather Wynne surveyed Becky inscrutably.

"Unfortunately," he commented, "my grandson was asleep and saw nothing, and Mrs. Wynne was so upset by the tragedy that she tells rather a confused story."

"Mrs. Wynne," asked the Major,





"I GOT SOME MORE NEWS," SAID THE MAJOR

clearing his throat, "did you pass another car before finding the man in the road? Or did you see him actually struck?"

"I—I don't remember," she answered stupidly. So her silly game was spoiled, and no one ever would believe her again. She opened and closed her hands helplessly, as though she had dropped something fragile and precious.

Then suddenly she raised them to her face and began to cry. The effect was

magical; instantly all three men began to scold one another and to reassure her.

"Can't you see she was too much upset to know what she saw?" demanded Paige, his arm around her. "Let her alone, can't you? I remember now, she *did* try to tell me something about another car!"

"I suppose it's natural in a woman," admitted the Major, who had outlived two wives. "I thought mebbe we could get her to remember, gradual-like, what happened."

"I really feel," said Grandfather Wynne, "that she shouldn't be troubled further. It was a shocking experience for a young woman."

"We'll let it drop for the present," agreed the Major, mopping his brow. "Since the other fellow admits his guilt, with an eyewitness, she may's well forget all about it. And I think it'll be a lesson to her, so I'll let her off the summons I put on her yesterd'y. And now, I'll bid you all good day." Accepting a handful of cigars, he withdrew, obviously relieved.

"The poor man!" moaned Becky, looking up with a distraught, wild-eyed manner reminiscent of Ophelia. "It was so terrible! I didn't know—I wasn't sure! So I thought I did it!"

"Paige, in my eyes you really are to blame," said old Mr. Wynne severely. "You had no business to be in such a state that you had to let a woman assume the responsibility of driving at night."

Becky stopped weeping and barely restrained a sniff of derision. She could drive better than Paige at any hour.

"Pete," she said abruptly, "go tell your mother that everything's all right. I'll join you in the garden in a minute. I want to collect my thoughts first."

He started to kiss her, from the exuberance of his relief, but his natural hatred of public demonstration formed a complex that resulted in a glancing peck on her eyebrow.

"Three rousing cheers," he observed, and swung out of the room.

Grandfather Wynne still watched her inscrutably.

"Well," said Becky, with rather a mirthless laugh, "they'll all try to believe I was hysterical and didn't know what I was saying . . . so I'm just where I was before. For you see, I knew perfectly well that I didn't hit the man. I saw the other car do it."

"Well, God bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Why on earth—"

"Because I knew Paige wouldn't believe me; that no one would believe me. And I simply—couldn't—bear it." She emphasized each word, like a child telling a story. "You would pretend to, but secretly you would be ashamed. I would be further than ever from becoming one of you. . . ."

"You thought we'd rather see you arrested?" asked the old gentleman drily.

"At least then you'd be sorry for me," she admitted.

He shook his head slowly. "What a lot of damned old humbugs we are!" he remarked, half to himself, and fumbled absently with a pile of papers. After an interval he reached out and patted her hand. "You feel that we think ourselves superior, don't you, my dear? Well, remember this: that at heart we are only envious. Not because you get what you want, child, but because you want it, so very much. . . ."

A wood-robin called in the magnolia tree by the window and the dusty copper light of late afternoon touched old bindings on the wall opposite. All was silent except for the fretted rasp of papers beneath the old man's fingers. Then, since he seemed to have forgotten her, Becky rose and slid quietly from the room.

In the hall she hesitated for a moment, looking again at the painted Wynnes upon the wall: thin-featured, delicately insolent, their faded faces veiled in shadow. To cease, in time, to care so much . . . that was the secret of their remoteness. The idea stirred her like the glimpse of a star, caught for a moment in a mirror: lovely, unattainable—cold. To glimpse it, to be so stirred, was enough for her; it was the thrill, not the star that she desired. She must have warmer playthings. . . . But it was something, surely, that she never had mistaken tinsel for starlight. So, with an obscure sense of triumph, as though she had won a wordless argument, she moved slowly toward the garden.



ETCHINGS & DRYPOINTS  
*of*  
FRANCE  
*by*  
KERR EBY



*Ciotat Harbor*





*The Cooper Shop at Grasse*







*House in Amboise*

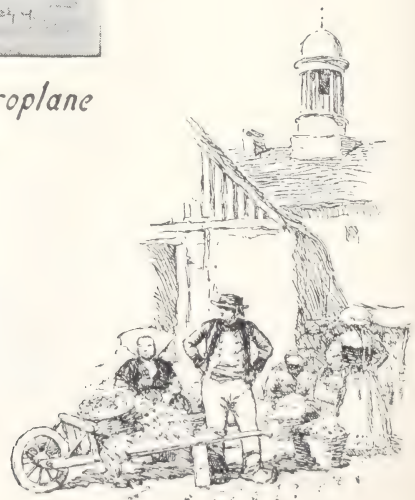




*Curé's Garden at Arles*



*The Aeroplane*





# THE WIFE OF THE PLUMED KNIGHT

*Portrait of Harriet Stanwood Blaine*

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

**T**AKING his whole career together, James G. Blaine was perhaps the man who came nearest to the presidency without getting it; and the excitement and the struggle, as well as all the variegated passion of his long life, are reflected in the heart and in the letters of Harriet Stanwood Blaine.

Mrs. Blaine was born at Augusta, Maine, in 1828, two years before her distinguished husband. She was educated in Augusta, and in Ipswich, Massachusetts. She then went to teach in Kentucky and there met Blaine and married him in 1850. From that time on her life was identified with his and she entered passionately into all his experiences, as Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, of the National House; as candidate for the presidential nomination in 1876, 1880, and 1892; for the presidency in 1884; and in his different terms of service as Secretary of State. She presided over various extensive establishments, brought up a large family of sons and daughters, and altogether led a most varied and brilliant life till the deaths of her two elder sons shortly preceded that of their father in 1893. Her remaining years were darkened by sorrow and affliction, and she died in a pitiful state of mind and body in 1903.

Practically all of Mrs. Blaine's married life was passed in intimate contact with the great world and with the most wide and striking contrasts of humanity. Her husband had a vast acquaintance, and the reflection of it naturally fell on her. She met men of business

and men of pleasure, scholars, soldiers, artists, and hundreds of politicians, and the wives of most of them. In Europe she saw royalty, and met it as serenely as she did presidents and shoeblacks. Humanity was humanity to her: the garb made little difference.

On the whole she liked and enjoyed it. She was curious about the lives of people, interested in their fortunes, and especially in their motives. In Europe she goes dutifully and industriously to see sights but remarks with a slight yawn of boredom, "There is nothing in ruins or any other dead or going things comparable to the interest of living people and homes."

She had a profound and persistent instinct for observation and analysis and was always ready and quick with shrewd comment on the doings and sayings of the men and women about her. But it is notable that, for all their shrewdness, her comments are rarely harsh or bitter, but incline to be tempered with sympathy and understanding and the gift of entering into others' lives. She had indeed a singular frankness, a candor of tongue and pen that is sometimes startling. Also, she had a sweet and gracious irony which plays over all sorts of subjects and experiences, slight or serious, and which gives her letters an extraordinary charm.

The instinct for acute observation is with her at all times and leads to a subtle tracing of humanity in the midst of great scenes and events. Take her significant hint of what went on at the White House in the tragic days after

Garfield's assassination: "I am afraid to trust things to pen and ink. Character comes out so surprisingly at such times, and many of the ladies who are around manage to have such a good time." Take again her brief and vivid portrayal of all sorts of people. It may be the furnace man at Augusta. It may be the British Ambassador. Always she depicts him as he is, or as he appears to her, with unshrinking veracity. For a more elaborate study, take the portrait of President Arthur, whom, to be sure, Mrs. Blaine had personal reasons for not loving; but you feel that you have the man all the same: "I do not think he knows anything. He can quote a verse of poetry or a page from Dickens and Thackeray, but these are only leaves springing from a root out of dry ground. His vital forces are not fed, and very soon he has given out his all. . . . The last time he was here, he spoke to me of his chagrin that we had not been invited to the White House, but time wears on, and the invitation lingers, and I do not think a perfectly well-bred President would make such an apology. He certainly commands his own house and table. I hear in society only approving words. Can a President be otherwise than fascinating, pleasant, intelligent, and delightfully welcome?"

It is to be observed that Mrs. Blaine's human interest was mainly social, not philanthropic. There is plenty of evidence that she was sensitive to individual unhappiness and suffering. Again and again little hints slip in of the doing of kindly and thoughtful things and of sacrifices made, though any ostentation would have been perfectly abhorrent to her. But she does not seem to have much burdened herself with elaborate philanthropy, and "Causes" and "Reforms" do not appear in her pages, for which I at least am grateful.

It is of interest to determine how far, in this wide contact with humanity, Mrs. Blaine made herself acceptable and popular with people in general; but there is some conflict of opinion. It is

evident that she was not universally liked and the reasons are easy to understand. She was a person of strong, quick feelings, readily hardening into prejudice. Her subtle and shrewd insight was swift to penetrate pretense and sham of every kind, and her extraordinarily frank, direct tongue conveyed her opinions with remarkable energy and effect. In a world so built of conventions as that of general society mere frankness, without harshness or bitterness, is enough to inspire dread and mistrust. Even the sympathetic biographer speaks of "the pungency which . . . caused some injury to her own popularity."

On the other hand, it is clear that when Mrs. Blaine liked her company she could be extremely attractive. She had a noble and dignified presence, was tall in stature and stately in movement. She had excellent taste in dress and, without the slightest tendency to display, took care to see that she was always suitably appareled. Her conversation was as brilliant and sparkling as her letters, and the few with whom she was really intimate must have found her a perpetual source of instruction and entertainment. As to social tact, she probably had plenty of it when she cared to use it. Her own opinion of her gifts in this direction was perhaps somewhat higher than that of others. As to an irksome invitation she says, "I have peremptory orders from headquarters to decline, which I have done in honeyed accents, very different from those in which the lion refused to be bored."

That the pressure of humanity should sometimes be too much for her was natural. When she was worn and tired she felt that she never wished to enter a drawing-room again, or to have anybody enter hers. In expressing the incapacity of weary nerves to meet the demands she gets a touch of Emily Dickinson's fiery brevity: "Altogether, if I had felt strong, I would have enjoyed it, but it seems to me I am asked to fill immensity with my presence, and I cannot do it."



Yet, after all, there can be no doubt of her general enjoyment of the life she was called to live. She had her moments of relishing solitude, of longing to get out of the bustle into some region of quiet thought. But the moments were few, and they did not last. The habit of wide and constant movement grew upon her, and as long as she had strength and happiness she found herself mainly at home in it. "I can give you no idea of the bustle we live in. Our small rooms, irregular habits, Tom [the secretary] always in the parlor, the cards, the notes, the letters which cumber every table, the great crowd of personal friends of your father in Washington, all of whom desire to see him, and their wish should be gratified." It was all pleasant and welcome, and a person with eyes and ears and a heart and a brain like hers could not fail to find such vast human opportunities both entertaining and profitable.

Now let us narrow the circle of observation and see Mrs. Blaine in her home and domestic surroundings. Her letters give the same quiet and delightful play of irony about these as about the larger world. During the greater part of her married life she lived in comfort and luxury. She had a full realization of this and often portrays or suggests it charmingly: "I am left absolutely alone with my servants, every want anticipated, not a room in the house not at summer heat, sunshine and open fires vying with each other, four horses and pony in the stable, sleighs and robes in abundance and the beautiful snow; every longing satisfied, with full salvation blessed—what can I need?" Yet all this comfort could not be achieved and maintained without care. There were great responsibilities upon her always, she could not get rid of them, and she sometimes sighed over them. There were establishments in Washington, establishments in Augusta, establishments in Bar Harbor. There were guests coming and going. There were

husband and children, who did not go, or went when you least counted upon it. "This is one of my tavern weeks—the board being spread for all who come," she says. And when she is older and has kept it up for years she murmurs, "I am so tired that one kitchen with myself for cook and no dining room attached would look as enviable as Naboth's vineyard."

Servants were a luxury but they were a trouble when you were the one to manage them. There is the best of evidence that she was kind and considerate with those who worked for her, and her own words indicate it often. Even when she found the work ill done and the workers trying there is a note of human kindness in her complaint: "What it will be to me to get rid of this loyal, unfaithful servant! Everything about the place is going to waste, and it becomes each season more difficult to obtain tidiness or neatness, much less nicety, in carriage, horse or garden. My very soul is tired, trying to get the wood for an open fire sawed and cut. The fires are always mighty conflagrations or beds of ashes."

Also, to have servants you have to have money, and money was one of the greatest cares and responsibilities to Mrs. Blaine, as to the rest of us. The resources were usually sufficient, often ample, but they were uncertain. Blaine's salary, when he had it, was considerable, and at all times he had an active and, on the whole, shrewd business instinct. But he had a decided taste for expenditure and also for speculation, and his doings in this way were apt to be hazardous and were not always creditable. In any case, they worried his wife, who was of a more provident and conservative disposition. And the uncertainty of income made spending, always so deplorably certain, an anxious matter to a careful housekeeper. She saves and clips and curtails where she can; but the needs are great, children must be clothed, visitors must be fed, a suitable appearance in the world must be kept up, the

bills rain in, and sometimes she cannot imagine which way to turn, though here also she smiles rather than weeps. "Any difficulty but that of money I could perhaps surmount, but the unknown, and money is always to me the unknown factor, frightens me." Even an almost empty purse is matter for a sort of tender raillery: "I hovered on the outskirts to bid him good-by, afraid to come recklessly to the front lest he should want some money, and I have only three silver quarters in my dear little purse, that cunning leather pouch which Jamie gave me."

One of the husband's costly tastes was an especial cause of anxiety and trouble, though also of varied interest—his passion for building houses. The letters have many references to the picking out of lots, and the weighing of their comparative merits, the attraction of views, the varied possibilities of construction, and the expense of it all. Then when the house was finished it had to be furnished, and the housekeeper had to pick and choose and arrange and, worst of all, to pay. And she had to dismantle as well as mantle, and the dismantling is a cheerless business which these merry designers of houses are apt to shirk: "I am waiting now only to be strong-backed and clear-headed to tear this house to pieces, and by this time next Sunday, I doubt not to see these beautiful portières and curtains rolled away like a scroll, these carpets transplanted like Aladdin's, no *man* knows whither, only one woman, in short, everything that moth and dust can corrupt withdrawn from the world."

As to family affairs in the Blaine household we have as abundant and as interesting testimony as with material conditions. With her children Mrs. Blaine is charming. She toiled over them in every way, from the humblest mending of their garments to the most elaborate thought for their intellectual and spiritual welfare. When they are ill she cares for them, and when they are well she enjoys them. When they

are with her she makes them happy, and when they are absent she writes them letters of clinging, longing tenderness, as well as of delightful vivacity. How sweet is her comment on her tendency to indulgence: "He is so kind and pleasant and is so bright and gay I can refuse him nothing: I make a very poor mother." But her indulgence was not extravagant. She knew how to reprove, if not to chide, and it is said that most of the family discipline fell to her, since the father was so much away from home. Yet in spite of this, the children, who adored their father, adored their mother also. How could they help it? She took such endless pride in them, and such endless comfort: "Then the boys—oh, how I miss them. They know all I ever knew—and I have forgotten much—they are fresh and untiring as the sun which never sets—they are loving and want sympathy—old enough to be companions, too young to assert their rights, taking everything as of grace, and of their fulness I am a partaker. Blessed relationship—the man child to his mother."

So we see that in her surroundings, as in her contact with the more external world, Mrs. Blaine lived an intensely crowded and active life. She was rushed from one call to another, from one need to another, till it seemed as if no minute were left even for essential repose: "The one luxury which I cannot command is time. It may be made for slaves, but it is the breath of life to free men." Yet it might be worth while to give all one's time and more to win from a daughter such beautiful, touching words as these: "She who never gave a thought to herself, living only in the lives of others, who was content to be used, absorbed, obliterated if need be, in her service of love, lives once more in these rescued leaves, in her forcefulness, her honesty, her humor, and her splendid courage that was so cruelly tried."

Again let us narrow the circle and take Mrs. Blaine's relation to her hus-



band, so engrossing, so absorbing that it almost seems as if the other relations did not exist. Her social life, her general domestic life, active and busy as they were, centered in the end on him. Even her children, much as she loved them, were disregarded when their father's interests were imperiled: "What are you, my dearest boy, what care I for any other name than your father's?"

And still there is the play of light irony about the one great love, as about everything else, of irony mingled with tenderness in a quaint fusion which is always delightful. She adores the man, but she sees his weaknesses, and in her confidential letters to her children she trifles with the weaknesses, oh, so gently.

Now as to clothes—his taste in clothes, or his mighty indifference to them, is curious to a woman's eye. Cleanliness he cares for, but appropriateness he utterly disregards. When a sudden occasion presses, garments have to be hunted from everywhere, disconnected things gathered together, and contributions levied on everyone. Then his regularity, or lack of it. One may not be always exact oneself, but when one is trying to keep a perfect household it is a little vexatious to have the chief figure in it so uncertain as to the time element and to what appear to be the first principles of order. Nor is the vexation greatly diminished by the knowledge that when the necessities of business require it he can be as precise as anyone. Note the delicious blend of feelings in the following: "First of all, I miss Mr. Blaine. I cannot bear the orderly array of my life. I miss the envelopes in the gravy, the bespattered table linen, the uncertainty of the meals, for you know he always starts out on his constitutional when he hears them taking in dinner." And another passage is a trifle more serious, yet not too serious. Speaking of her eldest son, she says, "He stood between me and all anxiety; in a way which your father, dear and interesting as he has always been, never knew how to do."

We have already seen what were the anxieties and difficulties about money. Mrs. Blaine does not attribute to herself any great gift at economy. She liked pleasant and costly things, and was not the one to blame indulgence in them. But the experiences of her youth had taught her what money meant. Therefore a reckless and, especially a careless, expenditure worried her. Horses were agreeable, houses were agreeable; but where was the cash to come from? When you had to pay the bills, and the burden of adjustment and settlement came upon you there were moments of worry, even approaching impatience: "I have drawn so much money this month, how can anyone who never listens to or enters into a detail, understand it?"

Particularly interesting is Mrs. Blaine's constant comment on her husband's health. He was naturally vigorous but he was sensitive and imaginative. How deftly does the wife suggest the alternations of a nervous temperament in her brief picture of the morning hours: "'O Mother, Mother Blaine,' he said, 'I have so much to do, I know not which way to turn.' 'Good!' said I. 'Yes,' said he, 'isn't it perfectly splendid?' A very different cry from the 'O Mother, Mother Blaine tell me what is the matter with me!' which has so often assailed my earliest waking ear, and which always makes my very soul die within me." As years went on, he became more and more solicitous as to what was the matter with him. Not only his wife, but his sons and his biographer bear witness to his excessive fondness for medicines and doctors. And the wife ministers to him, evidently with watchful care and perfect tenderness. When real maladies assailed, as they often did, no one could be more devoted than she. But she had an active and strenuous soul, and the perpetual nursing of the chimney corner sometimes fretted even her, since she felt that he might forget himself and be making over the world. When the great decision as to a possible presidential candidacy in 1888 had to be made she grew a little

restless about it: "This is one of the days when I am not in sympathy with disease, when it seems to me that your father is in full possession of all his powers, eating and sleeping well, driving, alert in mind, memory . . . undimmed. . . . And with these prodigious powers the chimney corner and speculation on his own physical condition are all that he allows himself. A pity!"

Nor is the irony entirely lacking even in her discussion of the affectionate relation between them. He loves her, oh, yes, she knows how he loves her. Also, the great world needs him, and she is proud of it and would not have him lay aside his important duties for a moment for any little need of hers. Yet there are hours when she is sick and weak and lonely, and she would like him beside her, if it were possible. As it is not, the best way is to smile about it: "I could hardly let him go, I needed his reviving presence so much. . . . He had to go, but felt that my desire to keep him was all right and natural, so, with a man's appreciation of a woman's nature, he promised to buy silk dresses for M. and Alice, to say nothing of half a dozen for myself." Then she sums up the lovely mixture of his great duties and his domestic feelings in a phrase which many wives will thoroughly enjoy: "I miss his varying attention and as constant neglect." All this is not to be understood for a moment as implying that Blaine was an indifferent husband. On the contrary, he was a most affectionate one, and his wife knew it well.

As to Mrs. Blaine's fundamental devotion to him, particular evidence is hardly necessary, since it is written on almost every page of her letters. It is clear that she gave her whole heart and her whole life in the hasty love match that took place in those early Kentucky days. They may have married in haste, but they never found a moment's leisure to repent, and the marriage continued to be a love match to the end. Her words to others on the subject are necessarily slight and brief, but they are enough to

indicate how complete and absorbing the affection was, and how permanent was its hold upon her.

With such a nature as hers, and his, and with such a long and deep love established between them, it is evident that her influence must have counted vastly in all the doings of his life. Just how did it count is the question. Was she a help or a hindrance to his political career, and how much? She frequently expresses a dislike for politics in the abstract. But he who was the main substance of her life was so constantly interested in them that she could not keep her thoughts off them, and her temper was so ardent that, if she thought of them at all, she must think eagerly, must help, advise, remonstrate. "Your father and I have picked out Garfield's Cabinet for him, and have devoted to him for two mornings our waking, but not risen, hours." That is the note that often recurs.

As to the effect of this active interest on Blaine's fortunes, opinions differ remarkably. I am assured by some persons that his wife was a great help to him. Others assert that her influence was disastrous, and almost fatal. This view is perhaps most forcibly stated by Peck, in connection with Mrs. Blaine's antipathy to Mrs. Harrison, and consequent persuasion of her husband to retire from Harrison's Cabinet and let his name be used in 1892 as an opposition candidate. "It was, in truth, upon Mrs. Blaine that the responsibility of this rather pitiable *dénoûment* rested. No authorized explanation of Mr. Blaine's sudden retirement from the Cabinet has ever been put forth, yet it was perfectly well known to many at the time that this step, so ill-advised and so contrary to Mr. Blaine's own judgment, was taken because of his wife's insistence. Mrs. Blaine was a very masterful, high-spirited woman, unblessed with tact and far too prone to interfere with her husband's political concerns. More than once in his career this interference had caused him great embarrassment."

There may be much truth in this. At



the same time, I feel that while certain elements of injury in Mrs. Blaine's influence may have been more obvious and spectacular, the elements of helpfulness must have been more constant and more important. To have that clear, shrewd, analytical intelligence thoughtfully working at all times on political events and characters was of incalculable benefit to a man so impulsive and so sensitive as Blaine was, ever apt to be unduly confident and unduly depressed. The evidence of this is scattered all through Mrs. Blaine's letters. It appears also in repeated testimony of Blaine himself, perhaps most suggestively in the letter to Garfield, "I want you to read my letters to Mrs. Garfield . . . the advice of a sensible woman in matters of statecraft is invaluable." The most charming touch of all in regard to it is Mrs. Blaine's tender comment: "He's all right, but he loves the confessional and the lay sister (me)—why, I do not know, as I always shrive him out of hand."

Whatever may be thought of the value of Mrs. Blaine's advice, there can be no question as to her immense admiration of her husband's powers and achievement. Oh, she could criticize in all ways, of course; it was her nature to do so. But her passionate devotion and esteem far outwent the criticism and altogether buried it. Above all, when he was attacked and vilified, the fiery energy of her spirit rushed to his defense. Could any wife say more than she says, in the fierce hours of the Fisher scandal and the Mulligan letters? "I dare to say that he is the best man I have ever known. Do not misunderstand me, I do not say he is the best man that ever lived, but that of all the men whom I have thoroughly known, he is the best." Could the interplay of qualifying analysis and passionate affection be better illustrated than in that? The more one ponders on the sentence the more one is impressed by the rich significance of it.

And as she admired him and loved him so she entered into every phase and every aspect of his varying career with

intense and enthusiastic sympathy. In the events that were more external to him, like the Garfield assassination and the excitement which ensued, she participated with keen and anxious ardor. And the ardor was even greater in what directly affected her husband himself. His speakership, his secretaryship, his chances for nomination in 1876, 1880, 1888, and 1892, all are the subjects of her constant comment, as eagerly sympathetic as it is lucid. But the zeal with which she followed his fortunes shows most in her description of the crisis of the great campaign of 1884, in which Blaine and all his friends had reckoned securely upon success. I do not know where you will find a more agonizing account of political suspense and final defeat than in that speaking page: "I was absolutely certain of the election, as I had a right to be from Mr. Elkins's assertion. Then the fluctuations were so trying to the nerves. It is easy to bear now, but the click-click of the telegraph, the shouting through the telephone in response to its never-to-be-satisfied demand, and the unceasing murmur of men's voices, coming up through the night to my room, will never go out of my memory,—while over and above all, the perspiration and chills, into which the conflicting reports constantly threw the physical part of one, body and soul alike rebelling against the restraints of nature, made an experience not to be voluntarily recalled." Madame de Sévigné's great narratives can hardly beat that.

With yet one more contraction of the circle, let us consider Mrs. Blaine's innermost world—that of her own closest thoughts and her own soul. In spite of all her devotion to her husband, of all her immense, intense outward activity, I feel that she kept this inner world apart and intact, more, for instance, than Sarah Butler did; though perhaps if we had Mrs. Blaine's letters to her husband, as we have Mrs. Butler's, the impression would be different. It was not so much

any distinct intellectual ardor, or any æsthetic enthusiasm; it is simply a sense in her of a certain self-poise, and self-possession, clung to instinctively, unconsciously, yet all the more with an unfailing vigor of freedom.

If we knew more of her early life perhaps we could trace more of the foundations of this strong individuality. But little is told us. It is probable that a nature so intense must have had quick, strong impulses in youth, and have required years to get control of them. She gives us slight, charming glimpses of those early days, as in the account of a fit of homesickness at nine years old. She was passionately fond of study, she says, and the results of it show in the bits of Latin scattered over her pages, as in many other things. She regrets that she did not make better use of her opportunities: "If I could only have known, when your age, the high plane on which I should deploy, I might have been the equal in attainment of any woman in Washington, and, oh, that it had been given me to know in that my day."

She appears to have had fairly good health, in the main equal to the demands made upon it. When she was ill she was ill, and gave up, "always, if sick at all, I am fiercely ill"; but she did not like being nursed or cosseted: "To be petted is not my forte." And she had a splendid power of recovery, as she herself puts it: "Recuperativeness, I suppose it is, for I remember an old country doctor telling me, when I was a year older than Flo Gibbs on her birthday, that I had more recuperative power than he had ever seen in any other person." When she was ill and tired she was sometimes depressed. Sensitive nerves would rebel against the vast pressure that was put upon her: "I cannot tell you how dull and stupid I am. I loathe the sight of the Department carriage. Our table is an offense to me. A novel takes on all at once, from the times, a sickly association." But she fought such moods with the persistent energy which is so marked in her, and she urged her children to

fight them: "Do not get depressed. It is a family tendency which ought to be put down with a strong hand."

The ordinary external diversions from fatigue and melancholy do not seem to have much appealed to Mrs. Blaine. Now and then she plays a game of cards. She goes to theater and opera and makes shrewd comments. She occasionally buys pictures. But her thoughts were not on such things. When she at last visits Europe, after long desiring it, her attention turns more to people than to places, and she is a number of weeks in Florence before it occurs to her that there is anything to be seen there. Then she sees it dutifully, with the guide-book; but I do not gather that the old masters transfigured her life. Even nature, though she often had it about her in its most delightful aspects, hardly gets a word from her. A sunny day cheers her, a dark depresses, but she is usually too busy to notice whether it is dark or not.

Nor does religion figure largely in Mrs. Blaine's brilliant and varied pages. She was a keen and subtle critic of sermons and preachers; but spiritual emotion does not seem often to have absorbed or transported her. Yet the occasional allusions to it have seriousness and nobility, and in one fine passage of warning to a daughter who seemed likely to come under influences which the mother deplores, she utters a lofty aspiration for earnestness and independence: "You and I shall find God as easily by our own searchings as the Church has found Him . . . and I have no sympathies with the cowardice or laziness which has caused so many to acquiesce in the formulas of the Catholic church. Weariness in well doing, when nothing seems won, would have stopped every struggle for liberty the world has seen. Millions drop out of the fight, surrendering with a *cui bono*, but the few, the immortal few, who know not how to die nor how to live degraded, carry on from age to age the hope of the world."

In her general intellectual life Mrs. Blaine is interesting, suggestive, and



spirited. Busy as she was, she managed to do a great deal of reading and her comments on it are intelligent. She does not much bother herself with abstract ideas, and metaphysical and scientific theories do not get more than a passing allusion, if even that. But always there is the keen and curious insight, playing with innumerable incidents and people that throng about her. She will analyze the trial of Guiteau and the love affairs of a maid in the kitchen with equal penetration and equal profit, well knowing that human nature comes out as much in the one as in the other. She analyzes men and women at large, she analyzes her husband, she analyzes herself, as appears most strikingly from one significant passage, though every page bears more or less the impress of it: "Who came after I know not, every faculty of mine being absorbed in analyzing my feelings." It is this propensity which gives her letters their constant interest. It is this which makes me feel that, in spite of all distractions, she did keep an inner individual world of her own.

Yet for all that inner world, it is always evident that her heart and her life were her husband's, bound up with him inseparably. And nothing illustrates this better than the study of the element of ambition in her. Her husband was ambitious, obviously, openly so, though his biographers have tried to belittle this side of him and to maintain that in seeking office he was only doing his public duty. What man who is worth anything is not ambitious? Mrs. Blaine understood him better and summed him up in the little quotation: "Your father said to me only yesterday, 'I am just like Jamie, when I want a thing, I want it dreadfully.' They are a pair of Jamies." Which reminds one of General Lee's curious remark about himself, "I am always wanting something." What Lee wanted is not so easy to determine. But it is clear enough that James G. Blaine wanted to be President of the United States.

Only, the husband's ambition, though

intense, was fitful, and with breaking health it flickered and failed. The wife's was less manifest, she had the stronger and deeper nature; but it was perhaps even more intense and more constant. What her personal hopes and aims may have been in the early separate days before her marriage we do not know. But it is charming to see the gleams of passionate ambition flash out in the dignified restraint and quiet of her letters. There are times when she disclaims it, times when she is weary, and wants only quiet and a husband to herself in peace. Then the big world comes back again, the anguish at being fooled of the large part in it which she feels herself so capable of playing. When the nomination is tossed aside against her wishes in 1888 she sighs, "in all my thoughts, which are mostly sympathy for others, I never fail to remember that a nomination is not an election, and that that day of doom has to be lived through." Note the "mostly." When Guiteau is executed she murmurs, "Oh, if he could have died one little year earlier, the difference to me!" Lastly, there is just the brief significant sentence about her daughter's spelling and Mrs. Cleveland: "Feminine Frances is spelled with an 'e.' Think of the first lady in the land, who is not your *chère mère*." What a world of long hopes and blighted ambitions jostle each other in that trivial phrase!

Yet it is evident that all the ambition was inseparable from her husband. She had no desires, no aspirations that were not intimately connected with his triumph and success. For better, for worse, indeed, for richer, for poorer, her existence was bound up with that of him whom she esteemed "the best man she had ever thoroughly known." And it was through that association that her life became so ample and splendid as it was, so wide and picturesque and intensely varied with joy and sorrow, or as she herself gathers it up in one word that condenses the whole: "So much of life and so much love do not often go together."

## ORDEAL

### *I Meet My Classmates After Twenty-five Years*

ANONYMOUS

LAST June I went to a reunion of my college class and saw men I hadn't met or heard from for twenty-five years.

The committee in charge had sent us circulars during the spring, picturing the coming occasion as a delightful affair. They were a little too full of enthusiasm, from my point of view; they talked of our happy years together in the days of our youth, and said that now we'd live them again, which, of course, wasn't so. But they were trying to get a number of busy men to put business aside and leave their wives and families and travel to our old college town; and, naturally, they had to make it seem something which no one should miss.

I sent them my check and arranged things so that I could go; but the memories which came slowly back to me were not like the committee's. Theirs were all sunshine, and mine, I discovered, were mixed. We fellows from all over the country, a band of picked men, had once set out with great hopes and plans, to conquer the world. And now our battered selves were going back again to stare at one another, searching for the young selves we'd known so well in those days. I wanted to be there with the others; but I hardly knew why.

I felt as though we were all being summoned to a modern Grand Assize, where we should be called on to account for our twenty-five years. . . .

Of course, a good many fellows didn't show up at our reunion. Percy Clede, for example. He told Solly that it

would bore him. Dull after-dinner speeches, childish marching round behind a brass band, shaking hands with fellows you only half-recognized, a general fake air of brotherhood—that was the way he regarded it. Well, that was what he'd have found if he'd come. All that was there; I felt it myself, though I'm no Percy Clede. But it was only the surface. I hardly gave it a thought, even at the time; and I shall not now describe it. What struck me was the companionship and scrutiny I felt underneath.

Clede wanted it to be a brilliant exchange of epigrams over the teacups, or a salon of intellect, or a time of important discussions. He says there's no companionship in a mixed crowd who are incompatibles; he wants something more civilized and selective, more choice, more worth while. But he'd have a different conception of fellowship if he'd ever been in a regiment. Incompatibles? Why, yes! But that's the point of the thing. A class is not like a clique. If you can bear none but sympathetic spirits round you, you'll be disappointed. But not if you're game to enter an arena filled with both friends and foes, to take the other men's measure, and to be ready to let them take yours.

But you can get that in daily life, you may say. No you can't. Not this kind. These reunions are of men who once spent four years living together. They knew one another before their shells hardened. All buncombe and pretense may as well be left at the door with



your umbrella. No matter how high-up and famous you may seem to the world, your classmates will not be impressed if you really are hollow. They may not say anything, their opinions won't be rammed down your throat, but you'll feel it in the air that they're thinking you still are a light-weight.

Similarly, if you're all right, they know it, whether the world does or not. You may have failed wholly in doing, as distinguished from being; or you may have a cloud over your name owing to some wretched scandal. Well, out in the world you will feel it, but not at your reunion. Not if your college friends know that you are a man to respect.

I saw a good many things at the reunion that I hadn't expected to see. Our most likable men of college days, for instance, weighed less than of old. I heard of several—Joyce and one or two others—who were quite down and out. Life had been too stern an affair for those nice, pleasant fellows. . . .

I once had a talk with a soldier of the old German army. He said he had had chances for promotion but had preferred to forgo them, because he disliked to knock men about and kick and abuse them. A corporal had to do that, he said. Not that he was so ordered, but he had to produce good results, and that was the quickest way to train soldiers and to maintain a firm discipline.

Life is often like that. Our timid, attractive men, like Joyce, have gone under, or else failed of promotion. There are times when a man must be ready to give as well as to take blows.

That is one of those things we learned from athletics, but not from the curriculum.

But looking back I realize that our athletes were of two sorts: those like Billy Wade, who loved a sport whether or not they had the strength for it; and those who had mighty physiques but were coerced into playing. Billy had a great deal of spirit though not

very much else; he was always ready to try to move mountains. And sometimes he did! Those others, the coerced men, did good conscientious work on the field, but it was the fire in the captain's breast that made them spring about, not their own. Not all the songs and cheers from the bleachers nor the excitement of conflict could light the true spark in those giants. They played a fast, vigorous game, but they had to be made to. And that is the way they've gone through the world—steady-going, powerful machines when there has been someone to run them, but without any gift for accelerating or steering themselves.

With our mental giants it has been the same. Some are captains, some troopers. The captains are showing their fire now, in their professions. Professors or lawyers or architects—they're all supermen. The others had as good brains or better—they got high marks in college; assign them any brain-work, and they'd do it with clearness and skill. But though they had this perfect equipment, they were mental machines. Since graduation, whatever their field, they have done best under orders—they can't take the reins in their hands, like the true *homo sapiens*.

There were still other men who did nothing in college, and who seemed to us failures—men who could neither serve leaders well nor be leaders themselves. They hadn't the gift of command, and they were too lazy or perverse to obey. It was a kind of stupidity—though many of them were not stupid men. They didn't fit into the organization, they were not co-operative. Yet since graduation some of these men have done well enough. One of them saw a chance to make a fortune, and he went to work hard and made it. Money was the inducement he needed to make him join in. Others have worked hard under pressure—the wolf at the door, or dependents they had to take care of. Money again. That factor wasn't present in college—that is, in

our activities. In our college world it was social service which counted; it was as though we'd been communists.

But social service in such a community has to take some fixed form. There is little scope for the man whose gift is not for fitting in, but for organizing. Take Otto Levy for instance, how obscure he was in those college days; whereas now he is running highly efficient department stores, and is a great business genius.

Then there were our literary men, who wrote and edited the small college magazine. One of them, Chips Johnson, who used to construct poems to spring, with ingenious interior rhymes in addition to the usual rhyme-endings, is now a corporation lawyer, who constructs intricate systems instead. George Solly is a dealer in potatoes—some Chicago commission house—he married the proprietor's daughter and she put him to work. Percy Clede, the remaining man, is a dilettante who writes for freak magazines. We expected great things of Clede once. But many of our men, not so great as Clede, have been far more effectual, while he has had a worm in him somewhere which has gnawed at his powers. There is nothing very real any more about the stuff he turns out.

There was nothing very real about our college magazine, come to that. It was an awesome institution, like the Bank of England in its forbiddingness, with ways that were as fixed as the pigtails of the old Chinese Empire. It had a traditional style of its own in which all contributions had to be written, otherwise they returned to their writers, marked with the single word, "Hell." This simple form of rejection slip put a writer in his place, and avoided all argument. The editors wouldn't even trouble to parley with him until he had learned the right style.

That style was difficult to attain to, but its requirements could have been easily stated. First, swell up and put on the dignified robes of pontiff; then become condescendingly genial, and un-

bend. That was all. Our writers made hideous pontiffs, and their attempts to unbend were deplorable; but men will always deform themselves gladly to preserve old traditions.

So much for our writers. What of our debaters and speakers? Well, one of our prize-winning debaters was a fellow named Brenna. He had a high stand, and he won a fencing match and sang on the glee club beside. An all-round sort of fellow. Pleasant, friendly way of talking; liked everybody. But he wasn't awfully well liked himself. Men were a little apologetic to one another about it—he seemed to deserve better treatment—but they didn't get chummy with Brenna.

He studied law after we were graduated, and went into politics. He has become very prominent. He is one of those men who always is making important addresses. He constantly stands for high ideals and principles and the best current reforms, he belongs to good clubs, and he is often seen in society. He has even declined an ambassadorship. The public considers him the most successful man in our class.

He appeared at the reunion. Affable to everybody. Shaking hands right and left. And being a speaker, and prominent, he was on the toast-list at our class dinner. He urged the importance of high ideals—with his usual glibness.

I sat near him at table and watched him. In college he had a plump, youthful countenance, not at all strongly molded. But the lower part of his face has developed tremendously since. He's all jaw. Looking at him in profile, it was like watching a great coast-defense gun, the way his facial muscles coiled and uncoiled, and swung his mouth into action. I was so appalled that I left my place and went to a seat where I faced him. But there it was even worse—nothing but an open mouth and plump, waving hands.

A fellow like that tends to give all college men a bad name, not only with the public but with big solid non-college



executives. The more he succeeds, the more scornful they naturally get.

Another of our brilliant men was Hewett. He was stronger than Brenna, and a finer type; a good deal less showy. A serious-looking man in horn-rimmed spectacles, who liked fancy socks. He too went into politics. But he left it—he couldn't stand the falsities, he said, of political life. Hewett is an upright, good citizen. And yet—I don't know. He has taken to writing books and articles now, on the solution of everything. He is very much respected—even by some of those big keen executives. But a scientist could poke his high-sounding stuff chockful of holes.

Most of our men respect Hewett still, for his earnest aspiring character. It is generally felt that at any rate he has been faithful to his ideals. Well, he is sincere, and Brenna is not. But I'm afraid he's equally hollow.

College men are encouraged to have fine aspiring ideas about politics, without being warned that such ideas need rigorous testing. They go out believing that the thing to do with a fine idea is to get us, the public, to try it, merely because it sounds right; and if we hang back and call it theoretical, they gravely admonish us. They know how to sail the ship of state without going to sea.

In college we admired our idealists much more than now. They admired themselves more, too; for since then they have had a hard time. Hewett hasn't suffered—he is one of the kind that has stayed blind—but others have been getting their eyes opened, and they have fared badly. Perhaps I am generalizing unfairly, or arranging my facts; for of course there was no fixed group of men in college whom we specifically labeled idealists. But the fellows at our reunion who looked the most battered, spiritually, were again and again of that type: men who as boys had had high hopes of life combined with not much understanding of it.

Our men who were of good birth and breeding have been saved that at least.

Some of them have changed for the worse, of course, but not in that way. And fellows brought up on farms have been saved it—they too were hard-headed. But our cruder members who had no sophistication have suffered.

One of these was a Jewish emigrant who came to this country in childhood. He was an ardent young reformer in college; tall, fiery, dark-eyed, determined. At the reunion he looked old and tired and cynical; and he sneered so much at everything that we wondered why in thunder he'd come. Another was a Galahad-like Kansan who had been ardent too—a fresh-faced, trustful youngster. He had so altered that I didn't know him; I had to ask someone his name. He had done well enough, they said; nothing much one way or the other; but you'd have thought from his bitter expression he had been cheated abominably. He had all his old Kansan robustness, but his eyes looked wan and sick.

He was better off, at that, than the men whose expression had coarsened. I didn't recognize them either, in some cases; they too had so changed. Lindy Wallor for instance. In college he didn't look piggy; he was just a good honest sort. But I realized, looking backward, that he had been the other extreme from our Jew—he had had no idealism at all. He had been "a practical man" from the start. Now his eyes had gone dead. They weren't dead in college—but I remembered now they had had no real life in them.

There were other fellows at the reunion who didn't seem battered at all. A few of them had stayed young by the simple expedient of not growing up. They hadn't been banged round enough by storms to force them to grow, and they had had no wish to, themselves, or perhaps no ability. But aside from these, it was fine to see the youngness of our intelligent men—intelligent in the sense of being men who know how to take things. Even such men can be shattered, of course—there is no sure

preservative; but they go through most storms unhurt because they have an eye for what's real.

So many of us are frightened to death by blank cartridges. We lose money, and believe that this has wounded us in some vital spot. We lose the love of someone who never truly loved us at all, and whom we ourselves perhaps only imagined we cared for; and we think it's tragedy. By keeping on thinking it's tragic we grow old and wrinkled. But intelligent men do not feel unreal troubles at all, and they have a big-minded way of bearing up under the real ones. They have an enormous recuperative power. They find few things intolerable. It looks like grim courage to others, but it's better—it is wisdom.

Bayne was one of those men. He lived in a lonely way all his life. He took several postgraduate courses in electricity, and this new thing, biophysics, and got so deep into his subjects there was hardly a soul he could talk to, except two or three men in America and England, and another in Holland. No one else spoke the language that you had to use on those new heights. This needn't have shut him off from purely social occasions, however, but what hampered him there was his singleminded sincerity. I remember one night when Carter had complained about some illness he'd had, Bayne asked him whether his father had had certain disreputable ailments. Carter, who loved and respected his father, was shocked at the thought. He wouldn't even consider it; he pushed it away from him. Bayne was mystified by Carter's discomfort. He was only trying to help search round for the possible cause of the illness. How else could one establish its nature and the best mode of treatment? This was in the days before Freud, when people were more easily wounded than now; but even a Freudian might have been upset by some of Bayne's comments. He habitually saw the fundamental motives for everyday acts, and very few men were detached

enough to take his remarks as impersonal.

In college Bayne was a stoop-shouldered, talkative student, who was forever arguing with everybody. He dropped arguing afterward. Perhaps he had only been trying to find himself. The more he was swallowed up in his studies, the more silent he got. His egoism, which had always been decent enough, had found a great outlet.

Nobody liked him very much in college, but we respected his mind. Now that he's dead we realize what a likable fellow he was. It was merely that we didn't know how to take him. He was farther on. Would aborigines know how to like a white man whose notions disturbed them?

There was one of our men who got an honorary degree at reunion—Joe Harding. He stood up on the platform, a smallish man and awkwardly built. When he's standing still he looks lumbering, though he can move with great speed. His square thick hands hung at his sides like a yokel's; and his features, as the President addressed him, looked heavy and hard. But when Joe is talking to his friends his expression is warming, and those hands of his are supple and flexible when you grasp one in yours. Joe is chief surgeon for a railway in the northwest. That's how he got this degree. He has a passion for surgery. As a young practitioner he didn't even keep records of his professional calls; he was too busy studying problems and fixing up human beings. When his money gave out he'd go to his desk and send out a few bills, but he grudged the time, and felt awkward about it; never knew what to charge. This method didn't work very well, but he's on salary now. He is still working away to the limit of his strength and beyond it. Night telephone at his bedside, and all that. Doctors are a fine lot.

Joe had had a strong enough body to stand the racket for years, but he's getting twitchy—he wore out his nerves in France during the war. But they



were showing signs of wear anyhow, for he's overdone it. Like others of our athletic men, he was serener in college than now. I hate to see him querulous, where other types have grown calmer. Our athletes could have faced the life of other centuries better, I think, but a modern man's attention is strained so much: it is kept on the jump. It flickers over the news of the world, it is endlessly interrupted all day; advertisements beckon it, it must dodge the motor cars that flash by. This adds up. A tough body helps one to stand it, but it also takes a tough brain.

But Joe is still a fine specimen. In college he was our football captain. He had great determination, and he understood men. There was a slow smile of intense enjoyment that used to come on his face at the training table, when Carter, the center-rush, was grumbling to him and telling him what he would not stand. Carter would stand anything if he were handled right, and Joe knew just how to handle him.

But during a game when you saw Joe's face you would wonder if there had ever been a smile on it. At a moment that called for action it was implacable. His voice rang, there was a thrust to his orders. He wouldn't take less than your best.

This hardness is still in him. He sets his jaw like granite in emergencies, he becomes so intent he seems incandescent—he knows what Solly never learned, that there is a time to smile and a time to rule all that out. But nowadays when that implacable look comes there is pity behind it; or not pity exactly but gentleness. He fights against the ailments of his patients as he fought his opponents in football, but he is conscious every minute that the battleground is the patient, and human.

The difference shows in those hands of his. They are as big and thick as ever; but they are changed, for all that. He used to pour only his force into them—he made them his weapons. Now he has made them his instruments, and

they have learned to be gentle. But they could be weapons still, if a need came; they have lost nothing—a new thing's been added.

That's one thing that has happened to many of the men: there's more to them. They're seasoned. We are more fully ourselves than in college, when we were half-grown cubs.

We have paid for it—we have been knocked about. It wasn't only the war. Fellows have dropped out, right along, from the daily strains we've all felt. Joyce has broken down—he went to pieces during the 1907 panic through worry. Carter and two others are exiles, they live in the mountains—their lungs have given out and they must sit still and merely look on. One of our men is in prison; he broke a rule of the game. One is insane. One killed himself, only last year—the pace was too hot. Chips Johnson has been crippled in an accident. A dozen have died of disease. Bayne was cruelly murdered in his laboratory, for a handful of coins.

But when we meet, we see these mis-haps in a decent perspective. They are bad, but they are the exceptions. On the whole, we're still fit. And there's something about such a meeting that adds to one's wisdom of life.

It is like a reunion of navigators who once sailed out of port young and hopeful, each in his own vessel; and who, now that they're grizzled and older, put in to the Azores, or some such blessed isles, where they can pause for a day from their cruising. They sit on the beach at a banquet and exchange talk of tempests. Then a handclasp and a "Good luck to you, old boy," and each to his vessel, and they are off again.

To be sure, all classmates are not affectionate, but they do have an interest—they don't care *for* one another, exactly, but *about* one another. But that's a great deal. It gives you a sense of friends in the background, it makes the sea seem less lonely. It makes one take rather more pains how he handles his ship.

# PENDING LITIGATION

*A Story*

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

MISS DELAPLAINE, absently pulling off her gloves, stood just within the door. Her color was softly gorgeous and her eyes blazed through dreams.

The half-envy, half-pleasure of the girl at the typewriter desk changed to wonder.

"Anyone would expect her to be pleased," she thought. "But I didn't suppose she could stay up in G so long. Us girls never could. She has always been the calm, kind sort."

Drawing a long breath, Miss Delaplane at last turned those strangely brilliant eyes of hers on the room—that little cubicle of an up-to-date office building that testified to the unheard-of fulfillment of her ambition, the end of those years of study and hard work for which she had sacrificed so much. Her eyes rested on the imposing mahogany desk as though she saw it for the first time, the impressive wardrobe for her hat and coat, the leather-upholstered "client's chair"—how odd it was she should so nearly have forgotten all this! How curious her name looked, wrong-end-to. And so her eyes came to pause at last on the girl at the humbler desk.

"I'm glad they have given me you, Theresa." Her smile had a quality in it that Theresa had never seen before. "When Miss Harwood had to go I asked for you."

Unexpectedly the stenographer choked on her acknowledgments.

"I suppose this is because I need everything I can make just now." With

a vexed dab at her eyes she explained her emotion half angrily. "And they jumped me five a week when they made me your secretary."

"That will mean a pretty frock or so that you couldn't have before, I hope, and some happy times."

Theresa looked at the dark eyes shining into hers and thought, in wonder not untouched with awe: "Miss Delaplane talking about pretty dresses and happy times! I'd have supposed she would advise me about a safe investment for my surplus capital! If I didn't know it couldn't be so, I'd say she looks like she'd had a heavy thrill last night—If she knew what a peach she was when her eyes shine like that she'd put belladonna in 'em." But aloud she said, a little sullenly, "Nothin' doin' in the glad-rag market, Miss Delaplane. Just means I'll have a little more to help out at home's I gotta do."

"Some other time you must tell me all about it, Theresa." Miss Delaplane closed those glowing eyes of hers as though to shut ugly things out—or shut something lovely in. She spoke gently but decidedly, "We really shall have to get to work."

With a little shake as if she could thus shed something that impeded her, she took off her hat and coat and opened the wardrobe. Then she retired behind the screen to wash her hands and do whatever she did to her hair to make its dainty perfection the wonder and despair of every stenographer in Micou and Hoyme's office—"Micou, Hoyme, and Delaplane" for more than a week.



Once seated at the impressive new desk, however, the mantle of responsibility and professional impersonality fell again upon the junior partner. There was the daily pile of blue-backed briefs for her to familiarize herself with. That required little effort, however; several of them she had got up herself when she was merely a law clerk. After that first dazed moment her concentration was apparently effortless.

There was the peace of smoothly flowing activities for a time. Then Miss Delaplaine paused—hesitated for a moment—and spoke:

"Suppose you tell me something about your trouble—It was some trouble at home you referred to?"

Theresa's hands dragged off the keys in blank amazement.

"Tell you—in the fifteen minutes after lunch when we come to you 'if we have any complaints or any suggestions to make to the Management,' you mean, don't you?"

Miss Delaplaine cupped her chin in a white hand and smiled; and again Theresa marveled at the glory of the smile. Back of sympathy was that strange, radiant glamour. Theresa's translation of it was: "I was right. She sure must have had a thrill—if you could believe it."

"No, now. Yet I suppose we had better set a good example. We'll wait until lunch time." Her smile, half apologetic, leaped the gap between them.

"Looks like she couldn't bear not to have everybody as happy as she is," Theresa frowned angrily at her starting tears. If anybody should come in and see her! Her first day as Miss Delaplaine's secretary! For her to act the baby when she had always prided herself on keeping home troubles from the office—"like men have to do."

An hour or so later when the office boy broke in upon them he had to go to Miss Delaplaine's desk before he could attract her attention and deliver his message with his usual professional gloom:

"Judge Micou says he's back in town

and will you please step into his office for a conference, Miss Delaplaine," he mumbled and, having mumbled, bolted.

"I will be back before the lunch hour," Miss Delaplaine promised as she left the room.

Judge Micou—somehow the title earned in his brief service on the bench stuck to him—rose on her entrance. His almost grandiose courtesy was, in its more aggressive elements, a determined protest against an ill-bred age, but as to its human residuum, a beautiful native deference to womanhood. Miss Delaplaine, as he waited for her to seat herself, thought—as she often did—that if his mind did run ahead of the most modern thought, his courtly manners were an exquisite survival of a less reasonable age. Against the neutral-tinted wall the gently aquiline features, bright dark eyes under black brows, thick white hair, and fresh color stood out as if he were a "Portrait of a Gentleman" already hung upon historic walls.

Before he seated himself he bent over to pat her shoulder gently. His stately bearing made the momentary softening a tender thing. But being the Judge, he must celebrate "with winged words" the recent event.

"I regret I was not here to induct you into office. It is, indeed, for us all an auspicious occasion, the day that brings the fine perceptions of women into the man-made muddle of the law," he said. And Miss Delaplaine thought, with affectionate amusement, that he alone dared to use phrases which had become conversational stencils before she was born. "Yet," she reflected, "they sound as new as when the Elizabethans sang."

The Judge continued. "When your grandfather was as old as I am now, the same three names were on the letter-head. But Micou, my dear, was where Delaplaine is now. When your dear young father died, Hoyne took the place he now holds . . ."

"In the middle," Miss Delaplaine interpolated, with an irrepressible smile.

"An admirable balance," the senior partner said judicially. "And by the way, it is on Hoyme's account I have sent for you. A case is coming up to-morrow in which he would rather not appear—in fact, he will be out of town. I also have an appointment. The brief has been prepared so you will have no difficulty."

"You needn't apologize, Judge Micou." Theresa should have had a chance to observe Miss Delaplaine's eyes now. They were bright enough—stiletto-bright—but it is doubtful if her secretary would have made confidences to them. "I'm more than pleased. I hadn't expected to have a court case so soon. Really, it is kind of you—"

The senior partner was waving a well-kept hand in deprecation.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. You must learn not to be too precipitate. You'll have me believing the slurs your enemies cast upon you ladies. I am afraid you will not be particularly gratified when you have the whole schedule. This is a divorce case—"

"I thought you—we—never took divorce cases."

"As a rule we do not." Judge Micou frowned deliberately. "But this involves an estate of which Hoyme is executor, so he made a point of our taking it."

"I don't quite like—"

"My dear sir—" The Judge had gone so far when he brought himself up with a courtly smile—"My dear young lady, this is not a case I would have sought. But I had no option in the matter, nor have you, I am afraid. And really, from what I know, you need have no scruple in representing Peelle; the young woman in the case appears to be a far from desirable person. Moreover, the proceedings to-day will be largely routine."

"I'm glad it was you, whom I have known always, who saw my silly squeam-

ishness; other people might misjudge me. One seems to shed prejudices much more slowly than convictions. To have my first court case a divorce . . ."

"My dear girl!" Now the old judge's earnestness approached severity. "I have labored making speeches, sitting on committees, suffering ridicule to give women equal rights with men. For that reason—aside from the pleasure of helping the daughter of my dear friend—it has been a satisfaction to place a woman in this firm. I have assumed responsibility for that presence. I have told Hoyme you had as good a legal mind as any man I knew and more careful preparation than most. I have assured him there was no mere womanishness about you. It has been charged that women are too much ruled by their emotions to succeed in a profession where the practitioner must employ his best effort in bringing it about that law—not necessarily right, often the reverse of justice—but *law* is properly applied. Women are engaged in demonstrating a new thing in human affairs. *Can you stand the test?*"

Quite as effective in its way as the judge's severity was the smile that accompanied Miss Delaplaine's softly spoken:

"We can stand the test."

At one the next morning Marcia Delaplaine pushed away the papers she was studying and stretched her arms, yawning exhaustively. She was alone in the living room of her admirable bachelor apartment and her equally admirable maid was asleep. Marcia's hair was softly disordered where she had dragged at it in cramming the figures in the case. Her negligée slipped away from her tired shoulders, a tissue delicately mauve over flesh but showing turquoise where its silky transparency was gathered into folds.

"Surely I know them now. I ought to go to bed. I mustn't be fagged when I go to court. Being up so late last night—"

The excellent common sense of this



exhortation of herself lost its effect when it met the visions raised by the incantation of "last night." She buried her head in her long white hands (what would a palmist have made of their contradictory lines?). Her long sigh ended in tremulousness. Even as she told herself that thought was not for to-night when she must get what sleep she could, her imagination jerked away from her control.

It was off—the impulse that had driven her, on the insistence of friends, to throw together various lovely fabrics into a gorgeous scheme of color for the famous Twelfth-Night revels in the hotel banqueting suite which, for that evening, was "Carcassonne." How tiresome she had always thought the Newcomens were with their harping on her youth "buried in law books." But how the lovely tints in which she seemed to swim had transformed life and her with it! Such careful years there had been of neutral-toned tailored gowns . . . the maze of unrestrained color had gone to her head . . . she must have had, unconsciously, a hunger for it. The lights, too—the delicious fantasy of shaded lights making a stained-glass glory where it did not make an alluring mystery—The weaving of unfamiliar masked figures—the crazy jazz of assumed voices—squeaks or grumbles. The quiet richness of the voice of that leisurely pacing, tall figure which seemed to recur beside her—the fantastic dialogue that strove for more tantalizing disguise each time they met—quickened heartbeats when the tall figure had drawn her into the dance—all this, revived, made its royal progress of color, glamour, warmth through her brain—an endless stream of pictures, melody, emotions.

And when had she danced like that before? They two alone, drifting through changing rosy mists—of course it was just a theatrical device, but how marvelous to move through showers of radiant flakes like luminous snow—the *music*—its throbbing, luring, human

sweetness—cadenced love—wove about them an ever-mounting spell. "Life has hidden so much from me." The music made a mystic religion of love, turning all the loveless life back of her into impiety. Yet, when on the crest of unbelievable happiness their eyes sought each other through the masks, she knew it was he—not the music—that had made the magic. The moment of unmasking, after which they had parted, had been the answer to the promise. A holy emotion. A great love—it was *he* who had said it first!—born of chance. No, it was not chance. Destiny had forced chance.

Her head went down on her arms, making confusion of the papers. At that moment she was a world of ecstasy complete in herself. The next instant she was a world of longing—awaiting fulfillment.

Neither of them could have borne, after that, the Newcomens' formal introduction.

So much better the meeting they had arranged. "I can say 'to-night' now." He would be there to watch the entrance for her, where over dinner they could see what had remained of "Carcassonne." She would have to tell him she was a lawyer—so many men she had seen frozen tongue-tied when they learned of her profession. But with that hour in their possession she need have no fear. And they would have their wonderful moment of recognizing each other—a dinner coat could not disguise him. No one in the room could carry his head with such buoyant pride or have such clean firm lips or such direct eyes under level brows.

"I couldn't know him more absolutely if we had played together in the park when we were children—no, it's not an Arabian Nights' enchantment; it's real."

With women, mind and heart do not always stand under the same sign of the zodiac to celebrate their spring.

As Miss Delaplaine came into court a quarter of an hour before the time for

opening. She looked as fresh as though she had slept eight hours instead of four. Her face did not show fatigue readily; its warm pallor was too vital for that.

She took her seat at the table reserved for litigants at the right of the imaginary line that divides plaintiff from defendant. She was the first to arrive. She wondered whether either of the principals would appear that day. Apparently they were not expected, for the curious crowd that usually filled the room where the affairs of a rich young idler and an ex-chorus girl were to be given publicity had not, at least not yet, appeared. She wondered what Wolfstein would be like; his legal status would be an indication of the amount of money the girl had been able to appropriate.

The clerk of the court took his position under the judge's rostrum. Wolfstein proved to be a very dark young man who badly needed a shave. He had, moreover, so recently applied vaseline to his hair that the proximity of his head—and dandruff on a dusty coat collar—made of him something she could not afford to let her mind dwell on. The name was unknown.

"I should have thought Mrs. Peelle would have retained a better lawyer. That man looks as if he had hung around the police court. Still, they're sometimes keen, in a ratty kind of way." It was disconcerting to have her first appearance in court connected with that type of man—he was looking at her with the most annoying curiosity—he was going to speak to her.

"See here, Miss Delaplaine. They tell me you've been taken into Micou and Hoyme. Congratulate you, I'm sure. We gotta stand aside for the women now; it's a cinch. It's Woman's Age all right all right. That's why I want to see justice done to this here poor little girl I'm representing. I give you my word I wouldn't have taken the case—couldn't really afford the time—if I hadn't been sorry for her. Can't you and I come to some sort of an agreement?"

The entrance of the judge cut him short. As with the others Miss Delaplaine rose to pay respect to the Law-made-visible, she thought, "Fancy his saying that if it had been Judge Micou or Mr. Hoyme! And underneath he hates me because I'm a woman invading his field; all his oiliness can't hide that."

"Equity Court, Division Number Two, is now in session," the clerk was saying.

Miss Delaplaine looked over her shoulder. "The room is filling up. Apparently neither of the principals is coming. I wonder why—if they once cared—they could so soon want to separate. There doesn't seem to have been anything so terribly serious. Spoiled, both of them, I suppose. But there! I've got other things to think of than their feelings. Wolfstein is sure to try to catch me up about the income proposition." Miss Delaplaine braced herself to do credit to her firm.

The knot of lawyers under the judge's desk, their motions filed, melted away. The judge nodded to the clerk who began, "Equity suit No. 503125, docket No. 817, Peelle *vs* Peelle."

"Evidently she isn't going to be here," thought Miss Delaplaine with strong relief. "Even if she is what we claim, there is a baby."

The grimy-jawed man next her was declaiming through as much of his petition for limited divorce as he could safely raise his eyes from. The ground of the plea was desertion; the court was besought to allow a motion for maintenance *pendente lite*, ostentatiously translated for the benefit of the public, "pending litigation." The sum specified, one thousand dollars a month, seemed fairly moderate when it was known that the Amos Peelle estate had been estimated to be well over ten millions.

Therefore Miss Delaplaine, for the defendant, after reading the formal denial of the plaintiff's charges put in a disclaimer to the claim for maintenance, on two grounds: first, the plaintiff al-





*Drawing by John Alonzo Williams*

THE STRAINED WHITE LIPS FRIGHTENED THE JUDGE

ready possessed assets in the shape of valuable jewelry given her by the defendant; second, the defendant possessed no independent estate but was himself dependent upon the allowance made to him by the executors of the estate of the late Amos Peelle, and that said allowance was barely adequate to the defendant's needs.

At this moment the judge interrogated Miss Delaplaine:

"What is the age of the defendant?"

"Twenty-four years and three months, Your Honor."

"Will you give me the terms of the will of the late Amos Peelle?"

Miss Delaplaine began to recite, in a voice one would have thought too soft to have such carrying quality but with distinct enunciation, an amazing series of large figures. She was very proud of herself for being able to remember them.

"Ah—will you kindly give merely those provisions that relate to the defendant?" the judge interrupted, smiling. "Briefly, please."

"The defendant, after the age of twenty-one, and until he should be twenty-five, if it was the opinion of the executors that he was then competent to administer his estate suitably, was to receive the income from a portion of the estate equal to that of each of the other heirs; if it was not then considered that he was competent, he was to have, beside residence in the family home on Van Ness Avenue, an allowance of one hundred dollars a week."

Someone in the room gasped and a voice was audible, "I thought he was a real sport, not a piker!" That precipitated a small gust of noise which the judge quieted with a word:

"And when the defendant should reach the age of twenty-five—?"

"It is then at the option of the executors to turn over to him his share in the estate or to place it with a suitable trust company which will pay him the income during life and, at his—"

"Your Honor!" Wolfstein interrupted, bellicose of voice and expression. "That

is all bunk. Of course a high-roller like Rod Peelle doesn't live on an allowance of one hundred a month! His polo string alone must cost him ten thousand a year!"

"Your Honor, we submit that the Court must be guided by what may be legally considered the defendant's assets. It is strictly within the option of the executors to pay him no more than the sum mentioned."

"The chief executor being a partner in Micou, Hoyme, and Delaplaine!" Elaborate moral disapproval was in Wolfstein's voice.

"The Court suggests that counsel for the plaintiff suppress his emotions if he wishes to continue to plead in this jurisdiction." Judge Farwell's voice was so gentle that Wolfstein did not appreciate, for several minutes, the full force of the statement. When he had done so he was visibly subdued.

"If counsel for the defense will submit a copy of the will in question the Court will take under consideration the matter of maintenance *pendente lite*. I suggest that the counsel meantime confer to the end that you come to some friendly decision as to what would be just in this case."

Miss Delaplaine turned, with the least possible reluctance, to the unpleasant person on her left. Then, for the first time she saw that somebody was sitting on the other seat, next Wolfstein, a young woman who had evidently made her entrance when Miss Delaplaine was too absorbed to notice her. It was an almost painfully slender figure—blonde bobbed-hair with a permanent wave. The girl turned her face toward Miss Delaplaine, a very pale face—permanent wave forlornly near its end, eyes blue and frightened—reddened too—

"Where have I seen her?—It can't be—It's too absurd to think it—I must have heard the name. I certainly would have remembered if it had been 'Peelle'—No. Theresa didn't tell me. The boy came in. She had just shown me



the photograph—It couldn't have been anybody but this girl, although she's even thinner now. The baby was so adorable—*What a young brute my client must be!* Of course, Mr. Hoyme has got it all in his hands. They can't prove Peelle has a cent more than the allowance. We shall be within our legal rights if we screw them down to almost nothing. And Theresa! And that poor, beaten-looking child—See here! I'm supposed to be acting for Peelle!”

“Miss Delaplaine, have you any suggestion?”

“In a minute—” Theresa's little sister, who for a few months had thought herself in paradise! The whole pitiful story that Theresa had told her. No, Theresa could not possibly have known she was going to be given this case. She had had to have the story dragged out of her. It had been as vivid as if Marcia were witnessing the boy's drunken brutality. And Theresa—such a good sport—keeping herself down to ten-cent lunches and cutting out movies so she could make a home for the pair—mother and baby about equally helpless.

“Remember. ‘Not necessarily justice—not necessarily right—but the law.’” The counsel for the defense gripped her hands together as she told herself this. A wave of hot revolt was making her incapable of thought. Mr. Hoyme said to stress that former lover of young Mrs. Peelle and fight maintenance *pendente lite* because that would be a precedent for alimony. “These girls are suffering. I know Theresa told me the truth. Must I—just to win a case—make two girls suffer? She's another woman—Theresa said she was still crazy about him—The baby! She must have felt once as I do—that she couldn't live through the endless hours until I see—until she saw him again.”

“Yes, I am ready to confer, Mr. Wolfstein.”

A few minutes later Mr. Wolfstein, reeking pathos, reported that his client

would—temporarily—accept an allowance of fifty dollars a week, even though that, of course, was pitifully inadequate, “and enough to make a Bolshevik of you when you thought how the defendant in this case was rolling in luxury.”

At this point the Court interrupted.

“The total income of the defendant is, you state, one hundred dollars a week, Miss Delaplaine?”

“Yes, Your Honor.” Back of the cool precision of the answer was a scurrying of thought. How reconcile her action with usual procedure, conceding nothing that one was not forced by actual evidence to concede? It was evident that triumph was back of Wolfstein's whine. Was she getting herself into a terrible mess? What an unfortunate beginning of her career! Dawning fright seemed to make her mind work more alertly. “Pending the investigation of certain evidence not present when we filed our answer, my client would naturally prefer to err on the side of liberality. I wish to file a statement that this concession is not to be a precedent.”

“The Court then rules that, pending litigation, the—”

Judge Farwell stopped involuntarily. A young man had come into the room and stood, midway in the aisle, hesitating a moment while he got his bearings. Unconsciously the judge waited for him to find a seat. There was something about his bearing which made it natural to halt proceedings that he might be served. But tall, buoyantly treading, he opened the gate in the railing that separated the general public from those directly concerned in the case pending, and somewhat apologetically made toward the vacant chair, starting back with an air of confusion when he saw the woman's figure standing next it. Miss Delaplaine turned and saw him.

It was fortunate that no one but the judge saw clearly the flooding of incredulous rapture into her face and of almost

equally incredulous dismay into his. Instantly the glory faded from her face. The strained white lips frightened the judge and he started to rise with the impulse to save the girl from falling. But, hands on the table, she braced herself, fighting for self-command. Moment by moment Judge Farwell saw her gain it. The man, after standing rigid for a moment, placed a long envelope before the counsel for the defense, murmuring something unintelligible, turned and went back the way he came, his pace quickening as he neared the door.

The delay, after all, was very little more than would have been perfectly normal. The unconscious appeal in Miss Delaplaine's eyes went straight to the judge's heart and he rallied to help her.

"To resume: the Court rules, *pendente lite*, an allowance of fifty dol—"

"Will the Court kindly delay his ruling until I have had time to read the communication that has just been brought to me?" The faint voice might have been caused by her lowered

head. With a motion of his head the judge assented. Thus the counsel for the defense had her moment of respite. She forced herself to read the type-written letter from the man she was defending—the man whom the sight of her had driven from the room. His signature followed after a list of witnesses who could be called upon to testify concerning the defendant's finances. The name and signature—Oh, there could be no slightest doubt about it—of the man to whom, not two nights before, she had given her unquestioning love.

With blind eyes on the paper she fought for self-preservation. The fierceness of the inner tumult seemed to make a thin murmur of voices about her. Her despair was so complete that, at first, it seemed as if her hope could do nothing but bleed to death. The first glimmer of hope was that she might be saved from betraying herself. By dint of holding that purpose before her, she

got to the point where she said to herself, over and over, "It *can't* be true. It can't be *true*. I could never have loved—instantly—such a pitiable creature—Yet—he turned and ran from me. I saw his face. Of course he couldn't have expected to see me, either. Treacherous to me as to that girl there—I thought it *wonderful* that we loved each other without even knowing names. It's—it's—really—funny." A mad impulse to laugh out, laugh loudly, almost undid her. Her face crimsoned with the effort of suppressing it.

"That girl is to blame for it all. She entrapped him. Theresa told me lies. It was all planned that she should try to influence me. That girl is vile—horrible. It is because of her that I am having to suffer like this. I hate her—silly blue eyes. *I won't let her get her divorce.* When we get ready to file our cross-suit it will be easy enough to get evidence against her. It's lucky I made a motion to delay the ruling. I'm sure he came here because he wanted to stiffen the defense so he—so he could marry me. We won't miss a trick. If he gets the divorce I can have him. I won't have to give him up—But what an idiotic move of mine that was about the money. We mustn't admit he has any responsibility. He wasn't in the wrong—*Oh, how could he have treated me so!*—Nonsense! Would fifty marriages have held me back? That's it. It was stronger than he. He probably intended to tell me to-night. He didn't mean to hide anything. I saw his face. It was so *hard* for him to find me here when he couldn't have dreamed it possible. He is mine. He belongs to me."

"I am ready." If her voice had been inaudible before, it was now too loud. The judge started. There was a dull, ugly fire in her eyes. Yet she paused. If the action of the mind were not swifter than lightning the pause would have been noticeable. As it was, no more time was lost than might have been due to the hesitation for the right word. But in that interval she had been





*Drawing by John Alonzo Williams*

IT WAS HORRIBLE TO HAVE THE JUDGE FACE HER AS AN INQUISITOR



arraigned before herself and found guilty of shameless selfishness, of lawless snatching at what it was infamy for her to want, of being a traitor to another woman—a worse traitor to herself. She might well be as white as paper for, when she spoke, she had resigned all happiness.

When, late in the afternoon, the office boy brought Miss Delaplaine a request that she come to Judge Micou's office for a conference, she found to her wrath and consternation that she was shaking.

"Hoyme will not be pleased when he learns of Judge Farwell's ruling this morning." This was her old friend's opening broadside.

All at once Marcia was as impersonal as her inquisitor.

"I did not expect him to be pleased." She was smiling slightly.

The judge considered her meditatively.

"What was the basis of your action?" Not by the quiver of a muscle in the face of the senior partner could Marcia discover what his attitude was toward her. Something in her ached as she addressed herself to plead her cause.

"I had information that the plaintiff was in great need of money." There she stopped.

"Any information other than that Mr. Wolfstein kindly provided?"

"Facts from a more convincing source."

"I see. But was not three-fourths of the defendant's known resources a somewhat excessive award?"

"Of course he—Rodney Peelle—can get all the money he wants."

"I'm not so sure of that. Hoyme seems to be putting the screws on. And he is the first-named executor. Twenty-five dollars a week is not an extravagant allowance for a young man brought up as young Peelle has been! Barely —"

"He deserves to be punished!" Marcia flashed out.

"Why so much emotion? Against your client, too?"

She put her hand to her throat. It ached with repressed tears. It was horrible to have Judge Micou face her with that air of an inquisitor.

"I knew how hard it was for her and her sister to get along—with the baby, you know. They—they didn't have proper food sometimes. I know they didn't. And—as to him—" There were bitterness and pain in her voice—"he was assured of all the comfort in the world, while he was willing to have his wife and child suffer." The pain in her throat was too much for her. She choked.

The old lawyer sat for a minute in silence. At last he spoke.

"Marcia Delaplaine, will you tell me why you thought you were cut out to be a lawyer?"

This was the unbearable insult. She faced him haughtily with bright, angry eyes.

"You *know* I am capable of impersonal judgment. You must know the circumstances were—were unusual."

"You have told me nothing to prove it. If you are sympathetic with every young woman who figures in a lawsuit we might as well haul in our shingle. You can't fail to know that this matter of maintenance now will be used as a basis for a demand for alimony later. And in a year we'll be dealing with assets of several millions!—What's back of all this? You are on the defensive against the head of your firm. Marcia, suppose you tell your old friend what has happened to you."

Of course nothing but kindness could come to her from Judge Micou.

"I miss my father." Her eyes filled slowly.

"And I miss the daughter I never had. Suppose you come a little nearer."

She slid to the floor at his feet and, her head on her old friend's knee, she looked forlornly out into space and told him the story. At the end—"I might have kept my head better if it hadn't all come at once," she pleaded. "All the feeling I had ever had since Dad



died—I hardly remember mother. First such wonder and joy—enchantment. Then—to have to sympathize so terribly. Then to recognize Theresa's sister! If I had only had time to get used to it. . . . Theresa had told me how pitiful and *beaten* she was. And her poor eyes were all washed out with crying. And then—to see *him*! To know *he* was the one—!"

"Who? The defendant? But he didn't—"

"No. Yes—of course, yes. Only it was—it was—"

"Not the one you had just—?"

"Yes. It was he."

Apparently the Judge could not speak for a moment. When he did his voice was unsteady.

"That *was* a situation. It was then you made the—generous arrangement about the maintenance *pendente lite*. Excellent penance but poor law."

She was so abased that she would not even allow she had reason to be hurt. But at the return of the professional note she instinctively rose to her feet.

"I—suppose you won't want me in the firm any more?" She could not meet his eyes. She felt no resentment but—the comfort she had craved had not come.

"If we did anything precipitate it might excite some comment, the partnership having been just formed, you know. Possibly one ought not to judge harshly when the circumstances were so unusual."

"That is very kind of you. The work will be something to fill up my time." Marcia's voice was almost inaudible. "But won't Mr. Hoyme be furious with me?"

"I am, of course, the senior partner. I was not particularly keen about our handling the case, anyway."

"Then—you—?"

"Sometimes—being a little old-fashioned, perhaps—I myself would fancy a little less technic in litigation and a little more equity."

"But you said—"

"Oh, yes, when you have *taken* a case

you have to try to win. But one can choose one's cases."

"But I—"

"I know. You had no choice. Therefore—"

"Oh, then you *didn't* blame me?"

"Um—humph—I have to charge you with being slightly more human than legal. But I can relieve your mind, at all events, as to Hoyme. In his absence from town the other executor has come to the front. And he seems inclined to arrange the maintenance matter very generously; if necessary from his own pocket, and out of court. Of course, if the boy *should* run straight and a reconciliation could be arranged—"

Judge Micou was interrupted by a sound. Its softness could not conceal the agony.

"Why? What?—Oh, poor child, I forgot! I won't torture you another moment. I'll tell you instantly—succinctly, you know—succinctly. The other executor—John Peelle, you know, wanted me to prepare you; thought I could tell you calmly and clearly—with fewer words." He halted to adjust his glasses more firmly.

"Yes! Yes! What?"

"But I'm telling you. Peelle came to court this morning with proof of their contention, but intending to propose some fair arrangement. But something appears to have happened to upset him?"

"I *told* you. But which—?"

"Don't interrupt me. *Don't interrupt me*. You keep interrupting me so I can't explain it to you. Women are so emotional. You almost make me think I have been wrong in espousing their cause. It is true, as I have affirmed publicly, woman has a certain fine, instinctive perception of the truth often denied to men. The question now before the court is—"

"Oh, please—!"

"Will this attribute counterbalance what cannot be denied—their emotionality in situations where men, on the

contrary, are able to deliver clear, cold impersonal judgments? I conclude, however, that, while women are engaged in demonstrating this new thing in human affairs, it is reasonable as well as chivalrous to allow them all possible concessions."

"But—"

The smile that denotes a dawning *bon mot* lightened the seriousness of his face—broadened. The jest might be a useful one—grace public addresses.

"Allow professional women, in fact, liberal maintenance *pending litigation*—"

"Won't you—?"

"I am preparing you. Well, he's here. In the inner office—the man I was telling you about—And he's waiting—"

"Oh, won't you tell me? If it isn't what you almost make me hope it is, I'll *die*. You are *torturing* me! I can't st—"

"I *am* telling you—succinctly. Are you implying that Adam Micou can't brief a case? I've told you he's here—the Peelle you are—interested in. You're too emotional to listen straight. In the next room . . . where else would he be? . . . But there! If you won't let me finish, go then. He'll muddle it all up but—confound it all—let him tell you!"

The eminent jurist flung open the door, pushed Marcia through it, and then, wiping the real sweat from his theoretically calm brow, his hand extraordinarily shaky for a man delivering cold, impersonal judgment on the emotional sex, pulled the door shut again.

Marcia stood just inside the door.

John Peelle stood before her, much as he had stood at that first moment of unmasking. He was diffident. His frank eyes were more troubled than triumphant. He was under a tremendous necessity for immediate understanding. Apparently there was no

strength to be derived from the fact that he towered above her.

"You—I—funny thing," he stammered. But his eyes said, "Can't you understand? Can't it be all as it was—instantly?" His mouth was so much sweeter for its definite firmness. And no one could be anything but master of himself with that forehead—tranquil above the stormy eyes.

"Wait. You ran away from me. You thought I was—"

"Thought you were my brother's wife? Not for a minute. Case of stage fright. Look here—You've got to understand. Can't bear to waste a minute. When a fellow's been counting every minute an eternity just because he's waiting to see the one woman—just found her. And she's driven him into an abominable courtroom—yes, you did. Of course you made *any* woman a different question. Had to be decent, though I loathed the mess she and Rod had got into. And then—he sees *you*! Kind of sun-stroke—"

"But—it's all—changed!" Peevishness at the invasion of daylight into her misty vision welled up. Her lips quivered.

To John Peelle the quivering lips were a terrible catastrophe, of course. Still—while his heart ached—he was in the saddle. Quite mad apparently with a vain assurance. Gloriously happy, and the conqueror.

"Yes, it is all changed. Before I didn't have you, and now I have—"

"Oh—wait—you know I am a lawyer."

"And I used to be an engineer."

"Used to be?"

"Day before yesterday—"

One instant's deafening emotion—almost too tumultuous to be joy—heartbeats that shook them. Then—his kiss.

Laughing, flushed, shaken, . . . it seemed a long time before they dared to look at each other.



# WHEN I WAS AN EDITOR

BY JEROME K. JEROME

**THE IDLER.** "Edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr. An illustrated monthly magazine, Price sixpence," was Barr's idea. But the title was mine. Barr had made the English edition of an American journal quite a good property and was keen to start something of his own. He wanted a popular name and, at first, was undecided between Kipling and myself. He chose me—as, speaking somewhat bitterly, he later on confessed to me—thinking I should be the easier to "manage." He had not liked the look of Kipling's jaw. Kipling had been about two years in London, and had just married a beautiful girl with a haunting melancholy in her eyes that still lingers.

By writers he was recognized as a new force, though his aggressive personality naturally made enemies. The critics and the public were more squeamish then. He was accused of coarseness and irreverence. The reason, it is said, that he was never knighted was that Queen Victoria would not forgive him for having called her "The Widow at Windsor." He has not missed much. Lord Charles Beresford used to tell the story—and those who knew him could easily believe it—that King Edward on one occasion said to him:

"You remember L——, that fellow at Homburg? Well, I've just made him a knight."

"Dirty little bounder," said Beresford, "serve him damn well right."

*The Idler* was a great success so far as circulation was concerned. G. B. Burgin was our sub-editor. He was a glutton for work even then, and his appetite seems to have grown. He thinks nothing of turning out three novels a year.

I once wrote two thousand words in a single day and it took me the rest of the week to recover.

Wells is even yet more wonderful. He writes a new book while most people are reading his last; throws off a history of the world while the average schoolboy is learning his dates; and invents a new religion in less time than it must have taken his godparents to teach him his prayers. He has a table by his bedside, and if the spirit moves him will get up in the middle of the night, make himself a cup of coffee, write a chapter or so, and then go to sleep again. During intervals between his more serious work he will contest a Parliamentary election or conduct a conference for educational reform. How Wells carries all his electricity without wearing out the casing and causing a short circuit in his brain is a scientific mystery. I mentioned once in a letter to him that I was a bit run down. He invited me to spend a day or two with him at Folkestone: get some sea air in my lungs and a rest. To "rest" in the neighborhood of Wells is like curling yourself up and trying to go to sleep in the center of a cyclone. When he wasn't explaining the universe he was teaching me new games—complicated things he had invented himself, and under stress of which my brain would reel. There are steepish hills on the South Downs. We went up them at four miles an hour, talking all the time. On the Sunday evening a hurricane was raging with a driving sleet. Wells was sure a walk would do us good—wake us up. While Mrs. Wells was not watching we tucked the two little boys into their overcoats and took them with us.

"We'll all have a blow," said Wells.

They were plucky little beggars, both of them, and only laughed. But battling up the Leas against the wind, we found the sleet was cutting their small faces, so we made them walk one each behind us with their arms around our waist, while we pressed forward with ducked heads. And even then Wells talked. But one day Nature got the better of him and silenced him. That was when he was staying with me at Goulds Grove near Wallingford. We climbed a lonely spur of the Chilterns, and half way up he gave out and never spoke again till we had reached the top and had sat there for at least five minutes, looking down upon the towers of Oxford and the Cotswold Hills beyond. Southampton Water gleamed like a speck of silver on the horizon, and at our feet we marked—now rutted and grassgrown—the long straight line of the old Roman way that led from Grimm's Dyke past the camp on the Sinodun hills and so onward to the north.

I can't remember for certain whether it was to Wells at Folkestone when I was staying with him, or to me at Wallingford when he was stopping with me, that there came one afternoon a company of garden-city experts on the hunt for a new site. The head of the party was an American gentleman who had devoted most of his life to the building of garden cities. He had been invited over to assist with his experience. He never got further than the two words "garden city." At that point Wells took the matter in hand, and for twenty minutes he explained to the old gentleman how garden cities should be constructed; the inherent imperfectability of all garden cities that had hitherto been built; the proper method of financing and running garden cities. The old gentleman attempted a few feeble interruptions but Wells would have none of them.

"Your ideas are all right," said the old gentleman when Wells at last had finished, "but they are not practical."

"If the ideas are right," said Wells, "your business is to make them practical."

Of Shaw it is said that he is never at rest unless he is working. Shaw once told me that he only had three speeches: one about politics (including religion), one about art (together with life in general), and the other one about himself. He said he found these three—with variations—served him for all purposes.

"People think I am making new speeches," he said. "I'm repeating things that I have told them over and over again, if only they had listened. I'm tired of talking. I wouldn't have to talk one-tenth as much if people only listened."

He used to say there were two schools of elocution: one the Lyceum Theatre (in Irving's time) and the other Hyde Park. He himself had graduated in Hyde Park, mounted on a chair without a back, opposite the Marble Arch. There is only one way of countering Shaw on a platform. It is hopeless trying to cross wits with him. The only thing is to force him to become serious. Then I have known him to flounder. His mind works like lightning. I remember the then president of the Playgoers Club coming to him one day. It was at the beginning of the cinema boom. He was an earnest young man.

"We want you to speak for us on Sunday evening, Mr. Shaw," he said, "on the question: Is there any danger of the actor being eliminated?"

"You don't say which actor," answered Shaw, "and anyhow, why speak of it as a danger?"

Shaw is one of the kindest of men, but has little tenderness. His chief exercise, according to his own account, is public speaking; and his favorite recreation, thinking. He admitted to me once that there have been times when he has thought too much. He was motoring in Algiers, driving himself, with his chauffeur beside him, when out of his musings came to him the idea for a play.

"What do you think of this?" he said, turning to his chauffeur, and went on then and there to tell the man all about it.

He had usually found his chauffeur a



keen and helpful critic. But on this occasion, instead of friendly encouragement, he threw himself upon Shaw and, wrenching the wheel out of his hands, sat down upon him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Shaw," the man said later on; "but it's such a damn good play that I didn't want you to die before you'd written it."


Shaw had never noticed the precipice.

Conan Doyle used to be another tremendous worker. He would sit at a small desk in a corner of his own drawing-room, writing a story, while a dozen people round about him were talking and laughing. He preferred it to being alone in his study. Sometimes, without looking up from his work he would make a remark showing he must have been listening to our conversation; but his pen had never ceased moving. Barrie had the same gift. He was a reporter on a provincial newspaper in his early days, and while waiting for orders amid the babel and confusion of the press room he would curl himself upon a chair and, quite undisturbed, peg away at something dreamy and poetic.

A vigorous family, the Doyles, both mentally and physically. One of his sisters married a clergyman named Angel, a dear ugly fellow. They lived near to us at Wallingford, and next door to them happened to live another clergyman named Dam. And later on Dam was moved to Goring and found himself next door to a Roman Catholic priest whose name was Father Hell. Providence, I take it, arranges these little things for some wise purpose.

Doyle had always a bent towards the occult. He told me once a curious story. It

led him to conclusions with which he may now disagree. He and another member of the Psychical Research Society were sent down to an old manor house in Somerset to investigate a "phenomenon," as it is termed—"ghost story" our grandmothers would have said. There lived in this house a retired Colonel and his wife with their only daughter, an unmarried woman of about five and thirty. For some time past strange noises had been heard: a low moaning, rising to a wailing sob, and a sound as of a chain being dragged across the floor. Night after night the noises would be heard; then for a while they would cease; and then they would come



## THE IDLER.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

### *The American Claimant.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

EXPLANATORY.

THE Colonel Mulberry Sellers here re-introduced to the public is the same person who appeared as *Eschol* Sellers in the first edition of the tale, entitled "The Gilded Age," years ago, and as *Beriah* Sellers in the subsequent editions of the same book, and finally as Mulberry Sellers in the drama played afterward by John T. Raymond.

The name was changed from Eschol to Beriah to accommodate an Eschol Sellers who rose up out of the vasty deeps of uncharted space, and preferred his request—lacked by threat of a libel suit—then went his way appeased, and came no more. In the play Beriah had to be dropped to satisfy another member of the race, and Mulberry was substituted in the hope that the objectors would be tired by that time and let it pass unchallenged. So far it has occupied the field in peace; therefore, we chance it again, feeling reasonably safe this time, under shelter of the Statute of Limitations.

MARK TWAIN.

HARTFORD, 1891.

again. The servants—so the old gentleman explained—were being frightened out of their lives: most of them had left, and even the dogs were becoming jumpy. Doyle and his friend were to say nothing about the Psychical Research Society. They were to come merely as guests, friends of the Colonel's whom he had run across in London. He had not told his wife and daughter. His idea was that no woman could keep a secret. The Colonel himself pooh-poohed the whole thing—he put it down to rats. But his wife's health was becoming affected and he was evidently more worried than he cared to show.

It was a lonely house. Doyle and his friend arrived there in time for dinner. In the evening they played a rubber of whist with the Colonel and his daughter—it was before bridge was invented. The old lady looked on while knitting. They seemed a most devoted family. Doyle and his friend, pleading drowsiness as the result of country air, retired early. That night nothing happened. On the second night Doyle, suddenly waking about two o'clock in the morning, heard the noises exactly as described: the low moaning, rising to a wailing sob, and the dragging of a chain. He was out of bed in a jiffy. The other man, whose turn it had been to keep watch, was in the gallery overlooking the hall, from where, he felt sure, the sounds had come. The old lady and gentleman joined them almost immediately; and the daughter a few minutes later. The daughter, while comforting her mother—whose self-control seemed to be at breaking point—declared she had heard nothing; and was sure it was all imagination, the result of "suggestion"; but admitted, after the old people had gone back into their room, that this was only pretense. She burst into a violent fit of weeping. Doyle's medical training came to his aid. The next night they laid their plans and discovered, as Doyle had suspected, that the ghost was the daughter herself.

She was not mad. She protested her love both for her father and her mother.

She could offer no explanation. The thing seemed as unaccountable to her as it did to Doyle. On the understanding that the thing ended, secrecy was promised. The noises were never heard again. The mysteries are with the living, not the dead.

From shining examples of industry and steadfastness I—being a lazy man myself—find it a comfort to turn my thoughts away to W. W. Jacobs. He has told me himself that often he will spend (the word is his own) an entire morning in constructing a single sentence. If he writes a four-thousand-word story in a month he feels he has earned a holiday; and the reason that he does not always take it is that he is generally too tired.

He told me that if it hadn't been for the Night Watchman he might have had to give up writing. He had exhausted all his own stories. For weeks he cudged his brain in vain. Then suddenly in desperation he seized his pen and wrote:

"‘Speaking of wimmen,’ said the Night Watchman.”

And after that it was plain sailing. He left it to the Night Watchman. The Night Watchman talked on.

I like talking to Jacobs about politics. He is so gloriously honest.

"I'm not sure that I do want the greatest happiness of the greatest number," he said to me one afternoon. We were driving across the Berkshire downs behind a jolly little Irish cob of mine; it was before the days of motors. "So far as I can see, there's not enough of the good things of this world to go round evenly, and I want more than my share."

As a matter of fact he doesn't. All he wants to make him happy is a pipe, two Scotch whiskies a day, and a game of bowls three afternoons a week. But he's an obstinate beggar. I asked him once why he was afraid of Socialism. I promised him—I offered personally to guarantee it—that under Socialism all his simple desires would be assured to him.

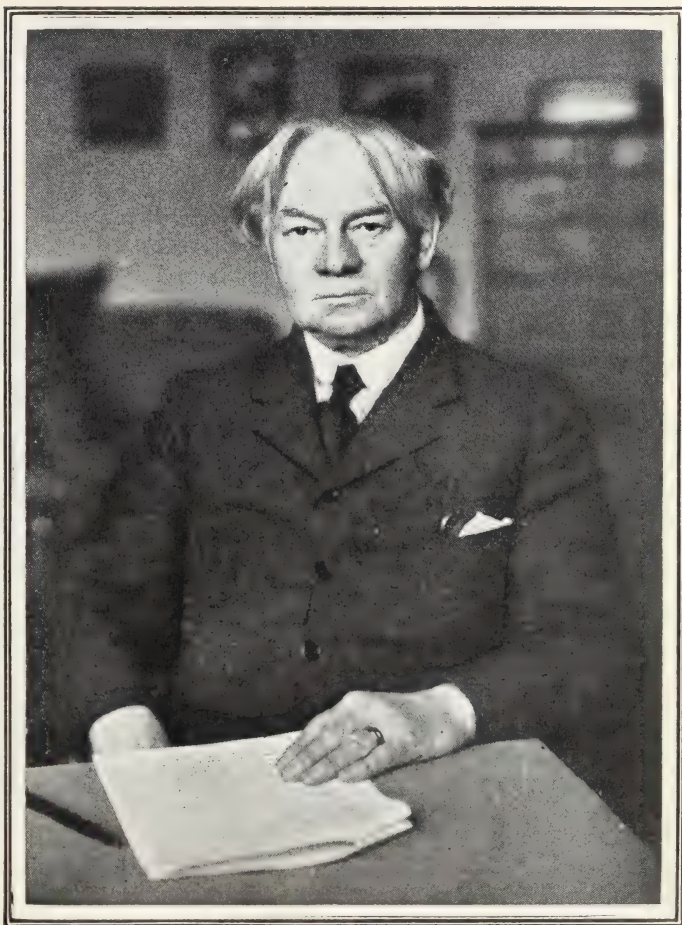
"I don't want things assured to me," he answered quite crossly. "I'd hate a



lot of clever people fussing about, making me happy and doing me good. Damn their eyes."

Editorial experience taught me that the test of a manuscript lies in its first twenty lines. If the writer could say nothing in those first twenty lines to arrest my attention, it was not worth while continuing. I am speaking of the unknown author; but I would myself apply the argument all round. By adopting this method I was able to give personal consideration to every manuscript sent in to me. The accompanying letter I took care, after a time, not to read. So often the real story was there. Everything had been tried; everything had failed: this was their last chance. The sole support of widowed mother—of small crippled brother, could I not see my way?

Struggling tradesmen, on the verge of bankruptcy, who had heard that Rudyard Kipling received a hundred pounds for a short story—would be willing to take less. Wives of little clerks, dreaming of new curtains; would-be-bridegrooms, wishful to add to their income: photograph of proposed bride enclosed, to be returned. Humbug, many of them, but trouble enough in the world to render it probable that the majority were genuine. Running through all of them was the conviction that literature is the last refuge of the deserving poor. The idea would seem to be general. Friends would drop in to talk to me about their sons: nice boys but, for some reason or another, hitherto unfortunate; nothing else left for them but



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A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF JEROME K. JEROME

to take to literature. Would I see them and put them up to the ropes?

That it requires no training I admit. A writer's first play or first book can be as good as his last—or better. I like to remember that I discovered a goodish few new authors.

Jacobs I found one Saturday afternoon. I had stayed behind by myself on purpose to tackle a huge pile of manuscripts. I had waded through nearly half of them, finding nothing. I had grown disheartened, physically weary. The walls of the room seemed to be fading away. Suddenly I heard a laugh and, startled, I looked round. There was no one in the room but myself. I took up the manuscript lying before me—some dozen pages of fine close writ-

ing. I read it through a second time and wrote to "W. W. Jacobs, Esq." to come to see me. Then I bundled the remaining manuscripts into a drawer and went home, feeling I had done a good afternoon's work.

He came on Monday—a quiet, shy young man with dreamy eyes and a soft voice. He looked a mere boy. Even now, in the dusk with the light behind him, he could pass very well for twenty-five—anyhow with his hat on.

I made a contract with him for a series of short stories. He was diffident—afraid lest they might not all be up to sample. I had difficulty in persuading him. The story he had sent me had been round to a dozen magazines and returned with the usual editorial regrets and compliments. I fancy the regrets came to be sincere.

I suppose luck goes to the making of reputations, as it does to the shaping of most things human. Next to Hardy, I place Eden Phillpotts as the greatest of living English novelists: and Hardy has

not his humor. But I take it he will have to wait till he is dead before full justice is done to him. He was staying with us; and one afternoon we went on a picnic. Landing at Dorchester Lock, we climbed the Sinodun Hills where once was a Roman encampment commanding the river. A grove of trees marks the place now. It is a famous landmark for many miles around. We talked, as we boiled our kettle, of the danger of fire. There had been no rain for weeks and all the countryside was parched. The fear haunted us. The idea once started, we seemed unable to get away from it—there were dead trunks among the living that would have served as touchwood to ignite the whole. After tea we were preparing to light our pipes. Phillpotts was standing with his matchbox in his hand. I was waiting to ask him for a light. It is most men's one economy—lucifer matches. Instead, he replaced the box in his pocket and, turning his back on me, walked down the hill. I called to him but he took no notice. Later I found him seated on the lock gates, smoking.

*And such is the narrative of Abercrombie Smith as to the singular events which occurred in Old College, Oxford, in the spring of '84. As Bellingham left the University immediately afterwards, and was last heard of in the Soudan there is no one who can contradict his statement. But the wisdom of men is small, and the ways of nature are strange, and who shall put a bound to the dark things which may be found by those who seek for them*

*A Conan Doyle*

*2 Upper Wimpole Street  
London W.*





EDEN PHILLPOTTS IN HIS GARDEN

“Do you know what was happening to me just now?” he said. “A beastly little imp was urging me for all he was worth to set fire to that rotten tree against which we were standing. One lighted match would have done it and burned down the entire grove. If I hadn’t come away I believe he’d have nagged me into doing it.”

Love of nature is to Phillpotts almost a religion. I wonder if there is a Devil.

A Scotchman who signed himself Cynicus drew cartoons for *The Idler*—clever sketches with a biting satire. He had a quaint studio in Drury Lane and lived there with his sisters. One used to meet Ramsay MacDonald there. He was a pleasant, handsome young man—so many of us were, five and thirty years ago. He was fond of lecturing. Get him on the subject of Carlyle, and he would talk for half an hour. He would stand

with his hat in one hand and the door handle in the other, and by this means always secured the last word.

*The Idler* was not enough for me. I had the plan in my mind of a new weekly paper that should be a combination of magazine and journal. I put my own money into it and got together the rest. *To-day* I suppose is now forgotten; but though I say it who shouldn’t, it was a wonderful twopenny worth. Stevenson’s *Ebb-Tide* was our first serial. Myself, I never read the serial in a magazine. A month is too long: one loses touch. But a week is just right: one remembers and looks forward. Stevenson agreed with me. He came to see me two or three times. He was ill and looking forward to getting out of England. It was always a difficulty getting him to talk, but once started he would go on without a break: reminding me, in this respect, of Barrie. Maybe it is a Scotch trait. A gentle,

unassuming man, he seemed to have no notion that he was anybody of importance—or if he had he kept it hidden.

*To-day* was an illustrated paper. Phil May was one of those who used to draw for it. It was difficult to get work out of Phil May in his later years. He would promise you—would swear by all the gods he knew and then forget all about it. I had a useful office boy. He had a gift for sitting still and doing nothing. He could sit for hours. It never seemed to bore him. James was one of his names.

"James," I would say, "you go round to Mr. Phil May's studio and tell him you've come for the drawing he promised Mr. Jerome last Friday week; and wait till you get it."

If Phil May wasn't in, he would wait till Phil May did come in. If Phil May was engaged, he would wait till Phil May was disengaged. The only way of getting him out of the studio was to give him a drawing. Generally Phil May gave him anything that happened to be handy. It might be the drawing he had intended for me. More often it would be a sketch belonging, properly speaking, to some other editor. Then there was trouble with the other editor. But Phil May was used to trouble. He was a thirsty soul. His wife used to tell the story that one night he woke her up by breaking crockery. It seemed he was looking for water—the water bottle was empty.

"Oh, well, drink out of the jug," suggested Mrs. May, "there's plenty of water in that. I filled it myself, the last thing."

"I've finished that," said May.

He had been in the office of an art dealer in Liverpool, before he came to London. They hadn't got on together. There had been faults on both sides, one gathered. The old man also came to London and established himself in Bond Street. From him I obtained an insight into the ways of picture dealers. He looked me up one day at my office.

"Could you put your hand on a jour-

nalist," he asked me, "who knows anything about art?"

"Sounds easy," I answered. "Most of them know everything. What is it you want?"

"He needn't know much," he went on, "I want him to write me an article about Raeburn. I'll tell him just what I want him to say. All he's got to do is to make it readable, with plenty of headlines. Then I want you to make a special feature of it in *To-day*."

"Wait a bit," I said. "From all I've heard, this man Raeburn is dead. Where does the excitement come in, from my point of view?"

"I'm not asking you to do it for nothing," he explained. "Send your advertisement man to me and he and I will fix it up."

I began to understand.

"You've been buying Raeburns," I suggested.

"Raeburn is going to be the big thing this season," he answered. "We're just waiting for the Americans to come over."

Another view of the Press was afforded me by the late Barney Barnato. He had lately arrived in London from South Africa and *To-Day* had taken the occasion to give its readers the story of his life—putting down nothing in malice, I hope, but on the other hand nothing extenuating. Two days after our article had appeared he called upon me. He was not of imposing presence; but his manner was friendly and he made himself at home.

"I've read your article," he said. He seemed to be under the impression I had written it myself. "There are one or two points about which you are mistaken."

He was looking at me out of his little eyes. There came a twinkle into them.

"I've always been friendly with the Press," he continued. "I've made a note of where you've gone wrong here and there. What I'd like you to do is to write another little article—no immediate hurry about it—just putting things right."

He had taken from his pocketbook a



sheet of note paper. He rose and, breathing heavily, came across and laid it on the desk before me. It was covered with small writing. I took it up to read it. Underneath it there was a check for a hundred pounds, payable to bearer and uncrossed.

He was sadly out of condition, it was evident, but he had been a prize fighter.

Besides, violence is always undignified. I handed the check back to him and, crumpling up his sheet of paper, threw it into the waste paper basket. He looked at me more in sorrow than in anger. A sigh of resignation escaped him. He took a fountain pen out of his bulging waistcoat and, leaning over the back of the desk, proceeded quite calmly to make alterations: then pushed the check across to me. He had made it for two hundred pounds and had initialed the corrections.

It was my turn to give it back to him. I wondered what he would do. He merely shrugged his shoulders.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

He was so good-tempered about it that I could not help laughing. I explained to him it wasn't done—not in London.

There came again a twinkle into those small sly eyes.

"Sorry," he said. "No offense." He held out a grubby hand.

Hardy wrote short stories for *To-Day*. Hardy has never been a best-seller and

has won his position without advertising. It was Mr. Crummles who used to wonder "how these things get into the papers." The smaller men one can forgive; but I wish the big men would not do it. Shaw never writes a postcard to his grandmother that is not quoted the next morning in half the newspapers of Europe and America. And if God comes

to Hall Caine in a dream, urging him to write a new book, every breakfast table in England has heard about it before the end of the week. There is nothing of the Celebrity about Thomas Hardy, O.M. He himself tells the story that a very young lady friend of his thought that O.M. stood for Old Man, and was very angry with King Edward. The last time I saw Thomas Hardy was at a private view of the Royal Academy. He was talking to the Baldrys. The papers the next

morning gave the usual list of celebrities who had been present: all the famous chorus ladies, all the film stars, all the American millionaires. Nobody had noticed Thomas Hardy.

He lives behind a high wall in an unpretentious house which he built for himself long ago on the downs beyond Dorchester. We called upon him there just before the War. His wife was away and it happened to be the servant's afternoon out. His secretary opened the door to us. His wife died a little later, and she is now the second Mrs. Hardy. It was a warm afternoon and we walked in the garden. At first Hardy



BOX O' LIGHTS MY LORD?  
Copyright, 1898, by Robert Howard Russell

A PHIL MAY CARTOON

appears to be a gentleman of no importance; but after a while, behind his quietness and simplicity you catch glimpses of the real man. He shows himself in his poetry to be one of the deepest thinkers of the age. The unassuming little gentleman looking at you with gentle eyes does not suggest it. There was a whispering towards tea time between Hardy and his secretary. Hardy was worried. It seemed that Mrs. Hardy, careful soul, not anticipating visitors, had before leaving locked up all the spare tea-things. We had some fun searching round. My wife and daughter were with me, making five of us. We got together a scratch lot and sat down to table.

*To-Day* was killed by a libel action brought against me by a company promoter, a Mr. Samson Fox, whose activities my city editor had somewhat severely criticized. I have the satisfaction of boasting that it was the longest case, and one of the most expensive, ever heard in the court of Queen's Bench. It resolved itself into an argument as to whether domestic gas could be made out of water. At the end of thirty days the unanimous conclusion arrived at was that it remained to be seen; and the Judge, in a kindly speech, concluded that the best way of ending the trouble would be for us each to pay our own costs. Mine came to nine thousand pounds and Mr. Samson Fox's to eleven.

We shook hands in the corridor. He informed me that he was going back to Leeds to strangle his solicitors and hoped I would do the same by mine. But it seemed to me too late.

A big catastrophe has, at first, a numbing effect. Realization comes later. It was summer time and my family were in the country. I dined by myself at a restaurant in Soho and afterwards went to the theater, but I recall a dull aching sensation in the neighborhood of my stomach and an obstinate dryness of the throat.

Of course it meant my selling out, both from *The Idler* and *To-Day*. Barr's friends took over the monthly and Bottomley bought most of my holding in the weekly. But it had been from the beginning a one-man paper, and after I went out it gradually died.

I had always dreamed of being an editor. My mother gave me a desk on my sixth birthday and I started a newspaper in partnership with a little old maiden aunt of mine. She wore three corkscrew curls on each side of her head, and used to take them off before bending down over the table to write.

My mother liked our first number. "I am sure he was meant to be a preacher," she said to my father.

"It comes to the same thing," said father. "The newspaper is going to be the new pulpit."

I still think it might be.



# NEW MEXICO AND THE BACKWASH OF SPAIN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IN tourist-ridden southern California they capitalize Spanish vestiges almost unmercifully. You are never allowed to forget Padre Junipero Serra, that famous Franciscan; he divides the honors with Helen Hunt Jackson's Ramona. They advertise the old Spanish Missions vociferously; and these are worth advertising, being historically romantic, physically lovely, and tragic in decay. I say no word against the Missions, for of them one does not tire. It is a great regret to me that I have seen only a few of them. One tires immediately and profoundly of Ramona, for she seems to have had as many places of sojourn as Washington had headquarters or Lafayette had four-posters; and it is all rather silly and forced. The Spanish influence, which in San Francisco is a single element naturally felt among many others, becomes in southern California an over-emphasized business asset. The populated region is overwhelmingly American, and Spain withdrew from it long since. There are plenty of Mexican families clustered in the towns and villages; but they are exotic and totally without influence. Progressive America, seeking health and wealth, has swamped them. Southern California has no continuous history that you can trace visibly; and Missions and such are mere furbished monuments to catch the tourist's eye. There is really no practical use for Spanish in Los Angeles or San Diego counties. Kansan or Iowan would be more to the purpose.

Farther east, however, lie Arizona, New Mexico, and southern Texas; and in this real Southwest, Spain has played a different role. Here she is no licensed purveyor of the picturesque, long since

elbowed out of the foreground except as, costumed on street corners, she can sell her wares to the tourist. Nowhere, except in Virginia and along the Massachusetts coast, can our country boast a continuous civilization of three centuries' duration—save in the Southwest. St. Augustine is hardly a case in point, since St. Augustine to-day has nothing whatever in common with St. Augustine as it was founded. There has been nothing Spanish about St. Augustine these hundred years. Not even in Virginia or Massachusetts is there so *obviously* continuous a civilization (such as it is) as in New Mexico. Changes have been little felt here since the sixteenth century and the *conquistadores*.

The New Mexicans have suffered few, if any, of the irruptions and interruptions so characteristic of our violent national history. They were separated from the vicissitudes and triumphs of our colonial period by two thousand miles of unknown territory, by Spanish blood, and by inherited Spanish rule. In the early nineteenth century they automatically became Mexican citizens instead of Spanish subjects. It must have made very little social and human difference. The bitterness of the free-soil controversies did not touch the New Mexicans, for they were not included in the Louisiana Purchase. Nor did they share in the thrilling, if not wholly creditable, adventure of the Texan Republic. (The Texan Santa Fé Expedition was only a grim joke.) Nothing, indeed, of our feverish influence touched them, except for the traders who traveled the Santa Fé Trail in the 'twenties and 'thirties. After twenty years or so of the Santa Fé trade came our war with Mexico. Then, and only

then, did their civilization begin to be affected by the United States.

The astonishing fact, to the sojourner in the New Mexican desert, is that the effect of the United States has been so slight. You are surrounded here by an old Spanish civilization. The Spanish of it is much more emphatic everywhere than the American of it. There is, also, of course, the Indian of it. "In a land of sand and ruin and gold," I used to quote to myself; the tone-color of the familiar words seeming to fit the landscape peculiarly, even though the gold is rather a matter of sunlight on the desert than of treasures within the earth. Pueblos, adobe houses, barren beautiful mountains, burros, mesas, dry arroyos, the Indian and Mexican skins—all blend together into a soft, sad, dusty brown that the imagination connects immemorially with Spain. The emptiness, the sleepiness, the sudden note in costume or church altar of gorgeous tawdriness, are as un-American as anything to be found in our great country.

There is really very little United States to be savored. The country has never stopped being Spanish in temper, in language, in blood, in habit of life. "Santa Fé?" said a good American in Albuquerque. "Oh, it's just a Mexican town. Their principal pastime up there is doing nothing." I suspect that he was right; and certainly Santa Fé is far less American than the capital of any other sovereign state that I have ever seen. I do not know how much they "do" in Santa Fé, beyond making corrupt politics more corrupt, but visually speaking, it is more Spanish than American, and more Mexican than Spanish. All speeches made in the New Mexico legislature have to be translated by an interpreter into Spanish, sentence by sentence, as they are uttered. You cannot live in this country satisfactorily without speaking Spanish—and you certainly cannot safely commit a crime without knowledge of that tongue, for juries are apt to be unacquainted with English. If I speak casually of committing crimes,

it is because one gathers that, in New Mexico, almost every citizen finds it, sooner or later, necessary to his business or his happiness to do so. The Anglo-Saxon American has not, according to his little habit, dominated the scene immediately on arrival. Except in a commercial sense, he has not "taken over" the country at all; and up to a very short time ago the Spaniard owned most of the land, as he still owns the New Mexican soul.

Why has the habitually dominant race failed here, when it has triumphed at once in every other part of the West? That continuous civilization is, no doubt, one of the main reasons. The Southwest was not "new" country; it was the oldest section, humanly speaking, of United States territory. But southern California also was "old"; and southern California has been socially and physically conquered with no delay and no trouble. The more important—even if secondary—reason is probably this: that there was nothing in the Southwest that the dominant race supremely wanted. Gregg (our chief contemporary authority on the Santa Fé trade) says that the Indian attacks on the Santa Fé caravans were few and negligible *because the white men carried no ploughs*. They threatened no permanent settling—or stealing—of the land. They were frankly transitory; and their trains were like the great tea-caravans that used to wander back and forth between central Asia and Archangel on the Arctic. The same Pawnees that were the terror of the Oregon Trail let the Santa Fé traders by.

Tragic episodes occurred, of course, now and then, but they were far less molested than the northern pioneers. The Southwestern desert did not lure the farmer or the family man. There were no women and children on the Santa Fé Trail—unless now and then a Spanish lady returning to Santa Fé or Chihuahua by the land route. Of precious metals there seems always to have been a certain amount in New Mexico, but on a modest scale. The



nature and conformation of the country made them difficult to get at. You cannot do placer-mining where there are no rivers; you cannot mine comfortably at all where there is no water to drink. The Mexicans worked the mines in desultory fashion, but it was mostly sheep country.

There was never any big "strike," never any gold-rush or occasion for a gold-rush. Nothing, in other words, to lure the adventurer or to tempt the sober citizen. The great deposits of coal that are said to underlie the soil of New Mexico are still undeveloped. The Americans seeped into New Mexico; they never really invaded it or colonized it.

There were ranches in the days of the cattle kings; but while this is good sheep country, it is not good cattle country—not, at least, under the modern conditions of cattle-raising. Within a very few years they have tried again to make cattle country of it, and have miserably failed. That sparsely inhabited land has been left very largely to the people who have adapted themselves to its peculiarities and are satisfied. The only thing an ambitious man could acquire was land by the square mile; and he hardly knew what to do with the land if he got it. There has been plenty of land-grabbing in the Southwest—organized pillage of the Indians and violent work with the vast holdings of Spanish land owners—but there has never been a real American invasion.

The later seepage into northern New Mexico has been caused very largely by two discoveries: first, that it is a marvelously curative climate for tuberculosis; second, that the Pueblo Indians and their ways and works are what is known as "picturesque." "Lungers" and artists have taken to New Mexico in numbers. The Middle West, which seems to be obsessed with the idea of packing itself and its property into an automobile and looking for a pleasanter habitation somewhere between the Rockies and the Pacific, has dropped a good many pilgrims in the Southwest, although most

of them push on to southern California. There are, as everyone knows, two towns worthy the name in northern New Mexico: Santa Fé and Albuquerque. Santa Fé despises Albuquerque for an uninteresting and commercially minded place; Albuquerque despises Santa Fé because it is divided between politicians and æsthetes. In Santa Fé they shudder at the nearly unrelieved Americanism of Albuquerque; in Albuquerque they shudder at the riotous living and the shameless politics of Santa Fé. You take your choice.

Concerning Santa Fé, I must state my own case in the very teeth of the Santa Fé cult. A lovelier situation than this it would be unreasonable to ask and hard to find. Santa Fé is uplifted seven thousand feet in air, amid a tumble of mountain ranges—the Jemez to the west, the Pecos melting into the Sangre de Cristo on the east. It has the charm of the city to which you must climb. Those of us who were taught in youth that it was the oldest town in the United States have dreamed of it, off and on, since childhood. Well, the Plaza is there, with the Governor's Palace (1608, I believe) ranged along one side; with a monument, too, marking the end of the Santa Fé Trail. There is on the outskirts the old, old church of San Miguel; there are mementos of the turbulent Mexican history of the first third of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately, they have developed in New Mexico a thing called the "Santa Fé type of architecture"—a graceless blend of Spanish and Hopi. The Spanish type exemplified in the old Governor's Palace has a distinction, a charm, a fitness of its own: you cannot do better in this climate and this landscape. The Hopi house is, however, perfectly unadaptable to American life; and the grotesques that cluster near the Santa Fé Plaza are disillusioning—would be pathetic were they not so strident. The State buildings are like many others scattered over our broad land; merely uncompromisingly Ameri-

can and bad. The New Fonda Hotel, the Art Museum, the Post Office, are like nothing on earth except their own impossible selves; and if this Hopi nightmare was first dreamed in Santa Fé, one wonders on what insane root the architects had dined. After all, they had the excellent if unpretentious Governor's Palace in their line of vision before they went to sleep. The interior of the Art Museum, the lobby of the hotel, are well decorated and very handsome in their way; but inevitably one steps outside again and beholds the impossible façades. An Indian pueblo can be very impressive; but the American conception of modernized and adapted Hopi is like Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg—though I believe, actually, Mr. Pecksniff never acquired that contribution to Art.

It is partly the architecture, no doubt, that makes Santa Fé so disillusioning. As a Mexican town, it is not a very good Mexican town; rather undignified and squalid. As an American town, it is not successful. Climate and situation apart, it would be for most of us a depressing place of residence. To live in the very spot where New Mexican politics are being daily perpetrated would be bad enough in itself. Besides, the devotees of the picturesque have turned Santa Fé—as one understands they have turned Tahiti—into a sort of Greenwich Village. The Art Museum is full of bad pictures, the hotel is full of atrocious food, and the Post Office, one feels sure, is full of hectic and mendacious correspondence. Certain resorts in the neighborhood of Santa Fé must be heavenly places to linger in, for every prospect pleases. But the capital itself they have ruined. Even the delightful Governor's Palace, in becoming a museum, has inevitably become dismal. Of Taos, sixty miles to the north, I cannot speak. There is some good painting done at Taos, as we know; more than that I cannot say. I have never been there—and fancy I shall never go, since one normally reaches Taos *via* the tragic and tawdry city of

the Holy Faith of St. Francis. Some prices are too high to pay for the satisfaction of minor curiosities, and the spectacle of Santa Fé is disheartening—especially as one's desire had been set on it long since.

If divorce has "made" Reno financially, tuberculosis has "made" both Albuquerque and Santa Fé. I take it, in the same sense. Albuquerque is not a particularly attractive place, for, though it has an altitude of four thousand feet, and commands adorable views of the Sandia mountains (for which I, myself, have an incurable passion) it is municipally ugly. Moreover, the endless rows of little shacks that consist chiefly of a screened porch with a bed on it, are depressing. The object of the shack is only too clear; and the inhabitants—hopeful or hopeless—take no trouble to beautify their surroundings. The shack seems no more like a home than the automobile you pass, parked for the night in the open desert, forty miles from anything except the Santa Fé Trail. You have to work for vegetation in these desert towns, and the number of Albuquerque householders who feel that a dirt chicken-run is a good substitute for a front lawn is appalling. The American part of Albuquerque is entirely hideous. Its only charm lies in the few old Spanish gardens, the frankly Mexican life. The Santa Fé Railroad hotel—the Alvarado—is the only beautiful building that Americans have erected there, and many of the Spanish houses are falling to decay. Though Albuquerque is much less advertised than Santa Fé, it is more accessible and, in several ways, more rewarding. Santa Fé is not easy to get to—this is the third time I have taken the Santa Fé route home from the Coast, and the first time I have ever achieved Santa Fé itself. Not even this time did we attempt to reach it by train—though there is a train, sometimes, from Lamy on the main line. We motored to it from Albuquerque. I shall always motor to Santa Fé from Albuquerque. Not only is the drive one of the most beautiful



and one of the most exciting in the country (those who have dared La Bajada Hill know what I mean) but Albuquerque, which does not make Santa Fé's proud pretensions, is less depressing than the capital. It is, moreover, an excellent center for wondrous journeys into the ever-marvellous desert, to the feet of divinely beautiful mountains. Except for a new hotel just finished (protest, apparently, against the benevolent despotism of the Santa Fé Railroad), the citizens of Albuquerque have not indulged into the "Hopi house" vagary. The hotel—I forget what it is to be named—is an enormous Hopi house, worse perhaps than anything in Santa Fé. But so far it is alone. True, the University of New Mexico is more or less Hopi; but it has the grace to sit down at a distance, among its own trees, on the tubercular side of the tracks, and not to mass its Hopi-ness in the public vision.

Let it be said here that one was tempted—while sympathizing with the desire of Albuquerqueans to thumb their noses at the despotic Santa Fé—to give them Machiavellian advice. They should approach the Santa Fé not with insult, but with flattery and argument. They cannot buck the Fred Harvey system: consider the strategic position of the railroad—sole carrier for a region five hundred miles in width and fifteen hundred miles in length. Consider also its organization. A system that can run a successful hotel on the brink of the Grand Canyon, to which all water must be carried sixty miles, and can pick up fruit and game in the middle of nowhere, to serve to you fresh that night in the dining car, has nothing to fear from a rival hotel in a place where it has an excellent one of its own. Albuquerque should have approached the Santa Fé Railroad on its knees, saying "O king, live forever." Then it might have risen to its feet and proceeded with cogent and practical argument.

Albuquerque has a right to insist on its position as the only convenient

tourist center between the Mojave desert and Colorado. It is on the main line of the railroad—which Santa Fé is not; and it is, in any case, a better center for excursions—being three thousand feet lower, and tapping not only the Santa Fé region but also a vast, picturesque country to the west. It is the junction for the line down to El Paso and old Mexico. Moreover it is a city, with some of a city's resources; not, like Santa Fé, a much disfigured museum-piece. To go to Taos and all the beautiful crannies of extreme northwestern New Mexico, you can start more easily from Santa Fé; but Albuquerque is actually within striking distance of more pueblos than is the capital. If from Santa Fé you wish to reach Isleta, Laguna, or Acoma, you must first come sixty miles westward to Albuquerque; and San Domingo, Cochiti, Abo, Sandia (I have an unquenchable desire to see Sandia: I am told it is the dirtiest pueblo in the state of New Mexico) are as well reached from Albuquerque as from Santa Fé. As for all the tourist goals in eastern Arizona, Albuquerque is sixty miles nearer them than Santa Fé, and there is no La Bajada Hill to negotiate. The Santa Fé Railroad has a charming trick of building good hotels suddenly in the middle of nothing at all; but it cannot make points of departure and repair of places like Flagstaff or Williams or Gallup. They do, however, owe it to the hundreds of thousands who are bent on seeing America last—if not first—to make a tourist center somewhere in the beautiful and historic Southwest.

At present, if you wish to stop en route between the Grand Canyon and Chicago, you are heavily penalized. The California Limited (which is, in summer at least, their one first-class train) will make no reservations to points between the Grand Canyon and Kansas City. If you wish to stop at Albuquerque or Santa Fé, you depend on luck alone. There may be space on the Limited when it pulls into the station; probably there is not. If you must have a Pull-

man reservation ahead (most people have a preference that way) you will have to make it on one of the inferior trains which carry no observation car and no dining car. Fred Harvey will feed you properly when you arrive at one of his eating-houses; but you may be three hours late for breakfast, and there is nothing that you can do about it.

No wonder most tourists pass through New Mexico without getting off the California Limited. As there is no reason on earth, except the Grand Canyon, why anyone should travel to the Coast *via* the Santa Fé, it would seem as though the Santa Fé itself were neglecting its opportunities. They have immense and exclusive assets in the Spanish-Indian Southwest, but instead of luring the tourist hither, they penalize him for stopping. It is rumored that the Santa Fé intends to develop Jemez Hot Springs eventually, when everyone has seen the Grand Canyon. Perhaps, then, Albuquerque will be better served. At present, it is served very ill; and the new hotel is really a pathetic and not very lucid statement of its dire case. Why should the Santa Fé Railroad issue an enchanting booklet called "Off the Beaten Path in Arizona and New Mexico," and make it as difficult and uncomfortable as possible for you to leave the beaten path and approach these treasures? I have experienced some of the accommodations and conveniences that the booklet has the cynical audacity to recommend. . . .

The sad Southwest: that is the phrase that recurs most often to one's lips when one dwells upon this region. Beauty is itself inspiring; yet if there be a beauty in itself melancholy, it is the beauty of the inoccupable desert. There is a sharp distinction to be drawn between this and the black desert, say, of central Oregon, or the "bad lands" of North Dakota, which the devil seems to have created for an easy lesson in discouragement. This has an æsthetic, almost a mystical value, and is totally

lacking in the sardonic. On the other hand, the private question one asks is not, as in the bad lands, "What can man do with this?" but rather, confronted as one is with ancient vestiges and the slow persistence of history, "What has man done with this?" In New Mexico the immediate answer does not make for optimism. What man has done with it is all about you.

The answer to the question is two dying civilizations, and a third which, so far, is only feasting on their corruption: the Pueblo Indian; the Spanish Mexican; the American, who is usually either a politician or a sentimentalist. Before the bar of judgment the sentimentalist will fare better than the politician, for, as Senator Walsh of Montana has recently reminded us, "You cannot impeach a man for stupidity"; but one comes to consider it a nice question whether the Pueblo Indian will not suffer as much from his misguided friends as from his cynical despoilers. The best citizens of New Mexico, by all accounts, are the members of the old Spanish families. They are rapidly being shorn of their power and their estate; and none of the invaders, apparently, is intelligent enough to be sentimental about *them*. Perhaps the invaders could not break into a genuine, if alien, aristocracy even if they would. Certainly one comes to feel that life in New Mexico would be humanly and socially tolerable only if one could contrive to establish relations with the survivors of the old Mexican aristocracy.

New Mexico is, all in all, a wild and uncivilized state. Life is cheap, ignorant Mexican juries are easily packed, and if a sheriff grows (which seldom happens) too zealous in behalf of law and order, it is pretty difficult, in the end, to find out who killed him. The politicians of New Mexico have never had an enviable reputation. Their chief activity has usually been lining their pockets at the expense of the Indian. The state's most distinguished political figure at the present day is, one supposes, ex-Senator



Fall. Senator Bursum, to be sure, achieved some notoriety recently with his unsuccessful Indian bill—which was nothing like so bad as the uninformed public, stirred up by the “friends of the Indian,” believed it to be. The Bursum Bill was faulty; but it was frankly a compromise, a makeshift way of dealing with a situation that had grown legally and practically intolerable; and the manifesto against it which emanated from Santa Fé was certainly as faulty as the bill itself.

The Indian has been ill served by his friends, and one is sometimes inclined to pity an Indian Bureau, however incompetent, which has to stand between the rapacious politician and the devotee who is ruining the Indian morally, æsthetically, and socially, as fast as ever his kind heart and muddled brain will permit. I omit any reference to the men and women—there are plenty of them—who are merely getting a new sensation out of the Indian, and exploit him for their own excitement, amusement, reputation, and trivial sense of power. It is for the real friends of the Indian one is concerned; for all right-minded folk must be unofficially and sincerely his friends.

The red man has had hard luck; and one sometimes wonders if we have not harmed him as much since we grew sentimental about him as we did in the old days when we destroyed him at sight if possible. We have stolen unconscionably from him; we have also wasted a great deal of money on him. He is a very conservative person; and to attempt to Christianize—especially to Protestantize—him is as silly as it is impossible. To force the Pueblo Indian to a government school is an expensive piece of stupidity. Either American education “takes,” or it does not. If it does not, he goes back to the pueblo and reverts; if it does, he is merely miserable, for the pueblo civilization is in his blood, and his half-hearted approximations to a United States mode of life are ridiculous and doomed. The

race-prejudice which is so strong in the Anglo-Saxon temperament is much weakened when it is a question of the red man rather than of the yellow, the brown, and the black; yet most white people are not easily going to admit most red people to real social intimacy. It is only the sensation-seekers who do it, in point of fact—and they do not thereby help the Indian. Neither as a temporary toy nor as a saint and martyr will he be enabled to work out his salvation.

This preoccupation with the Indian on the part of resident and tourist alike is natural enough. You may go to New Mexico convinced that the Pueblo Indian bores you, or that he is merely a vanishing problem; determined therefore to seek for future rather than past factors in Southwestern affairs. All through northern Arizona and northern New Mexico you will, in spite of yourself, come back to the Indian. The white American is still to a large extent his parasite—clinging to him, whether for the sake of gain or of cheap publicity or of archæological interest or of æsthetic pleasure.

Not to the temporary resident is it given to penetrate the patios of Oteros and Chavezes; to meet face to face, with respect and sympathy, a point of view that derives from a religious and social tradition wholly alien to the Anglo-Saxon American. When, moreover, has Spain ever successfully withstood America on this side of the Atlantic? The Spanish New Mexicans will inevitably pass from prominence and control. As the great men die, their vast holdings are broken up and parceled out. The younger generation compromises with American ways, often to its own undoing. The atmosphere of a sovereign state of the Union is not favorable to the preservation of Spanish social and domestic traits. Moreover, this northern province of Mexico was, until 1848, literally that; and Mexico is not quite Spain, as we all know. It has had its own prejudices against the

mother country; and in the 'thirties a Spaniard from Spain was almost more unpopular in Santa Fé than an American from Missouri.

What is true of Mexico in general must have been true of the northern provinces: namely, that the purity of creole blood grew more and more tinged with the darker Indian strain. The Rio Grande had no social significance in those days, and Santa Fé was only a smaller Chihuahua farther to the north. That which differentiated New Mexico from old Mexico before 1848 was what differentiates it, chiefly, now: sparser settling, a greater emptiness, the atmosphere of the outpost and the frontier, a fighting history unbroken since the *conquistadores*—and the Pueblo Indian. The Pueblos may seem a meek race compared with Apaches and Comanches, but they fought in the streets of Santa Fé as late as 1837. In the days of rival governors, rival parties, the pueblos took sides or stayed neutral—and the attitude of a strong pueblo was a matter of real importance. Since the sixteenth century they have spasmodically fought and conquered, been bloodily reduced or temporized, planned secret revolts, sulked on their mesas, massacred their priests or protected them—but from 1549 to 1849 they always counted heavily in the turbulent history of northern Mexico.

To the Mexican resident they were important as the aboriginal and by no means impotent owners of the soil; to the incoming American they counted, later, as the chief opportunity of the unscrupulous, the most frequent storm center of politics, and the most positive and vivid asset of the archæologically minded. This is, in a very real sense, the Pueblo Indian's country. The Indians mix happily enough at fiestas and such like with the humbler Mexicans; and they are of course far outnumbered by the Mexican citizens of the state. They have no objection to speaking Spanish, though they often have a profound objection to speaking English.

But though New Mexico is prevailingly Mexican still—did they not, in Socorro and El Paso, celebrate our recognition of the Mexican government as spontaneously as if it had been a saint's day?—the Mexican sheep-herder or farmer is a less positive creature than the Indian. He and his adobe, his sheep, his dogs, his ponies, his children, are the dusty background against which life must move. He has imposed upon this region his language—or the *conquistadores* imposed it for him—and in a general way his religion and his attitude to life. But he is too ignorant, too mongrel, too indolent a creature to win any long-drawn-out contest, or even to express in his own person the perpetual question, "What are you going to do about *me*?" We are not going to do anything about him except wait for the generations slowly to oust him. He confuses the social situation, because in the smaller towns and villages he has all the votes and can see to it that his vices are not too hardly dealt with and that vengeance is not too swift.

The Pueblo Indian, on the other hand, is a perpetual interrogation-point; and being a ward of the government he must be answered. He cannot simply perish vaguely among the rigors of competitive citizenship. For all these reasons, you cannot get away from the Indian in the Southwest—not until he is quite dead. We found it useless to try, in spite of our original prejudices born of much sentimental public and private nonsense about him.

The Pueblo Indian is, one gathers, a very respectable as he is certainly a very fine-looking person. It is not he who shoots honest road commissioners in the back, or drowns objectionable ranchers in their own sheep vats, or pays so much a head to the jury for acquitting him of murder. He is very conservative, he is very proud—and he is not a citizen. Nor is he a rich man. An Osage Indian from Oklahoma who has struck oil and proceeds to pile his women-folk and



their enormous vanity cases into an expensive car, to jaunt westward and crow, in the worst American slang, over his red kin on the reservations, is as objectionable as any human being to be met with on New York's east side. (Oil, they have been suggesting lately, is a contaminating thing.) The Pueblo is a farmer; and the scorn of what the industrial schools can teach him about agriculture is not only deep but well-founded.

It is characteristic both of him and of us that the state of California should spend large sums of money and the time of experts to determine how to save the Imperial Valley from the dire results of over-irrigation, and eventually discover a way that the New Mexican Indians have been quietly practicing for generations. Very like us never to have observed him; very like him never to have told. The eternal squatting on Indian lands, the vagueness of titles, the consequent piling up of litigation—thousands of cases, stretching over years, that no one can make head or tail of—which it was the honest intention, apparently, of the despised Bursum Bill to find some way out of—even if not a perfect one—have left him, certainly, with shrunk possessions. I am not defending the Bursum Bill; but it is clear that even its objectionable clauses grew out of, and were conditioned by, an absolutely impossible situation which was in itself worse than almost any solution. It was not the cold-blooded steal that the country was made to feel it was; and the points made against it were often illogical and ill-taken.

The big steals came earlier. No honest American citizen, one supposes, would defend our treatment of the Indian since we frankly conquered him; yet one has a certain sympathy with Indian commissioners and Indian officials. On the whole, the government has latterly been trying to do the decent thing—frustrated at every turn by all the people who are concerned with the Indian: concerned to rob him or con-

cerned to protect him. In the Southwest the case is perhaps most glaring, because the Pueblo Indian is not, and in historic times never has been, nomadic. His pueblos were going strong as self-governing cities when the Spanish came; he had developed his own religion, his own art, his own political ideals, and, living as inaccessibly as possible, he asked only to be let alone. He cared as little, really, for scalps as for the blessings of Catholicism. The *conquistadores*, who were treasure-mad, would not let him alone, and we all know the results.

The Pueblos took over Catholic Christianity and accepted resident friars in their pueblos. They built churches, a hundred and fifty to two hundred years before California did, and the New Mexican mission churches are still in use. It seems to be admitted on all sides that the priests have been good for their morals, though the Indians' Christianity is at least as eclectic as that of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. The conservatism of the Pueblo Indian is something that it takes more than three hundred years of an alien faith to disturb. Rome, with its profound psychological insight, has permitted them—even as it did when it converted the Germans—to keep their paganism pretty well unimpaired. They dance before the patron saint of the pueblo—but the dance is what it always was in character and meaning; expurgated a little, no doubt, out of deference to the conquering paleface. One tribe—Zuñi, I think—has come out in the course of the last decades and proclaimed itself definitely non-Christian. Most of the Southwestern Indians do not trouble to announce the fact.

Here was, one cannot but feel, a beautiful chance for the white man to have peace with the red man. The tribes had to go from the vast prairie country because the American needed it; but the American did not need the Pueblo farm-lands, which were neither rich nor vast; and the Pueblo could have gone on living his life without detriment

to the social fabric. He might, in that uncoveted region, have had from us the peace that Spain—which *would* believe in hoards of gold and the Seven Cities of this or that—never gave him. The Indian, however, is always the first person to be stolen from because, on account of his anomalous position, he is the safest. So we lost our chance of preserving his semi-civilization unimpaired, of co-existing with him in a dignified manner.

Then came the tourist, who always ruins an alien peasantry. The Indians learned to sell their wares at stations and by roadsides, and learned also to beg. The children of any pueblo stretch out their hands and whine for "*cinque centavos*" as you pass. Their pride has been subtly corroded by the traveler, no doubt, as has their art. Most of the things they want to sell you nowadays are horrors—as are most of the things that come out of Japan since Japanese stuff has become a fad. The old Indian paintings and weavings had a certain beauty and quality—but where do you find them now? Not in the hands of the flushed sightseer, surely. Their potters and their smiths still have a knack and a conscience—until they begin supplying a market. Then you get things as bad as the modern Japanese product in the department stores.

And—let the truth be told—none of it was ever *great* art, anyhow. Their vanity may well be flattered by all the artists who have wanted to paint them, the white folk who have wanted to live in their pueblos, the misguided people who construct "pageants" out of them. The pathetic fact is that it is the less respectable Indian, or the less respectable traits in that Indian, which condescend to endure this sort of patronage. The by-product of it is to be seen in the Indian who will not let himself be photographed save at an exorbitant price. The Indian you respect, as man to man, is not the handsome young buck whose profession in life is dressing up as an artist's model, or who enters into the social life of white men and women.

The ones you respect are more apt to be the real residents of the pueblo, who work their farms, cherish their traditions, depart in no wise from their own courses, and object—not physically or formally, but temperamentally—to white visitors.

I recall with pleasure one or two older inhabitants of Laguna pueblo, their dignity, their fine manners, and their uncompromising but quite unaffected Indianness. One of them, never forgotten, is still admiringly referred to by us as "the gentleman from Laguna." His courtesy was complete; but I do not think he would have cared to sit at meat with us—I hope not. The English have learned better than we the right manner with the honorable member of an alien race, which consists in respecting rather than ignoring his differences, in admitting the clash of traditions without dwelling on it, in neither despising him nor flattering him, in meeting only when and as both races can meet without offending any convention of the other. It may be said, too, that it is the Englishman who achieves this golden mean. The English woman stays out of the game—which is a help. We Americans are apt either to despise the alien or to fawn on him—muddling all comparative values in either case. "No good Indian but a dead Indian" is at one extreme; going into their pueblos and living with them (unless for official reasons) is at the other. Only mutual disillusion can come of the latter course.

Not long ago the New York newspapers, which are always rich in astonishing incident, presented us with an account of some Pueblo Indians arriving in New York on their way to Washington, and giving one of their tribal dances in the Town Hall before an interested group of clergymen and others. The episode was conceived, one fears, by friends of the Indian. A corn dance in the Town Hall of New York City! It is at such a point as this that one begins to be genuinely and unashamedly sorry for the Indian—to think that perhaps he does need fending for. The occasion for



this absurdity (or indignity, if you like) was clear enough: various Pueblo Indians were on their way to Washington in connection with a Pueblo Land bill of sorts, and their white friends thought it an excellent opportunity to show an eastern public how innocuous are the tribal dances that the government talks of suppressing. But there is a lot of tortured logic in this matter; and if the friends of the Indian would condescend to talk things over with people officially responsible for the Indian's welfare, they would discover that to themselves is in large measure due the threat of forbidding his dances.

You find many people pulling at the Indian in different directions; his "friends" (rival groups of them); the white men who sink their consciences while dealing with the red man, and care not what becomes of him once they have stripped him; the officials, competent and incompetent, who are employed to advise and teach and look after him—and, of course, the missionaries. There is also a queer mass of public opinion, variable but bulky. The friends of the Indian say that the dances are beautiful, symbolic, harmless, and that it is cruel and stupid and short-sighted of the government to stop them. So far one quite agrees—and continues, I may say, to agree, even though some of the dances are perhaps not so beautiful or so harmless as they are stated to be. They are the Indians' own affair, in any case. It is currently believed among the native American residents of Albuquerque that the people of one of the obscurer pueblos (I will not name it) still contrive to sacrifice a living baby every year to the snake-god. This may or may not be true. If it is, the custom is neither profoundly beautiful nor wholly harmless, and no one could blame an Indian Bureau that interfered. Neither from officials nor from sentimentalists did we hear it; only from the native-born resident, who took the Indians philosophically, having known them well, collectively and individually, all his life.

Within a fortnight the Secretary of the Interior has declared, in answer to a petition from the San Ildefonso pueblo, that the guardians of the Indians have no intention of interfering with religious dances "or those given for pleasure or entertainment which are not degrading." But he adds, "There are certain practices, however, which are against the laws of nature or moral laws, and all who wish to perpetuate the integrity of their race must refrain from them." Cryptic, to say the least; and committing the government to nothing.

The real storm center at the present moment seems to be the Hopi Snake Dance, held each August on the Hopi reservation in northern Arizona, alternately on the first and third mesas—at Walpi and Oraibi, if you prefer the names. We came too late for the Snake Dance. They do say—everyone says—that the Hopi Snake Dance has not much longer to run; that the government is sure to stop it. Apart from one's baffled desires—for the Hopi Snake Dance, on whichever mesa, is one of the few things I can hardly bear to die without having seen—one hopes that the government will have the common sense not to interfere. Their only good argument against it seems to be that preparation for it unfits the partakers for normal work during a good many weeks of each year. The snakes are entirely real and venomous; and the only way the priests can deal with them, apparently, is to subsist for a long time before the dance on a curious secret diet. They starve themselves into a kind of anæmia—no blood flows, I understand, when the serpent strikes—and drug themselves also into immunity to the poison.

While the process is going on, they are far from being able and industrious citizens. What of it? one cannot but ask. Are they not perhaps making as important a contribution to contemporary life by preserving for us an ancient ritual as by harvesting a little more corn? A man is useful to the community by

virtue of his peculiar gifts. Almost any one can raise corn and peaches, but those who can preserve and perform the Snake Dance are few. To the people who object on the score that it is a pagan ceremonial, one has nothing to say. It is a pagan ceremonial. Again, and more emphatically, what of it? Are we or are we not going to be faithful to our original promise of religious liberty for all dwellers within our land? It would take a Klansman, I think, to say "no" with real and pious conviction. So long as the Indian does not harm others—and no one can accuse him of trying to propagate his faith, or of asking anyone else to develop anæmia—he has a perfect right, under the Constitution of the United States, to pursue his private cults. The Roman Church has not seen fit, in three hundred years, to interfere with his ritual: are Protestants going to be less intelligent and less tolerant?

"But they say 'they' are going to stop all the dances," some friend of the Indian says to you, in righteous and terrified wrath.

To which, at long last, one's reply comes to be as follows: "We hope 'they' won't. It would, I agree, be the last insult to a proud race that is dying, and dying in our power. But if 'they' do anything so unreasonable, you will have been largely to blame. Of most of the dances no one has ever complained—or ever would have complained effectively, unless you had begun to capitalize, artificialize, exploit them. 'They' are probably justified, to some extent, in saying that the dances take the Indians away from their farms, and spoil them, and may eventually bring them to poverty. This arid land takes a lot of arduous cultivating. People who dance all the time can't manage it. The Indians, however, managed both to dance and to farm until you came. Now the pueblos are crowded with white folk on feast-days—and of course the temptation is to charge a thumping admission fee instead of raising funds in a more laborious way.

"Moreover, instead of piously protecting the real, the sincere, the immemorial seasonal dances, what have you done? Created a lot of new occasions. You have invented an intertribal ceremonial at Gallup which is directly contrary to every Indian habit and tradition, and you drag them there from all over to make a perfectly meaningless festival. In September you bring them into Santa Fé to do all sorts of stunts which have no significance whatever in the Plaza of Santa Fé, precisely because the dances *are* religious, seasonal, and local. Abolish your silly Santa Fé pageant; give up your idiotic invention at Gallup; stop dressing the Indian up and bribing or flattering him into posing, in and out of season, for third-rate painters. Give guarantees to the government that you will stop playing the fool with the Pueblo Indian—wasting his time, corrupting his integrity, and making a holy show of his religion—and perhaps the government might even reconsider.

"That your intentions are of the best, one does not doubt; but mere archæology, mere æsthetics, mere taste should show you that a religious ceremony loses all validity when you remove it from the time, the place, and the occasion that it was created to fit. No person with a sense of the fitness of things is going, if he can possibly help it, to witness a corn dance or a rain dance or whatever in the Plaza of Santa Fé or the Town Hall of New York, or watch the tribes 'get together' in the tourist season at Gallup."

You might suspect from the Santa Fé handbook that the Snake Dance is hard to get to. But no one would suspect that discomfort and delay attend on him who would visit Acoma. It must be confessed, however, that Acoma is one of the things for which one must "pay." For this, as for so many things, one finds Albuquerque the best point of departure. Indeed, it is so hard to get to any point on the Santa Fé (except the Grand Canyon, which is pampered with



every sort of special service) that the wise thing to do is, once having contrived to get to Albuquerque, to stop there and make it headquarters for all one's exploration of northern New Mexico and eastern Arizona.

It is not within the scope of this article to dwell on Acoma. Let it merely be taken as illustrative of the whole pueblo problem. The legend that the Acomans lived originally—very far back, since we know Acoma was going strong in 1549—on the Enchanted Mesa, seems to have been exploded, like many other cherished theories. Few people have been on top of the *Mesa Encantada*, and descriptions of human vestiges thereon are not well substantiated. Acoma itself is difficult enough of access; you climb up the cliff-side, using handholds and toe-rests cut in the rock. "Acoma is a very backward pueblo," said some official person at Laguna, who preferred the young product of the government schools to its unreclaimed elders. Horizontally fifteen miles from a road, across gashed and hummocky desert, vertically five hundred sheer feet in air, it is what you might call separated from the blessings of civilization. The church of Acoma is a well-known marvel; said, thirty years ago, to be actually the largest church (in area) in the United States, it took forty years, in the seventeenth century, to build, and every cubic inch of earth for the adobe walls and roof, every foot of timber for the beams, had to be carried up the face of the cliff on Indian backs.

The California Missions, so much lovelier, so much newer—and so much more ephemeral—than these of New Mexico, become historically insignificant compared with the queer pueblo churches which have been in active use (some of them) for nearly three hundred years, and are still served by mission priests. A few months ago there were sad rumors that Acoma church was going; the roof is in sore need of repair, and there was no money anywhere—two thousand dol-

lars being the needed sum—to repair it. There are, you see, no Daughters of the Pueblo Revolution (they had a first-rate Revolution in 1680) to form chapters and preserve monuments of Pueblo history; there is no Acoma Association, with lady regents, to protect one of the oldest churches we possess. I have been told, however, since beginning this article, that certain wide and kind individuals in Denver have guaranteed the repair of the Acoma church roof. I am told also that "they" are threatening to move the inhabitants of the pueblo from Acoma to Acomita in the plain where their farm lands lie. I cannot say—for desert distances are hard to judge in desert air—how many miles away Acomita lies; but it would be hard work to commute from the top of the Rock of Acoma to any place whatsoever, even to the Enchanted Mesa. Let us only hope that the Church on the Rock will be maintained.

Nowhere else, however, can St. Stephen have quite such a setting and such a prelude for "his" dance. For though there are no Delight-Makers at Acoma, there is the Rock; and while the tom-toms beat in the underground council chamber, the whole cliff thuds and resounds and reverberates about you and beneath you, and you stand at the heart of a monotonous and thrilling vibration of which you cannot determine the place or the source. It is rather too bad that there is not an Acoma Association. And one is inclined to side with the friends of the Indian to this extent: that one wishes the government had a little more respect for the Pueblo Indian as he is, and less for its conception of the hybrid he ought to be.

"In 1540 Coronado made gunpowder in Bernalillo." He mined his sulphur at Jemez, I believe. Bernalillo is still there—in fact, it is the county-seat of Sandoval county, and must see some very queer justice meted out in the course of a year. Bernalillo, Algodones, Domingo, La Bajada—these Spanish villages stretch along the desert between

the near Sandias and the distant Jemez, and if one were looking for a Thebaïd one might do worse. An acre of desert should come cheap—some sheep-owning Spanish or American magnate might cut one off for you, without noticing it, from his quarter of a million—and a Mexican can build you an adobe shack in your own back yard. All you do, as has been said, is to convert your own land from the horizontal to the vertical position. You had best not have too much wealth and gear—but who does in a Thebaïd?—for the morals of Sandoval county concerning life and property are not quite up to specification, and though the capital is not far away, the benign influence of the legislature does not seem to extend to any great distance.

You would expect to be killed in Bernalillo or Algodones if you made yourself unpopular; nor would you expect to be avenged. There is no particular reason, however, in any such village why you should be unpopular if you neither splurge nor criticize nor shout English at your neighbors. The climate is gorgeous, the landscape lovely, *mañana* is the watchword, and if you are neither ambitious nor quarrelsome nor censorious, I fancy you will be let alone. To make yourself quite solid you would probably need only to make friends with the priest, and now and then—to show that you are human—go off at night with your burro (you can buy one for fifty cents in Sante Fé) to the neighboring turquoise mine and chip out a few bits of blue stone for yourself. The turquoise mine belongs to Tiffany, but Fifth Avenue is very far away, and the Indians never seem to lack cheap turquoise for their personal use, though one is quite sure they do not buy it from Tiffany.

It would also be well, one supposes, to pretend not to see any *Penitentes*, if one did see them—but the *Penitentes* are to be found rather, one gathers, in the remoter hamlets and the far folds of the hills. The Church, I believe, has almost

won its long campaign against the flagellants; though you still hear the old tales of their secret political power, and still hear the classical remark that if you could see the backs of many prominent citizens, you would see them scarred. Not, however, in Bernalillo or Algodones or Domingo, in all probability, would you spend Good Friday among the *Penitentes*.

When the Indian has at last perished and the Mexican has been submerged, what will be left here in New Mexico? Only with infinite and costly irrigation does it become white man's country in the productive sense. The climate and the beauty will attract more and more parasites; but they are not the people who make a state and a civilization. Will there come a day when English, not Spanish, is the convenient tongue outside the rare cities? Will the *fiestas* give place to the movies and the adobe walls revert to the soil whence they were digged? The Spanish soul has possessed the land for three centuries, with the Pueblo Indian for sole rival; and, compared with the Anglo Saxon, these two are brothers-in-arms. The patron saint of the pueblo receives on his feast day a curious medley of honors: the Mass first, then a pagan dance before his image, and most likely in the afternoon a wholly Spanish *fiesta*, with the Indians looking on, sympathetic but incurious. It is difficult to foresee the future, even after the Indian shall have passed. The Mexican will stick on much longer than he, and the adobe shack will outlast, probably, the Hopi house. All we shall do, no doubt, is to obliterate the graces and preserve the drawbacks of the old Spanish civilization. We shall eventually see to it that all our Spanish citizens are desperately poor; for that is our pleasant little conquering way. It is all a matter of the intensity of our desire, the richness of the loot. If they strike oil—or mine their coal—God help them. But if the Southwest can for a time remain lovely and profitless, it can for a time remain Spanish—as it is now.



# PARDONED

## *A Story*

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

**J**OHN HENRY, sitting manacled beside the prison transfer agent in the Jim Crow car, recalled that the brown woman had laughed even before sentence had been pronounced upon him. His thoughts flashed to the judge, too. He had been hard; much harder than they used to be in juvenile court. There they always gave a boy a lot of good advice before they punished him. But this judge had been different—and hard. John Henry remembered almost word for word what he had said.

“Ordinarily your youth would be a recommendation to the mercy of the court. But the record shows that you are an old offender. As a boy you were haled into juvenile court a half dozen times. Later you served sentences out of the court for misdemeanors and felonies: one on the county roads and the other in the mines. And you were brought here charged with an assault upon the person of another with intent to murder. After a fair presentation of the case and, having considered the evidence, the jury—”

The jury! They didn't know anything about it. Except what that brown woman told them. And she hadn't told them all. Didn't say anything about how she had led him on. Taking all his money—with that smile of hers!—and then telling him to get more. Said he would have to—or leave. He got it, too. But they caught him. And what she said when he hurried to her when he was free:

“Mo' money, Boy; mo' money!”

She didn't tell the jury about that

either. But somebody else told the judge about the sentence he had served in the mines because he got money for her the second time. And he . . . His thoughts reverted again to what the judge had said:

“Having considered the evidence, the jury finds you guilty as charged.”

That was when the brown woman had laughed the first time. She was waiting in the corridor, just outside the courtroom, for that. She was glad . . . of course. Hadn't been for her—her and that new scar in her throat—they couldn't have convicted him. Still . . . there was the doctor. The knife had missed a vital spot by a fraction of an inch, the doctor testified. Missed? He'd been in too big a hurry; too mad. Next time, though . . .

“The law requires in such cases”—the voice of the judge came to him again in the rumbling of the car wheels—“that the sentence be an indeterminate one. I, therefore, sentence you to serve at hard labor in the state penitentiary for not less than five, nor more than twenty years.”

Then the woman had laughed again. Louder this time. Laughed because she had beaten him. Because she had sent him up. He could hear her laughing now. Wasn't that it? No. Just the brakes screeching as the train slowed to a stop at a way station. That was the way she had sounded, though. Shriill. As much as to say she was putting the brakes on him, all right. Maybe so. Five years . . . twenty . . . Never mind. Some day . . .

She had come to the train to see him off, to see him handcuffed in charge of a transfer agent. She hadn't laughed—out loud—while they were in the station waiting for the train. But she had smiled. Smiled, showing those two rows of white teeth in her brown face. And as he passed through the gateway to the train he had heard her laughing . . . laughing. . . .

He was roused from his reverie by the thrust of an elbow in his side and the harsh voice of the transfer agent:

"Sit up straight there! Don't be leaning over on me! What you tryin' to do? Start something, Black Boy?"

Black Boy! John Henry straightened suddenly. That was what she had called him. Black Boy! Making fun of his color because she was high brown. That was right after he had finished his term in the mines, when he had hurried to her as to a friend. And she had laughed—laughed in his face—showing her white teeth.

"Go 'way! We's th'ough. I don't want no black boy hangin' 'round!"

Then he had struck—and here he was.

The train, a local, rumbled its way slowly through the hill section of the mineral district of the state. Later it came to the lower lands where farms were numerous, the fences of these paralleling the railroad. Field hands, stopping in their work, waved gaily. Once, a woman standing beside a fence, leaning on the handle of a hoe, turned a brown smiling face toward the train. She reminded John Henry of . . . Suddenly he turned fiercely from the window, to be cautioned again by the harsh-voiced agent:

"Easy there, Black Boy! Watch your step!"

Late afternoon found them at the prison station. John Henry, still manacled, was hustled into a waiting automobile and, with two guards carrying loaded guns, he and the transfer agent were taken to the penitentiary.

In the warden's office he saw them making entries about him in a big book:

writing his name, race, age, description, offense, and sentence.

"What about 'remarks'?" the warden asked.

"Guess you better put 'im down 'Incorrigible,' Chief," was the answer. "Been a trouble-maker all his life."

It was this—his previous record—that accounted for the vigilant watch set over him. Shortly after his arrival at the prison a new guard reporting for duty was sent to the fields where John Henry and others were at work. His predecessor, before relinquishing his post, pointed out certain peculiarities that he deemed to be inherent in some of his charges.

"That coal-black one," he said, indicating John Henry with the barrel of his gun, "you better watch mighty close. Got a bad record. Wouldn't turn my back when I was near 'im. Might brain you with that hoe."

John Henry had heard. He tightened his grip on the handle of the hoe. His fingers tingled with the desire to strike. Yes, he was bad. If they didn't believe it, just give him a chance to leave there long enough to spend one night in Birmingham. But . . . not ten feet distant that new guard, with his gun dropped to the crook of his arm, was looking at him, smiling. N-no . . . no chance.

And that kennel of dogs, too, close by the main building: hungry-looking, with lolling tongues and restless eyes, trained in man-hunting.

There were walls, too—everywhere! Wasn't like it had been on the county roads and at the mines. They had wooden stockades and camp houses of lumber there. And sometimes a boy got away. Here? Walls, thick and high, of smooth gray concrete. Couldn't climb them. No chance for a foothold. They had him shut in. Shut in from a woman he wanted to see—for just one minute. Some day, though, if he lived long enough, they would open those gates for him . . . and then . . .

His first outbreak came when he had been at the prison less than a month.





*Drawing by J. W. Schlaikjer*

IN THE CHAPEL HE WAS ALONE FOR THE GREATER PART OF EACH DAY

Inmates whose conduct warranted it were permitted a lounging hour in the exercising yard of the prison when they had finished their day's work. Surrounded by high walls and under the watchful eyes of armed guards, they were allowed to talk or sing. One evening, from out the medley of droning voices, a familiar refrain smote John Henry's ear: a half-ribald song praising the charms of brown women. He shuffled over to the singer.

"Cut 'at out, frien'," he ordered ominously.

"Speakin' to me?" The man whom he had addressed, towering above John Henry by half a head, looked his contempt at the speaker. "Black Boy, I sings whut I pleases an' when I pleases."

"You ain't aimin' to quit?"

"Me quit? Listen." And the man launched again into the ditty.

The song ended abruptly. For a moment John Henry, forgetting, had searched his pockets futilely for a weapon. Then he sprang with his bare hands. The fierceness and suddenness of his charge overwhelmed the singer. His fingers dug into the man's throat, his teeth buried themselves in his cheek. It required the combined efforts of three guards to drag him from his victim, and then they had to beat him almost into insensibility.

As punishment he was given three weeks of solitary confinement. Then, for thirty days, he was denied the lounging-hour privilege, while two hours extra work were added to his daily task.

State laws required that records be kept semi-annually of the conduct of each inmate of a penal institution. When John Henry had been at the prison six months the warden summoned one of his deputies.

"What about this John Henry Adkins from Jefferson County?" he asked.

"Well, Chief, there's that other nigger he tried to kill. And he's always sullen. There's his record, too—"

"Yes," the warden assented. "His record." And opposite the name of John

Henry Adkins, in the space reserved for "Prisoner's Conduct," he wrote the word "Refractory."

But John Henry continued very much along his even, sullen way. For one thing, those other niggers made him mad, the way they acted. Rushing out the minute the cell doors were opened to fall in line when they had to march to meals or to work. That didn't get you anything. Fool niggers—always in a hurry! Him? He'd take his own time. And just to show 'em . . .

One morning he remained in his cell when formations were called. The turnkey in charge came to his door.

"What's the trouble, Black Boy? Sick?"

John Henry, gazing at him sullenly, made no reply.

"Come along!" the turnkey commanded. "Snap out of it!"

John Henry made no move. Finally several of the guards dragged him from his cell. Leg-irons connected by a short chain were clamped about his ankles and he was marched to work under a special guard. Again his privileges were taken from him; again his tasks were increased. But even after he was restored to normal standing it was only when he heard the sharp "Shake 'em up there, Black Boy!" of the warden in charge that he ever hurried his shuffling step in getting into formation.

Those other niggers made him mad in other ways, too. Tried to be so polite! It was always "Good mawnin', Cap'n!" when a guard or deputy warden came near. Little good that would do 'em! Be as nice as they wanted to, but just let one of 'em turn his back and start to run—he'd see how quick he'd get a load of buckshot from one of those Winchester pumps! Him? He'd speak when spoken to. He'd do what he was told to do. And that was all!

Had he been possessed of a more highly developed mentality and been given the power of introspection, John Henry might have realized that he was too busy with other thoughts to be



courteous. For when one sees in his waking hours and in his dreams at night a mocking face, with lips parted in a taunting smile, revealing two rows of spotlessly white teeth; when, at forced labor, he hears in the humming of factory wheels a woman's voice raised in triumphant, derisive laughter—he has time for only one thing: to hate. He cannot be pleasant to men who stand guard over him, keeping him back from his vengeance.

Squads of convicts were brought to the prison at intervals. John Henry, eager to secure certain information, managed to communicate with the newcomers as opportunity offered.

"F'm Bummin'ham?" he would ask and, receiving a negative answer, would await his chance to address another.

"F'm Bummin'ham?" his question would come again, and again there would be a negative. But at last he found one who answered in the affirmative.

"Know Brown Annie?" he asked in a sibilant whisper.

"Does I? Who don't?"

"She still livin'?"

"Boy, she is! An' steppin' high, wide an' han'some as evuh!"

So . . . she was still stepping high. All right. Let her step high—till he got out. Then he'd stop her stepping. Wipe that smile from her brown face, too, once and for all. No missing next time. He knew what the trouble had been. Used a common old pocket knife and the blade had half closed on his hand when he struck. Next time, though, he'd get a dirk with a spring in the back of the handle that would hold the blade open. And then he'd stop her laughing. . . .

He had been in the prison for eighteen months, going sulkily about his tasks, saying little save when spoken to, when he was transferred to the administration building to work as janitor. The explanation for this lay in the fact that the chief warden recently had become interested in the study of Criminology. This negro, Adkins, with a record of evil-

doing since childhood, offered an excellent opportunity for personal observation, and as a "type" he could be studied more conveniently in the building which housed the warden's office.

John Henry brought to his new duties much of the sullenness of demeanor that had characterized his earlier months in prison. Stolidly he went about his tasks of sweeping and dusting the rooms, emptying and cleaning cuspidors, and doing such other odd jobs as came to hand. It was as he worked in the chapel one day that his attention was first drawn to the picture of the Madonna and Child.

Connoisseurs said of the painting that the artist had seized upon an unconventional theme for delineation. Save for the easily recognized stable interior, lighted with a dim supernatural glow, there was little about the picture to call to mind the works of the old masters. It had been the artist's conception—as he had explained to someone—that shortly after the birth of the child, the mother had been given prophetic insight, for one burning moment, of what the future held. She sat beside the manger, one arm extended protectingly across the infant. The other hand was clenched at her breast. Her face, turned full upon the onlooker, mirrored a great haunting dread. In the shadowy depths of her eyes there breathed a wordless entreaty that what was to be might not be.

John Henry had never heard of a Madonna. But, looking at the painting, he formed his own conception of its meaning.

"Reckon 'at's de warden's wife an' baby," he mused. The conviction was followed instantly by amazement. "Wonder how he come to have dey pitcher took in a cow's stall."

He pondered over this. One day as he stood idle, gazing at the painting, revolving the problem laboriously in his mind, he was startled from his reverie by the voice of the guard: "All right, Black Boy! The picture ain't goin' to run away. You can work an' look at it, too. Get busy!"

Ordinarily John Henry would have resumed his sweeping in sullen silence. But that question persisted: it demanded an answer. Finally he turned to the guard.

"Cap'n," he asked hesitantly, "what made de warden have his wife an' baby's pitcher took in a cow's stall?"

"Warden's wife an' baby?" Out of the fullness of his superior knowledge the guard could laugh at ignorance. "Black Boy, don't you know nothin'? That's the Madonna: the Mother and Child."

"Madonnuh?" John Henry repeated the word. Some newfangled way the white folks had of saying "mother," he mused. Didn't know much about mothers himself. They told him his mammy died when he was young. Fact was, about the only kinfolks he remembered much about was his old grandpa. Sure was a fine old man. . . . Used to love to sit around the fireplace and talk about slavery times. Always was telling something about the war . . . and the Yankees. . . . If he hadn't died . . .

During the months that followed John Henry formed the habit—an act almost intuitive, it seemed—of stopping several times daily in his work to turn and stare fixedly at the picture: a puzzled frown corrugating his forehead as though his mind, trying to reach out, groped helplessly for something it could not quite attain. It was a long time before even the first ray of light came to him.

"Looks like she's worryin' 'bout somep'm," he hazarded one day. And then with definiteness, "'At's it—she *is* worryin'."

It was but a step from this to the conviction that the chief cause of the mother's concern lay in the child in the manger. Course she would worry. All alone—just her and the baby—in that cow's stall. . . . It was night, too. You could see that from the dim light in the picture. Seemed like she had just heard a noise and had looked up, scared. Yes . . . that was it: she was 'fraid something might hurt the baby. Her face showed it.

His mental processes were, at best—vague, shadowy, uncertain. New ideas, changes in old conceptions came haltingly to the threshold of his brain and were admitted and digested still more laboriously. But, though they formed slowly in his mind, certain fancies came now to be indulged in.

It pleased him to endow the Madonna with a personality he could understand. She was a very rich and very kind-hearted white lady: just like those who used to come to the county camps 'long about Christmas time, bringing fruits and other good things for the convicts. They always felt sorry for a boy, too. One of them cried one day when a prisoner got hurt. This lady was like that. Leastwise, she would be if she could quit bothering about the baby long enough. . . .

Timidly at first, he ventured to offer reassurance. "I wouldn't be worryin' 'bout somep'm goin' to hurt de baby, Ma'am, if I was you. Dey can't nothin' git in here where you all is at."

Hitherto, where he was surrounded by his fellows in fields or factory, though he rarely cared to communicate with them, there had been at least the subconscious influence of companionship. Here in the chapel he was alone for the greater part of each day, save for the occasional passing of the guard and visits from the warden, who came sometimes—silent, closely observant. Loneliness was, perhaps, responsible in part for the next progression in his thoughts. But in far greater measure it could be laid to the mystical strain within him—a heritage from voodoo-worshiping ancestors, two scant generations removed. For what he had indulged at first merely as a fancy began to take on the nature of reality. Slowly, but none the less definitely, to him the woman and baby in the painting approached actuality. With the passing of months they came to be living entities.

His consequent attitude toward them might have been chargeable, partially, to racial traits; though more probably it



too was an inheritance: for there came to him now with startling vividness those stories he had heard his grandfather tell—stories of the heroism and loyalty of slaves who had remained on the plantations, guardians of the womenfolk and children, while their masters were away on the business of war.

"You is plumb safe here, Ma'am." Repeatedly he sought to reassure the lady. "When I ain't in dis room I's in de one nex' do'. An' I'd jus' like to see de Yankees, or anybody else, come pesterin' 'round whilse I's anywheres about. 'T ain't nothin' goin' to bother you all."

Perhaps the warden, considering John Henry as a "type," may have been disappointed. "He's become docile—absolutely," he mused one day. Strolling quietly observant through the chapel, he had watched the prisoner closely for months. "Seems as though he really enjoys his work, too." The impression must have deepened a few days later when, as he was passing through the room, the prisoner hailed him:

"Cap'n, suh, could I git a step-ladduh?"

"A step-ladder?" The warden showed his surprise. "Why, what in the world do you want with a step-ladder?"

John Henry indicated the painting. "You see, suh, wid me sweepin' in here de dus' gits all over de lady an' de baby. If I had a ladduh, I could climb up dere an' clean it off when I gits th'ough wid de flo'."

"All right, Boy!" The warden laughed. "You shall have your ladder." And more soberly, to himself, "He *is* showing interest in his work." He walked away, musing. "Hm-m! May make one of our best men yet."

Daily John Henry with dusting mop and cloth would go over the painting religiously from top to bottom.

"I oughta be whipped, Ma'am—whipped good," he explained apologetically, "foh not thinkin' o' dis sooner. 'Sides de dus' gittin' in yo' eyes, it's ap' to git in de baby's th'oot an' give 'im de whoopin' cough—or somep'm."

He had explained to his own satisfaction the presence of a rich lady and her baby in a cow's stall: her automobile had broken down; a storm had come up and she had sought refuge in the first haven that offered.

"Bofe of us, Ma'am," he mused one day, "is where we don't want to be at. Dere you is in 'at cow's stall an' here I is here." It occurred to him that his presence in state's prison might need explaining. "Reckon I wouldn't nevuh been here, Ma'am, excep' foh 'at brown 'ooman. She done me dirt—she sho' did! An' laughed right in my face! Jus' 'cause she was high brown an' me black. Co'se I can't he'p my coluh, Ma'am. She sont me here, too. But she forgot somep'm: she forgot 'at some day I'll be gittin' out."

But though the memory of the brown woman still lingered, cached away in some niche of his brain, only once during the months that followed did he give way to one of his murderous rages.

The negro whom he had attacked during the earlier days of his incarceration had been made a trusty and was allowed the freedom of the buildings. He had always held malice because of the incident and had bided his chance for vengeance. Not that he would have dared risk a physical conflict with John Henry, but he began seeking, by slyly worded innuendo, to humiliate him when occasional errands brought him to the administration building. And, shrewdly judging the other's temperament, he was crafty enough to begin with a sort of feeling-out process lest he goad his victim beyond the limits of endurance.

"Nice little job you got, Black Boy," he commented one day in passing. "Sof' an' easy. Well . . . foh light men, light work, you know."

John Henry caught the slur in the words but held himself in check. "Go 'long, nigguh," he retorted. "I got no time to be losin' on you."

"Yes; I sees you is ve'y busy—sweepin'. Be keerful. Don't strain

yo'se'f. Might not hurt a strong 'leben-year-ol' boy to do 'at kind o' work, but you" . . .

He grew bolder as John Henry, outwardly unresenting, went grimly about his tasks, giving no indication of the rage that seethed within him. "Dey tells me," the man offered once, "'at it's easy to find out how dey ranks a man here by de work dey puts 'im to doin'. De sho' 'nough mens is put in de fiel's or de fact'ry. It's on'y de feather weights dey sets to wrasslin' dus' offen de seats wid a piece o' cloth."

Still John Henry held his temper. He was doing very well now—behaving himself. Besides he remembered: in that adjoining room there sat the warden.

The man became more emboldened. His taunts began to cut more deeply. His manner became pronouncedly contemptuous. Probably he reasoned that the spirit of this black boy had been thoroughly humbled; that there were no limits beyond which he could be pushed. "Dey's one suggestion I's goin' to make to de warden," he said one day. John Henry, sweeping between the rows of seats, did not even glance up at him. His tormentor came closer, walking from the outer aisle in between the seats. He stopped a few feet distant. "Ain't but one thing wrong 'bout you, far's I kin see. 'At's de kind o' clo'es dey makes you wear. What you oughta have on is a apron an' one dese funny little white caps. 'Cause why? 'Cause you ain't nothin' but a chambermaid to a flock o' cuspidohs!"

A woman! It was the insult supreme. John Henry lost sight of everything save the urge to destroy that flamed suddenly within him. He seized the weapon nearest at hand—a floor mop with a heavy handle of hardwood—and charged. The other man, realizing his error too late, started running backward with an arm upraised to ward off the blow. He had almost reached the aisle nearest the wall when his hip struck the upraised arm-rest of the seat. He fell, sprawling backward, his head striking the wall of the

room with terrific force. Before he could rise John Henry, leaping forward, swung the heavy-handled mop over his head to strike—and did not.

For there on the wall, just above the semi-prostrate figure of his tormentor, hung the picture of the Madonna. John Henry stopped in his tracks—staring at it, wide-eyed. The lady . . . she was looking straight at him . . . *afraid!* Looking . . . begging him to stop something . . . something that she hated to see happen. . . .

Slowly he lowered the mop till the upraised end touched the floor; slowly the expression of his face softened, became penitent; the tenseness of his body relaxed.

"'Scuse me, Ma'am," he mumbled. "I—I forgot."

He turned to the other negro, who had scrambled to his feet. "Go on, nigguh; I ain't goin to hurt you."

The warden, standing in the doorway of his office, had witnessed a portion of the scene. He saw John Henry rush forward with the uplifted mop; must have sensed the rage that impelled him; saw him stop suddenly, with his intended victim helpless before him, and refuse to strike. But—he did not suspect the influence that had caused him to stay his hand.

At first he had started forward as though to deliver a reprimand, hesitated, shook his head slowly, and returned to his office. For a long time he sat at his desk with lips pursed thoughtfully. Occasionally he would muse aloud. "Same one he had trouble with shortly after he came here . . . Could very nearly have killed him—and didn't. . . . Learning self-control . . . Getting better . . . much better."

From the top of his desk he took down the big book and opened it at the name of John Henry Adkins. Here, less than a week earlier, he had written the word "Good." He picked up a pen and very deliberately drew a line through this. Then he wrote "Excellent."



A year later John Henry was summoned to the warden's office. He entered the room and stood stiffly, awkwardly at attention.

"Boy, you've surprised us all, agreeably." On the desk before the warden John Henry saw the book in which they had written his name when he came to the prison. "You were sent here with a bad record and for the first several months you lived up to it—fully. For the last two years, though, your conduct has been steadily improving. I have watched you myself. We want to give every man a chance—a fair chance—to show what there is in him. I've been thinking of making you a trusty—within the walls. If I should place this much confidence in you, do you think you would violate it?"

"If you means, Cap'n, suh, would I try to run away?"—John Henry's words carried conviction from their very earnestness—"I sho' wouldn't!"

Runaway? With that pack of hungry-looking nigger dogs itching to take his trail the moment the alarm should be sounded that he had gone? Not him! 'Co'se . . . he wanted to get back to Birmingham. Something he had to attend to there. But . . . it would have to wait till he got out legally. Those dogs . . . they'd catch him before he got started. . . .

"Very well," the warden turned to his desk, "I'm going to take a chance on you."

John Henry's new standing carried with it many desired privileges. He still slept in a cell but he did not have to fall in line to march to mess and to work; instead he was now one of those who helped serve the prisoners their meals. In this he seemed to take a keen delight. As each man passed his station, with porcelain dish and spoon, John Henry would heap the food upon it.

"Eat hearty, ol' nigguh!" he would urge each of the colored prisoners. "You is been workin' hahd an' deserves it." And when the prisoner chanced to be a white man, smilingly, "'At be 'nough, Cap'n? Dey's plenty mo'."

He was allowed to go where he chose within the walls as long as he attended to his duties properly, and to talk with the other prisoners at will, without forever keeping a watchful eye on the guards. Newcomers he sought out with the now almost mechanical questions on his lips, "F'm Bummin'ham? . . . Know Brown Annie?" It was as though this had become a habit with him.

But for more than two years now the lady and her baby had been his chief—rather, his sole—interest in the prison. His attachment to them was doglike. He would even awaken sometimes in the middle of the night, roused from a troubled dream, to wonder—staring in the darkness toward the ceiling of his cell—if she were very much scared: just her and the baby up there by themselves in the cow's stall. They were his chief concern when his duties ended in the evening and upon returning to them in the morning. Daily, just before quitting the chapel, he would stop before the painting.

"I's got to go now, Ma'am, till in de mawnin'," he would explain apologetically. "You see, dey has to lock me up in de cell. But you jus' don't worry none 'bout de baby. 'T ain't nothin' goin' to bother you all to-night." He would return in the morning, hurrying back to his work with an alacrity that caused comment among the prison officials. "Here I is, Ma'am. You see, dey didn't nothin' trouble you an' de baby las' night, did dey? Tol' you eve'ything would be all right."

For months after he came to the prison he had kept a more or less accurate account of time. He knew approximately when the first year of his sentence ended; even the close of the second year was fairly well fixed in his mind. Then gradually he stopped counting the months. Another year passed—still another—with little that happened to break the dullness of prison routine. But he was fairly comfortable; his tasks were not arduous. And the warden, he had decided, was a mighty fine man . . .

treated everybody right. 'Co'se . . . he wanted to leave. Had to get to Birmingham . . . some time. Something he had to attend to there. . . .

Then one morning he was summoned again to the warden's office. He entered the room, smiling. "Here I is, Cap'n."

The warden too was smiling. "Boy, do you know what a parole is?"

John Henry opened his eyes wide. "Means you lets 'em go, don't it, Cap'n?"

"Conditionally—yes. A prisoner is allowed to leave, but the first time he's caught violating the law—and that means any law—he's sent back here. You came to serve not less than five nor more than twenty years. Your minimum sentence expires to-day. The law requires that I forward to the state board of parole a record of your conduct with such recommendation as I see fit to make. If I suggest a parole for you, do you think you can behave yourself? Will you promise me that if you are released we'll never see you here again? Will you promise?"

Promise? For a parole? For a chance to get back to Birmingham . . . ?

"Cap'n, suh"—again John Henry's earnestness carried conviction—"if you all lets me out you won't nevuh see me here no mo'!"

Sober thought later dulled his enthusiasm over the prospect of release. He wanted to get out, but . . . there was the lady and her baby. Still . . . Birmingham . . .

A week later his parole was issued. In accordance with the law he was given a cheap suit of clothes and a ticket to Birmingham, the place whence he had been sentenced.

"And now, Boy," the warden cautioned, "remember: don't break the law. And another thing: report to the sheriff of Jefferson County as soon as you get to Birmingham. After that report to him once a week till you're notified not to."

Ordinarily the path of a paroled prisoner would have lain straight toward the big double gates in the prison wall that

let into the outside world. But John Henry did not take this direct way. Instead he walked toward the chapel entrance, stood hesitant for a moment on the threshold and, removing his cap, entered the room. Slowly he approached the painting.

"It's me, Ma'am." It had occurred to him that without his prison garb he might not be recognized. "An' . . . I's leavin'. You see, dey's paroled me an' I's got to go. To Bummin'ham. I hates to leave you an' de baby . . . but I's jus' got to go. Wanted to tell you ag'in, Ma'am, dough, befo' I leaves 'at dey can't nothin' hurt you all in here. Why, ain't you seed all 'ese guards wid dem Winchester pumps? Reckon they'd be lettin' anything bother you? Naw, Ma'am! Dey wouldn't eben let anything come nigh you all. You neentuh be skeered. 'T ain't nothin' goin' to hurt you a tall."

For a long time he continued to gaze at the painting. Finally he turned to leave, stopped on the threshold to look at it again. "Sho' wisht you would quit worryin', Ma'am." He put on his cap and left the building.

Dusk of that evening found the train which bore him entering the outskirts of Birmingham. Supper time in the prison. Wondered if they missed him—those niggers he used to feed. And the lady . . . He always dropped into the chapel after supper to see that everything was all right. He looked out of the car window. Here on the southside the brown woman lived. Once he thought of leaving the train as it pulled slowly into the yards, but decided against it. No special hurry. . . . Better wait till night anyway. He'd eat first . . . sit around and talk a while. . . .

He left the train at the main station, sought out a small restaurant, ordered and ate plentifully. Then he smoked a cigar, sitting and talking with the Greek proprietor for half an hour. He had plenty of time . . . all night. 'T wasn't late. Later he sauntered over to a pool room, played several games.





*Drawing by J. W. Schlaikjer*

HE WAITED TILL THE OFFICER HAD PASSED

Finally he bent his way toward the house where the brown woman lived. His thoughts flashed to the prison . . . and the lady and her baby. Wondered how they were . . . there in the dark by themselves. Suddenly he remembered something: he had no weapon. He retraced his steps and entered one of his old haunts, a pawnshop.

"Reckon I better git me a knife," he told the proprietor.

He wondered idly whether the brown woman had married. Decided in the next instant that she had not. Men didn't marry her kind. She had laughed at him five years ago . . . laughed. Pity the lady in the prison couldn't laugh. Didn't ever smile even. Worried too much. Always worrying . . . Scared.

The house of the brown woman—a shabby, one-story frame dwelling—sat on a corner. As John Henry neared the place he saw the policeman on the beat. Intuitively he waited till the officer had passed on his rounds. Then he approached the house. As he came up to it, glancing through a window, he saw by the light of a single kerosene lamp that the woman was alone in a room which opened upon the porch. He had imagined that she might have company.

He mounted the steps of the porch, came to the door, pushed it gently. It yielded. He entered the room, drawing the knife from his pocket, flipping open the blade as he did so.

The woman glanced up. For one startled moment she looked at him uncertainly. Then recognition flamed in her

face. With a peculiar half-cry she sprang to her feet. But she did not retreat directly from him. Instead she rushed diagonally across the room. A baby's cradle stood against the wall. She stopped before it, whirled about, facing John Henry—her eyes distended in terror, her lithe body a barrier between him and the occupant of the crib. One hand flew instinctively to that old scar in her throat. But she uttered no sound. She stood tense, breathless, watching him.

And John Henry, creeping forward with knife upraised, stopped suddenly in mid-stride. He stared at the woman stupidly. Her . . . face . . . She . . . she was . . . *afraid!* The hand that held the knife seemed to falter—began to descend slowly, dropped finally limp at his side. Mechanically, still gazing dully at the vision before him, he pressed the back of the knife blade against his trousers leg, folding it within the handle, and dropped the weapon into his pocket. With his eyes still upon the woman's face he began backing away from her, with a hand behind him groping for the doorknob.

"'T ain't nothin' goin' to hurt you all," he mumbled.

The single deputy on night duty in the sheriff's office sat immersed in the evening newspaper. He glanced up at a sound in the doorway. A young negro with a face as black as ebony stood on the threshold. He was smiling.

"Cap'n, suh," he said, "dis is John Henry Adkins, f'm de pen'tenchry, repo'tin' on parole."



# THE GREAT STUPIDITY

BY ELTON MAYO

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The warfare between capital and labor—sometimes active, sometimes passive, but always menacing—is one of the most disastrous maladies of our civilization. In this article a competent psychologist who has undertaken wide research in labor problems shows the futility of our so-called remedies for industrial unrest—of any remedy, in fact, which does not take into account the whole mental life of the individual. To manufacturers, business men, students of social conditions, and all others interested in this most insistent problem of our modern mechanical civilization, we recommend Mr. Mayo's article as a thought-provoking approach to a real solution.—*Editor's Note.*

“APPARENTLY modern society, if it is to cohere, must have a high order of generalizing mind—a mind which can grasp a multitude of complex relations—but this is a mind which can, at best, only be produced in small quantity and at high cost. Capital has preferred the specialized mind and that not of the highest quality, since it has found it profitable to set quantity before quality to the limit which the market will endure. Capitalists have never insisted upon raising an educational standard save in science and mechanics, and the relative overstimulation of the scientific mind has now become an actual menace to order because of the inferiority of the administrative intelligence.” (p. 217, *Theory of Social Revolutions*: Brooks Adams.)

Brooks Adams wrote this in 1913; in 1925 it is possible to point to a precise illustration of the specialization and narrowness of vision he specifies. In the last few years there has developed a psychology which considers the fitness of the individual for the vocation. This is so far excellent, provided always that it is supplemented by another and a complementary investigation—an investigation of the fitness of the vocation for the individual. But the cramped narrowness of an exclusively industrial outlook pre-

vents psychology from undertaking the broader and more necessary research. This is not the only effect of the blindness of overspecialization. It is true also that the leaders of business and administration widely through the world fail to read, in a mood of critical detachment, the unpleasant things which students of the human sciences are saying. The curious unanimity of depression with respect to the future of civilization among such students is a fact which has escaped the notice of our leaders. This depression is not merely a sequel of the war; it existed before the war and on both sides of the Atlantic. Graham Wallas's *The Great Society*, Brooks Adams's *Theory of Social Revolutions*, C. F. G. Masterman's *The Condition of England* were all published before the war. Since the war the tendency has, of course, strengthened and to these writers other students have joined themselves—men such as E. G. Conklin, Lowes Dickinson, Albert Schweitzer, William MacDougall, and E. A. Ross.

These scientists are not merely pessimistic; they are concerned to show that civilization is neglecting to take account of certain facts vitally relevant to its prosperity and continuance. They represent research in the fields of biology, psychology, medicine, economics, poli-

tics, history, and social philosophy. And for all practical purposes their work is entirely disregarded.

The latest recruit to the ranks is unquestionably a pessimist. Oswald Spengler of Germany, in his book *The Downfall of Western Civilization*, asserts that civilizations are like organisms—they are born, they grow, and they decay. History, he says, has seen eight such civilizations pass; our own, the eighth, is in process of decline. The ideals of Western Civilization—Power, Dominance, Success—have taken us as far as they can take us. The mists of death and obscurity are upon us; we are in the first stages of collapse.

But Spengler's prophetic and gloomy reinforcement of the warnings of science need give no ground for pessimism. Decadence comes not by defeat, but by acquiescence in defeat. Historians tend to the pessimistic because in studying human achievement they fail to study man. As Lowes Dickinson has said, civilization is in need of a new kind of history, a history written rather from the point of view of man himself than from the standpoint of empires and political systems. Protagoras' assertion that man is the measure of all things remains true. Civilizations pass but man endures. Civilizations pass because man himself discards them like an outworn garment. From the earliest dawn of social beginnings man has been adventuring in the direction of intellectual and spiritual freedom. The material achievement is incidental and by the way. Humanity builds a mighty empire as an experiment in freedom—and smashes it without remorse when it impedes the high adventure. To regret the vanished pomps of yesterday, the forgotten glories of Babylon, is folly; human destiny lies beyond these trivialities. The very facts which Spengler indicates are a ground of hope and an inspiration to begin the work aright.

But the time has come when this work can no longer be postponed. A wide research into the nature of man is difficult;

it does not promise the immediate dividends of vocational selection. Yet without it there will be no continuing dividends and no future for our particular experiment in social organization. Investigations which merely touch the surface, such as intelligence testing, are not enough; we are in need of research that goes deeper, that will discover what civilization, as we have conceived it, is doing to humanity. Many facts are known at present which bear directly on this investigation. Psychiatry in recent years has shown that intelligence is a product of mental integration or harmony; there is no easy argument from a test by a "mental rater" to biological heredity. What is most needed is correlation and synthesis. The urgent problems of today are all human.

The fact is that democracy has given too much attention to Rousseau and too little to Machiavelli. Society has not progressed beyond Rousseau's pious hope that desires and impulses inimical to the general welfare will somehow cancel one another in general discussion or general assembly. Machiavelli, writing in the sixteenth century, warned his ruling class that no such hope could be realized unless administrators set themselves the task of understanding human motives, of cultivating desirable social movements, and checking the undesirable: "those people who expect a republic to remain without divisions deceive themselves very much; but it is also true that while some injure a republic, others do not. The divisions which injure are those accompanied by factions and feuds, whilst those which do not cause factions or feuds are of benefit to a republic." (Florentine History.) Not much was known of obsessional mental states in Machiavelli's time; yet in effect this passage warns a republic that any social situation of rivalry complicated by mental obsession will not prove amenable to reason. And with the emergence of irrationality respect for law and order will disappear.



The industrial situation in modern democracies is an instance of the dangerous type of division described by Machiavelli. The last few years, the world over, have seen a development toward feuds and factions and irrationality. America is not "class-conscious" yet; Great Britain and Australia are. And with the emergence of class-consciousness the situation in industry is embittered and made more difficult. There are those who believe that the political alignment of parties in England will gradually drop back into something resembling the former polite hostility between Conservative and Liberal. Such prophets are greatly mistaken; the division is of a different nature and is complicated by irrational obsessions on both sides.

In Australia since 1893 the Labor Party has steadily developed in strength; there are now only two factions divided not merely by political beliefs but also by economic status. This generalization of the industrial as a political issue has not made for reason and industrial peace but against it. Strikes are more frequent than ever before—in spite of specially created Arbitration Courts. And obsessions are fostered and strengthened by every political event. One of the greatest industrial upheavals of recent years, the Sydney railway strike of August, 1917, was mainly caused by the workers' unreasoned terror of a mere word—"Taylorism." The Railway Commissioners attempted to introduce a card system of recording work, with a view to accurate measurement of cost. The trade-unions and the Labor Press stigmatized this as an attempt to introduce "the Taylor System" into the workshops. The Railway Commissioners, instead of dealing with the human situation, tried to meet fear with force; they ordered the introduction of the card-system. The railway and tramway men at once came out on strike; a few days later coal miners, seamen, wharf laborers, gas workers, butchers, and many

other unions ceased work. In some degree the strike spread through all the States of the Australian Commonwealth.

This is no solitary instance; in the last thirty years of her history Australia has suffered constantly from widespread social disruptions of this type. She lives through these crises somehow, and her politicians vainly try to believe that Arbitration Courts and administrative opportunism will some day discover a solution. The plain fact is that class obsessions are continuously cultivated in the name of democratic self-government and these recurrent disorders are their product. It is only by reason of the fact that conditions of living have up to the present been fairly easy in Australia that she has not suffered still worse disasters. There is unfortunately every indication that Great Britain is traveling, though perhaps more slowly, the same calamitous road. A nominal party system based on class-consciousness and obsessions of hate does not make for democratic self-government. It implies rather a rift in the very foundations of society, a rift which must be mended if civilization is to endure.

In the United States the situation, superficially viewed, seems altogether different. There is no political Labor Party; and while some industries have been "unionized," the majority probably have not. The employers' avowed policy is that of "the open shop." As outlined by F. Lauriston Bullard in the *Atlantic Monthly*, this policy sounds reasonable enough. He says: "I endorse the open shop as opposed to 'the shop in which only members of the union claiming jurisdiction are allowed to retain employment.' The one is consistent with the traditions of Americanism, the other is not. As I conceive the open shop, it violates no man's rights, and it secures to all men equal opportunity to work. It does not deny the right to organize and to bargain collectively." This may be a true description of the open-shop policy as practiced by the

more enlightened employers of labor; unfortunately, it is not generally true. The open-shop policy is no clearly formulated method of handling the industrial situation to which large groups of employers have pledged adherence. It is little more than a phrase which covers a multitudinous variety of differing policies—every employer interpreting the phrase to suit himself. And anyone acquainted with American industry knows that the average open shop is definitely closed to unionists or to those suspected of unionist sympathies. He knows also that probably in the majority of instances “the right to organize and to bargain collectively” is vigorously denied. In other words, although the ideal open shop exists in the industrial field, it is rarely encountered. The so-called open shop is all too often only another variety of closed shop. Nothing, so far as one can see, is being done to remedy this situation. One meets, as in Australia, employers who have suffered by reason of unionism and are embittered thereby. Far too often, however, the interest of such employers in the whole question ceases at this point. They have been hit, they intend to hit back; they are not interested in the problem as to where all this hitting is taking us.

The general condition of affairs resembles very closely that of industrial England in the last century or that of industrial Australia before 1890. In Australia especially, employers generally offered a blind unthinking opposition to the growth of unionism. And unionism, as in Great Britain, continued to thrive on such opposition. G. V. Portus estimates that in 1840 there was one unionist in every 318 of the population, 1 in 54 in 1885, 1 in 9 in 1916. A merely negative opposition can do no more than delay defeat. And the conflict unquestionably harms the society; it engenders bitter hatred and obsession, it causes suffering and setback which might be avoided. By the time that unionism has become compulsory the society is disintegrated into feuds and factions of the type which

Machiavelli deplored. It takes generations to overcome the effects of such a legacy of obsession—and there is always the possibility that the society may need to drop back to a more primitive level, as in Russia, before such effects are overcome.

The British employer who visits America usually assumes that the “unionization” of American industries will necessarily be accomplished in the course of time. While this is a probable, I do not believe that it is a necessary, consequence. As compared with Great Britain or Australia, there is surprisingly little “class-consciousness” in the average industrial worker of America. The British worker, even if he does not believe in Socialism and is only moderately enthusiastic about trade-unionism, is wholly class-conscious. That is to say, he does not believe that identity of economic interest as between employer and employee is possible. Here even the opinions of the trade-union organizer are moderate by comparison. Organizers are anxious to consolidate and extend unionism; they make no parade of the Marxian gospel. They can “easily get subscriptions but find it difficult to get union members.” “Workers will not attend union meetings; they are afraid their employers will come to know and will give them the sack.” America seems to be at the stage where workers are organizing for purposes of defense and bargaining. The Communist gets no hearing, the militant class-conscious unionist has no great influence yet. In this condition of affairs the future of American industry would seem to depend upon the intelligence of employers and employers’ associations. Only recently an otherwise intelligent employer refused to grant a concession recommended by his executives on the ground that a union in another factory had made a similar request. He did not wish to institute an obviously necessary reform because it was irrationally confused with unionism in his mind. One can only repeat that those who choose the sword



will perish by the sword: unreason provokes unreason.

The comparative absence of class-consciousness is therefore no matter for lengthy congratulation. Unless the open-shop policy becomes more than a mere phrase, class-consciousness will arrive, and speedily. While there is yet time, employers should realize that the open shop is not an end but a beginning. Unionism does not exist uncaused, nor is it a mere symptom or manifestation of original sin. If the virtual class-war which obtains in British communities is to be avoided, it can be avoided only by anticipating the unionization of industry, by making it unnecessary. The first step should be a clear definition of the conditions of the open shop by some association of intelligent employers. This definition should formulate in detail open-shop conditions in such fashion that no embittered reactionary can claim that his eccentricities of policy are in line with the best traditions of Americanism. The second step is even more necessary and important. An open-shop policy based on the private opinions and prepossessions of a few employers is utterly valueless. What the social situation actually is in its broader aspects can be discovered only by adequate investigation. Such investigation, like any other, requires experts—in this instance, experts in human research. The problem of industrial unrest is not merely industrial; it cannot be solved within the four walls of the factory. Workers are not only workers; they are citizens whose life, private and social, is satisfactory or unsatisfactory. Anything which makes for general dissatisfaction will manifest itself in the factory. The social symptoms which are classified as “unrest” constitute one of the major problems of our time.

At this point I may be suspected of an intention to propose as a solution some form of industrial council or other variant of “industrial democracy.” I have no such intention; the few investigators

I know in this field are all anxious to avoid ready-made solutions and to promote an extended research into the human aspect of industry and civilizations. One is willing to admit Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's claim that the educative effect of industrial councils upon employer and employe alike is admirable. But the whole proposal savors too much of the pious hopes and evasions of Rousseau—Rousseau the *ignis fatuus* that has led democracy into the mire. Machiavelli's advice is the sounder: if civilization is to express and satisfy human aspiration, then someone must make it his special business to understand human nature. The social psychologist and educationist cannot be allowed to escape from the burden of responsibility which is rightly theirs.

Directly we abandon the narrow and merely economic conception of “unrest” we begin to see that other aspects of social investigation bear some relevance to the question. None can say precisely where the inquiry ceases to be industrial in the strict sense and becomes social. Research into the nature of industrial fatigue, for instance, has virtually broken down for some such reason; two widely known British psychologists have recently abandoned their work in this field. Physiological fatigue can be measured in the laboratory; in the factory this is complicated by what has been termed mental fatigue. Mental fatigue may be caused by overwork, but a similar mental condition followed by a similar effect is induced by anxiety, indifferent morale, lack of interest, or undue monotony. These mental conditions of effective work vary for every individual according to his native intelligence and private life history. In many cases, indeed, the lack of interest in work is merely a particular expression of a general lack of interest in life. Over very wide areas, as Dean Inge has reminded us, civilization dislikes the work it is called upon to do—and is unhappy.

When we talk of social problems we are apt to forget that every social prob-

lem is ultimately individual; social psychology finds much to support Dean Inge's view. The belief that the average person succeeds in achieving a satisfactory serenity of mind, at least in youth or in early middle age, has no good ground in fact. Everywhere one finds evidence that life is not lived successfully. The mentality of the average individual is strongly suggestive of the milder forms of the maniac-depressive psychosis: in solitude, pessimistic revery tends to dominate the situation; activity or search for amusement is often little more than an effort to escape the reflective mood. "Thinking" in common parlance is equivalent to revery or reflection; and "thinking" is avoided, "it's bad for you." This is an attitude observable on every hand. If one takes opportunity to discover what reveries dominate the quieter moments of life, one can only marvel that the symptoms of unrest are so few. Anxieties about the health and safety of oneself and relatives, fears for the future, reveries of suicide are apparently universal, or almost so. The difference between the "nervous breakdown" patient and the person of average normality is not that the former suffers pessimistic reveries and the latter none. It is rather that the latter by some fortunate accident of circumstance or heredity is enabled, with varying success, to carry and not give way under his burden. The so-called normal person does not, of course, permit himself to describe his situation thus. He seeks pleasures with the herd, and hates to think of death. Or he succeeds in business and keeps fifteen varieties of patent medicines upon a bedroom shelf. He has some magic ceremony, such as morning salts, which soothes his fears; or he dulls the apprehensions of his relaxed moments with alcohol or tobacco. Life that requires reassurance or narcotics is not fully civilized. Pessimistic reveries do not make for progress but against it; they are at once a source and symptom of "unrest."

To-day I was listening to the life story

of a twenty-two-year-old girl who supports herself by working. She was married at eighteen and unsuccessfully. After two years of working for her husband and herself she left him and will not be reconciled to him. She has since supported herself. She has no grudge against him; there is no bitterness in her attitude to marriage. "We were too young," she says; the incident is closed and she is going on. She is good looking, well dressed and understands the cosmetic art. On first glance one would take her to be young, happy, and careless of serious things. But in the mood of revery her outlook is somber. She knows "no-one who is really happy." She has a female relative who is religious and "seems happy." Asked to name the unhappiest person she knows, she falls into reflection and after silence names herself. In seeking to define the cause of this unhappiness she goes beyond her marriage and, somewhat surprisingly, attributes it to lack of education. She thinks that education would make her happy, but her few unguided essays in this direction have convinced her that she "tires easily." She cannot find the appropriate education which a sound impulse makes her vaguely seek. And she desires something in the nature of high adventure.

Monotony of work, and the insidious growth of pessimistic revery under conditions of monotony, is a serious problem of our "machine-ridden" civilization. The mental life of man is dynamic; an effort to achieve is essential. Deny this effort or leave it unguided, and there supervenes a mental attitude described by the Freudians as "repression." It is possible, of course, for an individual to mold himself to a routine and to compensate his failing interest in life by taking pride in his rose garden, house, or family. But the compensating achievement is not always so fortunate and in any case some degree of defeat is implied: "some of him lived, but most of him died." The human desire to achieve is essentially social; there is a fundamental urge not



merely to stand well with one's fellows but also to collaborate with them in a social task. When this initiative is denied and turned aside, it only rarely finds another equally satisfactory outlet. More often than not it turns upon itself and manifests itself in the form of disintegrating moods of pessimism. There are few machine shops in America or elsewhere which do not run a noisy accompaniment to a rising tide of human defeat. This is not necessary; some enlightened employers have demonstrated that it can be avoided. But widely over the industrial field the assertion remains true. The machine shop is a potent agency of repression or perversion of human energy; that civilization disregards this fact is the great stupidity of our time.

This is stupid because it is unnecessary; civilization does everything to accentuate the problem, nothing to mitigate it. Under present conditions of education and social life the average individual inevitably develops irrationalities of attitude: superstitions, fears, hatreds. These minor abnormalities of outlook matter little if by a fortunate chance life offers such an individual a happily vigorous and sufficiently varied occupation. But should monotony chiefly characterize his daily work, his fears and superstitions grow, his mental garden is uncultivated and is overrun by the poisonous weeds of unhealthy revery. It is this attitude in the mind-behind-the-scenes of the defeated worker which gives rise to all forms of "unrest" and to the incessant shift of "travelers" from one occupation to another.

The ill cannot be cured by "industrial democracy" because neither employer nor employee is capable of discovering exactly what is wrong. Prescription for a symptom without diagnosis of the disease would speedily bring discredit upon medical science; the industrial problem is as little to be solved by such opportunism. Financial incentives, "getting-together," socialism—these things are similarly irrelevant. Our defect is that

in organizing work we tend to take full account of the capabilities of the machine and no account whatever of human capacity. If a business is to succeed it must achieve a sustained, and not spasmodic, productivity. There are many industrial managers of the present who succeed in developing a high productivity for a week, a month, or a year, only to find at the conclusion of such period that the human portion of the organization is dropping to pieces in their hands. A high labor turnover is a symptom of ignorance in the management, of a failure to know something which is humanly essential to successful organization. The fact that monotony of work kills slowly serves to conceal from many of our industrial leaders the truth that they are organizing not for sustained but for slowly diminishing production.

This truth is still further obscured by the variation of occupation which workers unwittingly achieve for themselves by moving from one factory to another. I know of one factory where a thousand workers were taken on in five months in order to keep nine hundred working. This means that the newcomers have to be taught their work or at least "broken in" to the methods of the particular machine shop. It means also a relatively high overhead cost in respect of a busy employment office. The probability is that this waste of time and actual expenditure might be almost entirely saved by an adequate investigation of the human conditions of machine work. A sustained productivity that improves slowly with the years must in the end surpass the spasmodically high production that is accompanied by labor turnover. A further consideration of importance is that it is the latter form of so-called organization which is periodically interrupted by strikes.

It is unhappily easy to illustrate the manner in which unrelieved monotony of work accentuates any individual tendency to irrationality or pessimism.

Such instances as one finds usually occur in factories where the morale is comparatively good, the employer relatively enlightened and humane. This is so probably for the reason that the employee, recognizing the superiority of the organization, tries to stay on—to his or her ultimate disadvantage. In one such factory a monotonous machine operation is performed entirely by women. The work is organized on a piece-work basis; it involves ten hours work a day for five days in the week. The operative stands for five hours, there is a forty-five minutes break at lunchtime, and again in the afternoon she stands at her machine for five hours. The mental attitude of these employees was exceedingly instructive. They all approve the management, the majority "liked their work." But in every instance, and especially in employees of some years standing, their private ills or difficulties bulked unnecessarily large. One girl of twenty-three years, physically fit, was becoming increasingly "nervous" after three years in the employ of the firm. At first entirely free from disabilities of this type, she now finds that her work is frequently interrupted by minor hysterical attacks of unknown origin. Her history shows that for nine years she has had to face a very difficult home situation. In the last two years she has tended to "worry" about this problem during the better part of her working day.

This instance is duplicated many times over, the only difference being, of course, the nature of the private trouble. Another worker, of approximately thirty years, has supported her mother and several brothers and sisters for nine years since the father's death. For five years she was the sole provider; for the remaining four she has been the main support. For many years she was the "best producer" in her department. Recently her productivity and the regularity of her attendance have diminished and to such an extent that she is now no more than an "average producer." Eighteen months ago she had a "nervous break-

down" and since then she has "not been the same person." Before her breakdown she used to go to dances with boys and girls of her own age; nowadays she prefers to sit at home in solitude when not working. Formerly she wished to marry; now she has decided that marriage means too much in the way of responsibility and the possibility of disasters such as that her mother suffered. Nine years of meditation or revery during work-time upon her excessive responsibilities have apparently made it difficult for her to face with equanimity the ordinary incidents of living. The special interest of this case lies in the fact that since she has accepted a suggestion that she should rest for ten minutes in every working hour she has apparently begun to come back to normality. Her earning capacity has been nothing diminished by this much-needed rest; her mental attitude to life has notably improved. There is every reason to hope that as a result of a better managed working day her productivity and mental health will be completely restored.

These are not isolated or specially selected instances. It is difficult in any machine shop to find individuals to whom this general description does not apply. A male operative, in a quite different type of machine work, revealed the fact that since 1918, while bending over his machine, he has thought about little but various incidents of the war. His special comrade was killed beside him and in a rather horrible manner. His officer, on another occasion, was badly wounded by machine gun-fire and subsequently died. These things have increasingly occupied his working reveries, to the point that he wants another war in order that he may fulfill his desire for savage revenge. Another worker whose meditations were almost similar admitted that he thinks more about the war now than he did when he came back. For this general condition of things our methods of organizing industry cannot escape responsibility. Not everywhere, but over a very wide field, the customary



method of organizing machine work tends to cause unnecessary fatigue, to diminish production, and to promote the growth of any irrationalities which may exist in the worker's mind. Our failure to investigate and take account of the human conditions of production carries a heavy penalty for the individual and the society.

Unfortunately the tale of stupidity is not yet complete. In every civilized country, and those democratically organized not exempt, there exist politicians and amusement promoters who further accentuate the ill. I have often watched, in countries very remote from this, the expert politician "handling" his audience. His initial procedure is not unlike that of a psychiatrist engaged in investigating an individual's sanity. Like the psychiatrist, the politician assembles a number of topics and tries them on his audience; he also is looking for evidence of an emotional and irrational reaction. Once such an irrationality is discovered all resemblance between the politician and psychiatrist is at an end. For the politician, faced with a purely emotional reaction in his audience, endeavors to emphasize it, to make it more pronounced, to develop it in his own interest and that of his party. It is unfortunately easier to gain adherents by a "scandal," by appealing to fear and suspicion, than by appealing to reason. All too often the politician makes no attempt to instruct and lead the people, but rather tries to stampede them like cattle in the direction which happens to suit his plans. It is a melancholy fact that our industrial methods make workers generally more susceptible to this form of exploitation by politicians. It is not the doctrines he maintains, but the methods he adopts that make an agitator.

The amusement promoter completes the work begun by the industrial leader and the politician. Many picture corporations and certain types of popular magazine disseminate utterly false and

injurious ideas of personal achievement and happiness. It may, of course, be said of these agencies that, like the others, they know not what they do. It is nevertheless true that picture and magazine have been led, probably by commercial motives, to the promulgation of a philosophy of human defeat. The great majority of stories tell nothing of the real romance of civilized achievement; they all preach the acceptance of fantastic substitutes for living. By the continual presentation of merely childish dreams, dreams that have no reference to reality, these agencies of publication perpetuate in individuals, young and middle-aged, hysterical phantasies which adult maturity should repudiate. It is only when the main urge to achieve is defeated in the individual that he turns aside to find comfort in artificial beauty, promiscuous adventure, or narcotic phantasies. Our story literature, if it can be called literature, conspires to recommend substitutes for reality and real living; it is sodden with human defeat. This cannot do otherwise than strengthen and confirm the existing tendency to pessimistic revery. What wonder that social unrest increases when a temporary failure to adapt humanity to new conditions of civilization is accentuated by a philosophy of acquiescence in defeat!

It is evident that a careful investigation of the human aspect of industrial organization is greatly needed. Our increasingly complex civilization can no longer safely rely on guesses by the management or the vague hope that humanity will somehow adapt itself to any working conditions we see fit to impose. A wide research into the nature of man is difficult; it does not promise the immediate dividends of vocational selection. Yet without it there will be no continuing dividends and no future for our particular experiment in social organization. If our civilization over broad areas achieves little but human defeat, it will go down to nonentity, its fate justly proportioned to its deserts.

# A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

VI—*Thomas Hardy*

BY ERNEST BOYD

AS a novelist Thomas Hardy is the living link between the modern literature of our own time and the literature of the past, to which the classics, by definition, belong. His last novel, *Jude the Obscure*, was published thirty years ago, and his first acknowledged piece of writing dates from 1865, when he entertained the readers of that almost incredible periodical of the Victorian era, *Chamber's Journal of Popular Literature, Science and Arts*, with "How I Built Myself a House." This was the year in which *Our Mutual Friend* appeared, and it was about that time that Dickens was editing *All the Year Round*, and recommending in prefatory exhortations the *Legends and Lyrics* of Adelaide Anne Procter. A novel that was to exceed any of Hardy's in popular esteem, *Strathmore*, also introduced a new writer named Ouida, in 1865; and during the next ten years Mrs. Henry Wood, Wilkie Collins, Bulwer Lytton, Anthony Trollope, and George Eliot were the gods of the Valhalla which the architect from Dorchester had come up to London to storm. They produced the kind of fiction which soothed the leisure moments of Darwin, who had recently aroused in the intellectuals a passionate interest in geology; and so, while Gladstone and Huxley argued about the Galarene swine, and the quaint superstitions of rationalism displaced those of Judaism in advanced circles, literature was abandoned to the plain people.

On the evidence of the few poems surviving from his first years in London, Thomas Hardy was undisturbed by the

turmoil of the sixties, when what Mr. Chesterton calls "the Victorian compromise" began to break down. While still under thirty he had reached all the fundamental conclusions of his philosophy:

If but some vengeful god would call to me  
From up the sky, and laugh: "Thou suffering thing,  
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,  
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,  
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited:  
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I  
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,  
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?  
— Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,  
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan  
. . .

These purblind Doomsters had as readily  
    strown  
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

It is hardly necessary to say that this was not the kind of poetry that editors were then disposed to regard sympathetically, nor was this Schopenhauerian conception of the universe particularly acceptable to a minority convinced that science held the key to the riddle of that universe. Thomas Hardy retired from London and decided to write fiction and, being a modest young man of thirty, with the noble company of Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, and Mrs. Craik to inspire and dazzle him, he published his first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, anonymously in 1871, paying the sum of seventy-five pounds for the privilege.



He had previously submitted the manuscript of *The Poor Man and the Lady* to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, for whom George Meredith acted as reader. Meredith rejected it, as he rejected *East Lynne*, but for diametrically opposite reasons. Hardy's defect was lack of incident and too much "talk," as to which Meredith offered advice of the kind which he himself would never have taken. *Desperate Remedies* was everything that a mid-Victorian best-seller ought to be: it contained no less than three intertwined mysteries, all held together by a love story and all solved in the last half of the book. It failed to attract any attention. The author confessed that "the principles observed in its composition are, no doubt, too exclusively those in which mystery, entanglement, surprise, and moral obliquity are depended on for exciting interest," but pointed with some pride, in 1896, to the fact that "certain characteristics which provoked much discussion in my latest story were present in my first . . . when there was no French name for them." That Hardy referred to his realistic, unsentimental attitude towards love seems to be indicated by contemporary complaints that the book was "unpleasant," and by the hope politely expressed by one reviewer in that age of innocence that the author of this outspoken work was not "an English lady."

Sad as the implications of that hope were, we must remember that George Eliot flourished in those days, and one might expect the green bay tree to give out shoots at any moment. It so happens that George Eliot's name was linked with that of Hardy when his second novel, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, appeared anonymously, and when *Far from the Madding Crowd* ran as an unsigned serial in a London magazine, it was actually attributed to the author of *Silas Marner*. The two stories have something of the quality of George Sand and George Eliot in their portrayal of rural manners and the sounds and sights of rustic life, but into these pastoral scenes the

tragic irony of Hardy comes with a force which lifts the Wessex novels far above the amiable romanticism and sentimentalizing of those ladies. One staunch admirer of George Eliot declares that these two are "the only novels in which the sexual passion plays no more than a normal part in the development of character. . . . Hardy's characters never pass from a lower to a higher spirituality, as George Eliot's frequently do; they are bound on the wheel of life which inexorably breaks them in its revolutions." It would certainly be difficult to find two novelists so thoroughly English and so frequently mentioned together as Thomas Hardy and George Eliot who are so radically different from each other in every respect save that of nationality.

Hardy was a youth of eighteen when *Scenes of Clerical Life* appeared; during his early manhood George Eliot established her fame and influence, and *Midwintermarch* was published the same year as



THOMAS HARDY AS A YOUNG MAN

*Desperate Remedies.* He was, therefore, in a sense a contemporary of that typical Victorian figure, and it is in the abyss that separates them, rather than in any slight or imaginary resemblance between them, that the explanation of Hardy's vitality to-day will be found. That abyss separates him not only from George Eliot but from the entire host of writers to whose influence and example he might have succumbed—the minor novelists of the mid-nineteenth century, assuredly the most completely extinct of all writers of English fiction—as it separates him from a tradition which, as I have suggested in the article on Dickens, took the English novel into the nursery for the amusement of children and of adults who have never grown up. During the decade before Hardy began to write George Meredith had been offering those children *The Shaving of Shagpat*, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *Evan Harrington*, *Sandra Belloni*, *Rhoda Fleming*, and *Vittoria*, which very naturally passed unperceived by a public grovelling in *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, and *Our Mutual Friend*—to mention those works of Dickens which coincided with the first ten years of Meredith's career. But Meredith was so miraculously uncontaminated by his period that he does not present the same kind of interest as the case of Hardy, who never actually emancipated himself in his novels from certain conventions of Victorian fiction, but who survives nevertheless as one belonging to our own time.

It has often been said that if Thomas Hardy had died thirty years ago his position to-day would be very much what it is, in spite of his insistence during those years upon his superior claim to be a poet rather than a novelist. Strenuous efforts have been made by a few critics to recover from the first dismay created by the Napoleonic epic of *The Dynasts* and to lean so far forward in the other direction as to dismiss the Wessex novels as of little importance compared with that work and with his lyrics. Disputes

on this point have something of the effect of thrusting the author, already retired from the world, so far back that he appears as remote as a classic should be. Were it not for the annual protest against the failure of the Swedish Committee to award him the Nobel Prize, Thomas Hardy would be regarded, not as an honored survivor of a departed epoch, but as a dead Victorian with a curious spark of life in his writings. And we should then be engaged in discovering the cause of that spark. As it is, the commentators are visibly impressed by the unusual situation in which they find themselves when dealing with an immortal who is still living. Immortality should not be thus complicated, for it leaves the victim suspended between the hell of academic annotation and the heaven of contemporary reviewing.

In the circumstances discussion of Thomas Hardy becomes very much what it would be were Shakespeare to be raised from the dead and to submit an occasional verse for publication. Criticism would be silent and the mildest animadversions of his most orthodox exegetists in the past would be regarded as blasphemy. Mr. George Moore discovered this when he felt called upon to discuss the defects of Hardy's style; for Hardy, unlike Moore, has not devoted these last thirty years to rewriting his early novels and suppressing those that could not be patched. Consequently, Mr. Moore could unearth the following passage from *Far from the Madding Crowd*:

The persistent torrent from the gargoyle's jaws directed all its vengeance into the grave. The rich tawny mould was stirred into motion, and boiled like chocolate. The water accumulated and washed deeper down, and the roar of the pool thus formed spread into the night as the head and chief among other noises of the kind created by the deluging rain. The flowers so carefully planted by Fanny's repentant lover began to move and writhe in their beds. The winter violets turned slowly upside down and became a mere mat of mud. Soon the snowdrops and other bulbs danced in the boiling mass like



ingredients in a cauldron. Plants of the tufted species were loosened, rose to the surface, and floated off.

Whereupon Mr. Middleton Murry, in an essay published in a limited edition of five hundred copies, declared that Mr. Moore was an impotent writer whose books had so little appeal that they were issued in limited editions of one thousand copies, and he further declared that this attack upon Thomas Hardy's style was merely inspired by venom and envy, virtues in a young man—according to Mr. Murry—but “senile indecency” in a writer of Mr. Moore's years.

There are just two points in this debate which should interest the impartial reader. In the first place, the passage quoted does not contain such infelicities as Mr. Moore pretends. The metaphor of the torrent's vengeance is quite effective, and brown mould does look like boiling chocolate in the circumstances described. Flowers *do* writhe when caught in a rush of water, and they can be turned upside down. In the second place, “senile indecency” is not an apt description of the attitude of Mr. Moore, for his hostile interest in *Far from the Madding Crowd* is by no means a pastime of his declining years. It is just thirty-seven years ago since he first discussed this book in his *Confessions of a Young Man*, where he wrote:

I have heard that Mr. Hardy is country bred, but I should not have discovered this from his writings. They read to me like a report, yes, a report,—a conscientious, well-done report, executed by a thoroughly efficient writer sent down by one of the daily papers. Nowhere do I find selection, everything is reported, dialogues and descriptions. Take for instance the long evening talk between the farm people when Oak is seeking employment. It is not the absolute and literal transcript from nature after the manner of Henri Monier; for that it is a little too diluted with Mr. Hardy's brains, the edges are a little sharpened and pointed, I can see where the author has been at work filing; on the other hand, it is not synthesised—the magical word which reveals the past, and through which we divine

the future—is not seized and set triumphantly as it is in *Silas Marner*. The descriptions do not flow out of and form part of the narrative, but are wedged in, and often awkwardly. We are invited to assist at a sheep-shearing scene, or at a harvest supper, because these scenes are not to be found in the works of George Eliot, because the reader is supposed to be interested in such things, because Mr. Hardy is anxious to show how jolly country he is.

This persistent attention to one of Thomas Hardy's lesser novels almost suggests that Mr. Moore's acquaintance with the works of the author he decries is limited, and that he is still, as Oscar Wilde said, conducting his education in public. Gallicisms, bad punctuation, and misspellings leave this passage no less open to destructive comment than the passage from Hardy. But the point of interest at this juncture is that the controversy is typical of the position of Thomas Hardy as a classic, in so far as he is scanned for defects that are passed over in contemporary writers; and his champions do not argue, but pronounce anathemas.

It is also significant that in 1888 George Moore invoked the name of George Eliot against that of Hardy, and in 1924 the juxtaposition in his mind was unaltered. He has relatively kind words for her, leading to the harshest judgment of him, although he admits that her work, “well and solidly” constructed, her prose, “rich and well balanced,” were not enough “to save her from the whirling, bubbling flood of Time. . . . Lighter things have floated; hers have sunk out of sight.” The same fate has not overtaken Thomas Hardy, to the evident astonishment of George Eliot's admirer, and this fact alone makes it necessary to consider Hardy in this survey of accepted reputations. He lives, therefore—to adapt the Latin tag—we must think of the reasons which have permitted him to escape oblivion.

If Hardy could be dismissed because of clumsy writing and melodramatic plots, he would long since have gone the

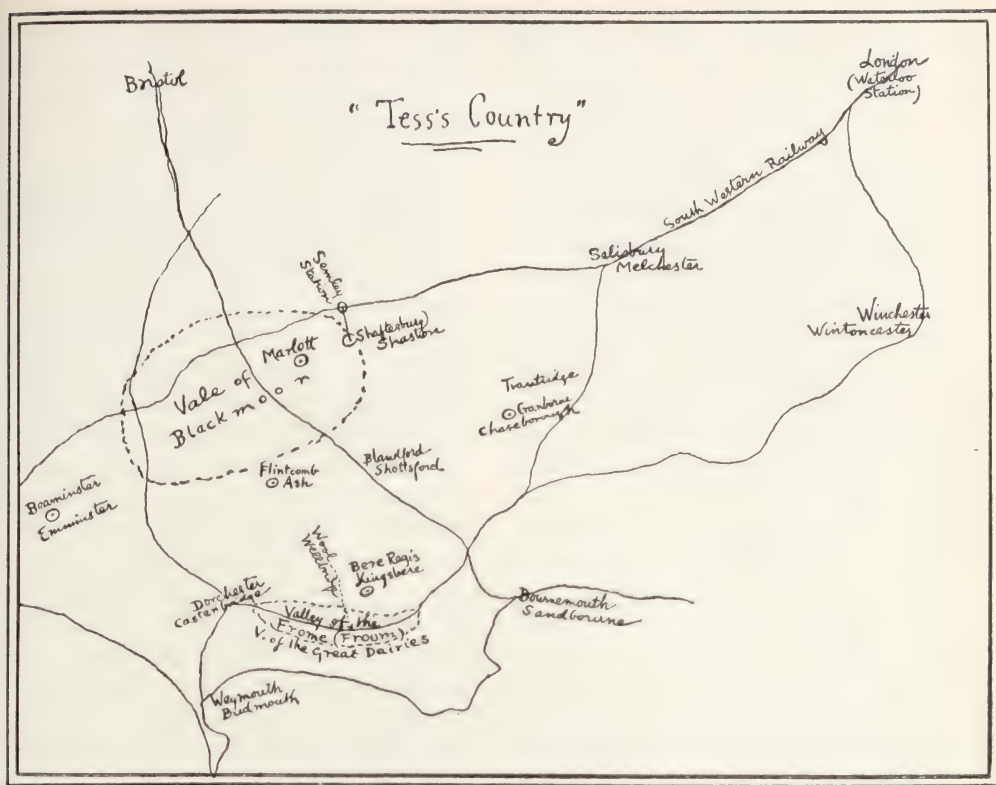
way of Wilkie Collins, or he might survive as a source of movie scenarios. Only one, however, of his novels has been filmed, and that is the greatest. To outline the plot of certain masterpieces is often an easy way to be facetious—so easy that Mr. Moore could not resist it in his discussion of Hardy in *Conversations in Ebury Street*. But, even in his best novels, Hardy attains such heights of melodrama that in a perfectly sympathetic summary they sound ridiculous rather than impressive. He has a passion for plots, and plots that involve the maximum of incident, of coincidence, of incredible accident. One thinks of Miss Braddon as one recalls that a woman possessed of a vital secret occurs in *Desperate Remedies*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, *The Hand of Ethelberta*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, and *Two on a Tower*. The Enoch-Arden motif, in its primitive or its slightly modified form, occurs in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, *Jude the Obscure*, and *Two on a Tower*. The secret wedding plays its part in *The Well-Beloved*, *Two on a Tower*, and *The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid*. The hero whose high station is obscured by poverty is found in *The Woodlanders*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, and *Waiting for Supper*. The villain as an illegitimate son works his nefarious way through *A Laodicean*, *Desperate Remedies*, and *Far from the Madding Crowd*. In most of these books one encounters all the other paraphernalia of melodrama, from the old-fashioned soliloquy, eavesdropping, mistaken identity, and undelivered messages to the neck-to-neck pursuit as practiced in the movies. Professor Beach has pointed out that, in his last, his ripest, and his most intellectual novel, *Jude the Obscure*, the pattern of the story is a formula:

Jude marries Arabella;  
 Sue marries Phillson.  
 Jude divorces Arabella;  
 Sue is divorced by Phillson.  
 Sue remarries Phillson,  
 Jude remarries Arabella.

Add to this the fact that Hardy showed such an obliging attitude towards the exigencies of the custodians of the Young Person's check that a thesis has been written on the bowdlerizations to which he consented when *The Well-Beloved* was published in serial form, and another on the excisions from *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, *Jude the Obscure*, and *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. The question has become a scandal even in academic circles. Thomas Hardy had none of Meredith's superb indifference to public taste and opinion. Unlike the author who shares with him the honors of the Victorian literary *débâcle*, he did not wait until the public had caught up with him; he adapted himself to the public. He approached to the attack of Victorianism by Fabian methods, for it was not until *Jude the Obscure* and *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* appeared, at the close of his activities as a novelist, that he showed the cloven hoof of ideas. It was then, as he explains in a later edition, that a bishop burned the former of these two books, "the experience," he adds, "completely curing me of further interest in novel-writing."

Midway in his career Hardy wrote one of his few essays, which is of the utmost interest because of the explanation which he gives of his own view of the novel and the implied answer to his adverse critics. The reader must not be too critical, "his author should be swallowed whole, like any other alternative pill. He should be believed in slavishly, implicitly. However profusely he may pour out his coincidences, his marvelous juxtapositions, his catastrophes, his conversions of bad people into good people, and *vice versa*, let him never be doubted for a moment. When he exhibits people going out of their way and spending their money on purpose to act consistently, or taking a great deal of trouble to move in a curious and roundabout manner when a plain straight course lies open to them; when he shows that heroes are never faithless in love, and that the unheroic always are so, there should arise a conviction that





HARDY'S OWN MAP OF TESS'S COUNTRY

A hitherto unpublished map drawn many years ago by Mr. Hardy for Mr. and Mrs. Lorin F. Feland (Margaret Deland)

this is precisely according to personal experience." The purpose of such fiction is to enable us to dream, but Hardy admits that some turn to novels for more than food for dreaming, but he thinks we are likely, then, to mistake cleverness for intuition, to overlook a bad story because of the incidental elements, which might better have been expressed in another form. The perfect novel appeals both to the mind and the imagination, but there are few in this class. "Narrative art is neither mature in its artistic aspect, nor in its ethical or philosophical aspect; neither in form nor in substance. To me, at least, the difficulties of perfect presentation in both these kinds appear of such magnitude that the utmost which each generation can be expected to do is to add one or two strokes toward the selection and shaping of a possible ultimate perfection."

Ten years before the event he anticipated the critics of *Jude* and *Tess* by declaring that "the novels which most conduce to moral profit are likely to be among those written without a moral purpose. . . . Those . . . which impress the reader with the inevitableness of character and environment in working out destiny, whether that destiny be just or unjust, enviable or cruel, must have a sound effect, if not what is called a good effect, upon a healthy mind. . . . Of the effects of such sincere presentation on weak minds, when the courses of the characters are not exemplary, and the rewards and punishments ill adjusted to deserts, it is not our duty to consider too closely. A novel which does moral injury to a dozen imbeciles, and has bracing results upon a thousand intellects of normal vigor, can justify its existence; and probably a novel was never written

by the purest-minded author for which there could not be found some moral invalid or other whom it was capable of harming."

This essay clearly shows both Hardy's predilection for novels of plot and action and the civilized intellectual standpoint from which he viewed the rights of the artist. The two points of view so rarely coincide, the fortunate purveyors of mystery and adventure stories being invariably full of moral indignation against those who cannot so profitably turn their talents to the entertainment of the mob but are obliged to write the truth that is in them.

Thomas Hardy was very conscious of that condition of puerility and insincerity into which the English novel declined during the Victorian era. In discussing Dickens I tried to show how the very success of such writers as he, utterly unaware of the shackles they were helping to rivet, established a type of English fiction and a tradition which are peculiar to the English-speaking world, at which all adult readers of other nations gaze in contemptuous wonder. Hardy's realization of the problem is apparent in his essay on "Candour in Fiction" where he says: "Conscientious fiction alone it is which can excite a reflective and abiding interest in the minds of thoughtful readers of mature age, who are weary of puerile inventions and famishing for accuracy; who consider that, in representations of the world, the passions ought to be proportioned as in the world itself. This is the interest which was excited in the minds of the Athenians by their immortal tragedies, and in the minds of Londoners at the first performance of the finer plays of three hundred years ago. They reflected life, revealed life, criticized life. Life being a physiological fact, its honest portrayal must be largely concerned with, for one thing, the relations of the sexes, and the substitution for such catastrophes as favor the false coloring best expressed by the regulation finish that 'they married and were happy ever

after,' of catastrophes based upon sexual relationship as it is. To this expansion English society opposes a well-nigh insuperable bar."

His argument in explanation of this phenomenon reads a little like an indirect protest against the bowdlerization to which he submitted his serial stories and an apologia for his own conduct, for he avers that the libraries and the magazines are to blame. In both cases the readers are the younger members of the family, and so those responsible think it necessary to take precautions which they would not deem necessary for themselves. "What this amounts to is that the patrons of literature—no longer Peers with a taste—acting under the censorship of prudery, rigorously exclude from the pages they regulate subjects that have been made, by general approval of the best judges, the bases of the finest imaginative compositions since literature rose to the dignity of an art. The crash of broken commandments is as necessary an accompaniment to the catastrophe of a tragedy as the noise of drum and cymbals to a triumphal march. But the crash of broken commandments shall not be heard; or, if at all, but gently, like the roaring of Bottom—gently as any sucking dove, or as 'twere any nightingale, lest we should frighten the ladies out of their wits. More precisely, an arbitrary proclamation has gone forth that certain picked commandments of the ten shall be preserved intact—to wit, the first, third, and seventh; that the ninth shall be infringed but gingerly; the sixth only as much as necessary; and the remainder alone as much as you please, in a genteel manner."

In the face of such a public an author may ruin his editor, his publisher, and himself, or he may "believe his literary conscience, do despite to his best imaginative instincts by arranging a *dénouement* which he knows to be indescribably unreal and meretricious, but dear to the Grundyist and subscriber. If the true artist ever weeps it is probably then, when he discovers the fearful price that



he has to pay for the privilege of writing in the English language—no less a price than the complete extinction, in the mind of every mature and penetrating reader, of sympathetic belief in his personages." A true diagnosis this, but suggesting to Hardy no remedy, for he seems to ignore the fact that the circulating libraries and the magazines are simply accepting the conventions of their time. Both accept to-day what they rejected in 1890, when that essay was published, and in 1890 *Desperate Remedies* would not have been called "unpleasant," as in 1871. One of the prices paid by "the true artist" for "the privilege of writing in the English language" is that he was

preceded by the phalanx of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, and the rest, who convinced everybody that nothing could be finer, sweeter, healthier, nobler, more humorous, more tender, more sure of immortality, than a literature emasculated and divorced from all sense of reality. What was good enough for Dickens ought to be good enough for Hardy. Who was he to pretend that he was hampered within limitations which did not impede the stride of those "giants" on the hearth? Even Mr. George Moore, first of the gladiators against the circulating libraries, tries to snub him with George Eliot.

None of these people had to regret the

### Incident in the life of Mr George Crookhill.

Well, as he began to be well on. It never got so far as changing his matter with him, to be sure, but he had some narrow escapes of penal servitude & at other times he got more than he deserved. One day, <sup>George</sup> <sup>arriving</sup> out of Melchester on a miserable scraw, <sup>the fair</sup> <sup>market being</sup> just over, ~~when he saw~~ <sup>riding out of the</sup> <sup>who had town</sup> a fine-looking young farmer <sup>up the same direction</sup> <sup>where he was to market</sup>. He was mounted on a good strong handsome animal, worth fifty guineas if worth a crown. When they were going up ~~Racecourse Hill~~ <sup>Bissett Hill</sup> <sup>George</sup> made it his business to overtake the young farmer. They passed the time o' day to one another, <sup>George</sup> <sup>spoke</sup> of the state of the roads, & <sup>logged</sup> <sup>alongside</sup> the well-mounted stranger in very friendly conversation. The farmer had not been inclined to say much to George at first, but by degrees he grew <sup>quite affable too</sup> <sup>very friendly</sup> as friendly as George was towards him. He told Crookhill that he had been <sup>doing business</sup> <sup>fair</sup> at Melchester, & was going on <sup>as far as</sup> <sup>Shottsford</sup> that night, & so as to reach Easterbridge market the next day. When they came to Woodysales Inn they stopped to bait their horses & agreed to drink together; with this they got <sup>more friendly</sup> <sup>than ever</sup> & on they went again. Before they had nearly reached Shottsford it came on to rain, & as they <sup>were</sup> <sup>now</sup> passing through the village of Tranton, & it was quite dark, George persuaded the young farmer to go no further that night: the rain would most likely give them a chill. For his part he had heard that the little inn here was comfortable, & he meant to stay. At last the young farmer agreed to put up there also:

#### A PIECE OF HARDY MANUSCRIPT

price which Hardy had to pay, and his protest alone would suffice to mark him off as a man so far ahead of his time that we can recognize him as a contemporary. To Thomas Hardy should go the credit usually accorded to the group of almost forgotten writers who flourished for their little hour, during the well-advertised eighteen nineties, and are now forgotten outside the saleroom of rare books. *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* were the two great novels of the nineties, with *Esther Waters* a third of equal merit. All three were written by men who can, by no stretch of the imagination, be identified with the *Yellow Book* school, but whose revolt against Victorianism was infinitely deeper and more effective. Yet, by an irony of literary history, while George Moore sneers at Thomas Hardy, there is a ceaseless turning over of the rubble and ashes of the yellow nineties in search of imaginary treasure, and Hardy is hedged off by all the ritual usually reserved for the departed glories of English literature. His melodrama is old-fashioned, and his philosophy is now so much an accepted part of our modern point of view that, while it undoubtedly explains why he has not faded, its exposition may seem a little commonplace. An effort to evade this has been made by establishing parallels between Hardy's view of the universe and Schopenhauer's philosophy of the Will to live, with his corollary that renunciation of that Will is the only solution to the problem. Happiness is negative, as Schopenhauer once said; it consists in "the absence of pain."

Whatever the identity between their points of view (and Hardy confesses to many), it is not because of Schopenhauer that Hardy lives. His work belongs to our own time primarily because of the implied, rather than the expressed ideas that underlie his treatment of his characters. He is utterly untouched by didacticism, and even his wildest plots are relieved by touches of irony, a sardonic humor which saves them from the bathos of Dickens. When Fanny Robin, in *Far*

from the *Madding Crowd*, is dragging her weary way to Dorchester Workhouse, her strength fails her when she is a few hundred yards from the place. She falls swooning and is aroused by a dog licking her hand. Leaning on the animal, she is helped forward to the door, where her prostrate figure is found and she is carried in. She has just enough strength to say, "There is a dog outside. Where is he gone? He helped me." "I stoned him away," said the man. It is not difficult to imagine what a lovely picture Dickens would have drawn here. The joyous barks of the noble friend of man, the bright fire gleaming, the luscious bones that would be given to him, and the general rejoicing in the workhouse over the wonderful workings of Divine Providence. But how much truer Hardy's version is, and how much more moving than anything Dickens could have conceived!

It is not, however, in such slight effects as this that one should measure the distance that separated Thomas Hardy from the sentimental conventions of the second half of the nineteenth century. What set him apart was the entire absence from his mind of the assumptions, tacit and avowed, upon which the smug literature around him was based. That beautiful compromise known as "rational idealism" had been devised to the greater glory of Victorianism. Darwinism was a cruel blow, more especially as Huxley and others made it clear that one of the first, the ineluctable consequences of admitting what Ingersoll called "the mistakes of Moses" was that it became necessary to undergo the painful process of thinking for oneself, of arriving at a personal morality, independent alike of Genesis and geology. In order to soften this blow, rational idealism was evolved—a form of idealism which might be summed up by saying ideals should be heard, but not seen. George Eliot has been credited with having most effectively expounded this philosophy of rational idealism, and her "radical" ideas are contrasted with the "reactionary" ideas of Thomas Hardy.





THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

"Humanitarian zeal in George Eliot," writes one of Hardy's critics, "is qualified by a strong recognition of the need for standards and criteria whereby to make effective the attempted reforms. As a result, although her sympathies are catholic, she never allows them to blunt her perception of the wider values involved. There is no question of obscuring sin under the name of misfortune, or of disguising wrongdoing under the sanction of necessity or expediency." Hardy, on the other hand, "glorifies the liberty of the individual in all matters of con-

duct and behavior. There never occurs to any of his folk the question of their relation to society at large or the possibility of duties toward any save their own individualities. It becomes, therefore, a matter of pity rather than censure when, in following the dictates of individual conscience, one or another hapless wight incurs the traditional reproach and contumely with which society, as it is at present constituted, visits offenders. The ironies which Hardy really perceives in life are nothing less than the discrepancies between action

induced by the individual perception of moral relations and those traditionally accepted by social usage."

In these two quotations are summed up, I think, all the defects of George Eliot and the whole school which she represented, and all the virtues of Thomas Hardy, which have now become social axioms. His offense was twofold. He was amoral and he was pessimistic, in the misunderstood sense of that word. He described Tess as "a pure woman" to a society which believed that chastity was the only test of purity, and he pictured her in terms which make admirers of Romola indignant:

It was a thousand pities, indeed, it was impossible even for an enemy to feel otherwise on looking at Tess as she sat there, with her flower-like mouth and large tender eyes, neither black nor blue nor grey nor violet; rather all those shades together and a hundred others, which could be seen if one looked into their irises—shade behind shade—tint beyond tint—round depths that had no bottom; an almost typical woman, but for the slight incautiousness of character inherited from her race.

It was "French" and degrading to see a woman like this:

She had stretched one arm so high above her coiled-up cable of hair that he could see its delicacy above the sunburn; her face was flushed with sleep and her eyelids hung heavy over their pupils. The brimfulness of her nature breathed from her. It was a moment when a woman's soul is more incarnate than at any other time; when the most spiritual beauty inclines to the corporeal; and sex takes the outside place in her presentation.

George Eliot's Tessa was not like Tess, nor were Hetty Sorrel and Maggie Tulliver as wicked in their waywardness as Sue Bridehead; Romola could not be described as Hardy described Eustacia, the "raw material of a goddess," her "pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries." Hardy has been accused of taking a "low" view of woman, that is to say, in the perversion of words to which ra-

tional idealists are prone, a view of women which accepts, admires, and understands her femininity. The quotation by J. M. Barrie of a phrase found by him in a copy of *The Return of the Native* has often been cited as illustrating the offensiveness of his attitude towards sex. "What a horrid book!" wrote some reader in the margin of the library copy. "Eustacia is a libel on noble womanhood. Oh, how I hate Thomas Hardy!" Against that it is fair to set this tribute from Miss Anne Macdonnell, the first woman to write about Hardy, away back in 1895, when only Lionel Johnson's book had appeared on the subject:

Every woman will go straight to the point where the novelist has offended this sensitive and emphatic reader, whether she shares the sentiment or not. The offence is that Bathsheba, Fancy, Elfride, and sweet Anne Garland are fickle and wayward, they play the fool over and over again, and are totally wanting in that statuesque and goddess-like dignity that women naturally wish to have regarded as the characteristic garment of their sex. But more than that, and worse: these frail, uncertain creatures are fascinating; there is no doubt about it, each of them "Light and humorous in her toying,  
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying,  
Long, but sweet in the enjoying."

They play havoc with readers' hearts, and cause confusion in ideals. And it is so bad for the world to be confirmed in its already too strong opinion that attractiveness and loveableness are hardly things of the proprieties.

It is interesting to quote the whole of this comment, one of the earliest and sanest, on Thomas Hardy, for the writer has been successful in reading him, thirty years ago, with the eyes of a modern woman. Now that the possession of a vote has settled once for all the question of woman's equality with man, those who are attractive and intelligent have been quite resigned to the peculiar type of insult in which Hardy indulged in his delineation of their sex. He adopted instinctively the attitude which was to become the post-feminist attitude, and



Sue in *Jude the Obscure* might have stepped out of a novel of 1925, and one, moreover, written by a woman with a vote and a college education. This picture of the women's dormitory at the Melchester Training College is typical of the situation:

They all lay in their cubicles, their tender feminine faces upturned to the flaring gas-jets which at intervals stretched down the long dormitories, every face bearing the legend "The Weaker" upon it, as the penalty of the sex wherein they were moulded, which by no possible exertion of their willing hearts and abilities could be made strong while the inexorable laws of Nature remain what they are. They formed a pretty, suggestive, pathetic sight, of whose pathos and beauty they were themselves unconscious, and would not discover till, amid the storms and strains of after years, with their injustice, loneliness, child-bearing, and bereavement, their minds would revert to this experience as to something which had been allowed to slip past them insufficiently regarded.

The resigned and courageous, the buoyant skepticism of our contemporary conviction that "crass casualty," not reforms or laws, must govern our destiny runs through all that Thomas Hardy has written, from his first melodrama to *The Dynasts*. As he wrote in "Nature's Questioning":

Has some vast Imbecility  
Mighty to build and blend  
But impotent to tend  
Framed us in jest, and left us now to Hazardry?

Or come we of an Automaton  
Unconscious of our pains?  
Or are we live remains  
Of Godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?

Or is it that some high plan betides,  
As yet not understood,  
Of Evil stormed by Good,  
We the Forlorn Hope over which Achievement strides?

Thus things around. No answerer I.  
Meanwhile the winds, and rains,  
And Earth's old glooms and pains,  
Are still the same, and Life and Death are neighbours nigh.

When it was still believed that "God is in his heaven, all is right with the world" Thomas Hardy set out to query "Nature's holy plan," not by argument but by demonstration, by showing us life's ironies, little and great. "That these impressions," as he himself said, "have been condemned as pessimistic—as if that were a wicked word—shows a curious muddle-mindedness. It must be obvious that there is a higher characteristic of philosophy than pessimism, or than meliorism, or even than the optimism of these critics—which is truth." And so it comes about that, in spite of the obsolete machinery of his stories, the characters themselves are authentic human beings, truly observed, and however he may stretch coincidence, whatever melodramatic license he may take, he rarely does violence to the truth, because his men and women are not subservient to any preconceived dogma; they are not distorted by sentimentality. Herein lies the great contrast between Thomas Hardy and his eminent Victorian contemporaries. Dickens could realistically set his stage, but the people on it were grotesques. Hardy conceives the most improbable situation or setting, and then transfigures it by the sincerity and power of his characterization. In his ironical detachment and his sense of reality this last of the Victorians was preeminently un-Victorian.

# THE LION'S MOUTH



## PROCESSIONAL

BY DOUGLAS BUSH

LEANING back from my little typewriter, I reread my final paragraph with pleasant exhilaration. It concluded one of the prettiest and most delicate excoriations of middle-aged conservatism in American life and literature that I had seen. Phrases here and there even suggested—in the first glow of creation—the Gallic and supremely civilized flavor of Anatole France. At any rate the essay stated with biting lucidity the case for artistic, intellectual, and social freedom and, without being excited or messy, I hanged, drew, and quartered the older generation who look with disfavor or positive alarm at the manifestations of the new spirit in literature, religion, love. In my sensitive hatred of anything approaching coercion of the individual, and the whole edifice of restraints which the bourgeoisie erects to protect itself, I erred a little, perhaps, on the side of intolerance—but then, I said, as I hunted for envelopes, I'm attacking the one thing in the world which is intolerable—that mixture of puritanism and barbarism which cuts off cigarettes in one state, evolution in another, books in another; which makes life in the United States impossible for the æsthetic spirit; which, by organized stifling of every creative impulse, is bent on keeping the American mind unpolluted by ideas, and nourished, if at all,

on the old, safe things. There is, I thought, taking a last look at the article, a satisfaction in raising one's voice, however weak it is, on the side of the angels. . . . Of course it isn't quite nice to jump on some of these older men, especially academic ones, but Aristotle said truth was more than the man . . . it's strange to remember that these very men were once leaders in the movement of their day, and seemed to drop behind almost without knowing it. . . .

"Come," I said, as a knock, breaking in upon my meditations, announced the arrival of a student for his fortnightly conference. He deposited his rakish hat, sat down in the accustomed chair, crossed his voluminously flannelled legs and lighted a proffered cigarette. We rapidly achieved an intimate, unacademic atmosphere in exchanging opinions of the weather, the Senate, Oriental philosophy. His reactions were vigorous, his remarks pungent. I always enjoyed the tutorial hours with Bradford because he had a genuine itch to write which marked him off from the majority proceeding amiably towards a gentleman's degree; his knowledge of literature, old and new, was unusual in an undergraduate. With his perhaps excessive contempt for football and other things American, he had all the makings of an intellectual. We were used to talking on easy terms of equality.

The preliminary amenities over, I scanned his reading card.

"I haven't got much done this time." He flashed his dark, brilliant smile with the unembarrassed candor of one whose record entitles him to kick up his heels occasionally. "I've been busy and . . . oh, I've just felt rebellious lately."



"So have I," I said, "What is it that you want to annihilate? Perhaps we hate the same things."

"Everything!" he exploded: "the general public, the middle-aged, universities, examinations, professors. . . ."

"Tutors?" I supplied.

His ferocity abated. "At least not before Mrs. Boffin."

His smile vanished as he went on. "Here am I, a young man . . ."

"Of promise?" I supplied again. But I saw that he had been having some mental wrestling and that levity was out of place.

"No," he said, "of twenty-one. For days I have been cramming the influence of Brown on Jones, and dozens of writers not worth a damn, and I shall get good grades for saying the proper things about them—selling my soul . . ."

"Well," I said, appreciating the grain of truth in the familiar charge, "most people agree that exams aren't perfect, but no one has suggested an adequate substitute, and the mass of students need a kind of stimulus which they can understand. As for dull writers, they're often valuable as social documents, you know."

Bradford's mouth had been opening and closing in unspoken protest, and here he broke in with an invective that gathered force as its range widened and took in the whole system of trying to educate the naturally illiterate, of divorcing literature from life and serving it up in "influences" and theses; in spite of occasional explanations from me, he inveighed against academic dry rot, the tyranny of the herd in universities and outside, the crimes committed daily against art by the immense bovine stupidity of American democracy. I am radical enough, in all conscience, but one must stop somewhere, and as Bradford grew more and more destructive it became necessary to recall to him some axioms of wisdom and tolerance. He was too clever and intelligent to be allowed to get loose from his moorings. At the same time, in coming to the sup-

port of certain institutions and habits of mind, I felt vaguely uncomfortable; I seemed to be slipping into the role of apologist of orthodoxy. If Bradford hadn't been *quite* so anarchistic . . .

"As you know," I said, "I'm anything but a child of the established fact, but—" a shade of what seemed a smile glinted in his eye, yet I went on—"but you can't abolish everything. Just now you're a nihilist but when you're older you'll"—Bradford shifted uneasily in his chair—"you'll think differently. . . ." I paused, for suddenly I seemed to lose my identity; I thought I heard someone speaking, and it was not I. It was an old gentleman who was saying to me, not so many years before, while I squirmed in my chair, "You will think differently when you are older; I was much the same at your age." How I hated and despised that old gentleman! And was I his successor? In a moment, but a longer one than Tithonus's immortality of withering, I felt myself dwindle into the lean and slippered pantaloon and second childishness and mere oblivion. Was I beginning, in the eyes of radical youth, to appear a bundle of old-fashioned prejudices, I, who read nothing but the more advanced journals (outside of the positively Bolshevik ones, of course), and kept in touch with the newest movements in literature, until they lost themselves in a bog of dadaism and psycho-analysis and such absurdities? Bradford, sitting opposite, calmly lighted another cigarette, utterly unconscious of the sudden and blasting thought which had passed athwart my existence. Of course I was right, Bradford was only showing the impetuous haste and intolerance of youth—but, and this was the question that throbbed dully in my brain, was I growing old, had I grown old, was I old? To that clear-eyed youngster was I what that old gentleman had been to me—a curious, impenetrable fragment of antiquity?

"I think," I said with an effort, as I dropped an envelope with a little dull thud into the waste-basket, "I think

you were to read *Absalom and Achitophel*. Would you sketch the political situation of the time."



### THE PEARL-HANDLED PISTOL AT MONTE CARLO

BY HOMER CROY

I USED to love to read stories of people staking their fortune on a turn of the wheel at Monte Carlo, losing, and then shooting themselves with a pearl-handled pistol. It stirred my imagination. I could see the scene—splendid ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes: dukes, counts, earls, barons, and princes as thick as hops. Some had brilliant diamonds blazing on their aristocratic breasts, and some had red ribbons across their shirt fronts. The scene changes. These rich, royal personages are playing. The great hall grows quiet, a hush hangs over all; the attendants creep around on tiptoe, for all know that Count de bon Fromage is playing to-night with the very devil in him. There he stands at the board, a fur-trimmed cloak over his shoulders, his long restless hands pushing out the chips while the little ivory ball sings its relentless tune. The hush grows deeper; the other tables have stopped playing and people are now banked around the Count's table six deep. The chips grow higher. The *croupiers*—usually so bored and blasé—have blanched faces. The Count doubles his stakes; the *croupiers* turn to stare at each other; never have they seen such playing, but there is no more expression on the Count's face than on a mason jar. Only once the keenest observer might see a muscle at the lower right corner of his mouth twitch. Again his hands reach out and again the stakes are doubled. The song of the ivory ball is the only sound in the hushed room. Again the ball spins . . . the

Count has lost. He is a ruined man. Getting up, he asks for a cigarette; his neighbor fumbles for one and then the Count, adjusting his mantle, moves nonchalantly toward the door. He is now in the cloak-room. A sharp sound breaks the hush. There is the rush of feet, a hubbub of voices, doors are flung open. There, lying on the floor, is the Count, a crimson hole in his temple and at his side is a pearl-handled pistol fallen from his nerveless fingers. . . . That was the way I thought it was.

And now I am over here and if there is a pearl-handled pistol in Monte Carlo it is in a second-hand store with a price label on it.

When I arrived I could hardly wait till I got to the Casino—I wanted to see the people with the pearl-handled pistols. I entered. As I paused before the table I was shocked. Where were all the dukes, counts, earls, barons, and princes? Where were the red ribbons? I studied the people. If there was a Count there he succeeded in hiding it; and the only red ribbon I saw had a lip stick on the end of it. But the place was filled with buyers from Forth Worth, Kansas City, Chattanooga, and Hutchinson, Kansas.

Except for the Americans, the thing that astonished me most was the number of kindly, gray-haired grandmothers playing roulette and knitting. They had grown tired of sitting around in their *pensions* and had come out to see Life and finish up the troublesome heel. There close to the tables they sat, their industrious fingers flying; now and then they would get up, put a five-franc chip on the table (five francs is now a little more than a quarter of a dollar), watch the wicked ivory ball go singing around the flying wheel, then pick up their winnings, or give a gentle sigh as the long rake went out and their money disappeared into the banker's box. Then they would sink back into their easy chairs and again their worn old fingers would begin to fly. If one of them won a five-franc piece she was radiantly happy—she would go back to her



*pension* with a lot to tell her other aged friends at dinner.

I began to hear about a sacred Inner Circle—*le cercle intime*—a sort of club where only members are admitted and where ordinary players see only the thick, leather doors. Through a friend, I was able to get a card and the next evening I was in the inner chamber, in the sacred precincts. I looked around but there was the same royal scarcity as in the main rooms. There were no more dukes than in Greenwich Village. I went over to the table, expecting to see chips stacked in heaps and mounds. But they were as far apart as the now famous mountains in Nebraska. What a disappointment—they were playing for a dollar a round.

Some spirit of recklessness came over me and I had five dollars changed into chips and put it all down in one grand throw. It was the biggest pot on the boards; it simply staggered the other players. Even the stolid, bloodless *croupiers* looked at me with interest. "Here," they thought, "is a millionaire who has walked into our net." Pretty soon the money was gone and I walked out, the most talked-of man in the room.

But what I wanted to see more than anything else was the man breaking the Bank. That would be splendid, dramatic. I had often read of him; sometimes he was a mysterious stranger, sometimes a Grand Duke. I wanted to be there the night it happened; what a moment—the doors locked, no more people allowed to enter, the owners of the establishment ready to shoot themselves, the dare-devil winner buying champagne for the crowd!

And then I began to find out something about this mysterious bank-wrecker. It simply can't be done. The Bank is

broken several times a day in stories, but some way or other Monte Carlo still manages to cling to the rocks. Now and then a player actually manages to break a table—but there are dozens of tables. When it happens the banker of that particular table hands out his remaining cash, draws the green cover over the top, and announces that there will be no more playing that night. Next evening it goes on with the same merry old swing.

Once in a long, long time, somebody in *le cercle intime* does make a big killing and the house gets in a flutter and announces that the Bank has been broken. The newspapers take it up, there are wild stories about the great winning and patronage doubles. Nothing helps busi-like a story getting out that the Bank has gone broke. One or two breaks during the winter mean a record season. The proprietors could afford to hire a man to break the Bank. Besides, he will come back in a few days—or next season—and lose it all again.

But how different it is when you see a motion-picture version of Monte Carlo: hordes of people in evening clothes . . . women with ropes of pearls . . . mountains of money. . . . Why, the Monte Carlo over here is just a cheap imitation. If you wish a spectacular, thrilling, absolutely satisfying Monte Carlo, stick to the motion-picture version.

But just as I was ready to leave there was a moment of tense excitement. It came suddenly and unexpectedly. A woman who had been playing rose abruptly and stepped to one side and thrust her hand into her bag with a quick, stealthy movement. My heart jumped. I expected to see the flash of a pearl-handled pistol right there in the main gambling room, but I was mistaken. It was merely a grandmother who had forgotten her nine-o'clock pill.



## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

### TRANSPLANTED MEN

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WITH Dean Inge here lecturing, late April and early May seemed like the commencement season when the discourse of the wise floats out into the newspapers and tells us what we think. It is a considerable undertaking for one man to be a whole commencement season in himself, but what with a course of lectures at Yale, some more at Johns Hopkins, a couple of sermons on a Sunday in New York, and a dinner speech before the Church Club, Doctor Inge pretty well accomplished it. What he said was the most interesting thing in the papers nearly every day for something more than nine days; and to help him make it seem still more like middle June there came across from London Ambassador Houghton's Pilgrims Dinner speech, which everyone who had any ambition to know what was going on read all through.

Both speakers talked about this life and this world and these times. It was that which made their pieces such good copy for the newspapers. In Baltimore Dean Inge talked about democracy. We knew what he was discussing when he said, in effect, that democracy was epidemic in these times and that we all had to take it. In a sermon in New York he spoke of the future of European civilization being largely in the hands of the United States. Mr. Borah has been telling us that our first duty is to ourselves and that we had better let the rest of the world go hang; but Dean Inge reminded us that from whom much is given shall

much be expected. He thought Europe could not stand another great war and that if it came, civilization there would crumble, and he called very earnestly on the United States to prevent it. Not necessarily, he said, by joining the League of Nations, but if not, he thought "America"—as he calls us—ought not to rest until it had put up something better. "One way or another," he said, "it is up to you to help the Old World keep the peace, lest, if the irreparable disaster of war comes again, you hear the voice of God say: 'What hast thou done? I hear the voice of your brother's blood crying from the ground.'"

So that is Dean Inge! It is our duty, he told us, to prevent another World War. He did not say how we were to do it. Compare his remarks with those of Mr. Houghton, who told his sympathetic auditors in London that if Europe did not direct its footsteps in the path of peace the flow of loans from the United States would presently stop. That is true of course. Mr. Houghton did not speak it as a threat—his speech was altogether kind and friendly; but apparently he did speak for the administration that sent him to London. The attitude of that administration is that Europe must contrive an effective means to keep the peace if she hopes to keep her credit good. Dean Inge's position is that we must somehow contrive peace for Europe or she may go to smash.

The way in which we prefer to contrive it is apparently a banker's way—



and whether bankers can do the job is a question. In times of peace when economic problems loom large we get to think that money can do anything—that if there is enough money, enough capital, the economic problems can be handled, and that if they are handled the political problems will take care of themselves. But that is only partly true. There are a lot of important things in this world besides money. Money helps amazingly at times, but it is nearly as true to say that if the political problems are taken care of the economic problems will take care of themselves as it is to reverse that statement. Back of both of them there is a spiritual force which is more important than either. If you can get men to want what they ought to want and work to get it, if you can implant in them the convictions that should be in them and arm them with the strength of those convictions, they will take care both of politics and economics. More than by bankers, more than by politicians, the world must be shaped by religion. Out of that comes the vision which must save mankind if it is to be saved, and any really able banker or politician knows it and will tell you so.

The truth is that this world is floundering considerably. There has been improvement since the war but not enough improvement. All sorts of wild cries issue from the newspapers and the magazines. This lot of thinkers are convinced that that lot of thinkers are conducting mankind to the demnition bow-wows. This group insists that the Jewish bankers have the mastery of human affairs and are squeezing the nations for their own profit. Another large group says that is all rubbish, that the rich Jews have their full share of the intelligence of the world as well as more than their share of the money, and are as ready as anyone to spend both in the interest of civilization. When the talk runs to bankers and banking the man in the street, unless it is Wall Street, knows nothing at all, and even if it is Wall Street he is subject to delusions. Banking is a matter for ex-

perts and unless one really understands it he cannot tell truth from lies about it. That is one thing which complicates the tangles of the times. Financiers have never saved the world as far as one remembers, but they have often been useful in the process when the leadership has been successfully furnished by some other group. We know that if the spiritual and political leadership of the world in its present pickle can be adequately supplied, the fiscal end of things will be handled. There are men to be had that at least can do that.

**WHAT** is it that is to be done? Where are we going to find the men to do it? Go back to Dean Inge and Ambassador Houghton, to Dean Inge who says America must save the world and to Mr. Houghton who says that if Europe does not swim better we won't throw her any more life buoys. How can we satisfy this modest demand of Doctor Inge's? How can we help Europe to such a condition that our honorable savings may continue to keep her afloat? It seems plain enough that we have got to co-operate with her in some way. One suggestion is that, since objection runs so strong against signing up with the League of Nations, and since the League offers the best machinery existing at present for international co-operation, we should co-operate with the League without signing up; that as we served in the war as the associate of the Allies, so we should serve again in the peace as their associate in the League and that without subscribing to any covenant or committing ourselves to anything except co-operation according to our lights.

Then there are the war debts. Undoubtedly they are a great impediment to the peace in Europe. Undoubtedly they ought to be handled in some fashion—cut down very likely, adjusted so that some of them shall offset others. The Administration here, charged with the duty of collecting money due to the United States, uses as much diligence about it as though it did not know that

to us, as to all other nations, the peace of the world is vastly more important than the collection of moneys due; as though it did not know that the last war in Europe cost us in two years three times as much as Europe's war debts to us, and that if a general war breaks out there again it would mean again even for us a season of calamitous disbursement. We have made a settlement with England with a result that is like a transfusion of blood from an ailing patient to a strong one—something much better deferred until the ailing patient gets more husky. The United States has not yet met the war-debts problem. It has done no more, except in the British settlement and the Dawes plan, than tease France about it. What would become of those debts if war in Europe blazed out again? Suppose this was a problem of bankers, really able bankers, instead of one of politicians whose place and power depended upon votes? What would the bankers do about those foreign debts? One can imagine. They would re-organize Europe as railroads are re-organized. The different classes of creditors and owners would get out of the property what was compatible with the operation of it and its continued existence and eventual prosperity. But not even the League can handle Europe as a bankers' committee would handle a railroad. It has not the power to do it, with the world's greatest creditor standing outside. It will have to be done somehow, but probably it will take a jolt to get it done. This country in due time will produce leaders equal to its occasion, as it always has, but it is the occasion that produces them. Perhaps the time is not quite ripe yet for us to have a new one.

**W**HERE do great men come from anyway? They are not born out of nothing. For a long time there was a theory that Lincoln was so derived, but that has pretty well disappeared. Lincoln, it seems, had good, hereditary stuff in him, developed by adversity, which is a favorite method.

At this writing two remarkable men have come in for special consideration: John Sargent, the painter, because he has just died, and Sir William Osler, Doctor of Medicine, because a life of him has just come out. These two were the head men of their day in their respective professions. It is interesting to notice that both of them were Americans and both of British stock—Osler born in Canada of parents who came from England; Sargent born in Florence of Massachusetts people. Back of Osler there were a father and mother who went as young people to carry the Church of England into the backwoods of Ontario and lived there long and arduous lives, accomplishing in a high degree what they went for. About Sargent's parents not so much has been told yet; for it is too soon for a biography; but his father was a doctor, a man of independent fortune apparently, who went from Boston with his wife to live in Florence. There the boy was born and we know he grew up in an atmosphere of art and became a pupil of Carolus Duran in Paris and beat his master at his trade. But about those parents, how did their child come to be what he was? There must be someone in Boston who knows, someone who knew or knew about Sargent's mother. Where did these two people find a warrant to get out of Boston and go to Florence and raise a painter?

It may be that we are going to be a migratory people like the British and go prospecting all over the world, getting what we can out of it, including pleasure, information, and understanding. When we read of the farmers who go in Ford cars from North Dakota to Florida to spend the winter, we get so we can believe anything.

Now back to those Oslers. That young parson from Cornwall who had just been four years in the British Navy married a little dark woman named Ellen Pickton and went, as aforesaid, to the backwoods of Ontario and had nine children. These parents started married life literally in the woods, an extraordinary story.



William was one of the younger sons and, like his mother, the wonderful mother whose life ran through a hundred years; but all the children of those consecrated vessels seem to have been out of ordinary, and very good people. William Osler studied medicine in Canada and in Europe, taught it in Montreal, then in Philadelphia, then in Baltimore; made a vast reputation; wrote a great book on the practice of medicine and brought up at the age of fifty-five as the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. The qualities that he had were immense industry, a thirst for knowledge, immense interest in people, unceasing kindness, all geared to a very lively, fun-loving nature. What we get about these men Osler and Sargent is that they were both fruits of transplantation, fruits of the combination of Europe and America.

It seems a mistake to stay at home too much. Some of us are terribly slow to realize it for the proverb about the rolling stone that gathers no moss has awful weight with us, and the ties of an engrossing occupation are often hard to break. But in so far as we are moss-backs we make a mistake. If you want to amount to something, find out what is going on and be a part of it. Get out from where you are, if necessary, and go somewhere else. All the commencement orators ought to say that this year and point to Osler and Sargent as examples. And another thing—they ought to point to these two men as evidence of the expediency of saving Europe. First, because you can get some first-class parents out of it for children to be born in America, and next because it can in some cases afford very useful experience to the children of American parents.

There may really be something in the vast current development of transportation facilities. It may be that humanity will profit by getting about. To be sure, families as a rule are not raised on the wing. To raise a family, you have to have a period of settled life. Even the birds do, though their young grow up

quickly. To be sure, too, the old saw about the rolling stone has not kept Americans from moving about in their own country and their own continent. New England has been transplanted to the Middle West, the Far West, the Coast. Virginia, to Kentucky, thence to Texas, and North and South, and latterly very much to New York. Between Canada and the United States transition is always easy. There has been shifting enough in this country. Dean Inge shakes his head at the infusion of Italians and others into New England and thinks of them as crowding into the places of Americans of an old stock that has run out. But it has not so much run out as that it has gone West. Go west of the Hudson, of the Alleghenies, of the Mississippi, of the Rocky Mountains, and there it is, and it is strong still in the South and the Southwest. Migration seems to be a great stimulant. It has done a vast work in the United States, as it has done at all times in the world in general.

This world, the preachers tell us, is not our home, and that is true. But certainly it is our school, and it belongs to us to find out what its teachers teach and to go to them if necessary wherever they are. Osler and Sargent are interesting and illustrative examples of the interdependency of America and Europe. Without America there would have been no Sargent born, and without Europe he could not have been taught. Osler was a child of three countries—of Canada where he was born and got his early training, of the United States where he developed, of England where his heart was and to whose service he finally gave his life. Pretty well all of the inhabitants of the United States, except the Negroes and Indians, derive from Europe. It is proper that their intimacy with that continent should increase, and undoubtedly it will increase. The vast droves of summer tourists help it, and perhaps some day even Mr. Borah will learn to spend his summers abroad.

## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

NO NEW disarmament conference can succeed unless the facts of naval competition to-day are frankly faced and the results of the Washington conference of 1921 fearlessly studied. We may agree or disagree with *Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske's* conclusions, but we cannot brush aside the evidence which he sets before us in the leading article of the month. His record of service is imposing. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1874, was cited by Admiral Dewey for heroic conduct at the Battle of Manila, reached the rank of Rear Admiral in 1911, was a member of the General Board of the Navy for several years, and Aid for Operations from 1913 to 1915, and retired in 1916. His inventions, including the naval telescope sight, have been many and important.

The range of subjects in a modern magazine is emphatically illustrated by the contrast between Admiral Fiske's article, which is international in scope, and *Henshaw Ward's*, confined to the tiny limits of a single clover leaf. Mr. Ward, a new contributor, is a Nebraskan by birth. He taught English for a few years in the Thacher School in California and later for nineteen years at the Taft School in Connecticut, and now lives in New Haven, where he is engaged in writing on scientific and nature subjects. He is one of those rare men who have the imagination to make scientific facts thrilling to the layman.

"The Amateur," the last of our twelve prize stories, is the work of another newcomer to HARPER'S. *Phoebe H. Gilkyson* (Mrs. Hamilton H. Gilkyson, Jr.), of Mont Clare, Pennsylvania. It was awarded third prize in the final competition of the Short Story Contest. HARPER readers will be interested to hear, by the way, that the twelve prize stories are to be published in book form by Harper & Brothers in the fall, with

an introduction by Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard, one of the Judges. We believe them to be not only a remarkably interesting and varied group of stories, but a group excellently representative of the best work being done to-day by American short-story writers.

To his new gallery of American wives, *Gamaliel Bradford* adds this month a portrait of Mrs. James G. Blaine, whose husband he sketched some time since in his volume of *American Portraits*. Mr. Bradford's next two studies will be of Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

*Kerr Eby*, to whose delightful etchings of French scenes four pages of the Magazine (and the frontispiece) are devoted, is one of the most accomplished etchers in this country. He will be remembered by HARPER readers for his charming illustrations for H. M. Tomlinson's Malayan articles.

The second story of the month, "Pending Litigation," is by *Margarita Spalding Gerry*, of Washington, a frequent HARPER contributor and the author of the Philippa books for girls.

It is a treat to be in the circle of listeners when *Jerome K. Jerome* gossips of his editorial experiences. Thousands of us remember *Three Men in a Boat* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*; not so many recall that Mr. Jerome served for five years (1892-97) as editor (with Robert Barr) of *The Idler*, and for four of the same years (1893-97) as editor of *To-Day*. He now discourses engagingly of the men with whom his editorial duties threw him into contact. As these pages go to press comes the report that a new play by Mr. Jerome is to be produced in New York shortly, with the title "Man or Devil." And have we announced that his reminiscences—of which "When I Was an Editor" may be considered a sample package—will be published in book form by



Harper & Brothers, probably in September or October, with the title *It Seems Like Yesterday?*

We have always thought we knew something about New Mexico, but *Katharine Fullerton Gerould's* article, the latest in her lively series on the West, has quite changed our mental picture. Mrs. Gerould makes her home in Princeton, New Jersey, but she is as enthusiastic as a Westerner about the West, which makes her occasional adverse criticisms doubly telling.

*Edgar Valentine Smith* of the *Birmingham News*, Birmingham, Alabama, won the O. Henry Prize for the best short story published in an American magazine in 1923.

Two or three years ago, a psychologist at an Australian university, who had been studying the mental effects of modern industry on the workers, left his teaching position for a rest and came to California. But he happened to be one of those men who cannot leave his subject behind when he goes on a vacation: it follows him. Dr. Vernon Kellogg met the man from Australia and, fascinated with his brilliance and the importance of the field in which he was working, suggested his going to Washington to consult with the National Research Council. One thing led to another until presently the man from Australia, *Elton Mayo*, found himself associated with the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania, with unlimited opportunities to study the mental conditions of those engaged in factory work of various kinds, and with financial support from one of the Rockefeller funds. To talk with Mr. Mayo is to have the sensation of walking with a pioneer on the frontiers of thought. Last year he contributed two articles to the *MAGAZINE*. In "The Great Stupidity" he attacks one of the chief problems of our civilization—perhaps the chief problem.

*Ernest Boyd*, Irish-American critic, takes his leave of the *HARPER* audience this month with the sixth and last article of his provocative series on Old Masterpieces. There is a timeliness in his paper on Thomas Hardy, for only the other day (June 2) Mr. Hardy celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, while his latest poem was on the news-stands in the June *HARPER's*.

The only poem in this month's issue is by Winifred Russell, who, being a loyal Virginian, has chosen the pen name of *Virginia Stait*. She is vice-president of the American Literary Association and the Poetry Society of England. For the former association she is getting out a volume of poems by present-day Virginia writers; her own poems are to be published shortly in England.

*Douglas Bush*, a new contributor to the "Lion's Mouth," sends his essay from Cambridge, Massachusetts. *Homer Croy*, who is now enjoying the temperate climates of France, is the well-known author of *West of the Water Tower* and *R. F. D. No. 3*.

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The late *Joseph Rodefer DeCamp*, one of whose finest paintings is reproduced on this month's cover, was one of the leading American artists of his generation. Born at Cincinnati in 1858, he lived most of his life in Medford, Massachusetts, near Boston, and died February 11, 1923. He was one of the group known as the "Ten American Painters." "The Red Kimono" was awarded the Walter Lippincott Prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1920.

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A subscriber in Pittsburgh, criticizing Mr. Aikman for his remarks on the Lord's Day Alliance in our April issue, writes us:

It is untrue that it [the Alliance] makes an effort to urge the restoration of blue laws which would make it impossible for man, woman or child to have any amusement on Sunday, except church attendance, Bible study, and overeating. You should know the object of this Alliance is to protect the poor workingman from compulsory toil on the Sabbath, and the use of the day for money making in a way that all students of civic or national life know is not merely morally wrong but physically harmful. . . . The Alliance stands behind the workingman who is exploited by greedy employers, and compels a day of rest. With amusement or recreation outside of a plan to get gain pecuniarily, it has no interference or interest.

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Elmer Davis, after reading Professor Harlow Shapley's article on the universe (in the May issue), writes us that it is a great consolation to him to learn that "the future of the Galaxy may involve much growth."

This solaces my civic pride—he says.—If I apprehend your Professor rightly, our universe is at

present only some twelve hundred quadrillion miles across, and our visible and cognizable portion of it, if not exactly in the suburbs, is at least in the 181st Street neighborhood, or perhaps even farther out. Depressing thought, that one lives in the Bronx, the Inwood, the Bath Beach of the universe. Still, even we outliers have our local self-esteem and it delights me to find that the future of the universe may still involve much growth, that there is every hope that our universe may yet annex not only suburban star clusters but some which are still remote. It makes one expand the chest, does it not, to realize that one's universe displays this much public spirit, that it is following the example of Los Angeles and annexing not only everything in sight but much that is out of sight.

Still, we can't get excited too soon. I hear that my friend Ed Hubble of Mount Wilson has just discovered a new nebula that is bigger than the whole galaxy of which we have hitherto been so proud. To meet this threat to our preëminence I can think of only two measures: (a) take a new census as they do in Los Angeles or (b) pass a few resolutions of the Galactic Chamber of Commerce as they do in St. Louis.



We have often wondered why so many more stories than articles are submitted to HARPER'S. In an average issue we print three stories and from six to nine articles—which would seem to indicate that the chance for acceptance is twice or three times as good for an article as for a story. We receive, on the other hand, only about one article for every five or six stories. The editors of other magazines, we believe, would agree with us that the authors of the country show a disproportionate amount of zeal for the writing of fiction as opposed to articles.

There is as much credit in the writing of an excellent article as in that of an excellent story; as much to appeal to a writer's feeling for craftsmanship; and (if we leave out of consideration a few fiction writers who receive enormous prices) as much, or nearly as much, financial reward. Perhaps the fact that the topic of an article and the authority with which the author speaks are factors in determining its availability for publication, and that many excellent topics are out of the reach of most writers, has something to do with the situation. HARPER readers, for instance, would probably enjoy a really illu-

minating paper on Senator Borah and his mental processes; but how likely is a young man in Springfield, Massachusetts, or a young woman in St. Louis, to be equipped to write it? Yet there are scores of topics, and not all demand such specialized knowledge.

We believe one of the chief reasons for the disproportionately small number of article-writers is the fact that the short story has been disproportionately advertised, until hundreds of writers whose talent is no more adapted to fiction than to some other literary form are grinding out stories, stories, stories. It is considered the thing to do: if you have literary ambitions, of course you write fiction. It might not be a bad idea to hold a prize contest for articles, to call attention to the opportunity for really able writers who can write brilliantly on topics of vital and timely interest on which they have, or can secure, authoritative information.



It is always stimulating to find that one is considered radical and subversive. Mr. Merz's article, "Congress Invades the White House," seemed to us a highly temperate treatment of an acute problem of government. When it appeared we said that we should like to put it into the hands of every member of Congress; and our Circulation Department did so. Shortly afterwards we received one of our circular letters back again with the following written across the back of it, apparently by the senior Senator from California:

Is Merz a socialist or Bolshevik assisting in the effort to overthrow *this* Government? It is *surprising* that HARPER'S would become a party to such propaganda.

H. W. JOHNSON

Apparently any discussion of the functions and powers of Congress is considered dangerous by the Senator. Pretty soon we shall hear Vice-President Dawes called a Bolshevik.

Formula for Senatorial discussion: when you disagree with a man, don't waste gray matter arguing with him. Small boys know an easier way. Call him names!







*Drawn by Harrison Booth*

Illustration for "Savoir Faire"

"WOMEN OF OUR TYPE DON'T DO THAT SORT OF THING"





# Harper's Magazine

VOL. CLI

AUGUST, 1925

No. CMIII

## DON

### *The Story of a Lion Dog*

BY ZANE GREY

IT has taken me years to realize the greatness of a dog; and often as I have told the story of Don—his love of freedom and hatred of men—how I saved his life and how he saved mine—it never was told as I feel it now.

I saw Don first at Flagstaff, Arizona, where arrangements had been made for me to cross the desert with Buffalo Jones and a Mormon caravan en route to Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River. Jones had brought a pack of nondescript dogs. Our purpose was to cross the river and skirt the Vermilion Cliffs, and finally work up through Buckskin Forest to the north rim of the Grand Canyon, where Jones expected to lasso mountain lions and capture them alive. The most important part of our outfit, of course, was the pack of hounds. Never had I seen such a motley assembly of canines. They did not even have names. Jones gave me the privilege of finding names for them.

Among them was a hound that seemed out of place because of his superb proportions, his sleek dark

smooth skin, his noble head, and great solemn black eyes. He had extraordinarily long ears, thick-veined and faintly tinged with brown. Here was a dog that looked to me like a thoroughbred. My friendly overtures to him were unnoticed. Jones said he was part bloodhound and had belonged to an old Mexican don in southern California. So I named him Don.

We were ten days crossing the Painted Desert, and protracted horseback riding was then so new and hard for me that I had no enthusiasm left to scrape acquaintance with the dogs. Still I did not forget and often felt sorry for them as they limped along, clinking their chains under the wagons. Even then I divined that horses and dogs were going to play a great part in my Western experience.

At Lee's Ferry we crossed the Colorado and I was introduced to the weird and wild canyon country, with its golden-red walls and purple depths. Here we parted with the caravan and went on with Jones' rangers, Jim and Emmet, who led our outfit into such a

wonderful region as I had never dreamed of. We camped several days on the vast range where Jones let his buffalo herd run wild. One day the Arizonians put me astride a white mustang that apparently delighted in carrying a tenderfoot. I did not then know what I was soon to learn—that the buffalo always chased this mustang off the range. When I rode up on the herd, to my utter amaze and terror they took after me and—but I am digressing, and this is a dog story.

Once across the river, Jones had unchained the dogs and let them run on ahead or lag behind. Most of them lagged. Don for one, however, did not get sore feet. Beyond the buffalo range we entered the sage, and here Jones began to train the dogs in earnest. He carried on his saddle an old blunderbuss of a shotgun, about which I had wondered curiously. I had supposed he meant to use it to shoot small game.

Moze, our black-and-white dog, and the ugliest of the lot, gave chase to a jack rabbit.

"Hyar, you Moze, come back!" bawled Jones in stentorian tones. But Moze paid no attention. Jones whipped out the old shotgun and before I could utter a protest he had fired. The distance was pretty far—seventy yards or more—but Moze howled piercingly and came sneaking and limping back. It was remarkable to see him almost crawl to Jones' feet.

"Thar! That'll teach you not to chase rabbits. You're a lion dog!" shouted the old plainsman as if he were talking to a human.

At first I was so astounded and furious that I could not speak. But presently I voiced my feeling.

"Wal, it looks worse than it is," he said, with his keen gray-blue eyes on me. "I'm usin' fine birdshot an' it can't do any more than sting. You see, I've no time to train these dogs. It's necessary to make them see quick that they're not to trail or chase any varmints but lions."

There was nothing for me to do but hold my tongue, though my resentment appeared to be shared by Jim and Emmet. They made excuses for the old plainsman. Jim said, "He shore can make animals do what he wants. But I never seen the dog or hoss that cared two bits for him."

We rode on through the beautiful purple sageland, gradually up hill, toward a black-fringed horizon that was Buckskin Forest. Jack rabbits, cottontails, coyotes and foxes, prairie dogs and pack rats infested the sage and engaged the attention of our assorted pack of hounds. All the dogs except Don fell victim to Jones' old blunderbuss; and surely stubborn Moze received a second peppering, this time at closer range. I espied drops of blood upon his dirty white skin. After this it relieved me greatly to see that not even Moze transgressed again. Jones' method was cruel, but effective. He had captured and subdued wild animals since his boyhood. In fact, that had been the driving passion of his life, but no sentiment entered into it.

"Reckon Don is too smart to let you ketch him," Jim once remarked to our leader.

"Wal, I don't know," responded Jones, dubiously. "Mebbe he just wouldn't chase this sage trash. But wait till we jump some deer. Then we'll see. He's got bloodhound in him, and I'll bet he'll run deer. All hounds will, even the best ones trained on bear an' lion."

Not long after we entered the wonderful pine forest the reckoning of Don came as Jones had predicted. Several deer bounded out of a thicket and crossed ahead of us, soon disappearing in the green blur.

"Ahuh! Now we'll see," ejaculated Jones, deliberately pulling out the old shotgun.

The hounds trotted along beside our horses, unaware of the danger ahead. Soon we reached the deer tracks. All the hounds showed excitement. Don





A LION TREED BY THE DOGS



let out a sharp yelp and shot away like a streak on the trail.

"Don, come hyar!" yelled Jones, at the same time extending his gun. Don gave no sign he had heard. Then Jones pulled trigger and shot him. I saw the scattering of dust and pine needles all round Don. He doubled up and rolled. I feared he might be badly injured. But he got up and turned back. It seemed strange that he did not howl. Jones drew his plunging horse to a halt and bade us all stop.

"Don, come back hyar," he called in a loud, harsh, commanding voice.

The hound obeyed, not sneakingly or cringingly. He did not put his tail between his legs. But he was frightened and no doubt pretty badly hurt. When he reached us I saw that he was trembling all over and that drops of blood dripped from his long ears. What a somber sullen gaze in his eyes!

"See hyar," bellowed Jones, "I knowed you was a deer chaser. Wal, now you're a lion dog."

Later that day, when I had recovered sufficiently from my disapproval, I took Jones to task about this matter of shooting the dogs. I wanted to know how he expected the hounds to learn what he required of them.

"Wal, that's easy," he replied curtly. "When we strike a lion trail I'll put them on it—let them go. They'll soon learn."

It seemed plausible, but I was so insensed that I doubted the hounds would chase anything; and I resolved that, if Jones shot Don again, I would force the issue and end the hunt unless assured there would be no more of such drastic training methods.

Soon after this incident we made camp on the edge of a beautiful glade where a snowbank still lingered and a stream of water trickled down into a green swale. Before we got camp pitched a band of wild horses thudded by, thrilling me deeply. My first sight of wild horses! I knew I should never forget that splendid stallion, the leader,

racing on under the trees, looking back at us over his shoulder.

At this camp I renewed my attempts to make friends with Don. He had been chained apart from the other dogs. He ate what I fetched him, but remained aloof. His dignity and distrust were such that I did not risk laying a hand on him then. But I resolved to win him if it were possible. His tragic eyes haunted me. There was a story in them I could not read. He always seemed to be looking afar. On this occasion I came to the conclusion that he hated Jones.

Buckskin Forest was well named. It appeared to be full of deer, the large black-tailed species known as mule deer. This species must be related to the elk. The size and beauty of them, the way they watched with long ears erect and then bounded off as if on springs, never failed to thrill me with delight.

As we traveled on the forest grew wilder and more beautiful. In the park-like glades a bleached white grass waved in the wind and bluebells smiled wanly. Wild horses outnumbered the deer, and that meant there were some always in sight. A large gray grouse flew up now and then; and most striking of the forest creatures to fascinate me was a magnificent black squirrel, with a long bushy white tail, and tufted ears, and a red stripe down its glossy sides.

We rode for several days through this enchanting wilderness, gradually ascending, and one afternoon we came abruptly to a break in the forest. It was the north rim of the Grand Canyon. My astounded gaze tried to grasp an appalling abyss of purple and gold and red, a chasm too terrible and beautiful to understand all at once. The effect of that moment must have been tremendous, for I have never recovered from it. To this day the thing that fascinates me most is to stand upon a great height—canyon wall, or promontory, or peak—and gaze down into the mysterious colorful depths.



Our destination was Powell's Plateau, an isolated cape jutting out into the canyon void. Jones showed it to me—a distant gold-rimmed black-fringed promontory, seemingly inaccessible and unscalable. The only trail leading to it was a wild-horse hunter's trail, seldom used, exceedingly dangerous. It took us two days over this canyon trail to reach the Saddle—a narrow strip of land dipping down from the Plateau and reaching up to the main rim. We camped under a vast looming golden wall, so wonderful that it kept me from sleeping. That night lions visited our camp. The hounds barked for hours. This was the first chance I had to hear Don. What a voice he had! Deep, ringing, wild, like the bay of a wolf!

Next morning we ascended the Saddle, from the notch of which I looked down into the chasm still asleep in purple shadows; then we climbed a narrow deer trail to the summit of the Plateau. Here indeed was the grand wild isolated spot of my dreams. Indeed I was in an all-satisfying trance of adventure.

I wanted to make camp on the rim but Jones laughed at me. We rode through the level stately forest of pines until we came to a ravine, on the north side of which lay a heavy bank of snow. This was very necessary, for there was no water on the Plateau. Jones rode off to scout while the rest of us pitched camp. Before we had completed our tasks a troop of deer appeared across the ravine, and motionless they stood watching us. There were big and little deer, blue-gray in color, sleek and graceful, so tame that to me it seemed brutal to shoot at them.

Don was the only one of the dogs that espied the deer. He stood up to gaze hard at them, but he did not bark or show any desire to chase them. Yet there seemed to me to be a strange yearning light in his dark eyes. I had never failed to approach Don whenever opportunity afforded, to continue my overtures of friendship. But now, as

always, Don turned away from me. He was cold and somber. I had never seen him wag his tail or whine eagerly, as was common with most hounds.

Jones returned to camp jubilant and excited, as far as it was possible for the old plainsman to be. He had found lion trails and lion tracks, and he predicted a great hunt for us.

The Plateau resembled in shape the ace of clubs. It was perhaps six miles long and three or four wide. The body of it was covered with a heavy growth of pine and the capes that sloped somewhat toward the canyon were thick with sage and cedar. This lower part, with its numerous swales and ravines and gorges, all leading down into the jungle of splintered crags and thicketed slopes of the Grand Canyon, turned out to be a paradise for deer and lion.

We found many lion trails leading down from the cedared broken rim to the slopes of yellow and red. These slopes really constituted a big country, and finally led to the sheer perpendicular precipices, three thousand feet lower.

Deer were numerous and as tame as cattle on a range. They grazed with our horses. Herds of a dozen or more were common. Once we saw a very large band. Down in the sage and under the cedars and in ravines we found many remains of deer. Jones called these lion-kills. And he frankly stated that the number of deer killed yearly upon the Plateau would be incredible to anyone who had not seen the actual signs.

In two days we had three captive lions tied up to pine saplings near camp. They were two-year-olds. Don and I had treed the first lion; I had taken pictures of Jones lassoing him; I had jumped off a ledge into a cedar to escape another; I had helped Jones hold a third; I had scratches from lion claws on my chaps, and—but I keep forgetting that this is not a story about lions. Always before when I have told it I have slighted Don.

One night, a week or more after we had settled in camp, we sat round a blazing red fire and talked over the hunt of the day. We all had our part to tell. Jones and I had found where a lioness had jumped a deer. He showed me where the lioness had crouched upon a little brushy knoll, and how she had leaped thirty feet to the back of the deer. He showed me the tracks the deer had made—bounding, running, staggering with the lioness upon its back—and where, fully a hundred paces beyond, the big cat had downed its prey and killed it. There had been a fierce struggle. Then the lioness had dragged the carcass down the slope, through the sage, to the cedar tree where her four two-year-old cubs waited. All that we found of the deer were the ragged hide, some patches of hair, cracked bones, and two long ears. These were still warm.

Eventually we got the hounds on this trail and soon put up the lions. I found a craggy cliff under the rim and sat there watching and listening for hours. Jones rode to and fro above me, and at last dismounted to go down to join the other men. The hounds treed one of the lions. How that wild canyon slope rang with barks and bays and yells! Jones tied up this lion. Then the hounds worked up the ragged slope towards me, much to my gratification and excitement. Somewhere near me the lions had taken to cedars or crags, and I strained my eyes searching for them.

At last I located a lion on top of an isolated crag right beneath me. The hounds, with Don and Ranger leading, had been on the right track. My lusty yells brought the men. Then the lion stood up—a long, slender, yellowish cat—and spat at me. Next it leaped off that crag, fully fifty feet to the slope below, and bounded down, taking the direction from which the men had come. The hounds gave chase, yelping and baying. Jones bawled at them, trying to call them off, for what reason I could not guess. But I was soon to

learn. They found the lion Jones had captured and left lying tied under a cedar, and they killed it, then took the trail of the other. They treed it far down in the rough jumble of rocks and cedars.

One by one we had ridden back to camp that night, tired out. Jim was the last in and he told his story last. And what was my amazement and fright to learn that all the three hours I had sat upon the edge of the caverned wall, the lioness had crouched on a bench above me. Jim on his way up had seen her, and then located her tracks in the dust back of my position. When this fact burst upon me I remembered how I had at first imagined I heard faint panting breaths near me somewhere. I had been too excited to trust my ears.

"Wal," said Jones, standing with the palms of his huge hands to the fire, "we had a poor day. If we had stuck to Don there'd have been a different story. I haven't trusted him. But now I reckon I'll have to. He'll make the greatest lion dog I ever had. Strikes me queer, too, for I never guessed it was in him. He has faults though. He's too fast. He outruns the other hounds, an' he's goin' to be killed because of that. Some day he'll beat the pack to a mean old Tom lion or a lioness with cubs, an' he'll get his everlastin'. Another fault is, he doesn't bark often. That's bad, too. You can't stick to him. He's got a grand bay, shore, but he saves his breath. Don wants to run an' trail an' fight alone. He's got more nerve than any hound I ever trained. He's too good for his own sake—an' it'll be his death."

Naturally I absorbed all that Buffalo Jones said about dogs, horses, lions, everything pertaining to the West, and I believed it as if it had been gospel. But I observed that the others, especially Jim, did not always agree with our chief in regard to the hounds. A little later, when Jones had left the fire, Jim spoke up with his slow Texas drawl:

"Wal, what does he know aboot



dawgs? I'll tell you right heah, if he hadn't shot Don we'd had the best hound thet ever put his nose to a track. Don is a wild strange hound, shore enough. Mebbe he's like a lone wolf. But it's plain he's been mistreated by men. An' Jones has just made him wuss."

Emmet inclined to Jim's point of view. And I respected this giant Mormon who was famous on the desert for his kindness to men and animals. His ranch at Lee's Ferry was overrun with dogs, cats, mustangs, burros, sheep, and tamed wild animals that he had succored.

"Yes, Don hates Jones and, I reckon, all of us," said Emmet. "Don's not old, but he's too old to change. Still, you can never tell what kindness will do to animals. I'd like to take Don home with me and see. But Jones is right. That hound will be killed."

"Now I wonder why Don doesn't run off from us?" inquired Jim.

"Perhaps he thinks he'd get shot again," I ventured.

"If he ever runs away it'll not be here in the wilds," replied Emmet.

"I take Don to be about as smart as any dog ever gets. And that's pretty close to human intelligence. People have to live lonely lives with dogs before they understand them. I reckon I understand Don. He's either loved one master once and lost him, or else he has always hated all men."

"Humph! That's shore an idee," ejaculated Jim, dubiously. "Do you think a dog can feel like that?"

"Jim, I once saw a little Indian shepherd dog lie down on its master's grave and die," returned the Mormon, sonorously.

"Wal, dog-gone me!" exclaimed Jim, in mild surprise.

One morning Jim galloped in driving the horses pell-mell into camp. Any deviation from the Texan's usual leisurely manner of doing things always brought us up short with keen expectation.

"Saddle up," called Jim. "Shore thar's a chase on. I seen a big red lioness up heah. She must have come down out of the tree whar I hang my meat. Last night I had a haunch of



CAPTIVE LIONS IN CAMP

venison. It's gone. . . . Say, she was a beauty. Red as a red fox."

In a very few moments we were mounted and riding up the ravine, with the eager hounds sniffing the air. Always over-anxious in my excitement, I rode ahead of my comrades. The hounds trotted with me. The distance to Jim's meat tree was a short quarter of a mile. I knew well where it was and, as of course the lion trail would be fresh, I anticipated a fine opportunity to watch Don. The other hounds had come to regard him as their leader. When we neared the meat tree, which was a low-branched oak shaded by thick silver spruce, Don elevated his nose high in the air. He had caught a scent even at a distance. Jones had said more than once that Don had a wonderful nose. The other hounds, excited by Don, began to whine and yelp and run around with noses to the ground.

I had eyes only for Don. How instinct he was with life and fire! The hair on his neck stood up like bristles. Suddenly he let out a wild bark and bolted. He sped away from the pack and like a flash passed that oak tree, running with his head high. The hounds strung out after him and soon the woods seemed full of a baying chorus.

My horse, Black Bolly, well knew the meaning of that medley and did not need to be urged. He broke into a run and swiftly carried me up out of the hollow and through a brown-aisled pine-scented strip of forest to the canyon.

I rode along the edge of one of the deep indentations on the main rim. The hounds were bawling right under me at the base of a low cliff. They had jumped the lioness. I could not see them, but that was not necessary. They were running fast towards the head of this cove, and I had hard work to hold Black Bolly to a safe gait along that rocky rim. Suddenly she shied, and then reared, so that I fell out of

the saddle as much as I dismounted. But I held the bridle, and then jerked my rifle from the saddle sheath. As I ran toward the rim I heard the yells of the men coming up behind. At the same instant I was startled and halted by sight of something red and furry flashing up into a tree right in front of me. It was the red lioness. The dogs had chased her into a pine the middle branches of which were on a level with the rim.

My skin went tight and cold and my heart fluttered. The lioness looked enormous, but that was because she was so close. I could have touched her with a long fishing pole. I stood motionless for an instant, thrilling in every nerve, reveling in the beauty and wildness of that great cat. She did not see me. The hounds below engaged all her attention. But when I let out a yell, which I could not stifle, she jerked spasmodically to face me. Then I froze again. What a tigerish yellow flash of eyes and fangs! She hissed. She could have sprung from the tree to the rim and upon me in two bounds. But she leaped to a ledge below the rim, glided along that and disappeared.

I ran ahead and with haste and violence clambered out upon a jutting point of the rim, from which I could command the situation. Jones and the others were riding and yelling back where I had left my horse. I called for them to come.

The hounds were baying along the base of the low cliff. No doubt they had seen the lioness leap out of the tree. My eyes roved everywhere. This cove was a shallow V-shaped gorge, a few hundred yards deep and as many across. Its slopes were steep with patches of brush and rock.

All at once my quick eye caught a glimpse of something moving up the opposite slope. It was a long red pantherish shape. The lioness! I yelled with all my might. She ran up the slope and at the base of the low wall she turned to the right. At that



moment Jones strode heavily over the rough loose rocks of the promontory toward me.

"Where's the cat?" he boomed, his gray eyes flashing. In a moment more I had pointed her out. "Ha! I see. . . Don't like that place. The canyon boxes. She can't get out. She'll turn back."

The old hunter had been quick to grasp what had escaped me. The lioness could not find any break in the wall, and manifestly she would not go down into the gorge. She wheeled back along the base of this yellow cliff. There appeared to be a strip of bare clay or shale rock against which background her red shape stood out clearly. She glided along, slowing her pace, and she turned her gaze across the gorge.

Then Don's deep bay rang out from the slope to our left. He had struck the trail of the lioness. I saw him running down. He leaped in long bounds. The other hounds heard him and broke for the brushy slope. In a moment they had struck the scent of their quarry and given tongue.

As they started down Don burst out of the willow thicket at the bottom of the gorge and bounded up the opposite slope. He was five hundred yards ahead of the pack. He was swiftly climbing. He would run into the lioness.

Jones gripped my arm in his powerful hand.

"Look!" he shouted. "Look at that fool hound! . . . Runnin' up hill to get to that lioness. She won't run. She's cornered. She'll meet him. She'll kill him. . . . Shoot her! Shoot her!"

I scarcely needed Jones' command to stir me to save Don, but it was certain that the old plainsman's piercing voice made me tremble. I knelt and leveled my rifle. The lioness showed red against the gray—a fine target. She was gliding more and more slowly. She saw or heard Don. The gunsight wavered. I could not hold steady. But I had to hurry. My first bullet

struck two yards below the beast, puffing the dust. She kept on. My second bullet hit behind her. Jones was yelling in my ear. I could see Don out of the tail of my eye. . . . Again I shot. Too high! But the lioness jumped and halted. She lashed with her tail. What a wild picture! I strained—clamped every muscle, and pulled trigger. My bullet struck right under the lioness, scattering a great puff of dust and gravel in her face. She bounded ahead a few yards and up into a cedar tree. An instant later Don flashed over the bare spot where she had waited to kill him, and in another his deep bay rang out under the cedar.

"Treed, by gosh!" yelled Jones, joyfully pounding me on the back with his huge fist. "You saved that fool dog's life. She'd have killed him shore. . . . Wal, the pack will be there pronto, an' all we've got to do is go over an' tie her up. But it was a close shave for Don."

That night in camp Don was not in the least different from his usual somber self. He took no note of my proud proprietorship or my hovering near him while he ate the supper I provided, part of which came from my own plate. My interest and sympathy had augmented to love.

Don's attitude toward the captured and chained lions never ceased to be a source of delight and wonder to me. All the other hounds were upset by the presence of the big cats. Moze, Sounder, Tige, Ranger would have fought these collared lions. Not so Don! For him they had ceased to exist. He would walk within ten feet of a hissing lioness without the slightest sign of having seen or heard her. He never joined in the howling chorus of the dogs. He would go to sleep close to where the lions clanked their chains, clawed the trees, whined and snarled and squalled.

Several days after that incident of the red lioness we had a long and severe chase through the brushy cedar forest

on the left wing of the Plateau. I did well to keep the hounds within earshot. When I arrived at the end of that run I was torn and blackened by the brush, wet with sweat, and hot as fire. Jones, lasso in hand, was walking round a large cedar under which the pack of hounds was clamoring. Jim and Emmet were seated on a stone, wiping their red faces.

"Wal, I'll rope him before he rests up," declared Jones.

"Wait till — I get — my breath," panted Emmet.

"We shore oozed along this mawnin'," drawled Jim.

Dismounting, I untied my camera from the saddle and then began to peer up into the bushy cedar.

"It's a Tom lion," declared Jones. "Not very big, but he looks mean. I reckon he'll mess us up some."

"Haw! Haw!" shouted Jim, sarcastically. The old plainsman's imperturbability sometimes wore on our nerves.

I climbed a cedar next to the one in which the lion had taken refuge. From a topmost fork, swaying to and fro, I stood up to photograph our quarry. He was a good-sized animal, tawny in hue, rather gray of face, and a fierce-looking brute. As the distance between us was not far, my situation was as uncomfortable as thrilling. He snarled at me and spat viciously. I was about to abandon my swinging limb when the lion turned away from me to peer down through the branches.

Jones was climbing into the cedar. Low and deep the lion growled. Jones held in one hand a long pole with a small fork at the end, upon which hung the noose of his lasso. Presently he got far enough up to reach the lion. Usually he climbed close enough to throw the rope, but evidently he regarded this beast as dangerous. He tried to slip the noose over the head of the lion. One sweep of a big paw sent pole and noose flying. Patiently Jones made ready and tried again, with

similar result. Many times he tried. His patience and perseverance seemed incredible. One attribute of his great power to capture and train wild animals here asserted itself. Finally the lion grew careless or tired, on which instant Jones slipped the noose over its head.

Drawing the lasso tight, he threw his end over a thick branch and let it trail down to the men below. "Wait now!" he yelled and quickly backed down out of the cedar. The hounds were leaping eagerly.

"Pull him off that fork an' let him down easy so I can rope one of his paws."

It turned out, however, that the lion was hard to dislodge. I could see his muscles ridge and bulge. Dead branches cracked, the tree-top waved. Jones began to roar in anger. The men replied with strained hoarse voices. I saw the lion drawn from his perch and, clawing the branches, springing convulsively, he disappeared from my sight.

Then followed a crash. The branch over which Jones was lowering the beast had broken. Wild yells greeted my startled ears and a perfect din of yelps and howls. Pandemonium had broken loose down there. I fell more than I descended from that tree.

As I bounded erect I espied the men scrambling out of the way of a huge furry wheel. Ten hounds and one lion comprised that brown whirling ball. Suddenly out of it a dog came hurtling. He rolled to my feet, staggered up.

It was Don. Blood was streaming from him. Swiftly I dragged him aside, out of harm's way. And I forgot the fight. My hands came away from Don wet and dripping with hot blood. It shocked me. Then I saw that his throat had been terribly torn. I thought his jugular vein had been severed. Don lay down and stretched out. He looked at me with those great somber eyes. Never would I forget! He was going to die right there before my eyes.





BUFFALO JONES WITH A CAPTIVE LION

"Oh Don! Don! What can I do?" cried in horror.

As I sank beside Don one of my hands came in contact with snow. It had snowed that morning and there were till white patches in shady places. Like a flash I ripped off my scarf and bound it round Don's neck. Then I scraped up a double handful of snow and placed that in my bandana handkerchief. This also I bound tightly round his neck. I could do no more. My hope left me then, and I had not the courage to sit there beside him until he died.

All the while I had been aware of a pedlam near at hand. When I looked I saw a spectacle for a hunter. Jones, yelling at the top of his stentorian voice, seized one hound after the other by the hind legs and, jerking him from the lion, threw him down the steep slope. Jim and Emmet were trying to help while at the same time they avoided close quarters with that threshing beast. At last they got the dogs off and the lion stretched out. Jones got up, shaking his shaggy head. Then he espied me and his hard face took on a look of alarm.

"Hyar — you're all — bloody," he panted plaintively, as if I had been exceedingly remiss.

Whereupon I told him briefly about Don. Then Jim and Emmet approached and we all stood looking down on the quiet dog and the patch of bloody snow.

"Wal, I reckon he's a goner," said Jones, breathing hard. "Shore I knew he'd get his everlastin'."

"Looks powerful like the lion has about got his too," added Jim.

Emmet knelt by Don and examined the bandage round his neck. "Bleeding yet," he muttered, thoughtfully. "You did all that was possible. Too bad! . . . The kindest thing we can do is to leave him here."

I did not question this but I hated to consent. Still, to move him would only bring on more hemorrhage and to put him out of his agony would have been impossible for me. Moreover, while there was life there was hope! Scraping up a goodly ball of snow I rolled it close to Don so that he could lick it if he chose. Then I turned aside and could not look again. But I knew

that to-morrow or the following day I would find my way back to this wild spot.

The accident to Don and what seemed the inevitable issue weighed heavily upon my mind. Don's eyes haunted me. I very much feared that the hunt had reached an unhappy ending for me. Next day the weather was threatening and, as the hounds were pretty tired, we rested in camp, devoting ourselves to needful tasks. A hundred times I thought of Don, alone out there in the wild brakes. Perhaps merciful death had relieved him of suffering. I would surely find out on the morrow.

But the indefatigable Jones desired to hunt in another direction next day and, as I was by no means sure I could find the place where Don had been left, I had to defer that trip. We had a thrilling hazardous luckless chase, and I for one gave up before it ended.

Wearied and dejected I rode back. I could not get Don off my conscience. The pleasant woodland camp did not seem the same place. For the first time the hissing, spitting, chain-clinking, tail-lashing lions caused me irritation and resentment. I would have none of them. What was the capture of a lot of spiteful vicious cats to the life of a noble dog? Slipping my saddle off, I turned Black Bolly loose.

Then I imagined I saw a beautiful black long-eared hound enter the glade. I rubbed my eyes. Indeed there was a dog coming. Don! I shouted my joy and awe. Running like a boy I knelt by him, saying I knew not what. Don wagged his tail! He licked my hand! These actions seemed as marvelous as his return. He looked sick and weak but he was all right. The handkerchief was gone from his neck but the scarf remained, and it was stuck tight where his throat had been lacerated.

Later Emmet examined Don and said we had made a mistake about the jugular vein being severed. Don's injury had been serious, however, and without the prompt aid I had so fortu-

nately given he would soon have bled to death. Jones shook his gray old locks and said, "Reckon Don's time hadn't come. Hope that will teach him sense." In a couple of days Don had recovered and on the next he was back leading the pack.

A subtle change had come over Don in his relation to me. I did not grasp it so clearly then. Thought and memory afterward brought the realization to me. But there was a light in his eyes for me which had never been there before.

One day Jones and I treed three lions. The largest leaped and ran down into the canyon. The hounds followed. Jones strode after them, leaving me alone with nothing but a camera to keep those two lions up that tree. I had left horse and gun far up the slope. I protested; I yelled after him, "What'll I do if they start down?"

He turned to gaze up at me. His grim face flashed in the sunlight.

"Grab a club an' chase them back," he replied.

Then I was left alone with two ferocious-looking lions in a piñon tree scarcely thirty feet high. While they heard the baying of the hounds they paid no attention to me, but after that ceased they got ugly. Then I hid behind a bush and barked like a dog. It worked beautifully. The lions grew quiet. I barked and yelped and bayed until I lost my voice. Then they got ugly again! They started down. With stones and clubs I kept them up there, while all the time I was wearing to collapse. When at last I was about to give up in terror and despair I heard Don's bay, faint and far away. The lions had heard it before I had. How they strained! I could see the beating of their hearts through their lean sides. My own heart leaped. Don's bay floated up, wild and mournful. He was coming. Jones had put him on the back trail of the lion that had leaped from the tree.

Deeper and clearer came the bays.



How strange that Don should vary from his habit of seldom baying! There was something uncanny in this change. Soon I saw him far down the rocky slope. He was climbing fast. It seemed a long time to wait, yet my fear left me. On and up he came, ringing out that wild bay. It must have curdled the blood of those palpitating lions. It seemed the herald of that bawling pack of hounds.

Don espied me before he reached the piñon in which were the lions. He bounded right past it and up to me with the wildest demeanor. He leaped up and placed his forepaws on my

breast. And as I leaned down, excited and amazed, he licked my face. Then he whirled back to the tree, where he stood up and fiercely bayed the lions. While I sank down to rest, overcome, the familiar baying chorus of the hounds floated up from below. As usual they were far behind the fleet Don, but they were coming.

Another day I found myself alone on the edge of a huge cove that opened down into the main canyon. We were always getting lost from one another. And so were the hounds. There were so many lion trails that the pack would



THE AUTHOR AND DON

split, some going one way, some another, until it appeared each dog finally had a lion to himself.

It was a glorious day. From far below, faint and soft, came the strange roar of the Rio Colorado. I could see it winding, somber and red, through the sinister chasm. Adventure ceased to exist for me. I was gripped by the grandeur and loveliness, the desolation and loneliness of the supreme spectacle of nature.

Then as I sat there, absorbed and chained, the spell of enchantment was broken by Don. He had come to me. His mouth was covered with froth. I knew what that meant. Rising, I got my canteen from the saddle and poured water into the crown of my sombrero. Don lapped it. As he drank so thirstily I espied a bloody scratch on his nose.

"Aha! A lion has batted you one, this very morning," I cried. "Don—I fear for you."

He rested while I once more was lost in contemplation of the glory of the canyon. What significant hours these on the lonely heights! But then I only saw and felt.

Presently I mounted my horse and headed for camp, with Don trotting behind. When we reached the notch of the cove the hound let out his deep bay and bounded down a break in the low wall. I dismounted and called. Only another deep bay answered me. Don had scented a lion or crossed one's trail. Suddenly several sharp deep yelps came from below, a crashing of brush, a rattling of stones. Don had jumped another lion.

Quickly I threw off sombrero and coat and chaps. I retained my left glove. Then, with camera over my shoulder and revolver in my belt, I plunged down the break in the crag. My boots were heavy soled and studded with hobnails. The weeks on these rocky slopes had trained me to fleetness and sure-footedness. I plunged down the sliding slant of weathered stone, crashed through the brush, dodged

under the cedars, leaped from boulder to ledge and down from ledge to bench. Reaching a dry stream bed, I espied in the sand the tracks of a big lion, and beside them smaller tracks that were Don's. And as I ran I yelled at the top of my lungs, hoping to help Don tree the lion. What I was afraid of was that the beast might wait for Don and kill him.

Such strenuous exertion required a moment's rest now and then, during which I listened for Don. Twice I heard his bay, and the last one sounded as if he had treed the lion. Again I took to my plunging, jumping, sliding descent; and I was not long in reaching the bottom of that gorge. Ear and eye had guided me unerringly for I came to an open place near the main jump-off into the canyon, and here I saw a tawny shape in a cedar tree. It belonged to a big Tom lion. He swayed the branch and leaped to a ledge, and from that down to another, and then vanished round a corner of wall.

Don could not follow down those high steps. Neither could I. We worked along the ledge, under cedars, and over huge slabs of rock toward the corner where our quarry had disappeared. We were close to the great abyss. I could almost feel it. Then the glaring light of a void struck my eyes like some tangible thing.

At last I worked out from the shade of rocks and trees and, turning the abrupt jut of wall, I found a few feet of stone ledge between me and the appalling chasm. How blue, how fathomless! Despite my pursuit of a lion I was suddenly shocked into awe and fear.

Then Don returned to me. The hair on his neck was bristling. He had come from the right, from round the corner of wall where the ledge ran, and where surely the lion had gone. My blood was up and I meant to track that beast to his lair, photograph him if possible, and kill him. So I strode on to the ledge and round the point of



wall. Soon I espied huge cat tracks in the dust, close to the base. A well-defined lion trail showed there. And ahead I saw the ledge—widening somewhat and far from level—stretch before me to another corner.

Don acted queerly. He followed me, close at my heels. He whined. He growled. I did not stop to think then what he wanted to do. But it must have been that he wanted to go back. The heat of youth and the wildness of adventure had gripped me and fear and caution were not in me.

Nevertheless my sensibilities were remarkably acute. When Don got in front of me there was something that compelled me to go slowly. Soon, in any event, I should have been forced to that. The ledge narrowed. Then it widened again to a large bench with cavernous walls overhanging it. I passed this safe zone to turn on to a narrowing edge of rock that disappeared round another corner. When I came to this point I must have been possessed, for I flattened myself against the wall and worked round it.

Again the way appeared easier. But what made Don go so cautiously? I heard his growls; still, no longer did I look at him. I felt this pursuit was nearing an end. At the next turn I halted short, suddenly quivering. The ledge ended—and there lay the lion, licking a bloody paw.

Tumultuous indeed were my emotions, yet on that instant I did not seem conscious of fear. Jones had told me never, in close quarters, to take my eyes off a lion. I forgot. In the wild excitement of a chance for an incomparable picture I forgot. A few precious seconds were wasted over the attempt to focus my camera.

Then I heard quick thuds. Don growled. With a start I jerked up to see the lion had leaped or run half the distance. He was coming. His eyes blazed purple fire. They seemed to paralyze me, yet I began to back along the ledge. Whipping out my revolver

I tried to aim. But my nerves had undergone such a shock that I could not aim. The gun wobbled. I dared not risk shooting. If I wounded the lion it was certain he would knock me off that narrow ledge.

So I kept on backing, step by step. Don did likewise. He stayed between me and the lion. Therein lay the greatness of that hound. How easily he could have dodged by me to escape along the ledge! But he did not do it.

A precious opportunity presented when I reached the widest part of the bench. Here I had a chance and I recognized it. Then, when the overhanging wall bumped my shoulder, I realized too late. I had come to the narrowing part of the ledge. Not reason but fright kept me from turning to run. Perhaps that might have been the best way out of the predicament. I backed along the strip of stone that was only a foot wide. A few more blind steps meant death. My nerve was gone. Collapse seemed inevitable. I had a camera in one hand and a revolver in the other.

That purple-eyed beast did not halt. My distorted imagination gave him a thousand shapes and actions. Bitter despairing thoughts flashed through my mind. Jones had said mountain lions were cowards, but not when cornered—never when there was no avenue of escape!

Then Don's haunches backed into my knees. I dared not look down but I felt the hound against me. He was shaking yet he snarled fiercely. The feel of Don there, the sense of his courage caused my cold thick blood to burst into hot gushes. In another second he would be pawed off the ledge or he would grapple with this hissing lion. That meant destruction for both, for they would roll off the ledge.

I had to save Don. That mounting thought was my salvation. Physically, he could not have saved me or himself, but this grand spirit somehow pierced to my manhood.

Leaning against the wall, I lifted the revolver and steadied my arm with my left hand, which still held the camera. I aimed between the purple eyes. That second was an eternity. The gun crashed. The blaze of one of those terrible eyes went out.

Up leaped the lion, beating the wall with heavy thudding paws. Then he seemed to propel himself outward, off the ledge into space—a tawny spread figure that careened majestically over and over, down—down—down to vanish in the blue depths.

Don whined. I stared at the abyss, slowly becoming unlocked from the grip of terror. I staggered a few steps forward to a wider part of the ledge and there I sank down, unable to stand longer. Don crept to me, put his head in my lap.

I listened. I strained my ears. How endlessly long seemed that lion in falling! But all was magnified. At last puffed up a sliding roar, swelling and dying until again the terrific silence of the canyon enfolded me.

Presently Don sat up and gazed into the depths. How strange to see him peer down! Then he turned his sleek dark head to look at me. What did I see through the somber sadness of his eyes? He whined and licked my hand. It seemed to me Don and I were more than man and dog. He moved away then round the narrow ledge, and I had to summon energy to follow. Shudderingly, I turned my back on that awful chasm and held my breath while I slipped round the perilous place. Don waited there for me, then trotted on. Not until I had gotten safely off that ledge did I draw a full breath. Then I toiled up the steep rough slope to the rim. Don was waiting beside my horse. Between us we drank the rest of the water in my canteen, and when we reached camp night had fallen. A bright fire and a good supper broke the gloom of my mind. My story held those rugged Westerners spellbound. Don stayed

close to me, followed me of his own accord, and slept beside me in my tent.

There came a frosty morning when the sun rose red over the ramparts of colored rock. We had a lion running before the misty shadows dispersed from the canyon depths.

The hounds chased him through the sage and cedar into the wild brakes of the north wing of the Plateau. This lion must have been a mean old Tom for he did not soon go down the slopes.

The particular section he at last took refuge in was impassable for man. The hounds gave him a grueling chase, then one by one they crawled up, sore and thirsty. All but Don! He did not come. Jones rolled out his mighty voice, which pealed back in mocking hollow echoes. Don did not come. At noonday Jones and the men left for camp with the hounds.

I remained. I had a vigil there on the lofty rim, alone, where I could peer down the yellow-green slope and beyond to the sinister depths. It was a still day. The silence was overpowering. When Don's haunting bay floated up it shocked me. At long intervals I heard it, fainter and fainter. Then no more!

Still I waited and watched and listened. Afternoon waned. My horse neighed piercingly from the cedars. The sinking sun began to fire the Pink Cliffs of Utah, and then the hundred miles of immense chasm over which my charmed gaze held dominion. How lonely, how terrifying that stupendous rent in the earth! Lion and hound had no fear. But the thinking, feeling man was afraid. What did they mean—this exquisitely hued and monstrous canyon—the setting sun—the wildness of a lion, the grand spirit of a dog—and the wondering sadness of a man?

I rode home without Don. Half the night I lay awake waiting, hoping. But he did not return by dawn, nor through that day. He never came back.



# FIVE DAYS AND AN EDUCATION

*With Some Aspersions on Intelligence Tests*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

**H**AD Napier not invented logarithms it was ordained that William Wallingford should. That base of Napier's (2.7182818), as terrifying to me as an army with banners, is as simple to Wallingford as a pair of callipers, explaining for him all mundane things and things astral. Wallingford's job at the factory is to calculate pressures, tensions, resiliencies, costs, and the like, and he has created a variety of slide rules, endowed with 2.7182818 or some other loggish intelligences, which instantly answer any question they may be asked—from the morals of a spiral spring to the vagaries of that factory wanton known as "Overhead." He has a slide rule for predicting the weather; and has been some time at work upon one for the races. But this one puzzles him. The problem seems to possess a peculiarly elusive element. He has figured long over it. "It is dead easy," he declares as he figures, figures, figures. "And I could pick the winner every time, if—if I could only find a factor for the jockey."

Stop figuring, William. Not every jockey has even his "price," so how could all jockeys have a common factor? You can't find a factor for what we call human nature. But this is something the slide-rulers refuse to learn. The other day I heard one of them, a very violent logarithmiac, reporting the application of log 2.7182818 to an English class in high school. He found  $67\frac{3}{4}\%$  of the class deficient in the verbs lay and lie;  $3\%$  deficient in capitals;  $42\frac{3}{7}\%$  deficient in semicolons;  $39\%$  deficient in commas; and  $2\%$  deficient in periods.

His theme was "The Educational Value of the Intelligence Test." He is a well-known tester, the dean of a college of pedagogy and a professor of psychology. I longed

To be chief mourner at his obsequies,

for, though well embalmed, he should be buried so that something alive and human might succeed to his place.

"Herein lies the value of the intelligence test," his talk continued. "The teacher, knowing exactly the defects of her class, can exert  $67\frac{3}{4}\%$  more pressure on lay and lie;  $3\%$  more pressure on capitals;  $42\frac{3}{7}\%$  more pressure on semicolons;  $39\%$  more pressure on commas; and so turn out an absolutely  $100\%$  perfect product with the placing of precisely  $2\%$  more pressure on periods."

"Oh, Lord," I groaned, "they have put a hook into the nose of leviathan, and bored his jaw with a thorn! Is this to go to school? Does education begin with a capital, advance with commas and semicolons, and conclude with a period?"

Can the rush grow up without mire?  
Can the flag grow without water?

What, Lord, are typesetters and stenographers fashioned for?"

There was no reply. The Almighty, unable to create individuals by slide rule, knows they cannot be educated by such a rule and so abandons teachers' institutes to pedagogues and psychologists, an adnate pair.

Never was education left in more deadly hands. What other modern sci-

ences are of such pretensions as pedagogy and psychology? Their joint educational circus has the original Barnum's beaten. Humbugging the public doubtless serves the silly public right. But children are not the public. They are the hope of the world. And they are the wrath of God.

I cannot conceive of anything more futile, more fatal in education than this idiot-confirming, moron-making process called the intelligence test. It is also a setting up of intellectual prigs. We are all off the normal, above or below, or (as with most of the educators I chance to know) on both levels all of the time—the one non-existent individual among us being that mythical perfect person, the so-called "average-man." There is no such animal—nor child nor man. And these intelligence testers, by what authority do they test, and how would they behave if tested? I can scarcely remember a more moronic talk than that on the test in English by this adenoidal dean.

Is a good education to-day any better than it ever was, or essentially any different? Schools are better; teachers are better trained—but what is an education? That is a question quite unanswerable because it is strictly personal, for no two individuals the same. We talk of educations as if there were well-marked, standardized varieties of them: one for business; one for life; one for the law; one for citizenship. But these are only stresses, vocational and conventional aspects of an inner process which is always selective and personal.

Going to school is of value and has somewhat to do with education. It has a great deal more to do with society and government. A common school for all the people is imperative as a preparation for democracy, and still more as a demonstration of democracy. But this is the social as distinct from the personal end in education, about which latter this inquiry is concerned. We can and must all go to school together. What I here am interested in is the fact that for the

jockey—the effect of our costly schools, our multiple machinery, and our more multiple theories upon the education of the individual; whether that education is different and better than it ever was as a result of the spraying and sorting and standardizing of the intelligence-testers.

That cannot be decided until we agree on a definition of education, or at least on what its essential elements are—a question which every individual, examining his education or his lack of it, must define for himself. What then is the nature of my education, or the thing which passes for my education?

Except for a three-month turn in the fall of my thirteenth year, when I was under the only simon-pure fool teacher I ever had (I ran away from his school in November and never returned), I think I enjoyed going to school—a pleasure which was quite apart from any great satisfaction of my teachers. In all I went to school nineteen years, an appalling length of time, for as I review them it seems to me that I got all of my education out of just five days.

One was a day of investment. One was a day of adventure. One was a day of wonder. One was a day of power. One was a day of weakness.

Aside from the drill of school (which I needed, possibly), line upon line, for nineteen years—these five days of buying, of daring, of wondering, of doing, and of disavowing seem to comprise the whole of my education, though they may comprehend no fractional part of what the schoolmen technically call an education. But I am not concerned now with schoolmen or their technicalities, whether or not they think me educated. I am trying to account for what must pass as my education: what it is, how I got it, and how I value it, far as it may be from the standard thing of pedagogy. I think it must be like most persons' in the main. Anyhow it is all I have, the nearest to a substitute that I can offer; and being mine, whatever it is, it is interesting to me; and, what is very im-



portant, being mine, I can speak about it, not as the scribes but with authority.

There is an accidental quality, a certain haphazardry about these educational experiences as against the guaranteed and tabulated product of scientific pedagogy; but something must be allowed me for having begun my education before the invention of the Brain Register and the Moron Machine, and for having started for school in daring ignorance of what may be my true moronic condition.

At the close of any one of these five significant days, had I been put through the intelligence register under the third degree I might have shown a lower quotient than I began with in the morning; for these were days of spiritual rather than intellectual results. I might have recorded my educational growth in a poem or a prayer; but I could not have shown then, nor can I show now, that I had learned a thing at the time which any test could tally.

*The First Day—Investment.* An older brother's Sunday-school teacher one Christmas gave Joe a year's subscription to *The Youth's Companion* and gave me the premium, a little green box of tools. I was "going on" thirteen. He was a well-intentioned man but he didn't know boys—how much Joe wanted those tools, and how I longed for the subscription. We got home and traded: Joe taking the tools, I the paper. Joe is a dentist in the old home town.

The thing we did was not accidental. It was foreordained thus. There was that difference in our protoplasms—his substance toolish, mine bookish. But let me finish the story, for it is about a book.

One of the first things I read in my new paper was an account of Gilbert White and his *Natural History of Selborne*. Not till then did I know that there was any such book in all the world. I must read it. But how could I? There was no library in our town, nothing but the Sunday-school library consisting

chiefly of E. P. Roe and *Elsie*. I was not opening chestnut burrs then and as for *Elsie*, she never did appeal to me. But a lawyer friend, a book lover, got me a Philadelphia publisher's catalog where I found the Gilbert White listed in two volumes, fifteen cents a volume. Money was inconceivably scarce in those days and I was some time, even with the help of the junk man, in getting the funds together. But I did it and bought the two books—my first independent investment, and the most momentous investment I ever made.

Of its educational bearing—that is to be seen, first, in the nature of the investment—that it was a book; and, second, in the fact that it was an investment, my hard-earned money gone into literature. For thus I established at the start the right relation between myself and my education—which is, after all, little more than the ability to value books. The only honorable way to approach a book is with its price. Reading a book is a more solemn business than the writing of it. The contract ought not to be entered into lightly, but seriously, for better or for worse, till death do us part. There are many exceptions; but a borrowed book is almost as great a scandal as a borrowed wife.

This investment in books was tremendously significant, committing me to books as one of life's rich resources; and confirming me in my love of the out-of-doors as by some solemn laying on of hands. To bring a boy and his book together is to make a match in heaven; and to cause him with all his earthly goods that book to endow is to leave him living intellectually happy ever after.

*The Second Day—Adventure.* The second day came a year or two later. I was in my first botany class. A young teacher, fresh from college, was reading the story of mistletoe—written no doubt by a scientist but, past all doubt, by a poet. Perhaps I had begun to have a human interest in mistletoe at Christmas time; perhaps I already knew something of the

plant's parasitic habits. Here, however, was its whole ignoble story.

Something stirred within me. I sat up alert—the first time, if I remember, in all my going to school. I should like to meet this monster in the woods, sucking the blood of some great forest tree whose evil and unwelcome guest it was, more like a human thing than any mindless plant.

Do we have mistletoe in this country? I asked. Yes, said the teacher, consulting her book, in the South on the sour gums and live oaks. We have gum trees here in New Jersey, I went on excitedly. Does mistletoe grow in New Jersey? The teacher again looked into the back of her book (it was the old 1870 edition of Gray we were using), then turning suddenly upon me, she said, with quick words and glowing face:

"There are gums along Cohansey Creek here?"

"Lots of them."

"Then you go find some mistletoe. And be the first, perhaps, to report that plant from your native state!"

I went. Columbus could not have gone faster. Isabella could not have given a more peremptory command. A man will go as far for mistletoe as for a continent. They are the same quest—finding what no one had ever found; bringing back what no one had ever brought to a waiting, rewarding world. Fail? In the light of that girl's eyes? With the faith in her expectant, fervent voice? She had seen a vision—deep in the swamp, deep in my soul, where I had seen no light before—and had flashed the vision unto me. I could follow the Gleam.

I brought in the mistletoe. And I can feel the pressure on my sternum of a big bulge in the bole of the gum tree even yet. From the ground as I looked up I thought the clump of stuff might be only another squirrel's nest, or some insect sting, grown over with suckers and still adrift with brown autumn leaves.

No, I don't suppose I was the first to report mistletoe in New Jersey. But I

was the first to report it to the teacher, and to the class, and to my own soul, which is more important. I was not having a new adventure but making an old adventure new—rediscovering the mistletoe—as daring an experience as the original discoverer had, who may indeed have merely stumbled upon it.

That day marked a second great movement in my education. A new earth, and so a new heaven, were given me with every book in the schoolhouse a possible trail leading into a frontier. No humdrum round of the classroom has yet robbed me of that adventure. If I am still trying to scale the walls of heaven (though never so feebly and on all fours) I owe the effort to the moment of exaltation above the bulge in the bole of that ancient gum tree. How it curled the gristle of my breast bone! But it was a perfect saddle from above; and I have been riding the lofty thing ever since.

What was it the teacher did for me? Where can every teacher be trained to do the same? What happened had little to do with facts and nothing to do with scholarship. Perhaps I might have been a scholar except for her and her larger quest. What happened had to do with zest, with daring and desire, with travel "in the realms of gold."

*The Third Day—Wonder.* Still in my teens, I was at work in the school museum one Saturday morning when the old naturalist, J. W. P. Jenks of Brown University, came to see how his gift to the museum was being set up. It was my first contact with a man of his distinction—and a naturalist! We worked together till noon, when the old man said to me, "You ought to have a lesson in skinning and mounting a bird. Get me a bird from the woods." Another quest! Acres of oaks surrounded the school and I was not long gone.

All of the morning I had worked as under a spell—the spell of personality. Here was a great man, friend of Agassiz's, old, an author, explorer, stung by centipedes, moving with a hurried, flat-footed



shuffle caused by arsenical poisoning from handling cured skins for the museum. Arsenic in his very bones!

My feet were winged. I was back with my bird, a yellow-billed cuckoo, which I laid before the great man, venturing the remark that it was the only bad bird I could find. The face of the old naturalist darkened with disapproval.

"No! no!" he exclaimed, "that's one of our most useful birds. You should have brought an English sparrow. See, when I open the gizzard of this bird, how he has befriended you. His gizzard will be stuck full of caterpillar hairs." And while he was speaking his deft fingers had removed the delicate skin without a drop of blood or a broken feather. Then taking the gizzard out of the body, and running his scalpel around the walls, he turned the thing inside out—and lo, like a piece of plush the walls were lined with thousands of penetrating caterpillar hairs!

They were the hairs of the "woolly-bear" caterpillar. The fleshy parts having been digested, these chitinous hairs—needlelike and almost as hard, yielding neither to the dissolving juice nor to the grinding stones of the gizzard—were penetrating its walls as if to work their way through and pierce every portion of the bird's body.

This was what it meant to know!—not merely the shape of the bird, nor merely the soft melancholy call of the bird, but even the gizzard of the bird; for true knowledge went inside of the bird, through and through the bird, into the secret places of its gizzard where might be hidden a greater meaning and a larger beauty than in its languid form and dreamy call.

My education entered a new phase that day. Study had already become an adventure; now it became also a reward. The excitement of pursuit was now balanced by the wonder of possession. If only bare facts could be had from study, only the list of the contents of that bird's gizzard, it were worth while. But see the penetrating hairs!

"See, it is the friend of man!" the old naturalist cried. It was that—that friend of man, that human meaning (at such a cost!) which made me tremble and covered every void and common thing about the room with glory.

No one except myself had trouble with my education after that. It had progressed too far to turn back. I could change its direction, but wonder was now awake and learning must go on. What pedagogical bearing it all has I do not clearly see—how teachers can be prepared to give, and pupils prepared to receive this imponderable, untestable, non-recordable substance of the spirit. There seems no way of showing it on a record book or of making such teaching and learning scientifically sure. On the other hand, teaching is not the sure science the schools of pedagogy would reduce it to. It is more art than science—a living teacher instead of a trained machine, and a living human child in place of a bucket of known capacity.

Methods there must be, courses of study, grades, and no doubt most of the paraphernalia of our present school system, for this school child is legion. The thing we are in danger of forgetting, however, is that he is always one—a person, single—and more in need of an inspiring teacher than of all the machinery gone and going into Limbo.

*The Fourth Day—Power.* The fourth day, I said, was a day of power. On my way to school that day I came upon two snakes fighting by the woodside. One was a thunder or king snake, a jet-black gleaming constrictor with narrow bands of white every inch or so apart around the powerful body. The contrasts truly thunder. No less appropriate is his title "king," for he rules his tribe—no snake in his realm, not even the rattler, is a match for him. In his twisted grip lay a flattened lifeless adder, the limp form of the weaker snake a mere rag in the thunderer's wringing coils.

I seized the knotted bunch and untied it. And of course it delayed my getting

on to school. Then it happened that I had been wishing for a thunder snake (the one of my collection having escaped), so, tossing the poor adder into the brush, I held on to the thunderer and took to my heels—up through the grove and into my classroom, the gleaming, swaying monster still in my hand, and behind the table a woman teacher. She wore a white dress with sprigs of pink flowers in it. She was neither trained nor deeply learned but she was very pretty and pale, with a lot of squealing girls behind her and a bunch of barking boys in front of her.

I had gone too far. There was a moment's lull, a standing back for the teacher, and in that dreadful hush—an instant of awful import to me—she said, with steady, personally conducted words, "What do you call that snake?" I told her. "Will it bite?" No. "Then will you lend it to me for the rest of the hour?" and stepping around the table she took the storm king in her fair white hands, bent it slowly about her neck, its head and tail crossing upon her bosom among the sprigs of pink flowers in her white frock, while she had me tell the class how I captured it.

When my short and rather horrid story was done, and the sweet warm color had come back to her face, and the quiet of the frightened class had been restored, she said to me with great earnestness, "That would make a good essay. Why not try that for your next theme?" So I did. And when I read the essay aloud on Friday afternoon, as the custom was, to the whole school she came (or another teacher came) to me after the exercises and said, "That's a good enough story to send to some editor. Try it at *The Youth's Companion*." So I did. And the editor sent me a check for ten dollars as pay for it. And I have never been the same man since.

I have told the incident at length when I should have been discussing its educational meanings. But the experience was so truly accidental, so utterly a matter of chance and out of the regu-

lar school order that what it meant, great as it was, seems like another story or the mere aftermath of the real adventure which I was having with the teacher.

For suppose she had been different, ordinary, and, angered, as well she might have been, had ordered me from the room and had me expelled from the school? I richly deserved it.~ But teaching is not to dismiss. It is to discern—to snatch a snake as a band of steel to bind a boy to his books or, winging the crawling horrid creature, give him as Pegasus for the boy to ride.

And all of this might have been different with a different teacher! This turning of creeping things into words, this endowing of incident with human interest, this reaching out from a hundred pupils in a little school to a million readers around the world, and this multiplying of myself a million times—all of this might have ended, I say, in defiance, dismay, and defeat; instead of the book of knowledge,

Presented with a Universal blank  
Of nature's works.

It is not easy to follow up the results of this day in my education. My rise to power was of short duration. Exalted to the heavens, I came to earth with a thud when the editor sent back my next contribution. I have hit the ground hard a good many times since. I shall never fly. But if a pair of feet, down any plodding way, ever felt like a pair of wings, it was mine on the day of that first acceptance.

A conviction, however, I did acquire directly from the whole adventure which changed and enlarged both my thinking and my action: the conviction was that experience and expression are the same thing, or the complete thing—clay and form and molded jar; that one does not have all in the experience, not until one has given form to it, meaning, and so invested it with the image of oneself; that writing thus becomes a second life, a way of living twice, now in the spirit with the Word—revisiting the scene, re-



calling the incident and, free from accident and extraneous detail, realizing fully what at first was hazy and half a dream.

A whole education must include not only the ability to read a book but also the ability to write a book, learning to read and learning to write being a joint exercise. Let the schools give every child a book to write. Instead, they ask the child to write like a book and stop with that, concerned with the *way* he uses lay and lie, that he cross his t's and dot his i's and get in all the commas, content when he shall test 100% perfect—which is stenography, not education.

What boots the fountain of ink upon one's person if within one's person is no fount of thought? Everybody nowadays walks with a pen, only to work at cross-word puzzles! Why increase your vocabulary when you have nothing to say? The town is full of correct writers who are without thought because in school they were taught to associate their writing with nothing but grammar. Writing in school should be associated with nothing except with what the child has to say. Incidentally the teacher may suggest that a capital at the beginning and a period at the end of a sentence will help the reader to get the thought; and that there are such things as sentences, their natures and uses. But the thought is the important thing: that this is an exercise in self-expression—not in spelling-expression, or in grammar-expression, or in rhetoric-expression but in self-expression until it becomes paramount and developed into a habit.

*The Fifth Day—Weakness.* The fifth day fell in the final year of my graduate work in theology, with the lapse of the college years between. They were not lost years, nor dull years, but what they yielded me was more the result of what I brought with me from the lower schools than of what I found in college when I arrived. Those four, and two in the seminary were gone—and a heresy trial was brewing in the classroom of the Pro-

fessor of Hebrew. The class was sharply divided, bitterly antagonistic, and quite typically theological. We were a bunch of devils, pious devils, our cassocks full of fagots for one another. And the dear "Rabbi" (so we, who loved him, called him) was undone, making neither head nor tail of it all. He was not only the pure scholar but so modest, so simple, so generous and unsuspecting a soul that he would often pause—bewildered by some vicious attack, his fine spirit concerned only for the truth—so incapable of bias as to be incapable of self-defense.

We were reading the Book of Amos in the Hebrew. The spirit of the class on that particular morning was surcharged with malediction. Amos was the Rabbi's favorite author. He loved the elemental language, the fiery eloquence, the righteous wrath, the hard-hitting of the Shepherd Prophet. We had come up to the last great chapter, which begins:

I saw the Lord standing upon the altar

As the hour progressed the men forgot their hateful zeal and, yielding to the passion of the Prophet and to the spell of the Rabbi's voice as the balanced measures rose and fell or gathered for some crashing period, sat as if awaiting heaven to open. And heaven did open.

I saw the Lord standing upon the altar,

cried the Prophet. Then the fierce wrath of God arose:

Though they dig into Hell, thence shall mine hand take them;  
And though they climb up to Heaven, thence will I bring them down!

And as the mighty storm broke I felt myself caught up in the whirlwind; and as it came thundering into the glorious imagery of the chambered heavens and the vaulted earth and the pouring waters of the sea, I found myself amid the tossing waves, my anchors gone, no chart, no compass in my hand, and in the murky sky no star. But the Rabbi's face shone like God's. And the Rabbi's

impatient voice, or God's, through the thunder was saying:

"Are ye not as the children of the Ethiopians unto me,

O children of Israel?

Have not I brought up Israel out of the land of Egypt?

And the Philistines from Caphtor,

And the Syrians from Kir?"

What happened? What had it to do with my education? I can scarcely say. But it was something more radical, larger, and more lasting than all the years of collegiate study had given me. The sight of God leading Israel in his right hand out of Egypt, and in his left hand at the same time leading Philistia and Syria, and loving just as much the Ethiopians—loving and leading all of them, and these heresy-hunting devils in the class with me, and the Fundamentalist and the Modernist and the Scientist and the Communist and the Kleagle and the Cardinal and every *habeas corpus* cabal of us—I was ashamed that I had ever tried to corner truth or put a label on God. What matter whence I was being

led—out of Egypt or Caphtor or Kir? Or whither, if God were leading? How easy am I to lead? must be my concern; and, How far can God lead me?

Such is the history of my education. I have reviewed the years in school and marked their passage—slow, footless years for the most part, and, like buildings and texts and tests and other impedimenta, quite unessential to an education. But how all-essential seems the teacher! And the spirit and imagination of the child! And how utterly individual a thing an education is!

Education is many things and many years. It has many aspects, many ends. But first of all and always it is personal, developing me from within, not filling me up from without. It will inform me; but it must quicken me. It may give me skill; but it must give me zest and daring for life, keep me fresh for wonder at the world, clothe me with power and, covering me with darkness and confusion, make me humble on my way out of Egypt or, it may be, out of Caphtor or out of Kir.

## FAMILIAR BEAUTY

BY GEORGE STERLING

LIKE boyhood friends that go and come again,  
 They come remembered by the heart and eyes,  
 With grace of wonted things to end our sighs,  
 And happiness that has its part in pain:  
 The tender welcome of an old refrain  
 That tells of motherhood before it dies;  
 The smoke of home, seen against evening skies;  
 The breath of asters in autumnal rain.

Day done, who shall not say that these are best?  
 Beauty forgotten, were not these her ways?  
 Homesick, were not this voice in alien lands?—  
 Amber and umber of the twilight west;  
 Scents that call back the long-departed days,  
 And music like the touch of loving hands.



# BY AIR TO THE HIGH PLATEAU

*Bogotá, The Capital Above the Clouds*

BY WILLIAM McFEE

HE resembled in no particular whatever the standard conventional figure of an empire builder. A tall spare sandy person with a toothbrush mustache and a refined persuasive voice, he might have passed for a bond salesman, a golf champion, or a painter from Montmartre. He might have called himself an author and excited no incredulity. He had neither a projecting jaw nor an air of ruthless belligerence, nor even the cold gray eye of the fictional conqueror of the great open spaces. On the contrary he had rather an air of living his life with great enjoyment. The general trend of his communications was that New Granada was rather a lark, so why not come and see it? He had been there twenty years and spent a good part of it prospecting on horseback and experiencing all kinds of hardships from poisoned arrows to yellow fever. But of these he said nothing. It was really amusing and he knew a lot of fine people, to whom he would be delighted to give introductions. So come!

So the lone tourist was come, and now stood with his friend in front of a very large map of the country and discussed what may be called, without any hyperbole, his flight into the interior—as though he were a dethroned monarch or a president in danger of assassination!

"I'm afraid you'll have to fly everywhere," said the empire builder, as though he were addressing a bird of passage, as indeed he was. "You see, the river is low, and when that happens it may take you twenty or twenty-five days to reach Giradot." And he laid

the point of his pencil on a round black spot on the Upper Magdalena.

"And you simply must see So-and-so and So-and-so and So-and-so. No use coming down here at all if you don't see *them*. They know all about the country, much more than I do."

This, it may be mentioned, is another of the empire builder's unimperial habits. He is always crediting other men with wonderful knowledge and wisdom, and deprecating his own.

"And then," he went on with great enthusiasm, as though he were not an empire builder at all but a bank teller planning a fishing trip, "and then after you've been to Bogotá and seen Zipaquirá and Nemocón and Tequendama" (and several other places with resounding names), "it would be simply unthinkable to go home without having a look at Antioquia. Antioquia is a most marvelous place. Gold! Why I know a man who's taken out millions from one small river. You ought to see the railway they've built all by themselves. Very fine indeed. And platinum!"

No one would have gathered from this burst of optimism and general information that he himself had a most exact and intricate knowledge of those small rivers and their auriferous possibilities. Oh dear, no! He simply enjoyed knowing how well all these fine fellows were prospering. Well, that meant going to Medellín. I could fly down to Puerto Berrío from Giradot, and take the train up to Limon, then a motor car over the great Quebra Pass in the Andes to Santiago, where another railroad ran down

the valley to Medellín. "Wonderful chaps in Medellín." He would write letters of introduction to them. What those chaps didn't know about Antioquia was not worth knowing. But I should have to fly if I were to do it all in the time allowed.

So it was planned out, the busy pencil following the lines of rivers and railways, pausing here and there to indicate ranches where So-and-so or So-and-so had located rich mineral deposits, or Someone else was building a railway. "All fine chaps." They must be seen if possible. Letters would be ready, of course.

And it came about very much as that persuasive person desired. The tourist flew. But he regrets that the progress of science does not interest him and he recants his juvenile ambition to have wings. He was warned by his friends that he would experience none of the sensations of flying, whatever they may be, and his friends were probably right. The sensations were those of anyone proceeding at high speed along an incredibly high bridge in a comfortable limousine, save when reaching the water previous to a landing, when the sensations resembled a pitiably weak imitation of a sleeping car being stopped and started in the small hours. Towns became maps and maps became extremely misleading. There was nothing inspiring or heroic about it, and one tourist at least, after a fine lunch and two bottles of beer and a fat black cigar at the Hotel Magdalena at Puerto Berrio, must confess that he lay back in his seat in the body of that hydroplane as it roared across the summits of the Andes between Honda and Giradot, and slept peacefully until his fellow-passengers, who were ladies of Bogotá, became alarmed and woke him up in time for him to realize it was dark and the plane was wheeling slowly over a magical city of the night, over a bridge like a cobweb above a shining void, and presently it came down out of that heaven of darkness and speed and

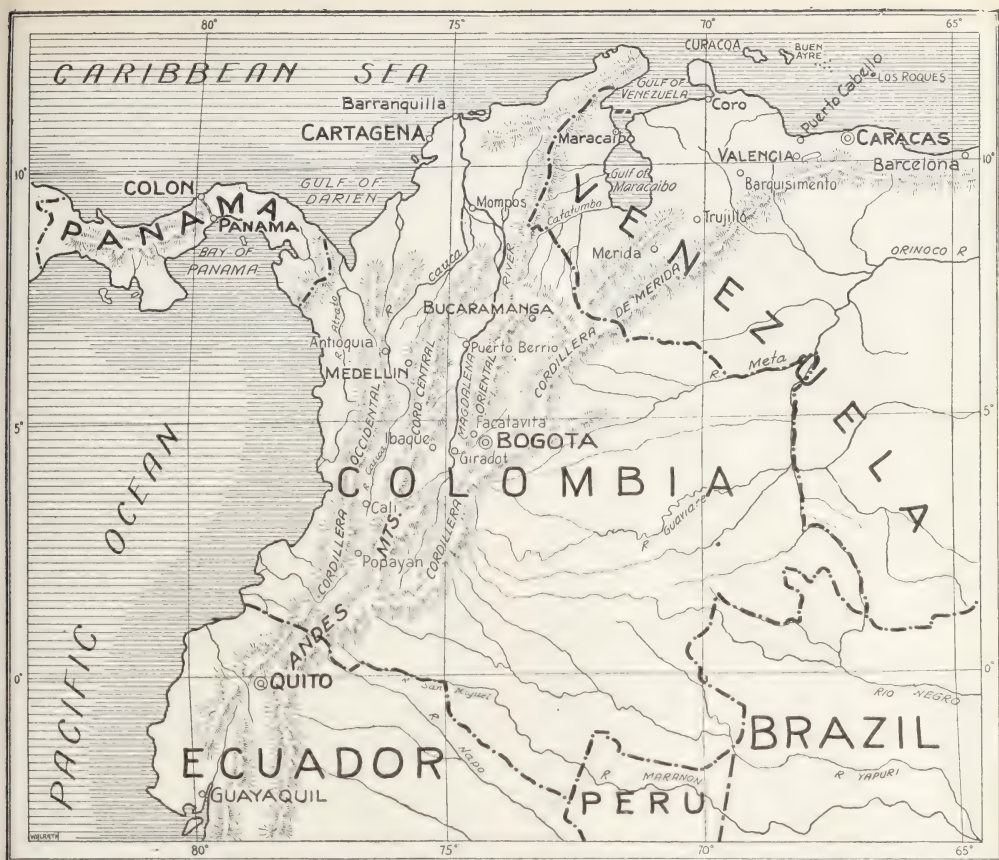
went bumping away past steamers and launches, and mysterious shore-lights winked in a friendly fashion as it came to a stop at a bank of soft mud.

For if the truth be an acceptable feature of a traveler's tale, it must be confessed further that the romance of the flight eluded him. An easy thing is never romantic and mechanical things are usually easy. It might have been romantic if something had failed us and we had toppled from that high ridge of air along which we sped so smoothly into the jungles of the Department of Bolivar. We should have fallen, not only from whatever altitude showed on the gauge, but from a world of schedules and fares at so much per kilo to a region where our own fortitude and resourcefulness would have been our only salvation. We should have had an opportunity of knowing one another's strength and weakness of character, and there would have been a chance for those great protagonists, Love and Hate and Jealousy, to come stealing through the forest to join us.

However, possibly to the regret of the reader but not of the tourist, nothing of the sort happened—save once when a cylinder persisted in missing, having burned out its plugs—and we descended in a spiral curve, ending with a bump, upon a very hot river, and the ladies, being pious like all the ladies of Bogotá, crossed themselves. This may have had a good effect, once new plugs were screwed in, for we rose heavenward without a hitch, all six cylinders hitting with a most comforting crackle. So none of us had any excuse for revealing how despicably incapable he or she could be in an emergency. Quite without shame we resigned everything to the two goggled creatures in the cockpit, whose weird heads we could see dimly through the mica glass of the cabin, talking, as divers at the bottom of the sea might talk, by signs, and apparently regarding each other under their canvas visors with the truculent malevolence of Chibcha idols.

All this seems to belong to another world, once we stumble and strive up





MAP OF COLOMBIA

the steep muddy banks of the river in the darkness and reach the hotel. As indeed it does, for this hot dark city on the Magdalena is the portal by which we pass to the High Plateau, a region so remote from all we in the North can understand that it might be in Mars or some other planet. Perhaps it is. Perhaps that sleep the tourist took in the air was the result of a magic potion. There was, he remembers, a peculiar look in the barman's eye in the Hotel Magdalena when he brought that bottle of *Cerveza Soledad*. Perhaps the landing among those starry lights last night was not Giradot at all, but the jetty of some inter-planetary air line. As the train begins to struggle up the steep slopes of the mountains of Cundinamarca he sees a creature standing by the track in a great hat and a cloak of shining leaves like verdant plumage. He looks exactly

like an inhabitant of the moon, in the opinion of a fascinated tourist peering from the window of the train. He is at any rate as far from Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, or the Loop in Chicago as any lunar denizen.

It appears, however, that the traveler's imagination has been getting the better of him. One look at the locomotive dragging the long heavy train up these killing grades shows it was made not in Persepolis but in England. It is a huge, chunky, patent affair having a radial bogie, with engines at each end carrying a big boiler between them. There is a hard sharp note to its exhaust that is somehow peculiar to English mountain locomotives. A very large and muscular passenger who is, quite unnecessarily, reading an American magazine of physical development is good

enough to explain that the road is on a yard gauge. He also remarks that we change trains at a place with the humorous name of Facatativá. When asked why, he assumes a broad grin that augments the attractiveness of a pleasant enough face, and then rubs the side of his nose. The fact is, he murmurs, as though reluctant to say anything against the place, the fact is the gauge, after Facatativá, is a meter. The tourist suggests that this must be somewhat of a trial to shippers of freight to the capital. An expressive roll of the eyes and shrug of the great shoulders inform the tourist that he has stated a fact of the first magnitude. And this sort of thing is not by any means singular in New Granada. There are no connecting links between any of the fragmentary lines that radiate from cities like Bogotá or Medellín, and many of them have had their routes dictated by the exigencies of departmental politics rather than by any sane and comprehensive scheme for developing the interior as a homogeneous entity. Here is a case of a lack of foresight, when a concession is granted a foreign company to build a line from the great inland waterway of the country towards the capital, and the government begins to build a line down from the capital to meet the concessionaires, but on a Continental gauge! A serious matter when the terminal elevation is nine thousand feet above the sea.

It must be admitted the notion returns again to the tourist that he is in some strange region in some other part of our universe, where things are deliberately topsy-turvy, where people solemnly live above the clouds instead of below them, where they arrange things to suit themselves rather than some distant emperor or board of financiers, where the railways go upstairs and the people sleep on the ground floor, and where having red blood in your body is reckoned as important as having a trunk line with a staggering bond issue. So it seems as we climb higher and higher, though the proposition is not put to one's fellow passenger

quite so antithetically as it is here. It is an amusing feature of life in any Latin-American territory—the extreme reluctance of alien residents to become identified with even good-natured criticism. Their opinions are generally carefully sterilized and strained through a series of cautious prepositional sieves. As they are fond of remarking, *sotto voce*, “You see, we have to live here.” Which may be true enough, though it never seems to strike Europeans that way when they reach the United States. Indeed, the more alien and the more recent they are, the more resounding is their comment upon North American ideals and methods. And that too, perhaps, is a characteristic of a topsy-turvy land where foreigners hold their tongues and mind their own business and observe the laws and allow the inhabitants to run things their own way.

And here in the blazing sunlight on the mountainside is the humorous point of transfer, Facatativá. But one's memory goes back a few miles to La Esperanza, where we lunched at a balconied restaurant that overlooks the great valley up which we have climbed: La Esperanza, around whose fragrant bowers the railroad twines like a necklace and upon whose roofs we peer down with drowsy repletion as we pass on into huge rolling billows of vapor. We have reached the clouds, and only in fugitive rifts can we see the splendor of the far slopes below us. And we, who were so hot and steamy down there, are shoving up the windows and unstrapping our overcoats from our saddlebags, and looking reproachfully towards the indefatigable boy who is always opening the door that leads to the restaurant car ahead.

And after Facatativá, while we are boring through those tunnels of cool white vapor as through some mountain of fairy alabaster, the train begins to go faster. That desperate bronchitic gasping one heard from the locomotive as it dragged us so slowly round and round those interminable cuttings is gone. There is a chipper and cheerful racket



ahead, and when we stop at a station we roar in in fine style and the brakes are needed to bring us to rest. The stations show the elevation too, and they mention twenty-eight hundred meters without even an exclamation point. Soon we are plainly enough on the high plateau; the horizon is rimmed by great dark peaks but the plain opens before us with jolly farms and country houses and automobiles spinning along a road, and at dusk the domes and towers of Bogotá. And then we are in a large, clean, dreary station, nodding preoccupied farewells and agreeing to look in one of these evenings at the Anglo-American Club and have a whisky-and-soda. Outside are cabs and coaches, and one of these takes a very tired tourist through a great many cobbled streets until he comes out at last into a vast square with a cathedral and electric skysigns declaiming the virtues of Somebody's Beer and Someone else's Soap. Then up the *Carrera Septima* to the Hotel Regina, where he falls among friends from New York who are most hospitable and very much amused at anybody coming all this way unless business compelled him.

It may be asserted as a basic element

of philosophic travel, nevertheless, that though it is in the highest degree comforting to discover friends in distant cities, especially above the clouds, the traveler must not depend upon them if he is to extract his own essence from his experiences. It is in the very nature of their affairs of intricate personal aggrandizement that they should entertain views the reverse of philosophical. It is not to be expected of them to catch the subtle and elusive qualities of this strange city on the high plateau. They are, with agreeable reservations, very much like those seafarers who sail all over the world and tarry in magic harbors and beneath the glittering cupolas of marvelous cities, and come home and say there is nothing in the world to see. They possess admirably incondite minds set upon trade and concessions and golf and the women whose photographs adorn their dressing tables. So the true traveler is grateful to the friends he finds, but goes his own way to catch the place unawares, as it were, and see and feel for himself.

And it was just like this particular traveler's good fortune to find someone to be an interpreter so exactly resem-



ALIGHTING FROM THE HYDROPLANE

bling a character in a book that he never ceased to treat him like one, to talk to him as though he had no actual existence beyond the ability to give vague replies that in no way interfered with the traveler's own critical monologue. That young man, who appeared silently in the courtyard of the hotel whenever he was wanted—more like a shade than a real human being—was enormously useful to one who, whatever else he wanted, was not looking for dogmatic and positive opinions. So the bargain was struck, if that verb may be used to describe anything so noiseless and free from collisions as the first conversation. So far from seeking to bargain, this denizen of the world above the clouds conveyed the impression of having wandered for years in a cold and vindictive universe and having at last come to rest in the shadow of one who really did appreciate his shadowy virtues. He would be most tranquilly happy to come at any time he could be of service. Having breathed these words into an enraptured ear he vanished through the archway into the *Calle Septima*.

It was on the first evening of the tourist's stay in Bogotá, and almost at the hour of his arrival in that same *Calle Septima*, that a bomb exploded no more than a block away and killed some well-known person. This highly mysterious affair continued to exercise the minds of the citizens for many days and it may have been the reason why the police, of whom there are more in Bogotá than in any other city known to fame, examined the new arrival with so much attention as he went out to take the air. This was the thought that flitted through his mind at the time, together with the whimsical notion that possibly the bomb thrower might have had no murderous motives at all, but was merely endeavoring to evoke some stimulating activity in the city's gonads. The criminal as well as his motive remained concealed, to the consternation of the metropolitan press, who at any rate had some real

news for a few days. It may reveal something of the character of the Bogotanos when it is said that you can more easily arouse horror than humor in their minds. They are extraordinarily polite, and their hospitality transcends even that of the coast, but their capacity for rollicking laughter and biting satire is easily reached.

But there is one matter in which they probably surpass everybody, and that is their relish for ear-splitting and brain-stupefying noises. There is a funeral proceeding—we may suppose, as usual—and the coffin is being borne from the dingy hearse, a vehicle with a thing like a black monkey tree at each corner. The great bells of the Cathedral are raining down cataracts of harsh clamor that echo back from the façade of the Capitol with redoubled power. The bells of another church next door to the Cathedral take up the tale. Across the square, where a line of taxis stand, one of the drivers is trying out his horn. He touches a connection and tries it—har-har-har-r! He enjoys the sound and repeats it *allegretto*—Ha-ha-har!—ha-ha-har-r-r! This pleases him beyond measure and he goes on like one bemused with cacophony. He has no intention of ever quitting. He takes his time about it. He leaves his hand on the button and looks about him with an expression of great good humor while the devilish thing emits an interminable snarl that would send him to jail in any city north of the Rio Grande. And not a head save that of the lone tourist is turned towards him. These people like it. The chauffeurs see someone three hundred yards ahead who may possibly cross the street. They turn on the horn and keep it shrilling and caterwauling until that person has been lost in the distance behind them. They will halt in front of a building containing a dozen families, and instead of getting out and finding their customer, they will sit and honk for twenty minutes while the surrounding inhabitants listen with unmoved features. It may be doubted





A VILLAGE IN THE ANDES

The railhead at Santiago, from which freight is carried by mules over the mountains to the railroad on the other side.

which the working population enjoy more when fortune sends them a ride in some old car—the crashing of the axles against the body or the horrible uproar of the horn assailing their ears.

Yet this is a passing and intermittent phenomenon compared with the ecclesiastical outrages upon the peace and quiet of the place. Bogotá is essentially a city of policemen and politicians, but above all, of priests. They come gaumphing down the steep streets towards the Plaza, they haunt the arcades near the palace of the Papal Nuncio, they are on the trolley cars and in automobiles and in stores. Their churches are at every corner and all these churches have bells which hang in open belfries, and you may stop suddenly in the street, stunned by some almost intolerable clangor, and looking up you will see boys standing by the bells—hammering them with all their might like young fiends at play! It paralyzes you like a drug and the bludgeoned brain moans for mercy. And the sudden cessation is almost as sharp an agony, like the with-

drawing of a blunt weapon from the wound. . . . And trolley after trolley goes hurraing down the narrow street, its bell bang-bang-banging at your ears until it reaches a crossing, where a couple of automobiles take up the cry.

At night, however, a silence settles over the city as though the shrewd chill in the air after sunset had sent them all to bed under heavy blankets, for the streets are deserted. Unlike most Latin-American capitals, unlike Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro, Havana, or even San Jose in Costa Rica, Bogotá has no night-life at all, in the sense that degenerate Nordics have in mind when they walk out of the Hotel Inglaterra on the great Plaza and step along the Prado to the Malecon or sit at little tables in the Havana cafés and watch the world go by. Nothing like that at all. It may be doubted whether the average citizen of Bogotá would comprehend you if you tried to explain your doctrine of urban cheerfulness and sociability. Cosmopolitans of ancient lineage will tell you the people are too poor: and this may

be true, since the indigence of a large part of the population becomes a nightmare to a sensitive stranger after a few weeks; and their incredible resignation only makes it worse.

However, it is a conventional reply among the wealthy in New Granada that all their troubles flow from a lack of money. You point out the millions of hydro-electric horsepower running to waste daily, and they agree, but say there is no money. You show how a tunnel costing a couple of millions would pay for itself in a few years, and they reply—there is no money. You allude to the scandalous condition of the Magdalena, the lack of water costing the country untold sums when a few millions in levees would cure the evil; and they reiterate there is no money. You draw their attention to the coal and oil and gold that runs in veins of incalculable value through their country and they shrug and say: "No money." It is a standardized formula, uttered entirely without any real understanding of the

causes and conditions of greatness in nations. And while it may explain to superficial folk the disturbing discovery that the capital of the country has not a single café or cabaret where a philosophic traveler can see and be seen, staying himself with flagons and exchanging amiable comments upon the customs, the women, and the prices of New Granada, it is not an entirely satisfactory solution of the enigma.

This leads one by a pleasant logical course to the Interpreter, who has already appeared upon the scene. He is a slender young man with a deep, gentle, expiring voice and a self-effacing manner. The notion that he might pose as an inhabitant of a newly discovered planet is attractively fostered by his noiseless movements and complete isolation from the frailties and sophistications of our sleek and genial culture. On one occasion, which seems to have made no particular impression upon him, he caught a glimpse of the Magda-

lena at Giradot. Beyond that his travels have not carried him. He speaks English because his grandfather was English, but there is no exultation in his voice when he mentions it. In fact he is an entire stranger to exultations of any kind; so it may be true about his English strain.

But it can be safely asserted he has never before had the experience of being *cicerone* to a philosophic traveler with a passion for interrogation, investigation, and vituperation. He seems stunned by the avalanche of questions that have never arisen in his own mind since he was born—questions



ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE BOGOTÁ



about things he has accepted as laws of God and Nature. He betrays no curiosity about our world at all. His conception of the sea, for example, is just water—a great deal of it, of course, but merely water. To live on a plateau nine thousand feet above the sea and to have one's horizon blocked by a ring of dark cloud-swathed precipices is apparently not stimulating to the imagination.

Gradually, as his visitor goes about with him, making little journeys to Zipaquirá and Nemocón, a picture of a strange existence comes into view. The key to the problem of his abstracted air is discovered. He is of what is known in Latin America as "first family." If you are of first family you are not able to do much or think much or say much, and if you could, it would have no effect upon the vast overwhelming fact of your birth. You are! The fates may decree that you become too poor to live without working, in which case your family, in some elusive and intricate way, arrange that you assist in a genteel occupation that in no sense affronts the dignity of your ancestral pride. You go on being first family. If you are, on the other hand, a scion of a fortunate house, you grow richer and richer and you travel to Europe and North America. You will probably be sent to both places for your education and you will return with a new view of life quite incomprehensible to your poorer compatriots. These will respect you and stand by you not because you are rich but because you are "first family." And whether you are rich or poor you will be quite unable to imagine yourself marrying any lady who is not of the same august descent.



THE DOMES AND TOWERS OF BOGOTÁ

The result of this is that the Social Register of Bogotá, if such a thing existed, would resemble that defunct but alluring publication the *Almanach de Gotha*. The hardy mixed stock of the coast whose forebears have not been at any great pains to avoid the bar sinister—some of whom are becoming extremely wealthy—are regarded by the first families as highly undesirable alliances. But on the other hand, mothers and daughters have an extraordinary leaning toward husbands from Northern Europe or the United States. This is not so foolish as it seems to the cynical at first sight. Those German, English, Dutch, and American men with whom these ladies mingle on the high plateau are usually outstanding examples of their race and class, bold filibusters of the armies of commerce, well-heeled prospectors of mineral wealth, cultured and decently-bred concessionaires. New

Granada is no poor man's immigration ground, and those who are destined to open up her resources in the future will be trained and able executives. And there is one feature of the fiscal and social intercourse of that country which some of the more truculent salesmen from New York can remember with advantage—that the merchant is a good judge of character and is not to be deceived by standardized good-fellowship. And while he may be ignorant of the great world of cement roads and elevated structures and fifty-story office buildings, he has a very fine brand of conduct of his own and has no difficulty in associating with gentlemen.

This, however, is a digression from the Interpreter, who is not a merchant himself but clerks in an office, and is "first family." Just at present he is not doing very much and has permission to turn an honest and dignified *peso* by showing a philosophic traveler around Bogotá. The latter, busily writing up his notes at a table on the gallery of the courtyard of the Hotel Regina, is startled by suddenly finding his young gentleman standing by the balustrade as though he had materialized out of the rich golden sunshine pouring over the red roof. He is what we used to call "*distingué*" and his gold-rimmed *pince-nez* make him seem more like a stage diplomat than an intellectual. He has at all times, save when he is shrinking slightly under the hail of questions inflicted by this strange fellow from beyond the "still-vext Bermoothes," an air of being sunk in a profound but by no means bitter consideration of fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute, and kindred philosophical conundrums. A faint smile flits across his face at rare intervals as though he saw for a moment, far off among the roseate glammers of his thoughts, a key to the extraordinary hazard that has brought us together. There is some resemblance between him and that pessimistic chauffeur whose spirit, once he had got us axle-deep in a morass, sank into a slough of despond. Perhaps the chauffeur was

first family too, and the contact with an alien plebian makes them both pensive.

So he stands, the fingers of one hand thrust slightly into a trouser-pocket, waiting courteously for eventualities, for the next astonishing remarks of his philosophic traveler. Perhaps he is wondering what sort of pandemonium and hell-on-earth that northern country must be if all the natives continually ask questions and criticize every aspect of one's daily life. Or perhaps he is wondering whether he will ever get a chance to go down the great river and over that sea, of which he has heard so much, and take a bashful glance at a world of living men. There is, according to his own tale, very little prospect of that. He lives with his mother and four elder sisters in a huge *palacio* of a place down near the station, and they have three servants because, being first family, they cannot possibly do anything of a menial nature. They confine themselves, those five large well-nourished ladies, to piety and good works. This of course cuts well into the salary of a young gentleman clerk, but he would not have it otherwise. When it is pointed out to him that plenty of nice young ladies spring actively aboard trolley cars in the square about seven o'clock of a fine morning and jangle away to work in offices, because his tourist friend has seen them and actually had words with one of them in one of the offices, the Interpreter agrees in a faint faraway voice, but adds that of course they are not first family.

There is something very definite about the young man and his social position in spite of his willowy remoteness and meek comportment. It dawns on the tourist that possibly a consciousness of immaculate heredity and aristocratic tradition might be rather a fine thing to have, however far outside of his own experience it lies. Possibly such a consciousness can enable its possessor to weather the gales of adversity with poise and gentleness. Possibly it can make for adequate citizenship and become the foundation of sound character. It is disturb-



ng after all these years of democratic lither and communistic carousings to find a suspicion creeping into one's mind that perhaps there is something more desirable than material prosperity and a truculent faith in bank balances. More desirable even than the bright modern aims of that empire builder who seeks to substitute tarred highways for the *Caminero Real*, golf and Mah Jong for cock-fighting, and victrolas for *marimbas*. Not that he would deprecate gentility, but that it seems automatically to evaporate when those pushing Costenos and Antioquians begin to rush to and fro in high-powered cars over the tarred highways. It is an imponderable and alluring quality and he has it, that quiet young man who takes his derisive and interrogatory employer out along the streets of old Bogotá and into the ancient salt-mines of Zipaquirá.

And yet one cannot but regret that he is continually in danger of being mistaken for a denizen of some other and more fabulous world. He makes an impatient, eager, critical yet philosophic traveler want to take him back home and exhibit him as a vestige of a for-

gotten civilization, discovered by himself on the High Plateau—a civilization whose dead impose themselves heavily upon the living, whose houses are built like fortresses so that the sunlight beats upon vast blank walls and heavy portals and even love has to shoot his slow-winged darts through dark embrasures.

That was the memory he left the traveler each day as he breathed a shy farewell and vanished like a wraith in the darkness of the hotel entrance. Most potent of all was the effect upon that young man of an incident up the mountainside where the poor folk live in brown-thatched huts lining steep ravines like wasps on a sunny wall. They are very shy, these barefooted ragged citizens of the Bogotá suburbs, and the way they wear their straight black hair all tumbled about their fathomless black eyes evokes more thoughts of stumbling upon a race who have never seen one's kind before. They run and peep at you as you pass, whereas the metropolitan Bogotanos fix you with a portentous and devouring stare that is fastened upon your retreating back as far as he can distinguish you in the throng. That stare



THE GREAT SQUARE OF BOGOTÁ

The Cathedral and the Church of Santa Clara stand side by side.

means—Who are you and what are you doing here? Where is your home and why have you left it? What is your religion, your political affiliation, your profession, and your Intelligence Quotient? And so on. It is the frankest and most undisguised curiosity on earth, and obviously the result of astonishment at finding someone in the city of two hundred thousand with whose face he is not familiar.

But the shy folk up the mountain run and hide, which is vexing for a tourist who has carried his camera all the way up from Cartagena by air and car and rail. He stalks a party of children who are playing prettily by a spring that is supposed to possess miraculous powers. A gaunt priest is seated on the rocks among them and the visitor is captured with the idyllic serenity of the scene. He wishes to click the shutter. The Interpreter, however, is not sanguine about this enterprise. He points out apologetically that it might not be approved. Good heavens! But by whom? Well . . . the young man looks at the ground and hesitates. He hardly knows how to explain. His companion waves aside the shadowy objection and advances, camera at focus, an amiable smile on his features directed at the nearest child, a girl of fourteen, who suddenly stands appalled at the terrible stranger bearing down upon her. On her austere face are many emotions, but chiefly a sense of outrage and exasperation. She turns and flies up the slope. Other children, seeing the oncoming portent, scuttle like crabs out of sight. Those who are nearer the priest cluster about his person and his attention is directed toward the source of the excitement. The stranger smiles and makes pacificatory gestures suggesting the idea of photographing the group. The priest's features darken and grow stern. His tall form rises to an unexpected height as he stands up, and he raises a minatory and embarrassing finger. There is no doubt about it, the tourist is afraid of that tall, ungainly,

and shabby creature up there. A most unusual sensation of being in the wrong, and what is perhaps worse, of having broken some mysterious law of courtesy makes him turn to his interpreter to have the affair explained.

But that young gentleman had washed his hands of the business long ago. He was away down the road, sitting in the hired carriage. Nor did he vouchsafe very much information concerning the episode. He seemed oppressed by the whole affair, remarking that it was unfortunate. This was not very clear and he remained sunk in a profound reverie as the carriage descended the hill, from which could be seen the domes and towers of Bogotá, with vistas of those red-tiled roofs glowing like dull hammered bronze in the afternoon sun.

The young gentleman stands in the obscurity of the great archway of the hotel and in a voice like the dying away of a wind among the reeds promises to come at the appointed hour to-morrow. He is there, and then suddenly he has vanished without a sound. Somewhere in the city he will be seated in a great chamber with his womenfolk about him. Those ladies still wear black for their father now dead three years ago, and are engrossed in good works. The squat dark servants bring in the modest meal on monogrammed silver, the heritage of ancient days. They sit mostly in silence, noting with serious care the needs of their revered parent. Over the heavy mahogany sideboard are the portraits of their grandparents, the Englishman and his patrician bride. Perhaps they will ask their brother what sort of day he has had, and he will give a slight shudder and remain silent. They will understand. They will know he has been out in the great world again, enduring the society of those who are not first family and who can never comprehend the obscure agonies of soul their very existence must occasion to the august beings in whose veins runs the thin and haughty azure stream of unsullied lineage.



# “SAVOIR FAIRE”

*A Story*

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

CAROLYN WRIGHT did not receive many letters. She looked critically at the handwriting on the envelope of the one that had just been given her. Who might be writing to her from—? She could not make out the postmark. Then it seemed to her she did remember. And yet—it could hardly be!

She opened the letter. It was really rather more like a telegram; for there were just a few lines, without date or address:

My dear:

I shall be motoring through Crayville tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon, at about four o'clock; and shall stop for an hour, on the chance that I may see you.

With my love,

Quite the same—Margaret.

Why, of course! How could she have failed to recognize that handsome—in the old days she would have said “fashionable”—handwriting? But how strange and unlikely, too. How out of a clear sky. She had not seen Margaret—let me see! was it possible?—for sixteen years.

There was something exhilarating and very pleasing in this surprise and, following this, something slightly disturbing. Strange how a few lines, written so characteristically, could bring Margaret's very presence to her.

She folded the letter and returned it to its envelope absent-mindedly, planning. There was something thrilling, really, in having it in her hand. Margaret! It brought back so much—that

wonderful year at Miss Edgeworth's School, which stood out from all the others of her life, unique.

It had been a great venture. Sixteen years ago. It had changed life really very much for her. She had always fretted before that against her limitations. She had wanted to be like other girls, of a better class. And so when her great-aunt died and left her that pitiful legacy of fifteen hundred dollars she had chosen deliberately to spend it that way; and being alone and free in the world, there was no one to oppose her.

The year at school had made a great change in her; so that when she returned to Crayville, which seemed to her flatter and a good bit dingier than when she went away, she shone among its people with an added brilliancy and a single loveliness. She was really its star, noticeable and dominant—the real glory of the place. You could see her counterpart any clear evening in the western skies, when the glare and clatter and business of the day had died down, allowing the first wet-gold planet its beauty and importance.

Yet at times—particularly at first—Carolyn had wondered about her venture. What had it served, after all, save to preserve her strange unsatisfied longing? There was no more money for staying longer in the fashionable cultured world. Just that one year. After that she had come back to remain in Crayville, and within six months had married Luke Wright.

That was at first rather puzzling to the people of Crayville. They had hardly

expected her to settle down, content, as the wife of the head of Crayville's one lumber company. But once it was done they were proud of her, and loyal to her, and placid about it, and took the compliment of it, as it were, to themselves. And Carolyn, proud and well-bred to begin with, had picked up too many ways and habits of good breeding at Miss Edgeworth's, to show her discontent, if discontent were there.

But it was there, nevertheless. It expressed itself delicately in the books she bought, in which Luke Wright had, or was likely to have, no interest; in the music she played, always quite beyond his comprehension; and clothes of a certain rarity—rich in unusual color—that she designed for herself, and that Luke liked, but the subtleties of whose charm he in no way apprehended.

He doted on her and wished her to have anything she wanted, which he could afford. It would never have entered his downright mind that all these things, in which he took a pride, though he did not understand them, were avenues of escape into another world—a world which for sixteen years had called to her—away from himself.

Now, the prospect of Margaret's coming was like the swinging back of a door. Carolyn was to see again the person who had been, in a sense, her model, the most curiously potent influence in that one most influential year.

They had not written to each other since they parted, good friends though they had been. It was in a measure instinct on Carolyn's part, that there should never be any question of it. She foresaw, without too much detail of foresight, that such a correspondence as could exist between them would inevitably tend to be dropped, and it seemed to her rather nice pride a more advisable thing never to take it up. It gave her the somewhat subtle pleasure of—well, if you like—dropping Margaret. The other way around would have ended in time, she knew, in Margaret's dropping her.

She speculated as to what Margaret would be like now, recalled her as she had been: tall and beautiful with that air of distinction that is better than beauty. It shone in everything she did—in the way she rose to greet you, in the beautiful way she held herself, in the little gentle lazy manner of pulling off her gloves, in the graciousness with which her sleeve fell back from her forearm, or clasped it delicately close and low, leaving only her slender white fingers to articulate her few and quite exquisite gestures; above all, in the many delicate modulations of her extraordinarily beautiful voice; and in the equally mellow and varied silences, always so well chosen and maintained.

She had had all those advantages of inheritance and early training that gave her an instinctive knowledge of the right thing to be done in every possible case. It was this "knowing-how"—this "savoir faire" that had made her Carolyn's idol. It was this delicately woven, fine-spun manner of dealing with life that had made Carolyn's less sophisticated world seem, when she thought back upon it, so roughly home-spun. And it was Carolyn's cherished awareness of these differences, and her own additionally cultivated manners, which had upon her return home from school given her her immediate added distinction in Crayville. She felt, now, that she had owed all this mainly to Margaret. Indeed, in time they had come rather to worship her in Crayville and perpetually deferred to her; so that when the new Town Hall was to be built, for instance, it was she, of course, as the first lady of Crayville, who entertained the commissioners and the visiting architect of its chosen plan.

It was at that time that John Bannerman came into her life; and this, too, and all that in the past three weeks he had come to mean to her she felt she owed to Margaret. Yes; and that extraordinary relation had gone quite beyond anything she had dreamed would ever come into her days. It had grown



as a flower grows, you do not know how; and had bloomed as a flower blooms that blooms at night and that you find in the morning, full-blown, in a miraculous unlooked-for manner. And now, the culmination of that relation appeared to her curiously well timed. That the something undefined, but exquisitely certain, in John Bannerman's devotion to her should have come to its perfection at the very moment when Margaret, out of a world of desirable culture, was to descend upon her, was as fitting as that the handsomest of the zinnias should be blooming at just that time in the garden, to be gathered and put in a bowl on the verandah, strikingly, and in the cool drawing-room.

She had had some moments of uneasiness when the little round-headed sub-architect Johnson—who seemed to have constituted himself a sort of watch dog for Bannerman—looked at her with such cold and calculating eyes which somehow conveyed to her that he knew his master well enough to realize the danger there was that he might, in that easy masterful way of his, make forty-seven kinds of a fool of himself where unexpected beauty and a woman were concerned. But Carolyn quite forgot that now or transmuted it in the exhilarating prospect of Margaret's coming.

For it was precisely the presence and devotion in her life of a distinguished type like Bannerman, and the fact that she had so far handled the whole situation with so much skill that would give her her vantage of ease with Margaret. She would, because of it, meet her, not as the small-town person Margaret might very well have supposed her now to be, but as a woman of experience—of interesting and subtle experience. It even flashed through her mind that she might delicately ask Margaret's advice—smiling all the while—on so delicate a matter—what *would* be the best procedure to prevent a man going too far in such a situation? It would all be, of course, a matter of womanly tact and savoir-faire. And at that point she

would tactfully mention her husband and his attitude of perpetual and complete generosity in her life.

She fell to thinking of him now. As a matter of fact, he had been generous; even generous enough, she thought, to appreciate Bannerman's charm and genius and to trust both him and her.

But there she mistook him. Luke Wright was neither flattered nor concerned that John Bannerman had come to his house so often during these past three weeks. It would no more have entered his mind that there was any danger lurking between this stranger and his wife, and in the sympathy of their tastes, than he would have suspected pine of being chestnut or oak of being either. He was a man whose facts were as neatly arranged and piled up as the lumber was neatly arranged and piled up in his extensive lumber-yard. Moreover, he knew that weathered and seasoned facts were better than green and fresh-cut facts. The weathered and seasoned facts in his own life happened to be that fifteen years previous Carolyn Wakeley—then in her twentieth year—had consented to marry him, and that a few months later they were man and wife. Then, too, there were the facts of her general dignity and sweetness, her enviable standing in the community. She was too well-bred to do any untoward thing. Not that he got so far as to put that in words in his thought; but he knew.

So Bannerman's visits had not disturbed him, not even the fact that many of them were made in the afternoon, when he was not at home. Nor was this due solely to his estimate of his wife's type, her good breeding, and her social sense that at times left him almost gaping; it was due somewhat to her frankness in announcing, for instance, “Mr. Bannerman stayed quite a while this afternoon. He really is very interesting”—and some of it was due to his pride. He had had the good judgment to marry just that refined, self-poised sort of woman. When other men's wives

shamed them it was the men he blamed. Why had they selected cheap women to marry, or weak ones?

Carolyn heard now Bannerman's step, too well-known, on the verandah; rose hastily, with a swift, half-alarmed, dark glance at herself in the mirror. Then she went straight—thinking of Margaret and with Margaret's ease and graciousness—into the hall to meet him.

He stood, handsome and boyish—that fine athletic figure of his had something still of the college boy about it—in the doorway. The branching honeysuckle that clambered over the verandah seemed to be stretching its gracious arms back of him, announcing him.

She had noticed it each afternoon that he came, and had begun to associate the two things—his frank eager coming and the delicate announcing friendliness of the honeysuckle back of him as though it said, "Here he is, you see—again!" How lovely, really! A surge of exquisitely sensuous pleasure that the mere beauty roused in her rose and ebbed, leaving her as she always was, a trifle faint as she put her hand in his.

"It's so good of you to come," she said graciously, ridding herself almost at once of the too eager inquiry and detention of his handclasp, "and good of you to send me those little blue-print photographs of the Cathedrals. Mr. Wright and I looked at them last night."

Flowingly as it was spoken, each word was as well chosen and delivered as Margaret herself would have chosen and delivered them; and that carefully yet easily turned reference to her husband, was like a wrought clasp on the sweeping cloak of savoir faire with which she almost visibly went clothed.

Indeed, it was just this unlooked-for "knowing-how"—added to her beauty—which roused Bannerman's persistent interest in her and heightened the quite exquisite pleasure of being with her: this surprising, extraordinary ease of a woman of her unextraordinary surroundings. Easily the "first lady" of the town. Yes; but then—such a town!

Where had she acquired it? It interested his art sense; for obviously the whole world of art was foreign to her. He gravitated toward it as toward his own world. It piqued his curiosity a good deal and his vanity much more. That little coolness and aloofness of her, where one might have looked for embarrassment and easy yielding; that poise, that was at times almost indifference, where he might have expected frank wonder and adoration of him, such as the other ladies of the town devotedly brought him. There was none of this. Carolyn Wright even expected him, even often directed him, to wait upon her; bade him hand her a book, or lay one down; disagreed with him, even on points of art—and extraordinarily intelligently, too.

"I am forever bothering you!" Bannerman said now in his eager way. It was his usual introduction to his intention to stay just as long as Carolyn would allow him. He threw his cap on a chair in the hall, drew his hand over the back of his head, and followed her to the delicious tempered light of the vine-covered verandah at the back of the house, she saying easily and graciously, "Indeed, you know quite the contrary. I'm always delighted to have you come."

The verandah was of flagstones, under an open arbor that stretched spaciouly around it, inclosing it save at one end. Beyond this opening, the quivering treble-blue of larkspur, the rich and resonant purple of phlox, and the unimagined colors of the zinnias, like a brilliant accord in music, lent by contrast a certain almost searching quiet and withdrawn coolness to the inclosure. It was a place of delicately sheltered light and stillness, so that, better than any room, it expressed friendliness—a sort of intimacy of reserved friendliness.

Bannerman had come to fulfill his promise to look over with her the little blue-print views of great cathedrals. She had them ready, and they began looking at them almost at once, seated



near each other, he, in his low porch-chair, bending toward her, his elbows on his knees, pointing out to her carefully the beauty of this line or that and the meaning of it; she, at the same time that she bent forward to follow his explanation, withdrawn nevertheless, in a kind of supreme delicacy of purposed reserve, so that the whole leaning and nearness was his. Indeed, like a growing thing, and more and more it was his nearness to her, not hers to him, that became the interest of them both, though they continued to concentrate their attention on the blue-prints.

Soon she noticed, even while most carefully following his words that his hand began to shake a little.

Presently he rose suddenly.

“I don’t believe I can go on,” he said with an almost pathetically frank admission of defeat. “I’m not thinking of any of this, of course. I’m thinking of you.”

It was as though he flung the fact down in front of her; and it seemed to lie there between them, a potent invisible thing.

She showed not the slightest emotion. Her graciousness and poise stood her in good stead.

“What an idea!” she said softly and with a faint smile, gathering the blue-prints together and turning them into evenness and order between her fingers as one does a pack of cards. Truly, the training of that one year, and Margaret’s influence, had given her a power, a cultivated quietness. There was not anywhere, not in her least gesture, the slightest evidence of alarm. Yet her heart was very nearly choking her, and a sudden wild tattoo of drums, drumming warning and approach and danger, was in her blood.

He sat down again and bent toward her, now frankly pouring out his feeling, as a man of his power might; and as an artist had, he conceived, the right to do. And she bore the gusts of his passion still without a quiver, though the things that he was saying to her washed and

dimmed and brightly blinded her, as when wind and rain beat in determined hard-flung gusts against a bright, clear, closed pane of glass.

There was something triumphantly desirable in listening to Bannerman’s declaration of this passion of a sort that had no vulgarity.

He told her in hurried yet chosen words how he had watched her, had been stirred by her beauty from the first. He had come to this town expecting the usual types of women, and he had found her!—the very line of her hair a thing to haunt him; the very turn of her throat a memory he could not be rid of, like a flower that floats on a stream. He had a wife, of whom he had been honest enough to speak from time to time. But there is that passion in a man, that creative love for beauty, that deep desire which comes like the very call of a higher art—an art higher than the mere art of his customary living.

“And you,” he finished, “it must be you care—a little!”

At this she raised her eyebrows the least bit, still keeping her eyes on the blue-prints in her hands, her lips very faintly smiling; it might have been at his audacity.

“I’m not a coarse man!” he swept on. “You know that! Thank God, I’m not offering you anything low and coarse. Situated as we are, bound as we are, what can I ask for but understanding of what I’ve told you, and companionship? But, good God, not a petty thing! Not a thing like this afternoon and the sharing of those prints! The world has seen a few truths of late years, has learned a few freedoms! The old shackles are gone. The younger men and women, the very boys and girls know it. We have a few rights! Not only a few! What does it mean when two people like ourselves meet—each of us tied? Isn’t there some creative freedom? Have we no rights?”

But his voice was not as assertive as his words; it was pleading. Suddenly he put one hand on top of the other, laid

them both in this fashion on her knee, and bent his forehead down on them, as though commending himself by that gesture to her mercy and, his face hidden against her so, made his final confession hoarsely:

"I want your lips. I want you—with all the beauty that you stand for—in my arms. Then I'll go on!"

It seemed strange he should not feel and be aware of the heavy beat of her heart and all its hundred echoes everywhere in her body, down down down to her fingertips.

She drew her hands from where his face and his hot breath touched them, and put them on his hair instead, and stooped over him. She could almost have put a kiss on the brown mass of it. He raised his haggard face, so that had she chosen to give the kiss it would have fallen direct on his forehead, then, with a quick tilt of his head, brought his own lips hotly on hers, and she was completely in his arms.

She brushed her hand over her eyes when she was free, too dazed to think. Then gradually her thoughts formed themselves, and the form of them harked back to many things. No—there was nothing coarse in any of this!

Bannerman had none of her poise. He was overcome by his feelings. He had dropped into his chair again now and sat with his head in his hands. It was she still who must be serene.

"You don't know," he said, still hoarsely, "what your trust will do for me. I promise not to worry you with my needs. You are beautiful to me, beyond words beautiful."

Then suddenly, across all the tumult of their double silence, Carolyn's name was called; and there was a step on the front verandah.

"May I come in, my dear, a moment?" It was one of the ladies of the Town Hall guild, coming as usual to ask advice or favor.

So the whole precious moment was broken, yet mercifully broken too, in its perfection. Then something as ele-

mental as self-preservation rushed into Bannerman's mind. He meant to cling to what he had. His eyes were imploring:

"Will you come to the path by the river, this evening?"

She closed her eyes, gave the slightest of nods, rose and left him. In a moment he heard her saying, "Well, my dear, I'm glad to see you." And in another moment she had brought her visitor back with her.

The swimming of a goldfish in a rounded bowl and its deft gracious turning and facing about in its direction could not have been more exquisite than this tact, this *savoir faire* with which he saw her turn moments of the most passionate progression into those of easy friendly greeting.

"But I've interrupted you," said the visitor, looking from one to the other.

"Indeed, no! And I'm especially glad you've come, for Mr. Bannerman can answer your questions better than I. Besides I myself must leave you. I have a friend coming in a little while whom I have not seen in many years. There are several things to be done before she arrives. So, I'll leave you here together for about five minutes, to settle your problem; then I shall come back and tell you that I must send you both away."

When a little later they left, she watched them go down the path together, watched Bannerman's way of holding open the gate, the beautiful, unconscious, tremendous courtesy of his body, and the conscious deference of his gesture. Then she turned to face what the next half-hour would bring her.

Nothing could have fitted her more fully for it than the half-hour just gone. In all her former relation to Margaret there had always been a kind of fundamental realization of inferiority, based on her paucity of experience and her lesser training. But now! . . . From the vantage ground of the last half-hour, she would not be climbing any steep paths to attain Margaret's level. She would be meeting her on even ground.





*Drawn by Harrison Booth*

"HOW YOU MUST DESPISE ME," HE SAID

Such things as she had just experienced might happen, if they would, in Margaret's world but they could not have happened there with more beauty. She felt, for the first time in her aspiring life, a complete sense of unity with distinguished powers and possibilities—a sort of sublimated *savoir faire*.

It was this, as much as the whirling memory of Bannerman's hot breath on her hands and of the sense of his powerful and beautiful body bent before her that gave her now so striking an additional beauty and bloom.

And it was all this, in effect, which was to account for Margaret's quite lovely gesture, as she held her off prettily at arm's length immediately after they had kissed, half-closed her eyes, and said:

"But, my dear! How *beautiful* you have grown!"

Beautiful she was indeed. Bannerman had once paused in this same cool and darkened hallway after he had greeted her, to liken her beauty to that of a tall mauve zinnia which stood among others, in a bowl on the hall table, where a single shaft of sunlight, falling through the bowed shutters, singled it out.

Margaret gave her another critical lovely look, all compounded of the charm and graciousness and ease of manner which *were* Margaret, and said, in slow addition:

"And so—why—my dear—so *distinguished*!" She put her hand on her heart, a delightful gesture. "You quite overwhelm me."

Nothing could have made a better beginning. Whether it was done with conscious purpose, or from old unconscious gracious habit, Margaret had, by means of just those words and observations, put the whole situation perfectly at its ease.

Margaret caught a glimpse of the latticed verandah beyond.

"My dear, how charming. Are we to sit out there?"

She took the chair John Bannerman had sat in. As she sank into it, with just the same lovely graciousness as of

old, Carolyn was delicately aware of a hundred reminders: the same turn of the wrist, and the same manner of soft silk folds falling away from it; and the same well-remembered, rare gestures of the exquisite white fingers. For a moment she found herself almost wishing she had asked John Bannerman to stay, except that there would have been a certain bad taste in asking him to remain on, to meet another woman, after those supreme moments.

Margaret was speaking:

"And your husband, my dear—am I to meet him?"

"Not unless you will consent to remain over."

"That I cannot."

"At the end of the month Mr. Wright always remains late at his office and will not be home until about ten." Carolyn leaned forward a trifle. "How did you know that I was married?"

"Oh, nothing easier, my dear. You remember Miss Trapp, the Social secretary at Miss Edgeworth's school? Well, when Miss Edgeworth died last year, Miss Trapp came straight to me. She is my secretary now. She is simply a mine of information. She knows every girl who ever went to Miss Edgeworth's and exactly where everyone is located. She is really quite a marvel. She always was, you know."

"And I," said Carolyn, taking the conversation delicately between her fingers, like ribbon, and turning it back on itself whimsically, "I who have not a social secretary, I do not know—"

"Of course, my dear," Margaret agreed. "You don't even know whether I am married."

"Oh, yes"—Carolyn gave her a smile, and a swift generous glance—"I should have been sure."

"Ah, flattery, my dear!" Margaret held up a pretty hand and turned her head away, rejectingly. "But you don't know *whom* I married!"

Carolyn waited.

"Well, an adorable person. A kind of gorgeous lord of creation, sought after,



and distinguished, and besides—a very good architect, who now has the honor of building your Town Hall." She spread her hands. "Isn't that nice?"

Carolyn sat looking at her dumbly.

"Why do you look so amazed? Don't you like the Town Hall?"—It was Margaret's old charm of delicate lightness.

"Why, yes." Carolyn rallied, "and I like Mr. Bannerman. I know him."

It is so that a surprised and good swimmer might turn and take an unexpected wave.

"Of course you'd know him. And of course you'd like him. And—it's not like me to beat about the bush—that's why I'm here."

Carolyn's blood that had flowed so hot was like chilling ice in her veins now. The tips of her fingers were cold and wet. She had the sense of some terrible *faux pas* that had, all in an instant, in this unlooked-for manner, put her in Margaret's power. Something that had been her triumph was being transformed to ugliness. She had overstayed the hour. What had been her glory was turning to rags. She reached out for some slender hope of beauty, to save it.

"I think him a very beautiful person."

"He is," said Margaret, with delicate cordiality. "Precisely. And that is why you will help me." (Again the intolerable situation, and the sense of loveliness crumbling.) "I don't suppose you have ever been through any tragic uncertainty as to your husband?"

"Oh, no," Carolyn said softly, hardly hearing herself speak.

"Well, it would not be like me, you know, to spy. But the report came to me from a direct source. So I did not wait. I said, 'the directest method is the best.' I said 'Carolyn Wakely will understand.' I said 'Carolyn will know who the woman is.'"

Oh, the unspeakable relief of that! Her blood flowed again under the ice.

"Yes, I do know," she said at last.

Margaret expressed no especial surprise or satisfaction at that. She held

up her two hands, frailly, exquisitely forbidding, and spoke again with delicate lightness:

"Don't tell me her name. It might be one of my favorite ones, and I should probably hate it always afterwards. What is she like?"

"Well, she is tall and dark—about my coloring." It is with such a step that one goes forward to a desperate goal, on uncertain ice, despite the fact that it cracks under one.

"Is she beautiful?"

"I think he would think so," Carolyn parried.

Margaret hesitated, as though considering a number of words, and then made a choice:

"Interesting?"

"Why—yes." Carolyn looked away to the larkspurs and phlox and zinnias and their perfect poise and self-possession in the sunshine. "She is"—the words came slowly—"very refined . . . a cultivated sort of person."

Carolyn was aware of a slight ironic raising of Margaret's eyebrows.

"Come, now, Carolyn! You and I know that women of our type don't do that kind of thing. They simply don't. Fancy the indelicacy—"

Carolyn did not reply at once. When she did she said slowly:

"Maybe she didn't know."

Margaret took the words from her:

"Oh, yes, she knew. She knew he was married. Johnson, his assistant, you know, would have seen to that. And there isn't the really cultivated woman"—She waved it away unfinished, with a delicate gesture. "They simply don't. You and I know that."

Again Carolyn had the sense of things crumbling in her hands; then she said:

"Well, I'll tell you—she's rather a simple woman in her way." (Penitence could not have wrung so much from her. She only knew that for his sake, for Margaret's, for her own, this thing must not be known.) "I know her. I can reach her, get at her, about a thing of this sort."

"Well, that is quite what I wanted to ask you."

"You see," Carolyn continued, "it may sound a bit like boasting, but you won't take it that way: I have a sort of influence here."

"Well, of course. And, my dear, you would know how. You have distinction. It is in everything you do."

"I mean—I think I should only have to say—to explain—well, to say that I know you—that you are my friend."

"Exactly! And account for not mentioning it before as you like. You've the tact; you've the *savoir faire*."

A moment later she rose, graceful and slender as a girl but with all the perfection of a woman.

"Now you will understand why I cannot stay, why I must be going."

At the door Margaret turned to Carolyn fully. "Good-by, my dear," and kissed her. "I shan't know how to thank you." She held her for the fraction of a moment, looking at her as though unresolved, and considering every trait of her dark beauty. Then suddenly she unveiled her thought, as a woman unveils her face: "You see, I adore him—in my own way—quite utterly adore him."

When Carolyn returned from the river and stepped upon the front verandah the full moonlight lay sifted through the branched honeysuckle vines. She could not have remained there, where the exquisite sweetness of the flower and the haunting coolness of the light met. Nor would it have been endurable to her to go to the flagstone verandah, at the back of the house, where he and she, and then Margaret and she, had met and talked together that afternoon, and where even more markedly the moon's white silence would lay, making pattern and meaning of the shadows of the leaves.

She went into the library and pulled on the light at once, and felt, escaping from the incredible beauty of the night outside, as though she had escaped some bright and sinister sorcery.

How almost, how nearly, she had fallen into a terrible snare! It was as though there had been hounds on her traces—those swift hounds of Diana that are reputed to run on moonlight nights noiselessly, silverly, pitilessly, their pointed muzzles to the ground.

But even at the supreme moment, with the river swimming along in silver at her feet; with her body swayed not by any youthful surge of feeling, but by all the terrible richness of older passion; with Bannerman holding her two hands tight, so that it hurt, and bending toward her with all the force and intensity of his argument; when the easiest thing in the world would have been to find herself in his arms—she had somehow—known how! With a power, almost an ease—a *savoir faire*—she had been able to check him beautifully, convince him quickly, deftly, that she had not met him to yield anything to him, but rather only to show him himself; to remind him of things that he had forgotten; to speak to him of certain ideals, conventions, if you like, which to a woman of cultivation who knows the world are essential, and are ignored only by the simple, the untrained: to recall to him, in short, his wife—he had told her, early in their acquaintance, of his wife—

And at that he had fallen back, put his clenched hand to his forehead, closed his eyes, and turned away from her, and in a moment had said slowly, "How you must—how you must—despise me!"

Yes; she had made her escape! She had known how! and the hounds had gone on other traces. But she was still trembling from it all, with a sort of terrible regret and relief.

There was a step in the hall. Could he have followed her for a final word? She turned, ready to face that too, if necessary.

But, no; it was Luke Wright, home a little earlier than he had expected; tall and towering, and clean, and practical as one of his own heaps of lumber.



"Were you reading? Lovely night," he said.

She went toward him, and for some reason melted suddenly into his arms.

"Yes, it's heavenly!" she whispered, against his coat.

He stroked her hair with unaccustomed but very willing fingers. How beautiful she was! How above other women! He raised her face, with its closed eyes, to his and put his lips on hers.

Margaret sat in her soft negligee in the cool of her little upper sitting room, where Miss Trapp had divined and decreed supper should be brought her, after her long ride, rather than in the more formal dining room.

That tremendously capable person was holding the door back with a commanding gesture and her head at its perpetual irreproachable angle while the

maid passed through, efficiently, with the tray.

When they left her alone Margaret touched nothing for a while but put her head back wearily and closed her eyes. She was tired but immensely relieved. Things had gone as well as possible. The whole thing had taken tact and savoir faire, but it had been done.

The memory of Carolyn's beauty lingered above everything in her mind. It would have been far easier, and more temporarily satisfying, to berate her, scorn her, scathe her, scatter her like dust, as she deserved; but after all one cannot behave like a fish-wife! She had left her her beauty and her dignity, and her sense of power. She took a certain pleasure in this. She had the well-trained aristocrat's dislike of humiliating anyone—and above all of humiliating herself.

## WAYSIDE BLOOM

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

THIS morning I was digging in the sun  
 In the still garden I have made for me,  
 When I heard something call,  
 And I looked up; it was so strange to see  
 That Life was standing there outside the wall  
 Quite as she used to stand  
 Before my garden was begun.  
 She beckoned to me with her hand  
 And smiled  
 And said, "Come, child."

"You know,"  
 I said, "I cannot go;  
 I must plant poppies in this garden bed;  
 It will take long for them to glow  
 And smoulder red,  
 But I must press their petals to my pain  
 Before I go with you again."  
 And Life still smiled at me beyond the gate;  
 "You need not wait;  
 My ways are sown with them," she said.

# GENERAL GRANT AND THE QUEEN

## *Unnarrated Incidents of Grant's Trip Around the World*

BY JESSE R. GRANT

*In collaboration with Henry Francis Granger*

IT was upon the eve of our departure from London, on my father's trip around the world in 1877, that the invitation came from Queen Victoria to visit her at Windsor Castle.

I have often speculated upon the genesis of that invitation. Father was a private citizen of the United States and I do not imagine Queen Victoria wished to entertain us at Windsor. I fancy Her Majesty was as much surprised as father at the necessity. I shall never know, but I can imagine what was said to prompt that invitation. It did not come until our stay in London was drawing to a close and, until it came, there had been no hint or suggestion of its probability.

Disraeli was Prime Minister and head of the Conservative Party. A shrewd statesman, he could not overlook or mistake the portent of the public reception given father throughout England—a welcome that had risen above conventional greeting, swelling into wonderful spontaneous ovations. Nothing of the sort had been anticipated by the Conservatives.

Our Minister to England, Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, was an American with the highest appreciation of the glory of royalty. Before our arrival he had put forth determined efforts to insure for father a royal reception and his efforts had met with but faint response. The Earl of Derby told him plainly that father, under our American laws, was only a private citizen and that England could receive him only unofficially as a distinguished American. True, he would doubtless receive every honor that could be be-

stowed upon a "commoner" and he would be the lion of the season in London, but the Government could not recognize him in his private capacity as it would, for instance, an ex-ruler of royal blood.

Pierrepont, who thought more of the gracious smile of a royal prince than of the acclaim of the motley public, was much chagrined. Father knew nothing of the Minister's ambitious efforts. The story was told to us later by gleeful Liberals.

At the moment the enthusiasm of the laboring classes, the demonstrative activity of the Liberals under Joseph Chamberlain, the prominent part taken in all the functions by John Bright and the less conservative of the nobility—represented by the Duke of Argyle, Lord Granville, Lord Carnarvon, and even the Prince of Wales; the sympathetic approval of the general public and the encomiums of the press made it appear that the English people were anxious to do all in their power to honor father, and only the Crown and the Conservative Party, then in power, were holding back. Plainly the situation promised to react to the advantage of the Liberals.

But all this prospective political advantage was countered by Disraeli in one clever stroke. The invitation came from the Queen, and the Crown and the Conservatives were in line. Incidentally, Mr. Pierrepont saw the fruition of his aspirations. The invitation extended to father and mother, by the command of the Queen, was to dine at Windsor Castle



and to remain until the following day; it included Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont, General Badeau, and myself. I was then nineteen years old.

I shall never forget my experience at Windsor. To-day, after the lapse of more than forty years, the memory fills me with conflicting emotions. As always, there was father's sympathetic understanding, and there was the pique my conscience still justifies; but the memory brings no satisfaction—only the doubtful assurance that now, when I am old enough to be the grandfather of the boy I was then, under the same circumstances I should again take the same unsatisfactory course.

I was not anxious to be entertained at Windsor Castle. The ordeal could not be avoided. But from the first I felt that the invitation placed us in an equivocal position: that father, by his acceptance—not Royalty, in its extension—conferred the favor.

We went down by train and Sir John Cowell, the Master of the Household, received us at the station. Explaining that Her Majesty was out driving, he conducted us to our quarters. Father and mother were assigned a state apartment reserved for prominent guests. My single room was large and extremely elegant, with a connecting door to the room allotted to General Badeau. I had been instructed in the procedure and was dressing as the hour for my appearance drew near, when Sir John Cowell again appeared. He inquired solicitously as to my comfort, and after some minutes of casual conversation he entered into a portrayal of the personnel of the Household, announcing and dwelling upon the exalted rank of the various members of the ménage. Satisfied at length, I fancied, that I was duly awed by my proximity to such an array of British nobility, he reached the crux of his detailed and painstaking approach:

"I regret to say Her Majesty is indisposed," he began hesitatingly. "Large gatherings, particularly at dinner, bring

on a most distressing vertigo. As a consequence of this deplorable condition it has been decided that only those who must be present are to dine with Her Majesty. It has accordingly been directed that you and General Badeau are to dine with the Household; where, by the way, you will have a much more enjoyable time," he concluded affably.

I said nothing. Encouraged by my apparent docility, Sir John's conciliatory manner became patronizing:

"Immediately after dinner you will have the honor of being presented to Her Majesty," he announced.

General Badeau had come into my room and stood listening. Sir John went on to say that it would appear in the morning papers that we had dined with the Queen, and that we were fortunate in the arrangement that made this distinction possible without the necessity of enduring the tedium of a State Dinner.

My mind was made up now. "It would appear," I said, "that I can have all the honor by report, and avoid even the tedium of dining with the Household by quickly leaving for London." I was getting out of my formal dress as I spoke, my feelings now more of relief than resentment.

"No! No!" cried Sir John in immediate panic. "If you leave now the newspapers will learn of it and a tremendous scandal will result."

To Sir John Cowell the proceedings at Windsor were of world interest. I assured him that the newspapers would never hear of the occurrence from me; that the last thing in the world I should mention was the fact that I had been invited to dine with the Queen, and that upon my arrival she had decided I was only fit to eat with the help.

Sir John gasped. "You do not understand! The members of the Queen's Household are all of the nobility."

"That's what we call them in America," said I.

With an ejaculation of mingled rage and horror Sir John rushed from the room.

General Badeau crossed the room to my side. "We'll have to make the best of it, Jesse," he said. "You cannot leave now."

"Just watch me," I answered and went on with my packing.

A few minutes later Sir John Cowell returned, to find me nearly ready for my trip to London. Sir John was pathetic now. He said that his life at the Castle was far from one of perfect happiness; that he always tried to do his duty, with consideration for the guests under his charge, but if I persisted in going the blame must fall upon him; that he would be accused of managing the matter badly. Would I not be a good fellow and help him out? The foibles of an Old Lady in ill health must be considered—a rambling argument that left me cold, as it clearly disclosed the fact that it was the Queen herself who objected to my presence.

As I had entertained her son, Prince Arthur, in Washington some months before, and was now there by her unsolicited invitation, I felt that her treatment of me was shabby and told him so, also, that I was fully determined to return to London at once. Again he left me, angry and much upset.

A few minutes later he again returned, this time accompanied by the American Minister, Mr. Pierrepont. I was ready to go now, with my valise packed. Mr. Pierrepont wasted no words in polite preamble. He told me that it was a pity the greatest honor my father had ever received, or would ever receive, should be marred by the stubborn folly of a boy; and that if there was further talk of my returning to London he would go in and tell my father.

I answered quickly that I would go with him, that whatever father said I was to do, I would do. So together we sought father. Mr. Pierrepont explained the whole situation to father—the standing of the members of the Household, the vertigo of the Queen, and the fact that in order to make the attendance at dinner as small as it could be, General

Badeau and I were to dine with the Household. He told it all, concluding dramatically:

"And Jesse here says that he will go back to London!"

"I think that is what I should do if I were in Jesse's place," father answered quietly.

Mr. Pierrepont was speechless. Here were two Americans he could not understand. He gave it up and retired.

I was back in my room, wondering how I was to get to the station but determined to walk if necessary, when Sir John again returned. This time his face wreathed in smiles as he announced that Her Gracious Majesty would be very pleased to have me at dinner, that it was all his mistake, and that he could never forgive himself for his egregious blunder.

Well, I dined with the Queen, saw half a dozen German Princesses, and had the honor of escorting to table the Countess of Derby. After dinner I went to the billiard room and played several games of pool with Prince Leopold and three or four of his companions—equerries, I believe they were. None of us were good players—they worse than I—and so I won twenty royal shillings.

It was one o'clock when I returned to my room to find Sir John Cowell there, in dressing gown and slippers, sitting at a table with a bottle of brandy and half a dozen club sodas before him. Sir John greeted me effusively. Then we settled down with the brandy and soda and Sir John talked. He said that at the first declaration of my determination to return to London he was utterly nonplused. No situation as serious as that threatened to be had confronted him before. He went direct to the Queen with the story and she said, "Well, let him go."

He then explained to her the seriousness of it—he really did consider it an important matter. The Queen then directed him to tell me that she commanded me to dine with the Household. Sir John, then, was really on my side. He told the Queen that the young man was an American and that to command



would be futile. She then said, "Tell the American Minister to arrange it."

Sir John said that when he came in with Mr. Pierrepont he was very much afraid that I would weaken and abandon my position. Remembering Prince Arthur, he had come to consider my treatment rather shabby. When Mr. Pierrepont brought him word of father's stand he was delighted.

We talked for several hours as the brandy subsided in the bottle. It was an interesting and illuminating disclosure of the inner life at Windsor Castle. It appeared that the Queen, popularly supposed to be so affectionately interested in her loyal subjects, desired most to avoid them. One burden Sir John found particularly hard to bear fell upon him when some wealthy commoner, for some unusual service to the country, must be invited to dine with the Queen at Windsor. It was Sir John's duty upon such occasions to meet the honored guest at the station, drive him around the park, and explain the sudden and serious indisposition of Her Majesty—and that it was a matter of grave importance to the State that the fact of her ill health should not be known. He would then instruct the guest to return home quietly, assuring him that it would appear in the Court Circular that he had dined, as invited, and thus he would reap all the glory and honor. For the most part such guests were content to reap the honor and escape the ordeal. And Sir John told of one guest so dismissed who, years later, forgetful of the fact that Sir John had been the Queen's messenger, gave him a glowing account of the gracious manner in which the Queen had received him. Upon another occasion Sir John had but finished his story of the Queen's illness when Her Majesty drove by. The disappointed guest at once assumed that it was Sir John who was scheming to keep her subjects from the Queen and subsequently sought, in vain, to effect Sir John's removal.

It was late when we parted and the bottle was nearly empty.

Before this conversation with Sir John, when the flood of entertainment was at its full, a chance meeting occurred from which I emerged the notorious member of our party. After a dinner given by the Earl of Derby—who was, as I recall, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs—there followed a very crowded reception. I shall never forget that occasion. I suppose I should have known better but the memory of that evening exasperates me now. It may be the English are not devoid of a sense of humor, but I have never known an Englishman whose appreciation of humor synchronized with mine.

It was, as I have said, an exceedingly crowded reception and I was bored. I should have quietly taken my departure if I could, at the moment, have thought of any place that promised to be less dreary. As it was I drifted into a corner where I stood forgotten and unnoticed. Another solitary individual drifted up beside me and I recognized Sir Edward Thornton, whom I had known well as the English Minister in Washington. We promptly fell into conversation. He said, rather sadly, that his years in the diplomatic service had made him more of a stranger in London than elsewhere; that in a great gathering like this one the fact impressed him more forcibly, robbing such occasions of enjoyment.

I replied that I was not getting much fun out of it myself, but that I was afraid if I left it might break up the party.

Sir Edward stared at me in astonishment. I understood before he spoke that he had taken seriously my attempt at humor. In fear that he would always believe me a dreadful ass, I hastened to explain that I had not spoken seriously, that my remark was intended to be humorous.

"No one would know, you know, if both of us left," he answered.

"Of course they would not! I was only joking," I said.

"Even if we were very well known, no one would know we had left. In such

a large gathering we should never be missed," he insisted.

In despair I told him that I was sorry I had made the remark; that I understood perfectly my departure would never be noticed.

He then explained that our names would appear in the morning papers and so, of course, many people would know that we attended the reception, but he earnestly assured me that my departure would have no effect upon its duration. Again I attempted to explain, for he was a fine old gentleman and I liked him much. It was no use. More earnestly than before he insisted that my leaving would not break up the reception, that it would probably not even be noticed.

Sir Edward was still kindly assuring me of this when I managed to drift away from him in the crowd. The misunderstanding worried me during the remainder of the evening, but in the morning I felt that the joke was on Sir Edward Thornton.

Then the newspapers got hold of it. They did not get it from me. I had not mentioned the circumstance, even to father. I suppose Sir Edward's astonishment at my colossal egotism could not be confined. At any rate the London newspapers printed my remark with every sort of humorous comment. I became the comic relief to father's triumphant popularity. All sorts of ridiculous speeches were attributed to me, each based upon some alleged or assumed expression of my egregious conceit. I grew tired of London.

When we arrived at Ostend, *en route* for Brussels, we were greeted by what we had come to consider the usual crowd. There were personal friends to meet us and there was an address of welcome from the civil and military authorities. We had planned to remain overnight at Ostend and we went to our hotel—father, mother, and myself. It was late in the evening when the badly flustered proprietor knocked at the door of our apartment to announce that King Leo-

pold was calling. If we were as surprised as the boniface I trust it was not so apparent.

King Leopold came up alone and announced that he wished to pay his compliments and welcome father to his country, because he wished to see and talk with him in freedom from the antiquated and foolish exactions of court etiquette.

The conversation which followed was a long one. The King remained several hours, asking questions and talking most interestingly of his Congo country. When the tales of Congo atrocities spread over the civilized world, they ever brought back to me the memory of that strange evening in our hotel rooms in Ostend when King Leopold talked so earnestly and freely of his hopes and plans for developing the resources and bettering the condition of the natives of the Congo. The tales may have been true, many of them appeared to be well authenticated, but I could never credit them. Surely Leopold intended no evil to the Congo. For several years thereafter King Leopold sent me, as it appeared, each new Government map of Belgium and the Congo.

We went on to Brussels and the King called formally upon father, and father as formally returned the call. Then the King gave a great banquet in father's honor, where every exaction of royal procedure was carefully observed. It was all most interesting; but to me, with my knowledge of the unsuspected democratic intimacy at Ostend, it took on the character of a spectacular play. As long as King Leopold lived I thought of him not as he appeared in the role of King in Brussels but as my personal friend at Ostend.

At Geneva, to my great delight, I came upon Emmons Blaine. For a time I escaped the formal entertainment father and mother were subjected to and, undisturbed, Emmons and I investigated Geneva and its environs. Of the incidents of those quiet but enjoyable days



but one stands out in my memory. Emmons and I went swimming in the lake. The bathing houses were located several hundred yards away from the bridge which crosses the outlet of the lake, the river Rhone. There is rapid water under the bridge and, as I remember, rapids farther down. Emmons and I, both fairly strong swimmers, ventured too far and were caught in a current we could not stem. With difficulty we reached one of several life buoys, anchored at intervals in the stream, and there we clung.

A crowd upon the bridge watched us in what appeared to be quiet expectancy. If we lost our hold we should be swept down the stream. We could not swim back; neither could we cling there forever. The situation was becoming exasperating. The pull of the water, the curious but unconcerned faces above us, the more desperate prospect below combined to make a nightmarish feeling of impotency on our part.

"I wonder what those blighters expect us to do," growled Emmons.

And then a rowboat put out from our boathouse above and took us off. When we landed the proprietor urged a drink of brandy upon us. Later, while we were dressing, he came again, advising more brandy to ward off a possible cold. When we were dressed and ready to leave we must have another brandy in commemoration of a fortunate escape, and I think there was another in farewell.

At any rate, when I reached the hotel and went to our rooms father and mother were there but the floor had become so unsteady that without a word I passed through to my own room, went to bed and slept. Next morning neither father nor mother mentioned the incident. For three or four days I remained silent and then curiosity overcame me:

"Didn't you notice anything peculiar about me the other evening?" I asked.

"Yes, we noticed," said father simply.

With that I told the story, ending with, "I expected a jolly good scolding next morning."

"We are not fearful that one of our boys will become a drunkard," said father. "And mother and I knew if you had done anything foolish you would be sorry enough without our adding to your discomfort."

After that nothing could have tempted me to touch brandy.

The summer was far spent when we returned from Italy to Ragatz. There we met and spent several days in the company of two compatriots—Mr. Schoonmaker of Newburgh, New York, and Mr. Harry Payne of New York City. Mr. Payne is the single multi-millionaire whom I have known whose money did not talk. I spent several days in his company and never suspected that he was wealthy.

It was upon one of our walks, in a public park in or near Ragatz, that I came upon a great tree with enticingly smooth bark upon which I carved the initials of the members of our party. To this act of vandalism there was a surprising denouement. Some years later I met Mr. Schoonmaker in New York City and he told me that he had just returned from another trip to Europe, where he again visited Ragatz and went over the ground he had explored in company with father, Mr. Payne, and myself. Remembering the tree upon which I had carved our initials, he sought and found it. The authorities had surrounded it with an artistic iron railing and upon the tree was a tablet containing our names, the date, and the story of the carving.

An event which greatly amused mother and me occurred while we were in Paris. Some time before this father had made his first and only stock venture. I do not know how he came to do it but he bought outright twenty-five shares of "Consolidated Virginia," and the stock actually paid dividends. From then on father was always about to buy some stock or other but he never quite came to the point of doing it. In Paris he heard from someone a glowing account of the

prospects of "Yellow Jacket," a mining stock then selling at three dollars a share. Father asked Mr. John Mackay if "Yellow Jacket" was a good purchase at three dollars. Mr. Mackay, at once interested, asked what he had heard about it and father told him.

"I'll cable Mr. Fair, in San Francisco, to buy a few shares for each of us," was Mr. Mackay's decision.

At this time we had a courier—Hertog, a Jew. If there was ever a real cosmopolitan it was Hertog. I never knew where he was born but he had lived everywhere, knew every city, spoke every language. He not only knew all a tourist desires to know but he was quick and efficient. I have never known anyone who could get a party about so rapidly and smoothly as Hertog. If there were twenty impatient fares and one cab, you could depend upon it that Hertog would secure that one and the impatient twenty would never understand just how he did it. As a courier Hertog was a jewel beyond price.

Every day while waiting for a report from Mr. Fair, father watched the quotations on "Yellow Jacket." The stock was selling at eleven dollars a share when a letter came from Mr. Fair stating that "Yellow Jacket" was worthless and that he had not bought any.

About this time Hertog sought me. It was the only time I ever saw him embarrassed, but his embarrassment did not prevent him from putting the question he came to ask. He wished to know when father intended to sell his "Yellow Jacket" stock. All unsuspecting, I told him that father had been advised by Mr. Fair that the stock was worthless and had not bought any. Hertog turned abruptly and hurried away, but not before I saw the consternation upon his face. Even then I did not connect cause and effect.

Father was much disappointed at Mr. Fair's decision and continued to watch the quotations on "Yellow Jacket" until the stock sold at thirty dollars a share, when he abandoned it in disgust. From time to time mother gently quizzed him about his narrow escape from becoming a millionaire.

The day came when we left Paris and Hertog behind us. Months later I came upon Hertog in Constantinople. Appearance and manner proclaimed his prosperity. There was no embarrassment now and he was plainly delighted at the opportunity to tell me his story.

Hertog had overheard part of the conversation between father and Mr. Mackay, just enough to learn that Mr. Mackay was going to cable Mr. Fair to buy "Yellow Jacket" stock. Hertog had a cousin in Boston, a man of means, and he promptly did some cabling on his own account. When the stock advanced to eleven dollars he came to me to learn when father intended to sell. To his dismay he heard that father had been advised that the stock was valueless and had not bought. Fearing that the price would drop before the cousin could sell and that the blame would fall upon him, Hertog decided not to acquaint his Boston cousin with this ill news. The stock showed a profit then and if the cousin failed to sell at the right time the responsibility for subsequent loss was his. Hertog left the issue with the gods.

And the unsuspecting Boston cousin held on until he sold at about the highest point the stock reached. Now Hertog was a gentleman of means, traveling for pleasure. When the money was gone he could again become a courier, wherever he might be. I often think of Hertog. What a captain of industry he might have become, but for his wanderlust!



# AN ARMY WITH BANNERS

*A Story*

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

LEWIS HUNTING, like thousands of other young Americans, was a bond salesman. He had a kind of wayward handsomeness that endeared him to women, together with a deep voice and a gravely pleasant manner—both purely physical attributes—which prevented his good looks getting on the nerves of the men he dealt with. He was moderately successful in business; was always well dressed and provided with the comforts of life. A good many of those comforts, naturally, went into his expense account; but when he was not traveling, he lived with his widowed mother, whom he partly supported, in a commonplace but not uncomfortable suburban house. His mother, who adored him, accepted everything he would give her as the reward of her adoration. His father had hoped to send Lewis to a good technical school, but he died at an unlucky moment for Lewis—at the precise time, that is, when Lewis had finished his high-school course and could be considered old enough to earn his living. College would have meant sacrifices on his mother's part which she would have thought unnatural when she had a son who was six feet tall. Lewis also would have thought them unnatural—for *his* mother; though he saw the mothers of other young men moving into apartments and doing their own work without thereby disfiguring the noble countenance of Nature.

Lewis Hunting was no moralist. He had to work, and he did work. He was much away from home, and he fell into a few casual adventures that would have

shocked his mother hopelessly. These adventures were very few, however; not because Lewis minded doing things that would have shocked his mother, had she known about them, but because even near-dissipation costs money; and he never forgot that his financial margin was hers, not his own. The adventures were fairly sordid, as the limited contacts offered to a young man in strange cities are apt to make them, and his cynicism was deepened by them. In his later twenties Lewis was living about as lonely an existence as a young bond salesman can. When he was at the home office, he spent most of his evenings with his mother (she complained a great deal of loneliness)—reading, talking, or listening to her phonograph. When he was abroad in the land—which was most of the year—he mitigated the solitude of hotel rooms with visits to movie theaters or pool rooms. Mild flirtations he could find anywhere, owing to his good looks and engaging smile; but he was very wary of anything more intimate or dramatic. He knew very little about women, though he considered that he had plumbed female psychology with an unerring lead line. Most women, he decided, were on the make and no good. Girls he had known at school, who had married his more prosperous comrades, seemed—unless they were sunk invisibly into nurseries—as shameless as the others. One or two of them, indeed, made love to him; and that shocked Lewis almost as much as it would have shocked Mrs. Hunting.

You see him, then—young, bewil-

dered, faintly unhappy and vaguely aspiring beneath the cynicism that kept its visible smoothness in the face of the smuttiest story or the most shameless of feminine advances. The fact was that Lewis would have expanded most naturally in the society of the nicest people, and he never met them. Mrs. Hunting made it a virtue to be too delicate and too sorrowful for social contacts, and he had no relations that would have knit him up, in this or that city, with the local aristocracy. He was diffident with men who had been through college—probably no one ever knew how he had grieved over the frustration of his and his father's hopes—and his diffidence took the form of refusing, with such, to mix business and pleasure. So even old customers, once rebuffed, did not ask him to their homes. Being, on the whole, irreligious, he eschewed all sociabilities that had a sectarian tinge.

Not a very strong person to stand up against circumstances or events or other people's desires. That cynicism of his, after all, was only skin-deep, and the boy beneath was soft. When Netta Jacobs decided to marry him, he was virtually helpless, for Netta was not only supple and alluring—she was clever. When I say clever, I do not mean to praise her understanding or her wit. She was clever like a very clever animal: she had the instinct of self-preservation so strongly developed that she selected without difficulty the tone, the gesture, the look that would serve her purpose. She was a finished egotist, if you like, though "egotist" seems too big a word for her. It implies cerebration, and Netta had no cerebration. She had the protective coloring of the white ermine, the adaptability of the giraffe that can lengthen its neck to crop the topmost leaves, of the creature that has developed a lung fit to breathe both air and water. Only, unluckily, she was neither giraffe nor fish; she was human and capable of passion—of that complicated emotion which does not afflict the lower mammals. The lion stalking his prey

is far less terrible than the person who wants to possess another human being, not only physically and financially but socially, mentally, and morally. Netta never put it to herself in that way, but it was so. She fell in love with Lewis Hunting, and her whole organism set itself automatically to the task of acquiring him. It is not often that one person desires another with the totality of his being. Thus Netta desired Lewis. She had no moral sense; but if she had had one, that too would have clung to him. Lewis, of course, had not the faintest chance against her; and between the hour when he first saw her in Jere Wheaton's office, and the hour of the wedding among dusty palms and withering blossoms in the living room of her married sister's apartment, only four months elapsed.

They lived with Lewis's mother in the not uncomfortable suburban house. Netta intended to change all that; but the best equipped organism recognizes impossibilities — temporary ones. In order to get his mother to consent to the marriage at all, Lewis had had to make absurd and vast concessions. She made it clear to him that if he chucked her and married without her consent, he would literally end her life. Besides, there was the question of money. Either Netta would have to live with Mrs. Hunting, or Mrs. Hunting would have to go to a cheap boarding-house. Netta, who would not have cared in the least if Mrs. Hunting had had to live in a Salvation Army Home or the State penitentiary, realized that she would have to give in. For the time being, Lewis was not yet completely her creature, and you might as well ask him to break a blood-vessel as to turn his mother by force out of her house. Nothing would be easier for her than to make — after marriage — the situation impossible.

That, of course, she proceeded to do, though it took a fairly long time on account of Lewis's protracted absences from home. Given Mrs. Hunting, it was





*Drawing by Frances Rogers*

LEWIS'S MOTHER, DEPRIVED OF HER DOMINANCE, HATED NETTA

quite easy. Lewis's mother, deprived of her dominance, was acutely uncomfortable. She hated Netta, she thought Lewis deluded and doomed, and she kept herself within bounds only because she knew she was playing a losing game. If Netta had been a gentle soul, Mrs. Hunting would probably have made her supremely unhappy. Netta was not a gentle soul, and she made Mrs. Hunting unhappy instead. When Lewis was at home, both women made him feel them pathetic—suffering untold things for love of him. Netta managed that, too, better than her mother-in-law.

A year, two years wore away, and Lewis began to know despair. Netta was all his, and her kisses made it clear. But she hated his mother, she hated their mode of existence; she was moving slowly but surely to the total elimination of Mrs. Hunting from their lives. So much, for a time, was he Netta's that if she had asked anything less, she might have had it. But what she asked of him, he felt, was to kill his mother. Even for Netta he could not slay. And there came, inevitably, a time when he criticized her for asking him to.

They had it out at last, one evening in their own room, when he was just back from a month's trip in the South. Lewis, who had been listening to mocking-birds and smelling cape-jessamine—his sojourns were seldom in such romantic lands—came back with re-awakened yearnings, the old hope of beauty revived in his foolish heart, to find his home uglier than ever. His mother was querulous and plain, and his wife—though as she caught him to her breast in greeting and let her bright eyes and hair shimmer above him, he was ravished again—seemed hard, for all the cheaply perfumed softness of her body. He felt that there was no kindness in her and wondered, for the first time, if Netta would ever develop that tenderness which is the loveliest by-product of passion.

Lewis bent over his suitcase, unpacking things and flinging them about;

while Netta, standing between the twin beds, removed and folded counterpanes and pillow covers and wound the clock on the bed-table. Little, intimate, beloved gestures . . . but somehow tonight he did not love them. If he closed his tired eyes, he could smell the jessamine. Netta's rustlings forbade him to hear the mocking-bird.

He straightened himself finally and snapped the suitcase shut. Netta came towards him in all the luxury of orchid negligée and cap.

"Tired, honey?" She stretched her arms and yawned a little.

The answer to that was "No." If he said "Yes," she would be close to him, enfolding him, comforting him, making him forget everything but the physical fact of her. That, he did not wish. "I've got a beastly headache," he said quietly.

The barrier was now built between them, and she walked away to her dressing-table. "Want some aspirin?" she asked over her shoulder.

"No, thanks." Lewis often made these little mistakes. By his refusal of aspirin he revealed to her that he had no headache.

"Oh—just cross."

"Isn't it enough to make anybody cross—the kind of thing I come back to?"

"I'm very sorry you have to come back to it, Lewis. But you would have it that way, you know."

"You certainly don't try to make it any better."

"You'd better drop that right now," she warned him. "It doesn't seem to occur to you that, at least, when you come back to it, I'm here. I live with it, weeks on end, when you aren't here."

"If you mean, Net, that it's all mother's fault, you're wrong. She wasn't like this until you came and made her so. What makes the house so deadly is that you quarrel with her all the time. I'm always having to apologize to one of you for the other. I'm about fed up with it."



"Oh, you are, are you? And what about me? I've been pretty patient, I think, but if you're going to crab things, I think I'll have my say. I tell you I live with it all the time. It's a good deal worse when you're not there, because she's afraid of you. And I don't intend to live with it much longer."

He didn't want to quarrel, he reflected wearily. Why did he have to? But his exacerbated nerves spoke for him. "I honestly believe it's more your fault than hers, because you're young and strong and she's old and weak. She's a sick woman, half the time—has been for years. It won't be for long, Netta."

"You can bet it won't be for long," she murmured intensely. She too was irritated; irritated because, as always, his figure there before her set her heart to beating. She did not want to quarrel, either; she wanted him to make love to her. He wouldn't; and therefore they quarrelled. But Lewis surprised her. Standing there with folded arms, looking gravely across at her, he went on, "If you'd have a kid, Netta, I believe everything would come straight. Mother would forget all about both of us if she had a grandchild to fuss over. And you'd be too busy and happy to mind little things."

She did not recover at once from her astonishment. "You honestly mean that, Lewis? You'd like me to have a baby?"

"I'd like us to have a baby, of course," he answered quietly. "What did you suppose?"

"Well, if you want a child, Lewis"—she too spoke very quietly—"you'll have to marry somebody else. I'll never have one if I can help it—and I guess I *can* help it."

"I don't doubt it." He turned away.

Netta, however, was not through. She had waited long enough for this issue to define itself. As well now as any other time. He had given her the cue with his reproaches.

"And I've got something else to say," she proceeded. "I love you, Lewis, and

you know it. I've tried out this idea of yours about living with your mother. You can't say I haven't given it a chance—for more than two years. Now, either it gets broken up and you and I take an apartment by ourselves, or I take a job and have a room of my own in town, and you stick with her if you want to. But you can't have us both any longer. And I wouldn't live in this house even if she went away. I don't want a house, anyhow, unless I'm a millionaire. It's up to you."

His face crimsoned. "You know as well as anything that I can't run an apartment and this house both."

"I'm willing to take a job, anyhow," Netta returned triumphantly.

"It would take all you made in any job to dress you. The kind of thing you put on your back costs money."

"How about your own clothes?"

"I have to be decent to do business. But I don't buy myself fur coats and mesh bags—or the sort of thing you've got on at the present minute. I'm not blaming you for wanting clothes, Net—I guess every woman does—but unless we live right here I can't swing it. Even if you earned money yourself, I couldn't afford to keep mother in this house, with a maid, while we were somewhere else. I'll be making more money next year. We'll see. It would be pretty hard on mother to leave her; but maybe if I can afford to keep her here, the way she is . . ."

"All right," Netta's voice trembled. "I'll look for that job—and that room. It isn't of any importance to me that your mother should live in this house—or any house—or whether she has anybody to work for her or not. I've lived with her for two years, and you can take it from me, she's the limit. You can live with her if you want to. I won't—not another week! This family stuff doesn't go down with me—any of it." She laughed unpleasantly. "If you come to your senses any time and want to treat your wife properly, you'll know where to find me. I've never looked at

another man and don't expect to. There's nothing gay about me."

Curiously enough, it was just at the moment when Netta declared herself innocent of intent to wrong him that the idea of divorce first entered, explicitly, Lewis Hunting's mind. In that tired nervous hour he did not care whether she flirted—or more—with a dozen men. He had come to her that evening after a journey that had reawakened old desires—for peace, for sweetness, for calm domesticity, for affections normally diffused, for passion expressed in ways that were not wholly of the flesh. Netta knew as well as he what he could do and what he could not. She asked of him to forsake all duties and take her to some perfumed lair where they could lie as beasts at ease. He no longer cared much for his mother—Netta had finished off that job very neatly—but her hold on him was immemorial. He had no desire to live with her, but he would never fling her out of doors to die. If Netta would only wait another year—but she wouldn't wait, she said; and after all (he asked himself) what would they be waiting for? Netta would not have a child, she would not have a home, she would not have anything—except love-making, which must some day cease. In that hour he knew that he could not endure forever the life Netta offered him, and from that moment, really, began his wary plotting for freedom. Standing there delicately clad, flushed and tempting, she was desirable in his eyes . . . but, inevitably, after two years she had ceased to be a miracle. She, so prodigal of lures, had neglected every lure she might have spread for his incorporeal imagination. Even passion must be bolstered up, quickened, preserved by something besides itself. Netta, he thought coldly, had counted too much on passion. Oh, yes, he could kiss her and draw her bright head to his shoulder—and like it; but her perfume would destroy the memory of jessamine, her voice the echo of the mocking-bird. Tired, tired he was. . . .

"All right, Netta. Take your job and hire your room. Perhaps you'll come to feel differently about it." And already he was hoping that she wouldn't.

She breathed hard. "You mean it? You'd rather have your mother than me?"

"No, I wouldn't. I don't like the way we live. But I'm not willing to kill her to please you. So if you can't stand it any longer, you'll have to do as you like. As I say, you may change your mind."

She wept softly. "I love you so, Lewis. It isn't fair."

His lips tightened. "And I love you, Netta. But it doesn't seem to be enough, does it?" He kept the width of the room between them. He did not wish to be drawn into the quick charm of her proximity. "I shall have to be away a good deal the next months. They're thinking about a Western branch, and I may have to talk it up out there, more or less. It would be worse than ever for you here, I suppose."

"And when you come back, Lewis, are you coming to your mother or to me?"

He hadn't thought of that. But of course he couldn't plan anything yet. "We could both come here, at those times, couldn't we?" he temporized.

Her anger flared up. "No! When I'm once out of this house, I'll never set foot in it again—except for a funeral."

That was the end, he thought. Funny that she shouldn't know it was the end—which was not reasonable of Lewis, for cruel things had been said before and ignored if not truly forgotten.

"We'll talk to-morrow. I'm awfully tired now. Good-night." He slipped into his bed, leaving her to put out the lamp and raise the windows. His tone was utterly spent, and beyond "Good-night" she did not speak to him again.

That was the most explicit talk they had. Earlier there had been bickerings, but all the quarrels were intended to be—and were—smoothed out and composed. These particular statements and retorts were never cancelled.



Netta, who really wanted Lewis more than anything else, had made the mistake of permitting herself, temporarily, to want something else more: freedom, frank expression of her hatred and weariness, the luxury of a defiant gesture. Lewis, at the same moment, came to the belief that what he wanted was peace—and love only if it brought peace in its train. Alas! he wanted even more than peace: seemliness in the ordering of his life, beauty in its texture—intimations of immortality, perhaps. But peace was what he called it. “A man has a right to some peace”—thus he cloaked, or approximated, his yearning.

Destiny then made, in his direction, a few positively affectionate gestures. He wanted to get away, and it became his professional duty to get away. His firm decided to establish a connection on the Coast and kept Lewis for some months traveling between Far Western cities. Twice, in the interval, he came East for hasty visits to the home office. He worked hard on this job; put his very best into it; for he intended to demand, when arrangements were completed, a Western post. Out there, it seemed to him, he could create life anew. Time enough to make domestic plans when he got his business completed.

Netta had found her job—she made not at all a bad secretary—and had duly given Lewis the address of her office. On his first arrival in the East he telephoned to her. Over the telephone she spoke eagerly—caressed him, as it were; and Lewis, exhilarated by Western air, soothed by long absence of domestic fret, found tenderness creeping back into his own voice—almost, indeed, into his heart. He could see her vivid figure across the channeled space between them. He told her he must go to his mother’s for the night, asked her to join him. It was good tactics, though at the moment he was not thinking of tactics: he merely wanted everyone to be happy. Perhaps, once out there in another atmosphere, all three of them . . . But Netta’s voice slid sharply into reproach,

and he felt again all the menace that lay in her vividness.

“Indeed I will not, Lewis. You can go and see her, of course, but I’m not going to. I should think you’d want to see me first, but if you don’t, you can go and have dinner with her and then come back and meet me. I can’t spring you on my landlady very well, since she’s never seen you, but we can live at a hotel while you’re here.”

His voice changed too. “We can talk about that later. There’s no reason why you shouldn’t be decent and go out with me, just for to-night.”

She did not know that it was an ultimatum; she misread his annoyance, taking it for impatience, and laughed harshly. “Not much, Lewis! When you want me, you’ll come to me. I’m a good wife, but I’m a darned poor daughter-in-law. . . . Where do I meet you to-night?”

“You don’t meet me anywhere—to-night.”

He hung up the receiver, and she heard its sharp click. Even then she did not suspect. She was still gloating over the first warmth of his voice and could not know that the warmth had meant very little—that her chance had been very small and that she had thrown that chance away. Lewis did not so much blame Netta for her attitude to his mother as accuse her, in his heart, of being a person who would make no sacrifices to any situation that might arise. Mrs. Hunting was not so much a special case as the sort of thing that, in a hundred forms, might happen to anyone. Netta was hard and always would be. Even suppose his mother were dead: there would always be this or that thing to strike Netta as intolerable. It was the principle of the thing. No; they would never find that peace which, more than ever in an unfamiliar and beautiful landscape, had seemed every man’s right. Netta waited in vain for a sign from him. She got none.

Netta, unaware that Hunting was expecting to be definitely settled in the

West, thought a waiting game the wisest. If he once came back to living in his mother's house, he wouldn't be able to bear her absence. He'd come running, she believed. But he never did live there without her, and the place never had a chance to stir old memories. He was continuously away and, except in connection with divorce, Netta did not enter his mind. Her clutch was finally off him. He seemed to himself to know her wholly, to be completely aware of her character and to spurn it with reason. He did not know Netta wholly, as he was later to discover; but at this time he felt supremely capable of judging her.

Lewis, whom marriage and discontent had greatly matured, did good work for his firm. When he demanded his promotion and his transfer, he got them both. He had worked overtime for many months, giving to his business not only all his mind but all his secret stores of energy. He was not working for a woman, this time, but to get rid of one. The spur was equally effective. When the "flu" hit him in San Francisco, it found him ready prey. Later, facing a limp and helpless convalescence, he asked for a long leave of absence, and it was granted. The length of the holiday he asked was the period needed for a divorce under Nevada laws.

In spite of increases and promotions, in spite of the absence of Netta's bills, Lewis had not a large store of money with which to buy his freedom. He would have, he realized, to send less money to his mother, and he wrote her frankly to that effect. He rather dreaded her answer, though he was grim enough about his own intentions. He need not have been afraid. Mrs. Hunting, who could not have lived in an apartment and fended for herself in order to give his youth more scope or his career more chance, could find both strength and money when it came to getting rid of the daughter-in-law she detested. She could even find the old adoration for Lewis, which had been

much obscured by jealous resentment. She saw herself once more—with Netta out of the way—playing a winning game with her son; and her heart overflowed with kindness to him. When these troubles were over, she and her darling boy were going to be happy once more as they used to be. There is no doubt that she meant what she said. She really believed that they had been happy before his marriage; she thought of him as her darling boy. When she dismissed her expensive maid, got an ancient cousin in to keep her dismal company, bade Lewis send her no money until he was free and, in addition, sent him a handsome check, she felt these actions right and natural, a duty and a pleasure. Mrs. Hunting had despaired, and now she had hope. Lewis would now be bound forever to his self-sacrificing, generous, devoted mother.

Most people's emotions are even more muddled than their minds; and there can be no question that Mrs. Hunting, playing her unanswerable trumps, loved Lewis more than she had ever loved him. His emotional rejection of Netta she took for an emotional acceptance of herself. She saw herself preferred; and it warmed her confused heart. Lewis was misread by his mother as he had been by his wife. He knew perfectly that they had not been happy before Netta came, and he thought his mother's sacrifices belated. Though he was grateful for her assistance, the past could not be undone, and no new relation could be built up. He was grateful that she helped instead of hindering, as he was grateful for fine weather in place of storm. His loyalty was perhaps increased by gratitude, but the quantity of his affection for her had long since been fixed. He wrote to her regularly and with the utmost kindness; but it was too late for her to push any further into his heart.

Perhaps he was the happier that no intimate relation needed readjusting. For the first three months of Lewis Hunting's sojourn in the little Nevada



town were by all odds the happiest of his life. He saw his future clear, and for once he saw it bright. He had been afraid—though reassured by his lawyer—that Netta would put up a fight; but the fact was that Netta could not. She had no money with which to fight the case; and she discovered very soon that, though New York would have held her a virtuous wife, from the point of view of the more sensitive state of Nevada she had sinned. She had refused to live under what was legally her husband's roof; she had explicitly refused to give him children or a home, even to speak to his aged mother; she had indulged, indeed, in an absolute orgy of mental cruelty. These things were easily proved. It would have taken money to deprive Lewis of his decree, and money she had not. Nor did Lewis have enough to tempt any lawyer to take her case "on spec." Netta knew that she was beaten. Yet—had she but known it—she had allies dimly mustering on her side. Netta was all instinct, and fate looks on instinct with a kindly eye.

Until strength flowed back into him Lewis was content to lie on the tiny porch of his tiny apartment, staring at the Sierras; and the exertion of going out to his meals and seeing his lawyer, when necessary, was sufficient to his weakened body. After some weeks, however, he tired of watching, in solitude and silence, the dwindling snow patches. Energy returned, subtly heightened by the hope that was his. As the months counted themselves off, he felt Netta a lesser and lesser burden—slipping, slipping from his back. His shoulders ached less with the weight of her. Cheerfulness returned, and he began to welcome the ordinary human contacts. He was not looking for excitement, of which he well knew there was plenty. Neither poker, roulette, bad whiskey, nor rash divorcées appealed to him. Though not over-fastidious, he did not care to seize the day. He hoped, instead, to seize the whole of life. Certainly he intended sometime to marry again—some girl op-

posed at every point to Netta; intended to have a home, and kids, and a car, and a radio set, and (so far had he become infected with the West) a view. He didn't know just what she would be like, but he would not find her here.

The doctor whom he felt obliged to consult suggested a car and long drives in the open. He finally bought a small one out of his mother's check, knowing that he could sell it again. But to face the inhuman beauty of that landscape one needs a human companion; someone who is equally dwarfed and conquered by the uncaring peaks and the hostile desert. Rather diffidently—you must remember that Lewis was not vain; he undervalued his charm, indeed, since it had brought him only Netta—he asked Mona Jeffers to drive with him; once, and then again and again.

The girl—a poor relation—was companioning a cousin who soon found that she need not depend on Mona for excitement. Indeed, Mona was a mere hindrance to Mrs. Tilton on most occasions. She needed the girl there on general principles and would not send her home; but she wanted her out of the flat a large part of the time. Mona's insipidity, to Mrs. Tilton's mind, was complete. She used her as she needed her, but she used her less and less—especially after she discovered roulette and acquired a rather shady lover. So the colorless Mona was free to sit beside Lewis while they drove afar. Her quietness, her decency, her very lack of good looks soothed him who was tired alike of Venus and the Furies. Love never entered his head. He expected that shadowy future bride to be handsomer than Mona—for men demand everything and are not satisfied until sex blinds them into thinking they have got it. They were blithe days for Lewis: health recovered, hope enlarging itself on his horizon, the weeks passing swiftly by, the little car for magic carpet, and Mona to exorcise the demons of the hills. Everyone was civil to him, and he rejected far more advances than he ac-

cepted. All pointed to his being, through a long life, a happy and useful citizen. Lewis, who was an unimaginative creature, found sanctions all about him for his content. He called them omens or "hunches."

Without being superstitious or sentimental one may suspect that Nature lays traps for mortals, and that the trap is no less a trap for being seldom sprung. No doubt, for that matter, a man often comes through unscathed. There is a spot—a sharp turn of the precipitous road, where a man is uplifted for an instant, defenseless and naked to his stalkers above him on all sides—which goes (not without reason) by the name of Dead Man's Point. The term inherits from the days when those who fetched gold from Virginia City were apt to lose it—and necessarily their lives—at this place. For a few moments as he toiled past a man became, in the nature of things, a target; his best friend would have taken imaginary sight and aim. When you had finished him—in the old days—the disposal of the body offered no difficulties. You rolled him over the precipice into the trackless gorge, and sheriffs were thereby confounded. Booty on that road is now as rare as bandits. Nature, however, pays little attention to the infinitesimal changes of human history: her traps remain traps. Some spots are forever sinister, and this is one of them. The gold may have gone, but, for a softer generation, the view remains; and a foolish youth with bad liquor inside him, driving a car too fast, is as perilous as two guns and a total lack of morals ever were.

There was nothing in Lewis Hunting's heart to cope with that view, which is desolate and terrifying—and beautiful—beyond most. He was not in its class; nor was Mona. But the mere size and scale and arrangement of it impose themselves. You *must* turn back to look, at Dead Man's Point, before you forsake that range for others. Lewis and Mona turned to look—and Johnny

Stevens, innocent of everything but that foolish drink, crashed into them at a curious tangent. Mona was flung free, falling, with infinite bruising of her tender flesh, upon rock; but the tilt of the car was such that Lewis was half caught beneath it. It rocked horribly like a hanging stone—one of those natural wonders that attract tourists—and then, rolling over, slid down the path of the corpses. Lewis, whose hands had stretched out instinctively and caught themselves with desperation in a stiff clump of sage, was left—though precariously—behind buttressed for the moment by a few stones of which the car in its final plunge had made nothing. They could not deter the machine, but they sufficed to deter him until Johnny Stevens, sobered by the shock, had dragged him to what is known as safety. Mona came later—half fainting, half crying, but not badly injured. By the time a fresh car came over the pass and picked them up, Lewis was luckily unconscious. They wound slowly home, and Nature—a beast, first, last, and all the time except when she is broke to the service of God—resumed her wise, incomparable smile. A little thing like loose wreckage cannot mar a view like that.

Science, which loves the part more than the whole, took hold of Lewis Hunting and made him one of her choicest fragments. No one could have blamed those able surgeons for being proud of themselves; but, true to type, they were not that: they were proud of Lewis. Half a healthy man is better than a whole man with a trace of sepsis; and Lewis—both legs neatly shorn off between knee and hip—was Exhibit A, a victory, an exultation. His blood was pure, his heart strong, his constitution magnificent, his recovery just what the recovery of the normal man should be. He had not hampered either Nature or Science in any way. The doctors felt affection for him because of his strong heart and untainted blood, and assured him earnestly that there was no reason



why he should not live for fifty years. Lewis heard the words but did not measure their full significance until later.

Numbers of people came to see him in the hospital; flowers and fruits stood about until his eyes wearied of them. He was setting his teeth harder than he had ever done in his life, and he could not unclasp his jaws to breathe the sweetness of roses or taste the pulp of figs. His lawyer had, at his request, written—not telegraphed—to his mother; and in the letter lay a plain request that the news should be kept, by hook or crook, from Netta. The lawyer humored him, writing precisely what Lewis wished; but as that miraculous convalescence progressed, he wondered. No one, of course, would be such a brute as to suggest to Lewis that he change his plans to match his prospects. But—well, *but . . .* They moved him to the hotel when he left the hospital, and guests and employés vied with each other for the task of pushing his wheelchair in and out of the elevator and dining room. A visiting nurse did the necessary things for a time, but the wounds healed as by a miracle. Six weeks after the accident Lewis was tensely calm: adjusting himself; writing to his firm; trying to apprehend, little by little, what a man with no legs would be able to do for fifty years. His mental mood had not yet relaxed to despair, and his body inflicted no fevers, no relapses upon him. But as he had not reckoned with Nature, so he had not reckoned with Netta, who was Nature's protégée.

Mrs. Hunting—distraught, half mad-dened—had for a time kept Lewis's command not to let Netta know. But though Netta never read newspapers and had few intimate friends, the news eventually came to her. Someone had noticed the identity of names. The moment Netta heard of it, she asked permission to absent herself, and rushed to Mrs. Hunting's suburban home. She made no mistakes this time: her instincts served her well. Lewis's mother

had become, by this stroke, her chief ally, and from the first moment Netta treated her as such. Within an hour she had got from Mrs. Hunting precisely what she wanted. Nor is Mrs. Hunting to be too much blamed for playing into Netta's hands. She had cried over the maiming of her boy, her heart had indeed been well-nigh broken. Yet, confusedly, she saw him as wreckage—beloved wreckage, no doubt; but there was no triumph in possessing him. She had wanted him all to herself, and now, inevitably, she had him thus; and her weak old shoulders trembled under the burden. Being everything to him, as he had hitherto defined it, was being the chief recipient of his favors. The poor woman was discouraged to the marrow; she had no gift for meeting new and shattering situations. Her grievance against Netta had always been on her own behalf—not really on her son's. She was, of course, leagues away from understanding Lewis, who had indeed never done her the honor of explaining himself to her.

Netta cooed over her, Netta wrapped her in pity and compliments, Netta expressed remorse as inclusive as it was vague. Only the last of their talk need be recorded; and much had been decided between them earlier.

"But, Netta, how can I let you go when he told me not to let you know?"

"You can't keep me from him. My boss will lend me the money to go, if I ask him."

"No, no. I'll give you the money. But do you realize what it means, Netta?"

"Do I realize? What do you take me for? I realize that Lewis is down and out, forever."

The feeble tears stood in Mrs. Hunting's eyes. "Yes, that's true. He is. What are you going to do when you get there?"

"Take care of him, of course. He's still my husband."

"You forgive him for wanting to divorce you?"

Netta's mouth twisted. Forgiveness was something she had never in the least understood. "It has all been a horrible mistake. And now Lewis will realize it. He'll find that his wife is going to stand by him, no matter what has happened. Bygones are bygones."

"Netta"—the older woman's voice shook—"I didn't know you had it in you. I guess I never understood you before." She had never been further from understanding Netta than she was at that moment, but she spoke in the utmost honesty. To stick to a broken man who could give her nothing, who had cast her off with insult . . . why, Netta was wonderful.

"You're going to take him back," she marveled humbly.

"Sure I am."

"He ought to worship you, Netta."

Even Netta was a little at loss to answer that. "Lewis doesn't worship people, I guess. But we'll be all right."

"I never did believe in divorce," sighed Mrs. Hunting. It was quite true, and she felt reminiscently ashamed of having so welcomed her son's.

The two women kissed, and Netta, with Mrs. Hunting's check in her bag, departed to pack and make reservations. Lewis's mother watched her go, and pure admiration filled her heart. She wouldn't have expected it of Netta who could so easily, after the divorce, have married again. If only the dear Lord would help her to carry it through! A little toneless prayer went up that night from Mrs. Hunting's lips that Netta might find her strength and her reward. Netta, meanwhile, alert and flushed, was moving about her room, packing her trunk and humming. Never had she felt less need of pity. *She* was again for Cydnus, to meet Mark Antony.

Her train, she found, would arrive at a hideously inconvenient hour; so she stopped short of her goal, had a night's rest in another town, and motored over in the happy morning light. Her heart was beating hard as she faced the hotel clerk and registered. His quick, excited

glance of sympathy and admiration encouraged her. She realized afresh the tremendous handicap in her favor. She was, after all, still a wife.

"I'll telephone up," stammered the clerk.

Netta bent across the counter and smiled at him gently. The result was to make him feel that some men had all the luck. For a hopeless cripple to get any woman back after trying to get rid of her—and such a good-looking one . . .

"No," she said. "I've got to see him. And I think it will be easier for both of us if I just walk in. I came as soon as I heard. Does he suffer?" She dropped her voice sympathetically.

"Not now. He's made a wonderful recovery, they say."

She nodded. "I'll just go up and knock at his door. What is the number?"

He told her. "Shall I give you a room?"

Netta flushed a little. "Suppose you wait until I come down. Here is my trunk check."

The elevator girl stared at Netta when she revealed her name and her errand. As soon as Netta was well down the corridor, the girl shot the car to the basement where her favorite bell boy would be haunting the pool-room entrance. She crooked a finger at him. "Say, Ted, who'd you s'pose I just took up to Mr. Hunting's room? His wife! Gosh, she's a wonder—and some looker. Goin' to take him back, I guess. Don't you ever talk to me about women again. There's some of 'em that's worth all the men in creation." The elevator rose, preventing retort.

Netta already had laid her finger on the pulse of Nevada. She had been a little afraid of this special atmosphere which, she thought, might be like nothing else in our great country. But apparently, even in the stronghold of divorce, fidelity was valued. The mere glances of the clerk and the elevator girl had made that clear. Nevada itself would back her, she now suspected, just



as Mrs. Hunting had done. She knocked at Lewis's door and entered.

Lewis sat by the window, a rug spread over him from the waist down. He turned, expecting a bell boy. He saw Netta instead, and so profound was the shock that it seemed instantly inevitable. The fact was too monstrous for doubt. There was hopelessness beneath his hot flush, though his voice was cold and stern.

"Netta! Why are you here?"

Netta took off her gloves, went into the bathroom and washed her hands. She came back, drew up a chair near (but not too near) him and sat down. Only then did she speak.

"I'm here to talk to you, first of all, Lewis. And then to see what I can do for you."

"How did you hear about this?" He pointed at the rug.

"It must have been in the papers. Some one spoke to me about it, finally. So I went to see mother Hunting, and she told me everything."

"Did she know you were coming out here?"

"Why, of course she knew, Lewis. She helped me to come and gave me her blessing."

More virtue went out of him as he heard these words.

"My mother doesn't understand anything about my position," he said harshly. "There's nothing you can do for me. Sorry you had the trip. And now you had better get out as soon as possible. How did they happen to let you up here?"

Netta made no show of temper—which was ominous, Lewis thought. A row, he considered, would be the very best thing that could happen.

"Well, you see, Lewis dear, I am still your wife. And I think"—she spoke gently to veil the brutality of what was to come—"most people would feel that a man in your position couldn't refuse to see his wife, if she were willing to see him. It isn't as if you ever had any real grounds against me, you know. I

suppose you thought you'd marry again. Well, I don't see how you ever can, do you?"

"Of course I shall never marry again," he said shortly. She had got beneath his skin—Netta always did—and he felt weak tears starting.

"Somebody's got to take care of you, Lewis, you know. And if your mother and I are willing to do it, between us, I guess you can only be thankful to us. I shall keep on working, of course."

"I'd rather starve," Lewis answered simply.

"That's foolish," his wife replied mildly—"dead silly. Where would you starve? And how? You can be very sure of one thing, Lewis. Your friends aren't going to look after you while your own family stand ready to do it."

"Why do you come and badger me like this?" It was weak, and he knew it; but he could not tell her in plain words that he hated her. The loss of his physical integrity somehow made it impossible to utter so complete and violent a truth.

Netta rose. "I suppose if I told you I loved you, Lewis, you wouldn't understand. But I've always loved you. You knew when you left me, when you tried to divorce me, that I loved you. Do you suppose a woman who didn't love you would come back to you, after the way I've been treated, and after what has happened to you? You can put it up to your precious lawyer if you want to. I guess you'll find that even in the state of Nevada people will consider that a wife who's ready to forgive what I'm ready to forgive, and to take care of you the rest of your life, is worth paying some attention to."

"It's no use talking, Netta. I don't love you—not a damn bit. What do you want me for?"

She bent over him, not touching him. "Darned if I know, Lewis. But I do want you—and I intend to have you. I don't see how you're going to stop it. No, you needn't worry—I'm not going to kiss you. Some day"—she looked

at him strangely, scrutinizingly—"you'll be asking for it. I'll wait for that, thanks."

A bell boy knocked and entered just then to take Lewis down to the dining room. If he was half an hour earlier than usual, he can hardly be blamed. The hotel was buzzing from lobby to kitchen. Word had already gone forth upon the streets of the town concerning the beautiful forgiving wife who had appeared like an angel in the desert. It must be remembered that in Nevada the presumption against the forsaken spouse is not very strong.

"You had better go down alone today, Lewis," Netta said. "I'll go out and do an errand or two, and lunch later."

She left them in the lobby. There were two people she wanted to see before she talked with Lewis again. Thanks to Mrs. Hunting, she knew the names of both, and a telephone book did the rest.

The interview with Lewis's lawyer came first. Netta did not attempt to commit him to anything. She merely announced her presence and her intentions; and she did not fail to refer obliquely to the fact that, however the situation broke, there could be no money in it for anyone.

"Of course I know you'll have to talk with my husband," she said finally, as she rose. "But the fact is that he's down and out, and I'm willing to forget everything and work for the rest of my life to support him. I'm afraid I am his only chance." She shook her tawny head a little pathetically and departed.

Netta permitted herself a sandwich and a cup of coffee before the second encounter. It was possible, she realized, that Lewis had fallen in love; and in spite of Netta's brave sarcasms she knew it also to be possible that another woman had fallen in love with him. If she, Netta, could keep on loving him, another woman might. And if the other woman were rich, she might even allow herself the luxury of a crippled husband.

Her hand trembled a little as she rang the bell of Mrs. Tilton's apartment.

She could have shouted for joy, once face to face with Mona Jeffers. If she couldn't cut out that pale creature, she wasn't much good, she opined. She prepared to do battle, rather contemptuously. But Mona surprised her at once.

"We heard that you had come on, Mrs. Hunting. My cousin just came in from shopping. Things get round pretty quickly in this place." The girl was panting slightly, and Netta watched her, catlike, to see what would come. "Oh, I do hope it's true, Mrs. Hunting, that you're ready to make it up and take him back!"

So, even if Lewis wanted this chit, she didn't want him. She had only Lewis to fight, after all.

"I certainly am, Miss Jeffers. I only want to stand by him and take care of him, if he'll let me."

"Oh, how glad I am, Mrs. Hunting. Why"—the girl spoke softly—"it is almost worth while it should have happened if it brings you together again."

Precisely what Netta had thought; but she had not expected anyone else to say it. Suspicion attacked her again.

"I wouldn't say that, Miss Jeffers. It's a pretty awful thing that's happened. But he's my husband, and I feel we belong to each other. The real reason I came to see you"—she went on very gravely—"was that I knew you were together at the time of the accident. I didn't know but you and he had fallen in love with each other—meant to get married when he got his decree."

The pale girl flushed. "Oh, no, Mrs. Hunting. There wasn't a thing—ever!" She gave a little involuntary shiver.

Netta noted the shiver and could have laughed aloud. Whatever Lewis might have wanted, this girl didn't want him. Poor old Lewis! His day of charm was over—excepting always for her. Funny: somehow he had "got" her for all time, but it looked as if he would never "get" anyone else.





*Drawing by Frances Rogers*

"WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?" HE HEARD HIS WIFE ASK

She smiled as she rose to go. "You must remember, Miss Jeffers, that Mr. Hunting has been trying to divorce me. I don't know yet what he will do."

"Do?" the girl exclaimed. "Why, of course he'll worship you. Not many women would do what you are doing."

Wouldn't they? Netta wondered silently as she went out upon the street. Well, perhaps other people didn't know what they wanted. She had never been troubled that way. But it was clear to her that no one was going to interfere with her taking on the whole burden of Lewis Hunting. Relief was in all their voices.

Netta took a room at the hotel, but she did not try to see Lewis again. She dined outside the hotel and filled in the evening at a movie. In the theater she was aware of being covertly pointed out. Before retiring she sent a note to Lewis, saying that she should not see him until he sent for her.

Lewis, however, did not take long to capitulate. After talking with a few people he saw that, in the eyes of public opinion, he had no case. It was cold fact that Netta was behaving with great magnanimity. He was helpless, done for, and she was willing to take him on. The fact that he didn't want to live with her seemed very small in comparison—everybody blew it away, and indeed the mere hint of it seemed to shock. Half a man has no right to the prejudices and preferences of the whole man. How could he fight against the heroine of the hour? He sent for his wife on the second day, and she came at once.

"Well, Lewis?"

"Well, Netta."

That seemed to be all. Then he said haltingly, "I am very grateful to you, Netta."

"You've got reason to be," she answered briskly. "I'll move next door to-morrow, and you won't have to hire other people to wait on you. Perhaps I had better begin by taking you down to dinner to-night." She moved about the room, tidying it. Her presence

seemed to flow into the furthest corners of the chamber, and his nerves began the old gestures of revolt. There was never to be peace.

"Let's go down early," he said roughly.

"All right." She wheeled him into the elevator and wheeled him out and into the dining room. As they moved through the palm room, she heard an unattractive citizen remark aside, "I've got pretty cynical, living in this place; but by heck, a woman like that almost gives me back my faith in human nature." Evidently Lewis had heard it, too, for he flushed.

At the table he ordered, but ate little. Instead, he stared ahead of him—still flushed and curiously, stonily handsome. They talked very little. Netta too was flushed and shaken—with victory. She had got Lewis back forever, and food was unimportant. Money was the thing that was going to trouble her next.

Lewis was dealing with the future, as well as she. He was beginning to realize—the overheard words had thrust it on him—that not only must he live with Netta, endure her unmodulated hardness, perhaps even her strong caresses, but must always be humble with gratitude. He would have died rather than kneel to her, three months ago, when he had knees to kneel with; but, symbolically, he must do just that—forever.

"Let's stick round the lobby a while," he proposed.

"All right, if you want to."

But suddenly he clutched the chair-arm. "No—upstairs!" He had wanted to put off being alone with her, but he had been wrong. It was more terrible to sit there with her, hero and heroine, under those cynical eyes made soft again by the spectacle of them.

"All right," said Netta again. "Just wait until I go to the news-stand and get some magazines." She left him, and he closed his eyes.

A voice in his ear made him open them. "It's terrible for you—her coming like this. But be brave. Nothing



lasts forever. Be brave." The speaker passed on—a woman he had never known but whom, like all the other hotel guests, he had noted for her distinction of bearing and garb. She was not in the least of Lewis's—or of the others'—world, and she would never have employed a young woman so aggressive and sharp as Netta.

"Who is your friend?" he heard his wife ask. Strolling back with her magazines, she had noted the clothes, the air, the aspect of the older woman who had paused—though barely—by her husband's chair.

"I never spoke to her before, and I haven't any idea," he replied. "There

are all sorts of people round this place."

He spoke very quietly. It was suddenly easier to be patient. Somehow that woman, with her mere passing murmur of sympathy, had picked his dignity out of the dust and handed it back to him. They had to wait for the elevator, and a cold draft assailed them, blowing directly through the little lobby from the street. Netta took off her scarf and folded it round his shoulders with a solicitous, possessive smile. The world looked on, with moist eyes. . . . Lewis set his teeth, squared his fine shoulders, and looked straight ahead of him with pride.

## THE BALLOON MAN

JEAN M. BATCHELOR

**H**OW can he unenraptured stand  
 Who marvelously may command  
 Seven suns in either hand?  
 Turning on a twisted thread,  
 Constellations green and red  
 Float above his placid head,  
 And as he walks, each hollow ball,  
 A bobbing planet smooth and small,  
 Must with his motion rise and fall.

He who for silver would possess  
 Cheaply a private world, no less,  
 To satisfy his happiness,  
 Wholly his own to loose or bind,  
 May with this merchant quickly find  
 The bubble brightest to his mind;  
 Then, having bought, may watch it go  
 Slowly to nothing, and may know,  
 Seeing it shrink, all worlds are so.

# A CHALLENGE TO THE AMERICAN THEATER

BY FRED EASTMAN

"When this new prophet comes I am disposed to think that he will choose to speak to his generation neither from the pulpit nor from the platform, nor from the printed page, but from the stage. A great dramatist might help us find our souls."

—Dean Inge.

THIS article is frankly addressed to the managers and dramatists of the American theater. I am writing not as a critic or connoisseur, for I am neither, but simply as one of your audience. There has been a deal of talk in the newspapers of late about obscene plays and stage censorship. Some of you managers have been telling us "what the public wants." It may be timely then for some of us who make up that public to speak for ourselves.

I love the theater. I loved it twenty-five years ago when I was a lad in a small city of Ohio. Any Monday night then would find me perched high in what was called the "nigger heaven" of our one and only "opera house." There I first saw Rose Coghlan, Maude Adams, Walker Whiteside, and other artists who occasionally honored us. I earned a dollar a week working after school hours, and from twenty-five to fifty cents of that dollar found its way each week into the coffers of the "opera house."

I loved the theater when, as a high-school lad, I ran away from home one day, along with the Methodist minister's son, seventy miles to Toledo to see the widely heralded "Ben Hur." We had planned and saved for that trip for weeks. We had developed our schemes as we smoked our first cigarettes together under the Methodist church. And when we returned penniless we had no regrets. We had sat in orchestra seats

for the first time in our lives and we had seen what we then regarded as a great spectacle. Certainly there had been nothing like it either in the Methodist or Presbyterian church.

I loved the theater fifteen years ago when I came to New York to study. I dined on twenty-cent meals in a little bakery shop under the elevated on Third Avenue in order to be able to buy a seat in the second balcony of some playhouse. I became more familiar with the ceilings of New York's theaters than any architect in town.

I love the theater to-day. I sit in the orchestra now, and as I look about me I see my friends who have made the same sort of journey through the years from "nigger heaven" in the Middle-West opera house to the orchestra circle in New York's latest theater.

My experience is not unique. It is typical of the experience of many, if not most, of the men and women who sit about me in your audiences. This is why I am emboldened to talk back and perhaps be a little impudent to you who are making the American theater what it is. We too are a part of the theater—inarticulate, perhaps, but loving it enough to pay for our seats week after week and to cherish it as the art which comes closest to expressing the human soul and interpreting the mysteries of human personalities. We are not satisfied with what you are doing with it. It is not



that you are not giving us more than you gave fifteen years ago. But you are not giving us what we need now.

We in your audiences fifteen years ago were a complacent lot. We took our theater, as we took our religion and our politics, in neat bundles handed down to us by our immediate ancestors. Our religion was a creed, our politics a party, and our theater an entertainment. But the events of these last fifteen years have played havoc with those pretty, pink-ribboned traditions. We have seen our politics land us in the bloodiest war of all history. We have seen our churches turned into machines for raising budgets and their spiritual energies dissipated by institutionalism and sectarian strife. And we have seen our theater degenerate into stupid and banal revues—exhibitions of getting Gertie's garter and of demi-virgins.

Our complacency is gone. A divine discontent has been stirring us to insurgency. The old idols are falling. We have begun in politics and religion the struggle that marks the transition from a faith which is traditional to a faith which is vital. We have examined the creeds and found them inadequate answers to the spiritual perplexities of modern life. We have examined the political parties and found their shibboleths as unsatisfying as the creeds of the churches. It is as bootless for the politicians to raise the cry of "States' rights" or "Tariff for the protection of America's industries" as it is for the churches to rattle in our ears the bones of old creeds or new charities.

And now we are turning to the theater and questioning the theory that this great institution is for entertainment only. Where did this theory come from? What basis has it in fact? Let us come outside the theater of our day and see the thing in perspective.

Punch and Judy, according to one old legend, is a contraction of Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. The legend, whether historical or not, epitomizes the history of the modern theater. In the Middle

Ages the Christian Church had given a rebirth to drama. Passion plays, mystery plays, and miracle plays had followed one another in quick succession. They had been presented in the churches by the priests themselves. They had proved so popular that there was a general demand for an enlargement of their scope. Laymen in the church guilds were commissioned to present them and other religious plays on platforms in the courtyards just outside the churches. At one end of these platforms were the pearly gates of heaven; at the other end the flaming jaws of hell. At the conclusion of the play the good characters went to heaven and the bad ones to hell. Two of the strongest characters which appeared in some of these old plays were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. They were great tragic personalities.

But now the drama began to move away from the church and from a sense of mission to the human spirit. It moved first on platforms carried by wagons which went about from village to village. The first scene of a play was presented on one platform and when it was finished another wagon rolled along and presented a second scene. And so on to the end of the play. In the course of time it became customary for these plays to be presented in the courtyards of the inns. Doubtless they brought crowds and were counted good advertising by the landlords. The crowds around the inns found the wicked people who went to hell more interesting than the good ones who went to heaven. The actors, following the itch of the mob for more entertainment, began to use their fiction sense in order to get more laughs. In the course of time they made the characters of Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot comic rather than tragic. These great tragic personalities became mere puppets—Punch and Judy.

Whether the legend is historical or not, it is typical of what actually happened. The modern drama, born in the cradle of religion, with a mission to society as well as to the individual, became a show

business and then a Punch and Judy show when it lost its sense of mission. It never became great until Shakespeare and his contemporaries came along with their vision of the struggling souls of men and lifted it again to a plane of influence and power in human affairs. Drama—show business—puppet show: those are the stages of decline in the theater. The farther the drama moved from sincerity, from a consciousness of something big and worth while to achieve for the human spirit, the smaller and less consequential it became.

Historically, the theater in its great days in Greece and Italy and England has been close to the heart of some vital religion. And when it has broken away and become a show business it has started on a toboggan which has landed it in physical and moral bankruptcy. Is there anything surprising about this? Is it not just what we might have expected from the very nature of religion and of drama? For the essence of drama is struggle, and the deepest struggles of our lives are religious. Whenever the dramatist deals with the deepest of human struggles, therefore, he is dealing with essentially religious subjects. And when he breaks away from those struggles he deals with lesser ones and his art becomes less dramatic—more of a show business. Drama—to show business—to puppet show.

But suppose we put history aside. Stand on any sidewalk of New York and watch the crowds as they pass. Can anyone look into those faces and not see there the spiritual restlessness that is burning within, spurring them on from one feverish activity to the next? There are more Jews here than ever were in Jerusalem, more Italians (including their children) than in Rome, more Poles than in Vilna, more Irish than in Dublin, more Germans than in Munich. From every corner of the earth they have come, cutting loose from ancient customs and moralities, fleeing from something, seeking something better. What they are seeking they do not seem to know. A shepherdless flock of human sheep on a

wandering planet in the sky, they do not know where they came from, or what they are here for, or where they are going. It would be easy to cite statistics to prove their defection from the religious institutions in which they were brought up—to show, for example, that eighty per cent of the Jews in New York are apostate from the synagogue, or that there are sixty-nine Presbyterian churches on Manhattan Island but less than a dozen of them now self-supporting. But the statistics tell us nothing that is not patent to everyone who has eyes to see and ears to hear. These crowds are religiously adrift. But they are not irreligious. They are dissatisfied with churches and synagogues that gave them institutionalism for spiritual food—stones for bread—but they are not done with the quest for understanding of the mysteries of life.

Now the significant thing about these restless throngs, from the standpoint of the theater, is their response to the plays of a spiritual nature which have been produced within the past ten years in New York. First came Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," a play that portrayed a man striving to live in a modern church group as Christ would live. The throngs packed themselves into the theater to see it night after night for a whole season. Then came Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a portrayal of the effect of a Christlike life in an English boarding house, and again the people flocked to it as in olden days they flocked to a revival. In 1922 came Channing Pollock's "The Fool" in which, for the first time on our stage, there was an attempt to show the contrast between Christ's spirit and the spirit of modern industry. Whether or not it was a good play there can be no question that the spiritual interest was dominant. It ran to packed houses for a year and then five road companies took it throughout the country. A year ago came George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" and Vane Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound," both



of them frankly concerned with the religious struggles of men's spirits. Both ran to the accompaniment of joyful refrains from the box office.

Whatever the merit or demerit of these plays from an artistic standpoint—and some of them certainly leave much to be desired—there can be no gainsaying the fact that many of these spiritually restless crowds sought them, went home discussing them, and urged their friends to buy tickets for them at the first opportunity.

To some managers, it seems, such plays succeeded not because they dealt with themes that were close to the hearts of the men and women in the audiences, but because of various theatrical and publicity devices. "The Fool," they said, was good melodrama with a plentiful mixture of hokum. Well, doubtless it was good melodrama and not devoid of hokum; but people do not write hundreds of letters a week to a playwright because he has written good melodrama. The letters that poured in upon Mr. Pollock dealt with the religious struggles he portrayed. His experience was fairly typical of that of the other authors. Despite the success of such plays, each new writer with a drama of any depth of spiritual power has had to move heaven and earth to get a manager to read it. Sutton Vane, finding no manager in London who understood or believed in "Outward Bound," finally took his own savings and staked them upon his drama, and when it proved the most popular play of the season in London no one was particularly surprised—except the managers. Some of our managers really should have been theologians—they learn so little from experience.

I had scarcely penned the above sentence when I received the morning paper and my eyes fell upon the statement of two well-known managers in New York that the public wants only smutty plays and therefore smutty plays only shall we have from them. Have these managers never read the history of the theater? Have they never with any understand-

ing looked into the eyes of the myriads of decent theater-goers? I am not the public. Neither are they. The fact of the matter is that there are several publics. My friends and I who have been loyal supporters and patrons of the theater since our childhood nights in "nigger heavens" of Middle-West "opera houses" are one of them. We do not want smutty plays. Our experience in the theater has recapitulated the experience of the generations that have gone before us. We have run the gamut from drama to show business to puppet show. We have found the entertainment theory shallow and profitless; we have found smut nauseating; we have found bedroom farces and the quest for Gertie's garter inane and stupid. We are entirely and utterly sick of having our theater, an institution which we have loved, turned into a three-sided bawdy house, the fourth side opened to the audience. And we are ready to revolt against these managers whose only standard for choosing actresses seems to be a tape measure.

There is talk of censorship these days and much is to be said on both sides of that subject. But censorship is no solution of our difficulty here. It is not only dangerous to the liberties of a free people but it seldom accomplishes the reform at which it is aimed. It succeeds only in advertising the evil. On the other hand, the lovers of the theater who are saying that bad plays will kill themselves if given a chance seem a bit naïve. Bad plays do not kill themselves merely, *they kill the theater*. They killed it in Italy in the early centuries of the Christian era when the drama had sunk to a show business that was vulgar, obscene, and bloody. They killed it in England in 1642 by "moral defects, looseness of tone, and mockery of ties sanctioned by law and consecrated by religion" which gave the occasion for the ordinance of the Lords and Commons ordering the closing of *all* the theaters. You can outrage public decency for a little while, you can mock at people's moral standards for a day; but as sure as there is

any life left in that people it will rise sooner or later and its wrath will descend upon the just as well as the unjust. That is what may happen in the theaters of our day. The producers of prurient plays are sowing a wind and may reap a whirlwind which will sweep the whole theater into catastrophe.

But this is only the negative side. We are not pleading simply to be spared dirt and licentiousness upon the stage but for something much more constructive, even heroic. Our emphasis is not upon *clean* plays but rather upon *great* plays. We are pleading that you give us plays that are big enough and sincere enough to touch our imaginations and exalt our spirits. Dean Inge has said "a great dramatist might help us find our souls." That is pious language but it comes near to the heart of the matter. We want the theater to interpret life to us. We want it to seek something bigger than amusement. We want it to unlock the secret of human personalities. We want it to hold the mirror up to our inner natures until we see ourselves as others see us and understand one another better. If the mirror is a true one and held at the right angle there will be plenty of entertainment in what we see!

Let there be no mistake here. If there is one type of play that bores us worse than the tired-business-man sort of entertainment (no wonder he is tired—think of the kind of plays he has to see!) it is the type that tries to preach a sermon at us. Sermons have their place—but it is not on the stage. We cannot abide the dramatist's stepping out of his art to lecture us on either morals or life. If he will hold the mirror up to our nature we can find our own sermons, if we want them, and they will be both entertaining and poignant.

Barrie holds the mirror for us in his plays, and no one can accuse him of sermonizing or even of being intellectual.

He is far better than that. He gives us an emotional and imaginative reflection of our lives. He sees the Peter Pans, the Little Ministers, the Will Dearthys and the Mabel Purdies *in us* and then lets us see them on some island of his imagination. There is only one Barrie, of course, but there are young American playwrights who are striving sincerely to hold the mirror for us. Lewis Beach, Gilbert Emery, Zona Gale, Frank Craven, Philip Barry, Eugene O'Neill—these, and a few others, have groped their way through the banality of the theater of the last few years and given us works of sincerity and truth. They have done more than all the reformers to turn the theater from show business to drama. And Heaven only knows what battles they have had, in order to break through all the barricades the devil has thrown up between the struggling artist in his studio and us, his audience, who are as eager to encourage his work as he is to show it to us. They are our hope for the theater of to-morrow.

One of this small band of artists who understand what we in the audience want is Kenneth Macgowan, who has expressed it thus, "The problem is to find a way to the spirit independent of the church. It is not a question of producing plays in cathedrals but of producing the spirit of life in plays."

"A great dramatist might help us find our souls." Where is he? Even now he may be cooling his heels in some manager's office trying to find out what has become of the play he left there four months ago and hasn't heard of since. . . . Are you people of the theater ready to receive him? Are you prepared to take his message and interpret it to these spiritually restless throngs? If you are, then we who have been waiting patiently out here in the audiences can wait a little longer. But, for the love of Heaven, hurry up!



# THE VEILED GODDESS

*A Story*

BY ELSA BARKER

**J**OHN GERSTEN was still dazed. He could not believe it—yet.

One week ago she had been so radiantly alive! That last evening before the accident they had sat here in the drawing-room a little while after dinner, talking over his plan—yes, it was his plan, not hers—for a summer holiday in Europe. But how gently reluctant she had always been to go far away from New York! Even in summer she would go only to near-by places where he could come out every evening, except for July and August in the Catskills, where he joined her from Friday to Monday. She had never seemed to realize that he was fifteen years older than she. If his business had not held him in New York, he told himself, of course she would have wandered with him gladly the wide world over.

To see John Gersten sitting there alone after dinner, before the wood-fire in that beautiful room, sitting there in his black business clothes, his thick iron-gray hair tossed back from the sensitive face—which had been firm in its contours a week ago but now showed sagging lines round the mouth—had made his old butler, returning to the pantry with the coffee-tray and the one empty cup, sigh also with regret for the bright presence now vanished from the house.

That empty chair at the right of the fireplace—the good butler had longed to remove it, but had not the courage to do so.

Gersten leaned forward to throw another piece of wood on the fire.

Eight years of happiness to look back upon, and in the future no companion for him but her portrait there above the mantel. She had called that *his* extravagance, for she was always laughing at her own—antique furniture and curios. She had made their house very handsome with the treasures she had garnered from the antique shops, and often the prices she paid had surprised him. But she never wanted him to choose anything, never wanted him to go with her to see her “friends the dealers.” And she would never let him buy her a motor car, saying she preferred to use taxicabs, even the subway.

How the strange little ways of the loved one come back to our minds when the loved one is gone—perhaps because the strange ways make the individual. Yes, Vera had been always herself—unique. And she had been both bride and child to him.

Gazing in the flames of the burning wood, he thought of the only thing their life had lacked. He had not really grieved about it while she was with him, but now he pictured a child with the broad brow and the grave gray eyes of Vera.

Moisture blurred his vision.

He had brought downstairs with him before dinner the little pile of letters for his wife which had accumulated during the last seven days. They lay beside him now on the little marquetry table—sent home only the day before her death. It was a nice table of its kind, but he had wondered why she bought it. The house was so full of better things. He

could not bring himself to read the personal letters; but there would be bills, of course, and he would look through them to-night, here before the fire in the drawing-room. The library upstairs was too poignant with intimate memories.

Would it not be well for him to sell this house and go away? At forty-eight he had made enough money to live in studious leisure for the rest of his life. That had been his secret dream: after a few more years of earning, to travel a while with Vera, then settle down with her in some quiet, lovely corner of Europe. But now there was no incentive for those few more years of earning. If she had been less avid of beautiful things, he would have retired this year.

He had always been glad that she had no money of her own, so that she could depend on him for everything. When his mother had died—only a month before he met Vera—he felt lost with no one to work for and no one to go home to at night. He had thought himself fixed in that bachelor solitude; but when he found Vera working bravely to support herself in the show-rooms of an importer and living in one little room in somebody else's apartment, she had smiled away his loneliness in her shy, alluring way. Bewildered at first by the attraction she had for him, he returned again and again to that place where she worked, making pretexts, buying things he had no use for. One day he asked her to lunch with him, and over the table she told him the simple little story of her life, while he told her everything about himself—the loss of his mother, his business, his finances, everything.

Wiser than he, she had known from the first day that they belonged together. He had known women of sorts and had found them as a rule more calculating than romantic; but the purity and courage of Vera's life—her unprotectedness—appealed to that chivalry which had been his mother's ideal of him.

When his love for her had become an aching need how lovely she had been in her reluctance—seemingly afraid of

marriage, afraid of the consummation of their happiness. That shyness in her was her greatest charm, and it continued through all the glory of their life together, so that he called her his veiled goddess—Vera, goddess of truth, gauze-veiled in her freest giving, for no man may look upon Truth unveiled and live.

She made him almost a poet.

And her kindness to everyone—especially to poor people. One day, years ago, he had come home unexpectedly in the morning and found her sewing a child's garment for some waif on the East Side. That was while they were living in their apartment on Madison Avenue and before the expansion of his business had enabled him to buy this house. In those days Vera bought her curios at smaller prices and at longer intervals.

Leaning his head against the back of the chair, he gazed up at the portrait above the mantel. The artist had painted her full length, tall and ethereal, in one of those pale-gray evening gowns like a wisp of vapor, her amber hair waving softly around the wide white brow, the brow so strong in contrast with the lower part of her face with the loving mouth and dimpled chin.

But the genius of that portraiture was in the grave gray eyes. They seemed alive. That quiet, questioning look she so often turned upon him—so real it was he could hardly endure it now.

And all this life and love which had been Vera—crushed out beneath the wheels of a motor bus, three steps from their own corner at Seventy-second Street. She had been starting out on some errand of kindness, for beside her they had found a package containing a large rubber ball with the sales-slip from a toy shop. Accident! Destiny! Man had no greater power against such forces than a fly, for all his pride of intellect.

But surely she loved him still—whatever she had become. The thought of what she had become was awesome. If she could only send him some messenger, with even a hint . . .





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

"WHY," HE CRIED, "WHY THERE SHE IS!"

He reached out his hand for the little pile of letters on the table, and began to open them with the blade of his pocket knife. There were invitations, circulars, bills, and a few letters from women friends.

Tossing the circulars in the fire, he glanced over the bills.

"Gown—\$25." She spent so little for her clothes.

"Felden, Druggist. Statement of account—\$7.73." He laid that with the gown bill on the table.

"Solomon, Stationer. *Times & Evening Sun*—\$1.75."

"Markoe, Antiques. Marquetry table—\$200."

Why . . . that was strange. She had told him the table cost four hundred. Could there be some mistake?

He raised his eyes to the portrait as if to counsel with her; and as he met that quiet questioning look in the gray eyes a little shiver of cold went through him.

Marquetry table—two hundred. Yes, she had certainly said four hundred, and he had told her it was dear, that it would have been dear at three hundred. He remembered his embarrassment afterwards—the fear she might think he begrudged her the money for her caprices.

Well . . . he would send a check for two hundred, of course. And he laid Markoe's bill with the others.

There were a few more: one for a hat, another for a pair of shoes, another for ice—\$7.50.

The doorbell was ringing.

With a start Gersten gathered up the bills and letters, and rising hurriedly he thrust them into a carved Italian desk at the right of the fireplace.

Who could be calling? He waited—standing.

Between the portières he saw the butler as he passed down the hall to open the front door. He heard the click of the latch, then a clear voice saying:

"Please, sir, can I see the lady who lives here?"

"The lady—why lives here?" The butler's voice was muffled.

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Melrose."

"But there's no one here by that name."

Gersten had started at the name Melrose—Vera's maiden name, though the butler had probably never heard it.

"But I know she lives here, sir," the clear, childish voice insisted, "for I saw her come in here, with a latchkey, only—it was one day last month."

"There must be some mistake, my boy," the butler said kindly.

"Oh, please, don't shut the door!" and there was a tremor in the voice now, "I know; she lives here—the house with the lions. Please tell her I'm here. She's—she's my mother."

Gersten felt himself moving toward the hall, which seemed to rock before him.

"I'll attend to the matter myself, Palmer. You need not wait."

Not till the butler had passed through the door at the back of the hall and the latch had clicked behind him, did Gersten turn his face to the boy on the steps.

"Won't you come in?" he said.

The boy came in without a word, pulled off his cap and looked eagerly about him while Gersten reclosed the front door. Then he made a wavering motion with his hand in the direction of the drawing-room, the boy passed between the portières and Gersten followed, drawing together the folding doors behind him.

Turning, he saw a boy about ten years old, maybe, with bright brown hair waving back from a broad brow, and with grave gray eyes.

At the sight of those eyes something happened in the soul of John Gersten for which there is no name.

His face must have frightened the boy, for he turned those gray eyes away—looked toward the fire—toward the mantel—saw the portrait—

"Why," he cried, "why, there she is!"

Gersten stood there—scarcely breathing.

Suddenly the boy turned back to him.



"Won't you please tell her I'm here, sir?"

"She's . . . she's away just now."

"Oh!" A shadow passed over that bright young face.

But quickly the light came back to it. "Then she hasn't been sick? I was afraid . . ."

"No. She hasn't—hasn't been sick."

Gersten moved forward unsteadily and sank down in his chair before the fire, motioning the boy to that other chair at the right—Vera's old place.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Victor Melrose, sir."

The man drew a long breath which caught. He looked at the boy—then looked away. Leaning forward, he stretched his cold hands toward the warmth of the blazing wood.

There was silence in the room.

Then Gersten said, but still with averted eyes: "How did you happen to—come here—to-night?"

"Because she hasn't been home for ten days. I've been awfully worried. Nounou's been worried, too, though she pretends not."

Nounou—didn't that mean a nurse?

"She came—home—often, then?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! Very often. Whenever she could get away."

"Get away? Away from—what?" The man's heart seemed to stand still as he waited for the answer.

"Why, away from her work, I suppose. She said she looked after a big house."

So. That other place was—home—and this was only a big house.

The boy was moving uneasily in his chair. "Perhaps," he began, and there was a frightened tremor in his voice, "perhaps I oughtn't to have . . ."

Gersten looked round at him now—he even smiled.

"But I'm glad," he said kindly, "glad you came."

He saw the boy's face brighten, and the gray eyes looked into his own now without fear.

"Yes," he repeated, "I'm glad you came. I must have been—well, rather lonely to-night."

The boy gave a little nervous, eager laugh. "Nounou wouldn't have let me come if she'd known about it. But she's gone to church and—oh, I just had to come! Mother never stayed away so long before."

"Then you've known all along that she lived here?" His voice sounded strange to himself.

A deep flush rose in that boyish face. He looked away—looked into the fire—sat there kicking out nervously with one foot, glancing at Gersten, then glancing away again.

"You knew, then?" The question had to be repeated.

"I *didn't* know, sir, not till—oh, maybe a month ago. I followed her cab one day on a bicycle. The boy on the ground floor—he lets me use his bike sometimes and I let him use my microscope. I never told mother I followed her down here. She's so funny about—oh, about lots of things."

Victor leaned back in his chair again, contentedly, and now he had stopped that boyish kicking-out. He had apparently accepted Gersten.

Suddenly he looked round again: "I don't know, sir, whether . . ."

"Whether what, Victor?"

"Why . . . whether we'd better tell mother that I came."

An electric shock passed up and down the man's spine. Tell mother . . .

But Victor was looking up at the portrait now.

"That's an awfully nice picture of her. Is it hers?"

Gersten shook his head. He could not trust his voice.

"Oh!" there was disappointment in the boy's tone. "I thought maybe, if it was hers . . ."

Something like jealousy, fierce and unreasoning, gripped the man's heart with a pain so sharp that he struggled for breath.

Up to that moment he had not been

thinking—only feeling, feeling and groping for words here and there through the fog that enveloped him. But now he asked suddenly:

"Where do you live, Victor?"

"Hundred-and-fourth Street."

"So near? And how long have you lived there?"

"Four years, I think Nounou said."

Yes, it was four years ago that Gersten and Vera had bought this house and moved to the West Side. So she had always kept them near her.

"You live in a little flat, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just you and Nounou alone? There isn't anybody else?"

"Nobody else—just Nounou and me."

"Did—did your mother ever say that sometime—perhaps—she could live with you?"

"No, I don't think so. I say, that would be awfully jolly, though, if she could!"

Gersten drew a long breath.

But Vera had certainly been Miss—not Mrs. Melrose. A cousin of hers from Boston with the same name, Melrose, had once stayed with them here for a week.

Then other memories rushed up—other surmises.

"Victor, were you in the Catskills two years ago?"

"Yes, sir. We had a little shack up there."

"And she?" He glanced up at the portrait.

"Oh, she came to see us often. She was somewhere near—in a hotel, I think."

Suddenly a thought tore through the man. He glanced at the marquetry table. Two hundred—four hundred! Was that the way she had got the money to support the boy and his nurse? Month after month, year after year—the difference between what she really paid for things and the prices she told him?

He buried his face in his hands. Vera, goddess of Truth! The veiled goddess! He cried out in his intolerable misery.

Presently he grew aware of a timid, hesitating touch upon his bowed shoulders.

"I'm sorry, sir. Can I help—can I do anything?"

Struggling to master himself, he felt that kind little hand stroking his head, heard the voice muffled with sympathy, "Poor man! poor man!"

He lifted his head and looked into the childish face on a level with his own. And he saw those gray eyes full of tears.

"Oh, you poor little waif!" the words burst from him. "Your tears—for me!"

"Where is my mother, sir?"

"Why . . . she's a few miles from here."

"When is she coming back?"

Gersten just sat there—looking at him.

"But she *is* coming back, isn't she?" the boy insisted.

"I'll take you—" it was a whisper—"I'll take you to where she is."

"Now? To-night?" There was a thrill in the question.

"No, not to-night. Some day—very soon."

The boy moved back a step now, and stood nervously fidgeting, though he still eyed Gersten wonderingly—as children will eye a grown person they have seen overwhelmed by emotion.

"I'm afraid, sir, that Nounou will come home. She'll be worried about me."

Gersten got up.

"I'll take you home myself," he said. "I think—I think I had better see Nounou."

The boy pulled the cap from his pocket and held it in his hand—waiting.

"Has she been with you long—Nounou?"

"All my life, she says."

Gersten trembled. Then perhaps she knew . . . a woman whom Vera had trusted . . .

He was in the hall now, fumbling for his overcoat.

"You're awfully kind, sir," he heard the boy saying behind him.



"Am I—kind?"

"Yes. And I think we'll have to tell mother after all—that I came down here, I mean. She won't scold me—she never does."

Going down the steps of the house, the boy slipped his hand into Gersten's.

They found a taxicab on the corner of Central Park West.

"I don't even know the number of your house, Victor."

As the boy gave the number, he added, "If we go fast maybe we'll get there before Nounou."

During the short drive Gersten was silent. Who was this woman he was going to meet? Surely no ordinary servant, for the speech of the boy she had trained was clear and pure.

They stopped before an apartment house of the poorer sort. It had a row of letter boxes on both sides of the vestibule, a ragged doormat. Victor opened the street door with his key, and they went down a long narrow hall with walls of a dingy red, then climbed four flights of dimly lighted stairs. At last they stopped before the narrow door of a rear apartment which bore the name "Calvin" neatly written on a white card in a little tin frame.

Calvin. The name had some vague association in Gersten's mind, though he could not place it now.

As he saw the tin door of the common outside dumb-waiter, he thought, "She took barely enough, barely enough! She might have taken more."

Victor opened the door of the apartment; then saying, "Excuse me, sir," he ran in ahead, calling:

"Nounou! are you there? Nounou!"

But there was no answer, and Gersten passed directly from the outside hall into a small square living room, lighted by one gas jet in a three-branched chandelier. The ceiling was quite low. Three other rooms, all open, led from the living room, and Gersten saw the kitchen and the two small bedrooms as Victor ran round and closed the doors.

Then the boy seized a box of matches

from the table, lighted one, and held it up.

"Please, sir, I can't reach . . ."

As Gersten took the match from him, Victor cried eagerly:

"Let's have all three of the lights. Mother always does when she stays after dark. . . . Yes, that's nice. Thank you."

Gersten laid his hat on the table—a square dinner table of yellow oak with a cover of faded brown velvet. There were no antiques here. The walls were in yellow cartridge paper, and there were a few inexpensive Chinese prints. Three easy-chairs of yellow wicker, three straight wooden chairs painted black, a little stand, a hatrack by the door, a soft brown carpet, a yellow silk curtain at the one window—that was all. Yet the room was beautiful. It looked like Vera—save for the crude, unshaded lights. But she could seldom have been here in the evening.

Victor was hanging his overcoat on the rack by the door. Then he swung round, in his quick, nervous way:

"Please sit down, sir. Nounou won't be long now."

Gersten had no experience with children, and there was something touching in the boy's acceptance of him. And what initiative, what courage in his going alone to the big strange house, and now—yes, he was seeing the adventure through, like the little gentleman he was. And this child was Vera's—bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh! The thought was too awful—too beautiful—too awful. The conflict in his soul was tearing him asunder.

Then he noticed that the boy was watching him, puzzled by his abstraction.

So he sat down in one of the cushioned wicker chairs, and the boy sat down near him.

"How nice it is here, Victor!" He was trying to speak naturally, to forget himself, to meet the boy's hospitality half way.

"Mother loves it," Victor smiled, with

a glance of shy pride round the room. "She says she's happier here than anywhere else in the world."

The man said nothing—he was looking straight before him.

"I wish she could come oftener. I miss her dreadfully when she's away."

"Yes . . . yes, Victor."

A key rattled in the lock.

"Nounou!" the boy cried, and jumping up he ran forward to open the door.

As Gersten rose to his feet he saw before him a very tall, square-shouldered woman in black, with gray hair and brilliant dark eyes.

Seeing him there she stopped short.

"A friend of mother's, Nounou," Victor was saying, with restrained excitement.

"I am John Gersten."

He saw her start. Then she stood there speechless, glancing from him to the boy.

"You want to speak with me?" she asked very quietly.

He bowed his head.

Turning away, she removed her black cloak and hat and hung them on the rack by the door. Then she said to the boy:

"Victor, dear, will you say good night to Mr. Gersten? It's past your bedtime."

A shadow of disappointment passed over the boy's face, but he held out his hand obediently.

"Good night, sir, and thank you—thank you very much."

"Good night, Victor. Sleep well."

"You won't forget . . . you promised . . . where she is, you know."

"I won't forget."

The woman, with a murmured, "Excuse me a moment," went into one of the bedrooms with the boy and closed the door.

Gersten waited, standing there by the table. The woman's personality had surprised him. There was a dignity—yes, a poise and power in her presence which commanded his respect. He had one desire now—to speak with her in

utter frankness. He must. The strain he was under was wearing down his strength.

She came back in a moment, carefully reclosing the bedroom door behind her. Her strongly modeled face was white with apprehension, her dark eyes burned. As she stood there, tall and gaunt in her straight black dress, she seemed to him like some heroic figure out of the world's past.

Coming forward she motioned him to be seated, and sat down near him in one of the straight chairs. For the space of a few heartbeats they looked at each other without a word.

"She is dead," he whispered.

The woman gasped—straightened herself as she took the blow.

"When?"

"Thursday, a week ago."

Then she sat there, looking at Gersten, while the tears slowly gathered in her eyes, rolled unheeded down her face, and dropped on the worn hands clasped in her lap.

He told her how the boy had come to his house that night, and how he had followed his mother home one day.

"But for that," he said, "I might never have known. . . ."

She put out her hand, clutching at the edge of the table.

"I always advised her to tell you, Mr. Gersten."

There was something in her face so noble, so true, that nothing she could say would seem other than right to him. Just to see her sitting there, just to be able to talk with her like this eased a little the tension that was breaking him.

"It wasn't, I suppose . . ." he groped for the right word, "it wasn't an early marriage?"

She shook her head.

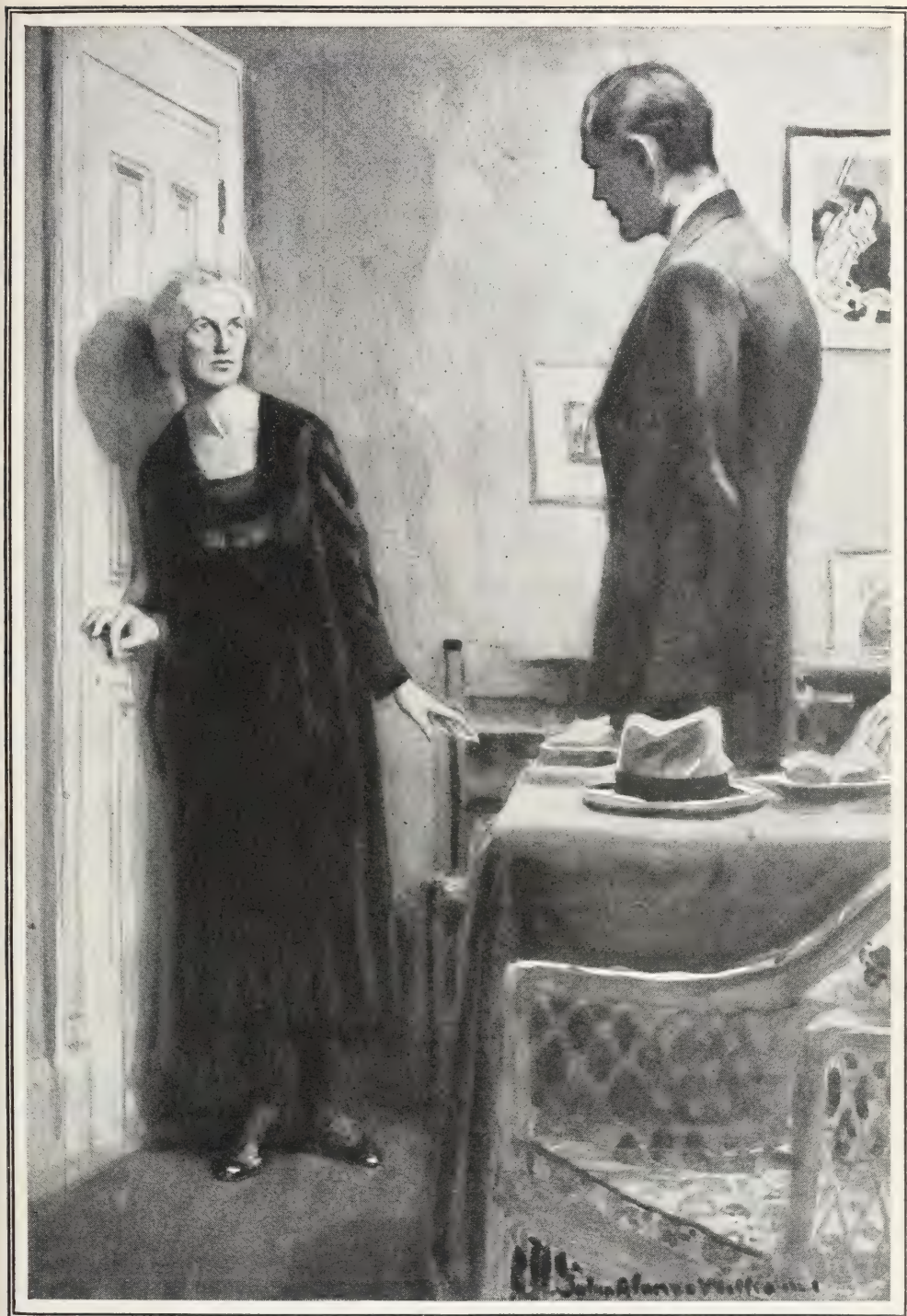
"I—I didn't think so," he murmured, "or surely she would have told me."

She said nothing, but stared straight before her.

"Your name is Calvin, isn't it—the name on the door here?"

"Yes, Madge Calvin."





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

SHE WAS LIKE SOME HEROIC FIGURE OF THE WORLD'S PAST

When he told her about the accident she looked like a woman of stone—too deeply moved, as he could see, for any outward sign.

And he told her of the rubber ball they had found beside Vera, and how he had supposed it was intended for some poor child she knew.

"Yes," Madge Calvin said, and her voice seemed to come from a long way off, "she wanted the boy to get more exercise, to play in the park every day with other boys."

Gersten remembered how Vera had never wanted to walk with him in the park, though she was always ready for long tramps when they were in the country. And her refusal of a motor car—a chauffeur would have observed her movements.

"Yes . . . yes, I see," he breathed. "I suppose you spent the summers in New York."

She nodded.

"My wife never wanted to go far away from New York."

"Of course not, Mr. Gersten. The boy was miserable if he could not see her often, and in the country there is so much talk, for everybody knows everybody. It would have been so difficult to arrange a place for us. Always the danger . . ."

"Yes," he echoed, "always the danger."

How the woman was adapting herself to the fact of his knowing! But—there was still so much that he did not know.

With every word Madge Calvin had spoken, Gersten looked a little deeper into that abyss which had been Vera's mind. He remembered now the innocent little story of her life which she had told him over the table in the restaurant, the first day she had lunched with him. How much of it was true? Was any of it true?

He had seen from the beginning of their talk that Madge Calvin was an educated woman. Her speech proved that, her ease of manner, everything. What had been her relation with Vera?

Then a thought—fantastic but not impossible, in view of their life of concealment—flashed across his mind. Could this woman be Vera's mother? She had told him that both her parents were dead.

He raised his haggard eyes.

"Where did you first meet—her?"

She hesitated—rubbing one palm across the other, and her eyes had an introspective, far-away cloudiness.

"It was—it was some years ago that I first met Vera." But she did not look at him.

This wall she had suddenly built up—it was more than he could endure.

"You'd better," he said, and his voice was agonized, "you'd better tell me everything."

She looked at him now. There was compassion—almost a maternal patience in those darkly kind eyes of hers.

"It's not easy for me to talk," she said, gently. "I've had a—a shock to-night."

"And I?" he looked at her almost reproachfully as he repeated, "And I?"

"Yes, yes, I know . . . I know." He might have been a child whom she soothed of its hurt. "I'm only wondering—wondering how much she would want me to say."

Yes, she was truthful—even when she evaded the whole truth.

He was silent, giving her time to realize that Vera had nothing to fear from him now.

"It's strange," she said, veering away from the subject, "that I didn't see a notice of her death. But I'm so busy with the housework and helping Victor with his lessons, sometimes I don't read the newspaper for days together."

Still he waited.

But she seemed lost in thought, gazing at the tips of her fingers. Then suddenly she looked up at him.

"I've seen Vera so many times, sobbing till she was breathless, for the—the deceit, Mr. Gersten."

"She—she spoke of it, then—to you?"

"Very often, when we were alone to—



gether. It was always the same thing. 'If John could only understand me—just as I am—and love me still!'"

"She thought I couldn't?"

"She was convinced that you couldn't. She said you worshipped an ideal, and so . . ."

"Yes?"

"Why, that you couldn't face the reality of her, as an individual who had loved and suffered—sinned, I suppose you'd call it—before she ever saw you."

He pondered that, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

But her voice startled him out of his abstraction.

"Yes, I've known Vera ten years—two years before she married you."

"Two years before? Why, that must have been about the time of the boy's birth."

"Yes," she said, "yes. And I *will* tell you. I was a nurse in the maternity hospital in Albany, ten years ago. I was present at Victor's birth."

It seemed to Gersten that a great hand seized his heart and crushed it.

"A maternity nurse!" he breathed.

"I began life as a teacher," she said, "but I soon tired of that. When Vera came to the hospital in Albany I had been a nurse, there and elsewhere, for fifteen years, and I was tired of that also—wearied out with seeing women suffer. So when Vera and her baby had to leave the hospital, I went with them. We've been together ever since. You see, at the hospital they were advising her to give her baby for adoption, and I—well, I could see myself that she wasn't going to be strong enough to work and support it, and as I had saved a little money . . ."

Gersten was gripping the arm of his chair.

"You had saved a little money? You mean . . ."

But she waved it away. "That's nothing. I hadn't anything to love—till I found them."

There was utter stillness in that little room.

Then the man leaned forward, his teeth chattering:

"And when you—when you found them—hadn't she—hadn't Vera—anything at all?"

"Not a cent. We came down to New York but it was eighteen months before she . . . well, she finally got that place with the importer where you met her. My savings were nearly gone by that time."

A change came over the face of this gray, dark woman—a softness came into her eyes. She smiled at Gersten.

"You remember the little flat in East Nineteenth Street where Vera was supposed to have a room?"

He nodded.

"And you remember that you never saw her landlady—not even the day you and Vera were married in the City Hall?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said, "I was the 'landlady.' I kept out of sight with the baby whenever you came to the flat. You've probably forgotten, but the place down there was in my name—Calvin."

He caught his breath. Yes, that was the vague memory which had puzzled him when he saw the name on the door here a few minutes ago. And he began to tremble—perceiving more and more of the windings of that labyrinth above which his unsuspecting happiness had been built.

"The baby was supposed to be mine," she went on. "I was ten years younger then; but when he got old enough to understand about surnames, Vera wanted him called Melrose—naturally. We had moved away from Nineteenth Street then, and there seemed no great danger in the name."

"And the boy believes that his—" the word choked Gersten—"that his father is dead?"

"Of course."

He hurried on to say something which would have been difficult a moment before:

"Of course I'll never let him want for

anything—never let either of you want for anything.”

She started as if an idea had suddenly struck her. She flushed—then paled again.

“You’re very kind,” she said, “but—but there’ll be money enough, I suppose.”

He was utterly bewildered. Money enough?

“I don’t know,” she said suddenly, “how I’m going to live without Vera. She was all I had—she and the boy.”

Gersten looked up at her almost timidly: “She was all I had, too,” he said.

And they sat there gazing at each other.

“Mr. Gersten, eight years ago when Vera first told me you wanted to marry her—even then I advised her to tell you everything. But no, she was afraid.”

“Afraid I wouldn’t . . .”

She nodded. “You see, Vera had lost her confidence in men.”

Gersten’s whole being was one aching question—a question that his lips could never utter.

But she seemed to read his thoughts. “I don’t know,” she said. “I never asked her and she never told me. When I followed my profession I heard so many tragic stories. . . . Yes, I’m glad she told me nothing at all, nothing at all about that.”

He raised his unbelieving eyes to hers.

“And you—with your awful knowledge of life—advised her to tell me everything?”

“Yes.”

“But why? Tell me why.”

“Because she loved you so much, John Gersten.”

A sob broke from him. He tried to speak—but could not.

“I hope you don’t think, Mr. Gersten, that I’ve talked too freely about her.”

“No, no!” he cried. “It was necessary . . .” his voice broke.

“I was only thinking,” she said, “that maybe I lost my manners, years ago,

wrestling with God for the lives of women.”

He shuddered.

Yes. He could see her—feel her—wrestling with God for the life of Vera. He looked at those thin worn hands, folded now on the lap of her coarse black dress, like the dress of a sister of charity.

A line he had read somewhere passed through his mind, “A rune of the sorrow of women.” Yes . . . the sorrow of women. He had never thought about women in that way before.

“And you advised her to confide in me!” He returned to it again, for it seemed to him so amazing.

“Are you thinking now, perhaps, that she married you for money?”

“Good God, no! But after what you’ve told me, I shouldn’t have blamed her if she had.”

“You *wouldn’t*?” her voice rang out.

“No.”

She just threw her long black-sleeved arms straight over her head, as if in praise to some great power she believed in.

“Then I was right,” she cried, “I was right!”

“Hush,” he whispered gently, “you’ll wake the boy.”

The tears were rolling down her face again.

“And I’ve got to tell him,” she breathed, “in the morning—about his mother’s death.”

That was another obligation which no man could share with her.

“I was wishing only to-night,” he said, “that she could send me some messenger. And then he came.”

Her brilliant eyes were fixed upon his face. “Yes?” she waited.

A warm glow suffused his heart. “I have wanted so long,” he said, “to have a son—so long.”

“Oh!”

A strange look had come over her face now. It hardened suddenly, and she sat up very straight in her chair.

“I think,” he said, and there was a



wistful shyness in the smile he gave her, "I think the boy likes me. He slipped his hand into mine as we came down the steps. Of his own accord he—"

She interrupted: "Do you mean that you want to adopt him?" Her tone was shocked—cold.

"Yes. Yes, I do."

She was looking straight at him—motionless, intent.

"Why," he said, surprised at the change in her, "do you know of any reason why I shouldn't adopt the boy?"

"Are you thinking, perhaps, of taking him away from me?"

"Why . . . why, no. I . . ."

"Because you couldn't do that, Mr. Gersten. I'm his legal guardian. And the insurance is also in my name."

"The insurance!"

He was stunned. It was just one thing more.

"Of course," she said. "His mother's life was insured for forty thousand dollars. But how she ever kept up the payments and supported the boy and me besides, without your knowing, will forever be a mystery to me."

He buried his face in his hands. The woman didn't know, then, she didn't know, and by God, he'd never tell her! Even Vera had not dared to tell Madge Calvin about the dealers' bills. That secret was his, as that other secret of the boy's paternity was hers—if it *was* hers. For he knew that he might beat his head forever against the rock of her loyalty and she would tell him only what was good for him to know. He also could be loyal.

He was startled out of his reverie by her asking his advice about collecting the insurance money. And they counseled together—that no shadow of suspicion should fall upon the dead woman.

But with that money in her hand, how strong Madge Calvin would be! With her simple wants, she could live on the interest of it and educate the boy. An utter loneliness swept over him.

Then came another thought, startling

in its clarity: how strong *Vera* had been! But what she must have felt during those eight years of love and deception and dishonest bills . . . he groaned, unable to imagine it. An honest business man, he felt the secret which he held for Vera to be more appalling than the one Madge Calvin guarded.

Forgiveness—but the word seemed to have no meaning. Only pity was large enough to cover Vera's memory—pity and charity, whose other name is love.

The broken ideal in his heart cried like a lost child.

"Mr. Gersten." Her voice aroused him from his brooding thoughts.

"Yes, Miss Calvin."

"I've been thinking," she said. "I've been thinking that I'm very selfish—wanting to keep the boy to myself."

"You—selfish?"

"Yes. Every boy needs a father. If you take him, I can be a sort of governess in the house—he'd have to have somebody. I think Vera would want you to take him if she could speak."

A sort of governess in the house! He glanced at those hands in her lap. Nounou, a baby's name for her, borne through the years in the dignity of devotion. Vera, penniless in the Albany hospital . . . a little money saved . . . eighteen months of dependence . . . the years of service to the growing child.

Gersten did not deceive himself. He knew that he would not have married Vera eight years ago had he known what he knew now, though his love for her was like an aching wound in his side. And without this woman's faith to bear him up—that, and the boy's need of him—only a brooding and disillusioned future stretched ahead.

"Would you be willing to leave New York?" he asked her. "It might be difficult here—embarrassing about the boy. He might even come to know . . ."

"So long as I have Victor," she answered, "I don't care where I live. The only thing I dread is telling him—in the morning."

As he rose to go she said:

"I've been thinking of something else, Mr. Gersten. Maybe—I don't know, but maybe—in giving you eight years of unclouded happiness, and bearing herself all the burden of her secret, Vera was really being kind, wise and kind."

As Gersten opened the door of his house he felt strangely tired and a little dizzy. He had lost so much to-night!

The butler came forward.

"I'm afraid the wood fire has gone low, sir. Shall I light it again?"

"No—no, thank you, Palmer."

As the butler turned to go—did he

imagine it, or was there an anxious look in the eyes of the old man? Could it be that his own face showed the ravages of the hours he had just passed through?

He went towards the fireplace and stood looking up at the grave gray eyes of the portrait. Somehow those eyes did not look quite the same as before. No less lovely they were, no less kind—but never again the same.

After long contemplation he murmured brokenly:

"Eight years . . . the worship of the ideal . . . a man's perfect happiness!"

And unveiled knowledge seemed a worthless gift beside the bliss of his *lost ignorance*.

## SPINNING

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

**D**ID you, O Daphne, long ago,  
Stray with your nibbling sheep  
On those far hills I seem to know,  
Looming in dreams of sleep?

Did you a little spindle whirl  
From morning until night,  
Making a thread from fleecy curl  
Of their shorn raiment white?

Sometimes, I think me you, Greek girl,  
Drawing an endless thread!  
A little spindle I, too, whirl—  
But it spins song instead!

You wandered, and fine wool you spun,  
Happily till the night.  
My spinning, too, will not be done  
Till falls the lyric light.



# INVENTIVE GERM-CELLS

## *The Architects of Evolution*

BY HENSHAW WARD

THREE days ago I bruised a knuckle; to-day the wound is healed over, and I accept the bit of new skin as calmly as if it were a section of repaired pavement. But if I knew about the thousands of cell lives that were lost in that catastrophe on my finger, if I could see the tens of thousands of life-producing labors that have been performed there, the speck of flesh would appear a great and miraculous structure.

The scene of those building operations would be interesting merely as a spectacle, and in the next few paragraphs I shall offer a slight account of one phase of them. But the goal of the rest of this article lies far beyond. When we have seen how the ordinary cells of the skin were replaced we shall be at a lookout point from which we may view, as if in a distant landscape, the field of Evolution. These humble particles which form our flesh are part of that realm of life which includes both human heredity and social change.

When I carelessly rammed my hand against the door-casing I destroyed an area of skin about a quarter of an inch long and an eighth of an inch wide. This had been composed of perhaps fifty thousand individual cells, which were all so broken or detached that they perished. My body had no power to bring up a regiment of similar cells, dump them into the breach, and say, "Be healed." No, those dead cells were of many sorts: flat and horny ones at the surface, below these three layers of different sorts that were packed like mackerel in the hold of a fishing schooner and, in a lower layer,

many intricate sets of apparatus like nerve-ends, capillaries, pigment-makers, muscles, oil-glands.

We had best not say anything about these complicated organs of the skin, since they are so largely beyond examination. Let us content ourselves with the largest, most obvious, most uniform cells: those of the third layer from the top. Even these cannot be replaced in bulk, by wholesale. For each one of them is an individual, differing in some degree from its neighbors, as men differ in a regiment. Every one of them *was born* from a parent cell.

Are you at all startled by hearing about the "birth" of a cell? Surely you have not conceived that living tissue is composed of hunks of inert matter. Imagine that I had a needle fine enough to detach one of these cells (one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter) and to hold it before you for inspection under a powerful microscope. Suppose that I had a super-lens which would enlarge the cell to the size of a football. Suppose that I could work magic for you and show some of the labors which are carried on there. It is a laboratory for vital processes far beyond the skill of men.

It is filled with "protoplasm." We do not know what that is. Protoplasm is simply our ignorant name for the unapproachable secret of life. Protoplasm is not all one kind of material that a chemist can analyze, any more than pantries and panthers are one kind of material. But since we cannot detect the different kinds of life when we look into

cells, we give a common name to whatever living substance we see in them.

The life in protoplasm is directed by a speck called a "nucleus." That is simply our name for the mystery which lives in that tiny space. Far within the nucleus, all but invisible to the most searching gaze of science, is the mechanism that can direct the birth of a new cell.

Such an intricate organism as this is a kind of separate creature. It is adapted for special functions; and it can reproduce itself, as the one-celled animals do. It could no more happen into existence than a sunflower or a camel could. It is an organized unit of life. If I see a hawk flying overhead, I know that he was once in an egg and was born. It is just as obvious that any cell was born. It must have grown out of a cell, which had grown out of a previous cell, which had grown from a previous cell. There cannot have been any gap in the series of descents since life began on the earth. Every cell, in every particle of my body, is the offspring of some previous cell.

Its origin cannot be any hit-or-miss process; a new cell cannot "just branch off somehow." Even a beet-sugar factory that man makes—a clumsy pile of apparatus for doing the simplest sort of chemical work—has to be designed by an architect with studied care. There must be complete blue-print plans, an engineer's care to have foundations solid, a builder's minute pains to have walls kept plumb and courses of brick level, expert work to make steel girders exact, expert manufacture of vats and engines, high technical skill to furnish spectroscopes and chemical reagents. If so lumbering an institution as a man-made factory requires all this provision, much more will the creating of so intricate an organism as a living cell.

Of all its delicate adjustments not the least jot of a small item of one can be left unprovided for.

The specifications for a future cell lie in the nucleus. When this receives the

impulse to reproduce, its mechanism is set to work, and it operates its multitude of minute parts with an accuracy that is awesome to think of. So small is the space within the nucleus and so dim are the outlines of operations that no one scientist could ever have made out the details of that workroom. But the investigators, by combining their observations for a generation, have learned enough to give us some picture of the steps of a birth.

They tell us that in the course of half an hour or more the following program is carried out: First, the nucleus swells out to occupy a larger portion of the cell. Several loops appear in its liquid; they grow shorter and thicker and become straight; they then arrange themselves in a row across the center of the nucleus, as if they were so many bits of a small, round match, placed end to end in a line. These are the chromosomes. Each of them splits down its length into two equal parts, as if a fine knife had been driven through the line of sticks and had divided them all at one blow. Thus the original tangle of loops has been separated in an orderly manner into two equal sets of straight pieces. The two sets now draw apart, moving away from the equator of the nucleus toward opposite poles. Meanwhile the whole cell has been preparing to divide: a groove has appeared on its outside, as if made by a string that had been drawn tight around it in the same plane where the little bodies split within the nucleus. The groove grows deeper and deeper, till the cell is split in two. The result is two small cells, each composed of half of every detail of the previous cell, each with a complete equipment of cell life. These grow quickly to full size and are now prepared to reproduce in the same way as often as they have orders to do so.

That brief sketch of cell birth may give a wrong impression by its comparison with "bits of a match." Of course the real processes, if our senses were fine enough to see them, would appear



as a series of countless steps in a most elaborate architecture, steps that are made with supreme nicety.

And perhaps the crude sketch has made the reader forget the size of the space that encloses all the operations. One three-hundredth of an inch is the diameter of the skin-cell we are looking at. And of this minute space the nucleus fills only a fraction.

Even within the nucleus all the complexities of a future organism are arranged for in only a portion of the available space—that is, in the chromosomes.

The mind cannot begin to comprehend such close packing of forces; it quits exclaiming about “marvels” or “unspeakable mysteries” because any words of wonder fall so far short of what we feel.

Yet we must tolerate one more astonishment. Every cell in my flesh has an inheritance that comes, in equal proportions, from my father and my mother.

So inconceivably lavish is nature in her care for the details of healing a wound.

All we can do is to accept the fact that in those infinitesimal loops, the chromosomes, at the limit of microscopic vision, is packed the complete outfitting for the whole life of a new daughter cell. Every one of the cells\* that make up flesh or wood or animalcules was born by means of chromosomes in this way.

There are all kinds of cells. The bark of a tree is built of several kinds, each with its own individual sort of protoplasm to keep up its activities. Finger nails and mahogany are made by protoplasm that builds hard wall for its cells and then dies. In the brain are cells where protoplasm keeps records of sensations and manages switchboards for sending messages to other cells. A nerve-cell is a long, slender fiber. In a cubic inch of normal human blood there may be seventy billion cells, each class of which is fitted to do its special chemical work.

#### STEADFAST GERM-CELLS

So much for the body-cells, each of which reproduces only its kind. Until a person has some conception of what is contained in a body-cell he is not prepared to hear about the subject of this article, the still more wonderful germ-cells. Take a bit of pollen-dust from a wild rose. Each one of the tiny grains is a germ-cell—which means that it carries all the specifications for a whole new plant. It makes all the types of body-cells that are needed to form roots and ducts and stems and leaves and hairs and blossoms and future seeds. In these little germ-cells sleep all the structures of the next generation, complete to every least item, such as giving to each petal a certain shading of color from tip to base. The chromosomes in them are faithful agents, powerless to disobey. They always carry out these specifications. They cannot construct grass or huckleberries; they cannot construct another kind of rose; they can only reproduce a plant like the one from which they came.

This holds true for every pollen-grain of any kind of plant. It is true for every sperm of any fish or bird or beast, since there is no essential difference between the sperm-cells of plants and animals. In every one there are some chromosomes within a nucleus, and their course of development is all determined in advance: they are compelled to build their new life on the pattern of the parents. No earthly power can reach inside the chromosomes and alter the directions that they are created to carry out. Nor is there any way of so altering the body of a parent that its reproducing-cells will be made on a different pattern. However much you may mutilate a blossom or a body, if you allow the sperm-making organs to work at all, they will produce the only type of germ-cell that they are fitted to produce. They must make the identical kind of chromosomes that their parents made and that their offspring will make. Their business is to repro-

\* With certain exceptions that the curious reader may learn about on page 116 of E. B. Wilson's *The Cell*, 1925.

duce by the given pattern. There is no way of bringing to bear on them any influence that will cause them to build by some other pattern.

Every statement about the sperm-cells in the previous paragraph is also true of female germ-cells, or "eggs." Every such egg in plants and animals is also a cell in whose nucleus is a complete pattern for an individual of the next generation. Every minutest part of a descendant is provided for.

In some lower animals a single germ-cell may develop into a new individual, and the biologist's logic knows no reason why any egg might not so develop. But throughout the greater part of the kingdoms of animals and plants nature has decreed that there shall be no birth of a new creature until an egg and a sperm have united. They fuse completely, interchanging all the details of their structures. Then this composite cell divides into two cells, each of which is made up equally of elements from the father and the mother. The two cells do not part company but remain in close union. Each of them then divides in a similar way, and a union of four cells results. The four become eight; the eight become sixteen; the sixteen become thirty-two; and so the growth continues until several trillion cells are formed into an aggregate that is detached from the mother and begins a separate life.

It is clear that in the early development of the embryo there was a differentiation of cells for carrying out the various parts of construction: one set of cells was commissioned to build the skeleton, another the nerves, another the digestive organs. Many such interacting sets formed the body. One of these, which was established during the first few days of the embryo life, was destined to create the reproductive organs. This, in nature's scheme of things, was more important than all the rest; indeed it was the part for which all the rest was made. The whole bodily structure is, in nature's estimation, no more than a case to protect and nourish the

germ-cell factory, where the eggs or sperms grow. This was set apart from the bodily organs, like a treasure in an inner room of the palace. It was to be the agent for the only purpose that nature seems to care about—reproduction. It was to create, in prodigious quantities, those exact patterns of heredity that are stowed in germ-cells. Though it might be thrown into disorder by mishaps in the body, its ways of working were not subject to any alteration. So long as it was unhindered, it would shape exactly the type of heredity which it was destined to shape.

It is by means of such germ-cells that the unbroken stream of heredity is continued. So precisely do they transfer inheritance in the current of descent that my skin is now what it was a thousand generations ago; perhaps a physiologist could hardly distinguish it from the skin of ten thousand generations ago. The hairs on my arm lie smoothly in the same directions that chromosomes have precisely duplicated for hundreds of thousands of years. There are some species of plants and animals that have persisted without a noticeable alteration through geological periods which must have amounted to fifty million years. Their chromosomes have been steadfast while the Andes were washed to the ocean and upheaved again.

#### WAVERING GERM-CELLS

The constancy of chromosomes is one side of the two-faced truth of heredity. The other side is that chromosomes are always somewhat variable. Since they shape an individual from liquid materials composed of billions of atoms, it is not conceivable that each portion of the new body should have just the same number of atoms in just the same relations that were in a parent or that will be in a child. We could safely guess that the work of chromosomes in an enduring species wavers about some norm of structure, now on this side and now on that, but never departing far from this norm.



In fact we do not have to guess. It is manifest that two trees were never precisely alike, and delicate measurements would doubtless show that no two leaves were ever exactly the same in size and contour. Even in similar twins slight differences can be revealed by refined scrutiny. No animals are ever reproduced with absolute accuracy. In cattle and sheep and dogs and birds there are perpetual variations. If a man who has exceptionally keen eyes trains them by years of experience to observe pigeons closely, and if he trains himself on one breed, and then if he specializes on one sub-variety, and if in this limited field he confines himself to observing some one feature, say plumage, then he can detect differences that no other man in the world could see. To the eye that has been sharpened by twenty years of constant training the difference between the eyebrows of two silk-worms is apparent; even in an egg the varying color is revealed. Delicate scales in a laboratory will show that two beet-roots have different percentages of sugar. Exact reproduction is never to be found. To some extent every germ-cell is wayward.

Variation in the work of chromosomes is an observable fact, undisputed. But when and to what extent such variation *can be inherited* is the great battleground of present-day biology. It is now known that much variation, perhaps most of it, is only a fluctuation about a mean. Small potatoes and small men have offspring that are, on the average, larger than themselves; individuals above the normal size have offspring smaller than themselves; the variation in size swings to and fro about a median, making no more advance in one direction than a pendulum would.

Many kinds of striking variations are repeated so often that they are seen to be a regular part of the stream of heredity. Everyone knows that most clover leaves grow in clusters of three, but that in any field there are several clusters of four and may be clusters of five or more. Men have always ob-

served that some pigs are born with a solid hoof instead of the usual two toes; pigs may occasionally have a third toe, or a pair of bristly tassels under the throat. In any flock of peacocks there may suddenly appear a bird of smaller size with black shoulders, as if the chromosomes of this animal were prone to make, every so often, this particular kind of variation. The spiral of a snail's shell regularly grows in the direction in which the hands of a clock move, but occasionally specimens grow in the opposite direction.

There are other sorts of variations that do not progress toward permanent change in one direction, that do not accumulate to a fixed alteration of heredity. In fact some prominent biologists have seen so much of these "fluctuating" variations that they have become skeptical about the whole Darwinian theory of gradually piling up minute changes till a new species is formed. But the great body of scholars to-day confess that no other theory is in sight and that they are fairly well content with recent evidence in favor of the old one.

The theory, put very tersely, is this: every plant and animal is different in certain ways from its parents; some of these differences are inheritable; if, in the struggle for existence, a given variation (say a shorter beak in a nuthatch) makes an animal less well fitted for life, that animal is less likely to leave progeny; but if a given variation makes an animal somewhat better fitted for life, it is more likely to survive and leave a line of descendants; those descendants that inherit the favorable variation are the ones that will continue the race, and in them the favorable variation will tend to increase and become a fixed characteristic of a new variety.

Such a change to a new variety must be gradual, extending over a long period of time. It is a supposition. No new species has actually been seen to develop in nature, though the snails of Tahiti have, within twenty years, branched into new varieties that are practically species.

Nor has any new, stable species ever been bred artificially. But in domesticated plants and animals the variations have been so often accumulated in a given direction, to such remarkable results, that we may well suppose we see here a counterpart of nature's process.

I will first give some examples of the extremes of variation and after these some examples of the more moderate sort that breeders select progressively.

All monstrosities are extremes of variation. The Siamese Twins were two men joined to each other by a thick tube of cartilage, through which their vital organs were so closely connected that no surgeon dared cut them apart. They were very unlike their parents. The Blazek sisters were a pair of women who had only one spine between them. When they died, the courts had to decide whether the twins were one person or two persons. This two-in-one body bore no resemblance to its parents or ancestors. Peppino Magro, twenty-two inches tall when fully grown, and Kazanloff, one hundred and eleven inches tall, varied from their parents in stature; they were born with some abnormality of the little gland which directed their growth. A baby that is born without arms, or with a jawbone growing in its body, or with a full set of teeth, or with a hairy nose and forehead, or with a tail, shows a decided variation from its parents.

Among plants there is no end to the monstrosities that are frequently seen. Ears of corn are double or distorted, or have unnaturally arranged kernels. A little peach sprouts from the cleft of a large one, or a kind of second orange may appear at the base of an orange. A bean, which normally sprouts with very large leaves, at the base of which are little insignificant scales, may show gigantic scales and no leaves.

Wayward chromosomes cause numberless comical results. They sometimes produce doubled legs on frogs and doubled feelers on insects. They have been known to sprinkle extra fins at ran-

dom on fishes and to put a perfect right leg on the left side of a fowl. They may plant several extra spurs on a gamecock's leg, or wing-feathers on a leg, or membranes between the toes. A ram with a whole crowd of little horns on his head suggests that some chromosome was disordered and tried to do ten times too much. Sometimes it would appear that two chromosomes are tangled, with the result that an animal has one of its sides male and the other female.

Wayward chromosomes are sometimes beneficent, building better than their norm and producing an individual whose new characteristics are inherited by his descendants. In 1791, on a Massachusetts farm, was born a ram whose legs were so short and body so long that he was nicknamed the "otter"; he was valuable because he could not jump fences, and he became the founder of a new breed of sheep called the "ancon." Forty years later the same sort of thing happened on a farm in France. A ram was born with a large head, long neck and legs, covered with smooth silky wool; he was the forefather of a new and valuable kind of sheep. Such sudden creations, or "sports," are decided alterations that chromosomes make in the pattern they are supposed to follow—"happy mistakes" we might call them. Such a mistake certainly brought joy to a Kansas farmer in 1889, who one day found that a young calf in his herd of Hereford cattle had no horns; it founded the race of "polled Herefords."

These great variations in animals are celebrated because they were so useful to man and were as romantic as the discovery of a new diamond mine. Sports in plants have been more numerous. For one example, there was once a set of chromosomes in an orange that did not put in any seed-making apparatus, and that ornamented the base of their work with a queer whirl. An orange-grower noticed this sport and liked it; since then the "navel" orange has been on all our fruit stands.

Many improvements in domesticated



plants and animals have originated with the same sudden completeness, as unearned gifts from the chromosomes. The races of wheat are a standing illustration. Its chromosomes are restless and variant; one Frenchman claimed that he had cultivated over three hundred varieties. Though most of these sports show only slight differences, occasionally there is a large and decided one. About twenty years ago in Canada two different varieties were mated; the chromosomes were so stimulated to mix up and recombine their elements that a hundred variations resulted, one of which—it appeared on only a single stalk—proved to be a hardier plant with better bread-making qualities than North America had known before. It was named "Marquis." A century ago this fact of the sudden sporting of wheat was known; a famous Scotch grower testified that he had never seen grain which had been improved "by cultivation," but only "by selecting the new varieties which nature occasionally produces, as if inviting the husbandman to stretch forth his hand and cultivate them." In 1819 he "observed quite accidentally a single plant of a deeper green and more heavily headed out"; this he cultivated, and it became one of the best kinds for the region where Walter Scott lived.

In 1923 "a single branch of red apples was sold by Lewis Mood, of Ferrell, New Jersey, to a nursery firm for \$5000." The year before "\$50,000 was paid for a single strawberry plant by the R. M. Kellogg Company of Three Rivers, Michigan, to its grower, Harlow Rockhill, of Conrad, Iowa."

There are records of a golden-colored grape that sprouted from a black variety in England, of "a multitude of varieties that sprang from one seed" in a French vineyard, and of new hothouse varieties that are produced "almost every year." Each kind of apple was originally a solitary sport, a unique product, made by changeful chromosomes. No new kind of peach was ever attained by effort, but always by discovering a novelty hanging

on a tree. If an agricultural experiment station should try for a century to train the seeds of a potato, it would fail; its only hope is to be on the lookout for what the roots have happened to bring forth.

Volumes have been filled with instances of the fact, universally observed by gardeners and animal breeders, that chromosomes will every now and then produce valuable novelties for us. I will tuck into this paragraph two sample quotations from Darwin: "I have seen it gravely remarked that it was most fortunate that the strawberry began to vary just when gardeners began to attend to this plant; the truth no doubt is that it had always varied." Of course it was the truth; three hundred years ago some shrewd gardener "availed himself of the inherent power of variation possessed by the plant." All beans may look alike, even to the most sharp-eyed grower, but "after two severe frosts only three of the 390 scarlet-runners remained, not even the tips of their leaves being browned; it was impossible to behold these three plants, with their blackened dead brethren all around, and not see at a glance that they differed widely in constitutional power of resisting frost."

Nowadays we are all familiar with the way in which such variations are selected through a series of generations of progressive improvement in a desired direction. The wild strawberry plant that varied to somewhat greater size had offspring that were still larger; a bean-vine which was resistant to frost could be developed to still greater resistance in succeeding generations. During the last century a scrubby Chinese daisy has been converted into a wide, gorgeous, fluffy chrysanthemum. We are all familiar with similar accumulations of variations in dahlias and berries and dogs and cows. How breeders work from faint beginnings to extraordinary alterations can be seen in one of Darwin's descriptions: "In the great majority of cases a new character is at first faintly pronounced, and then the full difficulty

of selection is experienced. . . . The finest powers of discrimination and sound judgment must be exercised. . . . I have been astonished when celebrated breeders have shown me their animals, which have appeared all alike, and have assigned their reasons for matching this and that individual. . . . The best flock-masters do not trust to their own judgment or that of their shepherds, but employ persons called 'sheep-classifiers.' When the lambs are weaned, each in his turn is placed upon a table, that his wool and form may be minutely observed." Every breeder is selecting slight variations and increasing those that he desires by continuing his selection through a series of generations.

If our knowledge of variation depended on such achievements in artificial breeding, we might distrust it. But it is abundantly confirmed by what the naturalists tell us of wild plants and animals. The wild orange plants in the jungles of India have the characters of the bitter variety, "but occasionally wild oranges occur with sweet fruit." "The chestnut trees may possibly survive the present blight, because there may be here and there one that contains a secretion which will kill the attacking fungus; there are such trees in Asia, whence the blight came." "Our common forest-trees are very variable." "It is probable that all insects occasionally show some abnormality of wing venation." "The description of new mutant types in almost every plant and animal that has been carefully examined indicates the very general occurrence of definite mutations." "Mr. Bates, after examining above a hundred of the big beetles, thought that he had at last discovered a species in which the horns did not vary; further research proved the contrary." The prevailing fact of variation in nature is put thus emphatically by Wallace: "We find no evidence of

greater variations in domesticated animals than in wild ones."

I have led you through a gallery of the changes wrought by variant chromosomes, and now you ask me, "Well, what of it?" In the first place, this: As a matter of understanding the Evolution Theory, the first and greatest essential is to know about the variation in germ-cells. Evolution begins there. For some reason there is a general tendency to think about evolution the other way round. College instructors have to shout to classes, "Think first of chromosomes. Keep your eye on the chromosomes." The most victorious moment in Darwin's life was when it flashed upon him that the stuff of evolution is variations, and that these are sifted by the environment. The course of all evolution has been determined by the variations—of whose causes we know nothing—in germ-cells. If favorable variations are inherited and result in a permanent alteration of a species, a better adaptation to its environment, a step of evolution has taken place.

In the second place, I shall briefly draw a conclusion and invite you to draw a different one if you dislike the logic. Look at the one fact that is obvious in every change which has been described in the previous section. The fact is that no race of living creatures has been altered, for better or for worse, through changes produced in the cells of body or brain by outside influence. No education of muscles, no training of nerves, no accident to the body, no exercise of it, has ever been transmitted to the germ-cells. Children will be what the chromosomes determine. If anyone desires to improve the race, he must realize that he is dealing with material which was made by a chromosome mechanism. If he would alter such material permanently, he must look for the variations that chromosomes produce.



# THE FIRST LADY OF THE CONFEDERACY

*Portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Davis*

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

WHICH was the greater tragedy: that of Mrs. Lincoln, who saw her husband murdered in the very hour of supreme triumph and culminating glory and was herself cast into obscurity and despair, or that of Mrs. Davis, who saw her husband's heroic struggle, in which she so ardently shared, end in disaster and utter ruin? It is hard to say. And neither woman was peculiarly fitted to bear adversity in a chastened or humble spirit. In fact, there were a number of elements of resemblance between them. Also, they had the same colored seamstress, who gossiped about them both.

Varina Howell was born in Natchez in 1826. It is curiously significant of the tangle of relations connected with the Civil War that the wife of the President of the Southern Confederacy had Northern and Whig antecedents, while the wife of the President of the Union came distinctly from the South. Miss Howell grew up in comfortable Southern surroundings and was well educated. In 1845 she married Jefferson Davis, then a widower without children and seventeen years older than she. She was closely associated with his brilliant career, as soldier and statesman, played a striking part in Washington society in the fifties, shared her husband's triumphs and anxieties during the four years' existence of the Confederacy, and saw all her hopes wiped out by the surrender of Lee. She was with her husband when he was captured, made desperate efforts to secure his release from prison, and was the intimate partner of his later wandering

efforts and sorrows. After his death in 1889, she wrote an elaborate history of his career, and lived on somehow till 1906, having survived all of her six children with the exception of one daughter. She was always treated with respect in the South, as embodying great memories and departed glory; but her real life came to an end with that of the President of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Davis was not only well educated, by schooling in Philadelphia and by tutoring at home, but she profited by her education and continued it all her life. She read quite extensively. When she was sixteen she "was reading hard to finish my course of English and Latin classics," and she quotes Latin in later years in a rather unusual fashion. She was able to talk intelligently with the many men of distinction and power whom she encountered in her varied life, with statesmen, with men of letters, even with men of science, like Joseph Henry. She kept up a close intellectual companionship with her husband, and he was a man of surprisingly active and well-stored mind. She aided him greatly in much of his writing, and her *Life of him* affords ample evidence that she had exceptional gifts, both as a thinker and as a mistress of English style.

Mrs. Davis's intelligence was not only active and far reaching, it was singularly acute and penetrating. Her observations on men and things are always suggestive, even if one does not agree with them. During her life in Washington she met the most prominent statesmen of the middle of the century, Webster,

Clay, Calhoun, Seward, and Sumner, and her relations with the notable figures of the Confederacy were even more intimate. She analyzed all these distinguished personages with constant and appreciative attention.

Mrs. Davis seems to have been as intelligent concretely as abstractly. She was a good housekeeper, could manage either her large city establishment in Richmond or the plantation of Brierfield. She knew how work should be done, and could do it herself, if necessary. Her enemies, who found fault with everything, even asserted as proof of her unaristocratic origin that she had done housework in her youth, rather a crime in a slave-holding community. But I like particularly her graceful picture of herself and her husband, in one of the too rare tranquil eddies of their turbulent career, striving together to improve the old estate and toiling side by side in the garden, like Adam and Eve, then for recreation mounting their horses and riding whirlwind races, in which, according to her own account, the man hardly outsped the woman.

Money is the supreme test of domestic management. Here again the critics are busy and murmur about Mrs. Davis's extravagance. No doubt she liked to spend and in a sense she was obliged to spend. At any rate, I find no evidence whatever of her being burdened with the load of debt that afflicted Mrs. Lincoln. There is a certain ungraciousness in her effort to protect herself during the last bitter days in Richmond by storing up flour, which her husband strictly forbade her to carry away, in view of the privation and starvation about her. But something must be forgiven to a mother with little children. And for years after the war she had to meet money difficulties which must have been distressing and humiliating enough to one who had been situated as she had.

As to Mrs. Davis's relations with her servants, so significant in the slave-holding South, we have little reliable testi-

mony besides her own, which is not unnaturally very favorable. She gives a beatific picture of plantation life, of the sympathetic care of master and mistress and the devotion of dependents. In the main I have no doubt the picture is a faithful likeness. Welles gives a rather hideous story of a slave whom Mrs. Davis had personally maltreated. But similar improbable stories were told even of General Lee. Mrs. Davis had a quick and vigorous temper, which may possibly at times have extended to her fingers as well as to her tongue. But some of her servants seem to have been most faithfully attached to her and to her husband, even after the war.

The mother of six children naturally gives a great part of her life to them. Mrs. Davis was faithful and devoted. "I feel the responsibilities of a parent so intensely," she says, "that I thank God there is a time when the power, and consequently the onus of failure ceases." Few mothers could have been put to a severer test than that hurried, horrible flight from Richmond, with four helpless children, the youngest a baby of only a year. Mrs. Davis stood it admirably, and in later illnesses and suffering her devotion was beautifully constant. Also few mothers have to go through the tragedy of five deaths. Mrs. Davis endured it and lived, but with what agony may be imagined. Like Mrs. Lincoln in Washington, she lost a son while she was in the White House at Richmond. Little Joe fell from the second story upon a brick pavement and was killed. First we have the earlier picture of the child trotting in his nightgown into the parlor among visitors to say his prayers at his father's knee. Then close upon this comes Mrs. Chesnut's dramatic account of the funeral: "Here I see the funeral procession as it wound among those tall white monuments, up the hillside, the James River tumbling about below over rocks and around islands; the dominant figure the poor, old, gray-haired man, standing, bare-headed, straight as an arrow, clear against the sky, by the open



grave of his son. She, the bereft mother, stood back, in her heavy black wrappings, and her tall figure drooped. The flowers, the children, the procession as it moved, comes and goes, but those two dark, sorrow-stricken figures stand: they are before me now."

It is clear that Mrs. Davis must have had a superb physique to go through all she did. There were brief moments when she gave out;

but in the main she was vigorous and energetic, equal to all efforts and to all emergencies. Also, she had God with her always. The comfort of religion was an immense support to her and to her husband both. In early years Davis himself seems to have had some intellectual difficulties. But after a long period of quiet plantation life, with much thinking and reading, he came out with a sharp and literal orthodoxy. General Schaff justly and ingeniously connects this narrow, dogmatic theological standpoint of the Confederate President

with the solitude and remoteness of his youthful surroundings. It is curious to reflect that Professor Stephenson, with equal justice, has found in the same background much of the origin of Lincoln's dreamy and poetical mysticism.

Davis's religious attitude and pre-occupation were not wholly acceptable to some of his critics. Their feeling about it appears in the bitter comment of the *Richmond Examiner*: "We find the President standing in a corner telling his beads and relying on a miracle to save the country." Nevertheless, there

is something genuinely impressive and winning about the intense sincerity and earnestness of Davis's religion, as shown in his long conversations with Dr. Craven; and Mrs. Davis turned as constantly as he did to the comfort which is most unfailing for those who can find it at all. When the clouds hung darkest about her, she wrote: "However, we

hope all things and trust in God as the only one able to resolve the opposite state of feeling into a triumphant, happy whole."



A YOUTHFUL PICTURE OF  
THE DAVISES

From a daguerreotype taken some  
time before the Civil War

For a woman who plays such a great part in the world as Mrs. Davis, the social life is necessarily the most conspicuous, if not the most important. Mrs. Davis had some eminent social qualities. She liked to meet people, she liked to watch them and analyze them. She could talk brilliantly and attractively with almost anyone. She could make her house run easily and could furnish an excellent table, even when the resources for such a purpose were some-

what scanty. She dressed with taste and elegance. She was dignified and imposing and impressed all sorts of people with her personality, sometimes favorably, sometimes not quite so much so. Pollard, who detested her, gives a description which is savage to brutality: "Mrs. Davis was a brawny, able bodied woman, who had much more of masculine mettle than of feminine grace. Her complexion was tawny, even to the point of mulattoism; a woman loud and coarse in her manners; full of self-assertion." The gentle General Schaff suggests

something bewilderingly different: She "had soft, liquid, dark eyes, a voice of Southern charm, and was a ready, pleasing talker." Perhaps Mr. Eckenrode's medium view is the most just: "She was rather handsome, though her features were slightly marred by a thick upper lip which gave her, unjustly, a slight suggestion of cruelty. It was a smooth, proud, comely face."

As to Mrs. Davis's ease and vivacity in conversation there is little dispute. She held her own with the best talkers in Washington and drew out the best they had. She is said to have been sarcastic. Such a quick tongue cannot always escape that charge. Yet her sketches of the great characters about her, as they appear in her book, are remarkably free from harshness or satire, though the temptation to it must often have been great.

With these social gifts and limitations Mrs. Davis obtained a considerable success during the Washington years. No one speaks of her exactly with enthusiasm; but her cleverness drew all sorts of people about her and her intelligence held them. Her intimate discussion of men of all parties and pursuits proves how wide was her acquaintance with them, and her husband's popularity ensured her access to any circle that she cared to enter.

But when it came to the presidency of the Confederacy during those critical days in Richmond, it was a different matter. Mrs. Davis had to encounter precisely the same difficulties that Mrs. Lincoln met in Washington. If she lived simply and unpretentiously, the critics complained that she was not keeping up the social dignity of her position. If she tried to entertain, there was an immediate outcry that the White House was callous to the sufferings and disasters of the country. Mrs. Davis met the situation as best she could. But there was always plenty of faultfinding. The *Examiner* shrieked about the White House display and luxury. The President had costly horses and carriages and enter-

tained expensively, while the poor people of the South were starving. Mrs. Davis was extravagant, loved ostentation, and cared little for the misery that was so evident everywhere about her.

These charges were no doubt exaggerated and unjust. At the same time it is evident that neither Davis nor his wife had the gift of being democratically popular. Both had a strong sense of the dignity of their position and were apt to emphasize it in tactless ways. One little story is told, not directly affecting Mrs. Davis, but vividly illustrating the atmosphere she developed about her. "It was usual for the Howell girls of President Davis's family to come into the church after the service had begun, and, beautifully gowned, to walk down the aisle to the President's pew in front of the chancel. On this Sunday Mrs. General Lee, who was in town, came to church before the service began. She was very plainly dressed, and, being recognized by the sexton, was taken at once by the usher to the President's pew. When, later, the Howell girls marched down the aisle to the pew, they observed this plain old woman and stood at the door of the pew for her to vacate. Instantly there was a hiss all over the church. Every near-by pew door was thrown open to Mrs. Lee." There were too many incidents of this kind in Mrs. Davis's public career.

Moreover, even for a more adaptable temperament, the conditions in Richmond would have been somewhat trying. The old Virginia aristocracy was never particularly lenient towards outsiders. Mrs. Chesnut, who was a most charming person and came from South Carolina, where good society had some opinion of itself, complains rather bitterly of the tone at the Capital: "Until we came here we had never heard of our social position. We do not know how to be rude to people who call. To talk of social position seems vulgar. Down our way that sort of thing was settled one way or another beyond a peradventure, like the earth and the sky. We



never gave it a thought. We talked to whom we pleased, and if they were not *comme il faut*, we were ever so much more polite to the poor things. No reflections on Virginia: everybody comes to Richmond." Now the President and his wife came from a much more doubtful region than South Carolina. At first Richmond society was inclined to be tolerant and good-natured, and a thoroughly tactful and conciliatory disposition might have overcome all prejudice. Mrs. Davis had not such a disposition. The feeling which grew up about her is well indicated in a letter written me by a Southern lady of to-day: "I wonder if your pen can invest that I almost said hybrid opportunist with the glamour of interest and romance. I never cared for her and I believe the older Southern people, who were in a position to know did not care for her either. She wasn't

a Southern woman and while we may admire her loyalty to her husband and her adopted cause and country, we realize it was self-interest rather than simon-pure patriotism that actuated her. The later generations have with vast sentimentality contributed to her apotheosis." Yet even Nero had flowers placed upon his grave by an unknown hand. And when the exigencies of the time forced Mrs. Davis to sell her horses an anonymous purchaser returned them to her stables the next morning. So I fancy some people loved her after all.

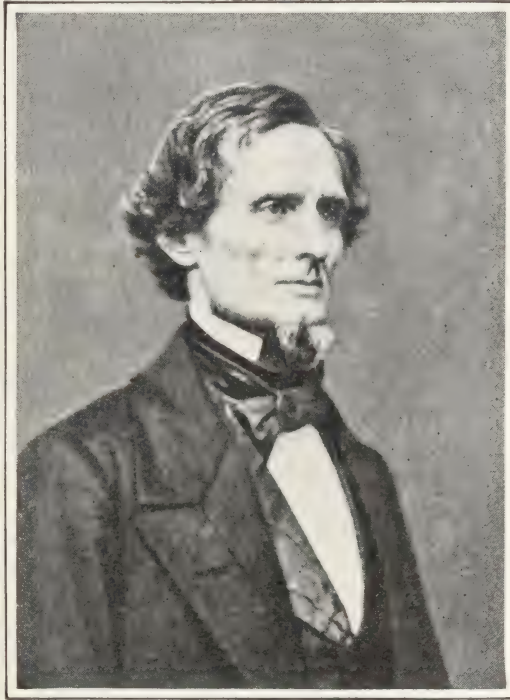
She had evidently the impulsive gener-

osity and sympathy which belong to a quick, ill-regulated, impetuous nature. I doubt whether sustained self-sacrifice would have come easy to her or have often been accepted. Yet there are many little touches of kindness, unobtrusive but obviously sincere, which show that there was a human heart in her somewhere. Above all, she was capable of warm and tender affection where

she had once attached herself. No study of her would be complete that did not take into account the really lovely letters written to Mrs. Howell Cobb in the disastrous years after the war. There is far more than a merely perfunctory regard conveyed in passages like the following: "I so often think of you surrounded by children and grandchildren, a home and a future, and bless God that all I love are not like me, floating uprooted. Do, dear old friend, write to me and

tell me *every little* thing about yourself, and your family. I am so much afraid of your feeling yourself a stranger to me, and of each cord becoming loosened by disuse, until we drop off altogether into the mechanical intercourse, valueless because labored." Surely the woman who wrote that was lovable as well as loving.

But the warmth of Mrs. Davis's affection was in the main bestowed upon her husband, and the depth and constancy of their mutual love is quite beyond dispute. Davis had naturally a tender and



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devoted temperament and the kind of temperament that concentrates its tenderness upon one object. His first marriage to the daughter of Zachary Taylor was romantic in its persistence against the opposition of the bride's father and in the tragic circumstances of her early death by the infectious fever which almost killed her husband.

When Davis made his second choice he did it with loyal and abundant affection, and his attachment to Varina showed in all the crises of his life as well as in the ordinary current of it. Here again Pollard is worth quoting for the extreme hostile view: "Mr. Davis was the most uxorious of men; and it was surprising that a man of his fine nervous organism . . . should have fallen so much under the dominion of a woman who was excessively coarse and physical in her person, and in whom the defects of nature had been repaired neither by the grace of manners nor the charms of conversation." Extravagant and absurd as this is, it well indicates the depth of feeling which Davis himself repeatedly expressed. In the height of triumph and success he turned to the one person with whom he wished to share them. In failure and despair he poured out his soul to her, and her tenderness and sympathy were his greatest consolation. In the long and elaborate letter, written in April, 1865, just after the great downfall, he expresses his marital devotion with touching directness and intensity. He has made and will make every sacrifice but one, which is beyond him: "I have sacrificed so much for the cause of the Confederacy that I can measure my ability to make any further sacrifice required, and am assured there is but one to which I am not equal—my wife and my children." He recognizes that, instead of the great hopes that had been held out to her, he has little left to offer; but he knows that she loves him for himself and not what he can bring: "Dear wife, this is not the fate to which I invited you when the future was rose colored to us both; but I know you will

bear it even better than myself, and that, of us two, I alone will ever look back reproachfully on my past career.' And he assures her at least of his undying affection, such as it is: "Farewell my dear, there may be better things in store for us than are now in view, but my love is all I have to offer, and that has the value of a thing long possessed and sure not to be lost."

Mrs. Davis's response to this affection was equally devoted and self-forgetful. Strong, self-reliant, and dominating she may have been. But she was a woman and a lover, and I like especially her confession of longing and dependence when she at last receives permission to correspond with her imprisoned and tormented husband: "The permission has relieved me of the dreadful sense of loneliness and agonized doubt and weight of responsibility. I may ask his advice instead of acting upon my own suggestions, and above all I may ask how he is." The same warm note of passionate tenderness sounds through all her letters and her book.

And that book is the heart of the matter in dealing with Mrs. Davis. Evidently there are few tasks more difficult for a woman to undertake than to write about her husband, though many women plunge into it with entire serenity. In one sense it may be said that a woman who knows a man in his daily home life, a mother, a wife, a sister, a daughter, knows him better than anyone. When he goes out into the world and deals with other men—and women, it may be urged that he puts on a mask which he drops entirely by the domestic hearth. But, after all, that mask is part of the man. The outside counts as well as the inside. And that outside the wife rarely sees as the outer world sees it. She knows much that the world knows not; but some things the world sees that she is ignorant of, and of which no one gives her an inkling. Further, a wife usually knows many of her husband's defects—no one better. She has the keenest insight into



them, and is often ready enough to point them out—to him. But when it comes to telling outsiders, it is another matter. Not only loyalty to him, but her own pride and self-respect impel, oblige her to cover up, to defend, to deal in the cunning alchemy of love which transforms defects into curious excellences. She may be aware of this process, or she may not: it is hard to say which state of mind more impairs the validity of her testimony.

But, try as she will, she cannot tell the life story without making the defects stand out. The more she conceals, extenuates, excuses, the weaker her case is apt to become. The more passionately she idolizes and defends her hero, the greater is the danger that the indifferent reader will find her gently ridiculous and the kindly reader, pathetic, while the very efforts she makes to exalt the idol are apt to result in presenting him in a manner far, far different from what she anticipated. Perhaps I may again quote in connection with Mrs. Davis the beautiful lines of Beaumont which I applied long ago to Mrs. Longstreet's *Life of her distinguished husband*:

Those have most power to hurt us whom we love:

We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

It cannot be denied that, granting the difficulty of the undertaking, Mrs. Davis has done her work with great skill. She herself sets a very high standard and one that few can expect to attain: "Detraction is the easiest form of criticism or eloquence, but just, discriminating praise requires the presence in the commentator of many of those qualities which are commended in the subject." In general she avoids foolish and unfounded eulogy and she endeavors at least to meet and dispose of intelligent criticism. In any case she tells us much of value about her husband and about herself. Only the discerning reader gathers a great deal of this without any intention on the writer's part.

One is struck first with Mrs. Davis's insistence upon her husband's health. For all his activity, for all his exposure to hardship and endurance of it in his military life, he seems always to have been sensitive, to have been subject to illness; and in later years—that is during his senatorship and presidency—he suffered intensely and constantly. Through his physical trials Mrs. Davis tended him with devoted care. At least it appears so from her narrative, and no one disputes it. In one illness, when he was threatened with the loss of an eye and the doctors wondered how it could possibly have escaped, he said, "My wife saved it." And the wife's comment is, "All the triumphs of my life were and are concentrated in and excelled by this blessed memory." Mrs. Davis insists upon the patience, the fortitude, the cheerfulness with which her husband endured all these afflictions. He did not allow them to affect his temper, she says. Yet one finds it hard to believe that a great ruler of men could be made out of such material.

Take another aspect of Davis's character—his intelligence. His wife emphasizes with perfect justice the clear and high and broad quality of this. He thought widely and deeply about many things, especially things political, reasoned forcibly, and put the process of his reasoning in vivid and effective form. But when he had once arrived at conclusions he would not readily change them; when he had definitely thought out his own standpoint it was extremely difficult for him to recognize that there could be any other. This defect seriously hampered his whole career. And his wife has brought it out with entire clearness. When she first meets him, long before there was any thought of marriage, her shrewd insight discerns the flaw. "He impresses me as a remarkable kind of man, but of uncertain temper, and has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion, which offends me." Later, after better knowl-

edge, she reiterates her feeling of the limitation, even in passionate defense: "He sincerely thought all he said, and, moreover, could not understand any other man coming to a different conclusion after his premises were stated. It was this sincerity of opinion which sometimes gave him the manner to which his opponents objected as domineering." And friends objected to it as well as opponents.

The dogmatic, positive, fixed attitude which showed itself in abstract intellectual matters, was still more obtrusive and damaging in the management of men. Mrs. Davis insists, again with entire justice, upon Davis's tenderness and kindness. He wished no one to suffer. Suffering irritated him, and he endeavored to relieve it wherever he could. But he moved in an atmosphere

of high thought and settled conviction, where there was little room for the wishes and plans and convictions of others. There is one striking phrase of Mrs. Davis's, not written in connection with her husband, but having a certain bearing upon him, all the same: "Perhaps I attach too much importance to the humanism of great men, but I have observed that this quality is oftenest found wanting in men of great intellect." It was humanism that was wanting in Davis, for all his sensibility. He was not adaptable, not pliable. He liked no one about him but those who shared his views or at least submitted to them. He could not use great instruments according to their own quality for great purposes. In this, as in many other points, he has a notable resemblance to Woodrow Wilson. It was this spiritual

rigidity which involved Davis in his tragic and fatal quarrels with Joseph E. Johnston, with Beauregard, with Toombs, and many others. And then we have Mrs. Davis's pitifully characteristic remark in regard to one minor incident: "The talent for governing men without humiliating them, which Mr. Davis had in an eminent degree, cannot be acquired, it is inborn." These are the methods of defense which drive one's perversity almost to the assertion of the contrary: he had the talent for humiliating men without governing them. Truly, those have most power to hurt us whom we love.

So everywhere the worshiping wife urges good qualities that are undeniable in themselves; but she does not see that often the excess of these qualities becomes defect. She praises her husband's sincerity. He was admirably sincere; but an outspoken frankness may bruise and wound. And she proclaims him loyal. So he



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was, always. But the loyalty too often meant a mistaken and perverse clinging to servants and supporters who were unworthy. And no doubt there are other qualities less ambiguous and disputable, and in enlarging upon these Mrs. Davis has the agreement and sympathy of everyone. Her husband's courage was fine and unflinching. No one can question his readiness for sacrifice. No one can question his instinct of patriotism, his obstinate devotion to the cause he had undertaken to serve. The devotion may have been misdirected; it was absolutely and constantly sincere. Yet it is curious that at the very end of her long narrative Mrs. Davis, without in the least meaning to do so, makes perhaps the severest criticism that can be made by anyone. Most students to-day would agree that from the beginning the Confederate cause was hopeless, that no man, however gifted, holding the place of Jefferson Davis could have brought about a different result, though the various aspects of the struggle might have been altered. Yet Mrs. Davis, quite unconsciously, places the burden of failure not upon the inherent impossibility of success, but upon causes in the nature of the man himself: "In the greatest effort of his life, Mr. Davis failed from the predominance of some of these noble qualities." Again I say, those have most power to hurt us whom we love.

Yet, whatever the hurt or the help of her defense and criticism, no one can dispute the wife's absorbing, enduring affection. Her husband was all in all to her, and she had little hope, little interest, little thought for anything else. She shared his triumphs, she comforted his weakness, she partook his captivity when she could, and when she could not she made every possible effort, even to the point of humiliation, for his release. Whatever her defects, and they were many and obvious, she was a devoted wife, and the last words of a passionate letter, written in the moment of greatest peril, sum up all that is finest and most winning about her: "Oh, my dearest,

precious husband, the one absorbing love of my whole life may God keep you from harm."

Mrs. Davis's communion with her husband was not only a personal and domestic matter. There was no aspect of his career, no phase of his activity, in which she was not interested. The knowledge of all the elements of the great struggle displayed in her book is really astonishing. Her Northern antecedents and connections rendered her somewhat suspicious to critical Southerners, as Mrs. Lincoln was in Washington. But there cannot be a moment's doubt of her passionate sympathy with the Confederate cause. Only she was shrewd enough to see, especially toward the end, what her husband's rigorous logic was so reluctant to admit: the hopeless contradiction between the theory of State Rights, on which the Confederacy was founded, and the stern exigencies of military control. Writing to a friend just when the catastrophe was near, she frankly expresses her heresy in this regard: "The cohesive power of a strong government is needed when the disintegrating tendency of misery is at work. The consent of the masses governed is only accorded to government which confers at that time large blessings—faith is never displayed by the masses in things hoped for if they chance to be those everyday blessings which we call necessities—I am disheartened with popular sovereignty, still more with state sovereignty, and fear both are fallacies." Which at least suffices to show that she was a woman who thought, and thought keenly.

With such political thinking and with her temperament, it would naturally be assumed that she had a great influence over her husband. Unquestionably she had. His enemies believed that her influence was constant and far from beneficial. Mr. Eckenrode probably puts the matter in the fairest light: "There can be no doubt that Varina Davis was a congenial companion for an intellectual

man, and that she secured a considerable influence over her husband, even possibly in political matters. Her abounding vitality would have made her predominate over the semi-invalid Davis but for a will which always kept him master of himself."

In technical military affairs the influence would naturally be less felt. Yet the ample discussion of these in the *Life* shows how fully Mrs. Davis was conversant with them, and during his occasional absences Davis writes to her with abundant detail of military events and extended comment upon them, proving at least that she understood all that was going on. In the long and most curious letter, written by Mrs. Davis April 7, 1865, there is a striking revelation of her attitude as to the incidents of the war and the men concerned in it. Here you trace with the greatest nicety the character of her influence and just the form in which it was exerted: "Though I know you do not like my interference, let me entreat you not to send B. B. [Braxton Bragg] to command there. I am satisfied that the country will be ruined by its intestine feuds if you do so. . . . If I am intrusive, forgive me for the sake of the love which impels me, but pray long and fervently before you decide to do it." No one will deny that this is tactfully expressed.

As regards more general public policy, it might be expected that Mrs. Davis's opinion would be even more decided and her advice more urgent. How close, how intimate, how constant was her watchfulness as to what went on appears admirably in her own rather remarkable admission that she was an auditor in an adjoining room when the Cabinet met to hear the report of the Commissioners who brought back word from the vital conference in Hampton Roads. The sentence which Pollard quotes as to the project to make Lee commander-in-chief may not be literal, but its vehemence is by no means uncharacteristic: "I think I am the person to advise Mr. Davis; and if I were he, I would die or be hung

before I would submit to the humiliation that Congress intended him." Much more impressive, however, because more in the spirit of the military passage above cited, is the bit from the letter of April 28, 1865, referring to the last despairing hope of transferring the Confederate government beyond the Mississippi: "As to the trans-Mississippi I doubt if at first things will be straight, but the spirit is there, and the daily accretions will be great when the deluded of this side are crushed out between the upper and nether millstone. But you have now tried the 'strict construction' fallacy. . . . If we are to require a Constitution, it must be much stretched during our hours of outside pressure, if it covers us at all." Surely this was a masterful woman, and one who might herself have dreamed of building empires.

Yet, in spite of all these activities and interests and efforts, I am inclined to think that Mrs. Davis had less personal ambition than might be imagined. She would have been active and assertive in any sphere of life; but she would have been equally contented, perhaps more so, in a humbler domestic career. She herself sums up the drawbacks, with her usual keenness: "Then I began to know the bitterness of being a politician's wife, and that it meant long absences, pecuniary depletion from ruinous absenteeism, illness from exposure, misconceptions, defamation of character; everything which darkens the sunlight and contracts the happy sphere of home." And if it be said that this was written in age and to a certain extent for public effect, we may turn to the charming passage, responding to a remark of her husband's, which I have quoted above: "It is surely not the fate to which you invited me in brighter days, but you must remember that you did not invite me to a great Hero's home, but to that of a plain farmer. I have shared all your triumphs, been the *only* beneficiary of them, now I am but claiming the privilege for the first time of being all to you."

At any rate what ambition she had





JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HIS WIFE

This photograph and the others which illustrate this article are from the collection of Frederick H. Meserve of New York City

was altogether merged in her husband's, and she herself insists, and with apparent justice, that his ambition was less than some people suppose. He did not want the presidency, she says, would have preferred a military command; and this is commonly believed. Still, it is a little difficult in his case to separate personal ambition from the tremendous, dogged, driving determination to make his cause and his policy and his splendid, insistent will triumph over all the ob-

stacles of a perverse and wicked world. He had God with him, he must triumph, he would triumph, and she would help him triumph. Then he failed, disastrously, ruinously, and the world tumbled to pieces about him and her. The hopes, the desires, the efforts, the maddening sacrifices of four bitter years culminated in a calamity which in the beginning had seemed to her absolutely unthinkable. There was the hurried flight south, the nightmare capture in the gray dawn, the

agonized uncertainty of imprisonment and trial, the Odyssey of exile and privation, the loss of the idol who had meant the whole of life to her, and the long years of survival filled with the immense brooding shadow of a great memory. Mrs. Davis's life ends for us with the death of her husband. In spite of later activities and experiences, no doubt she would have wished it to end actually, in the spirit of the beautiful passage in one of her letters to Mrs. Cobb: "I watch over him unceasingly and pray to go first if it must be that we are to be parted. Twenty years difference asserts itself,

when the younger of the two is middle-aged, and I am in terror whenever he leaves me." But if she had expressed such a wish to him, he might have answered with the words of Hamlet to Horatio:

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world dr̄aw thy breath  
in pain,  
To tell my story."

And she did tell it, with all the life she had and all she had had, with all her loves and all her hates and all her hopes and all her dreams.

## A SONG OF MARCO POLO

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

MADONNA, I have gone the world around,  
Fought for blue jewels, marked the azure dyes  
Of Tyria. Great wonders have I found—  
I have seen nothing lovely as your eyes.

Madonna, I have sailed a hundred seas,  
Coasted the flaming gardens of the south,  
Plucked roses born of fire. Yet what were these?—  
I have seen nothing lovely as your mouth.

Madonna, I have seen a land struck white,  
Frozen and ice-locked from a world apart,  
Have felt the white death at my throat all night—  
I have known nothing cold as is your heart.

*Madonna, I have ceased from wandering,*



# THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION AND THE PRESS

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

**M**ODERN England has passed, within a lifetime, through a prodigious change: and one of the chief marks of that change, at once a cause and an effect of it—still more a symptom of it—is the change in the nature of the public Press.

The general change through which England has passed is of such sweep and magnitude that it would, in any other country, be called revolutionary. That epithet is rarely applied to anything English, because in no English development has there been any shock (however rapid or drastic the change) since England became an aristocracy two hundred and fifty years ago. But it is on the scale of a great Revolution none the less. This character of persevering continuity is due to the religion of patriotism, which is by far the strongest and most permanent feeling in the nation and which is inextricably connected in the national mind with the preservation of inherited forms—or at any rate, names—under the guise of which all transformations are effected. This masks to some extent for foreigners, but much more for the citizens of the nation, the scale upon which change has taken place within living memory. But apart from this, men are rarely aware of the process of change, however rapid, unless it be accompanied by some catastrophe or by some other particular definite and striking event. Yet the change is there: and prodigious.

To appreciate the magnitude of the change as compared with the corresponding process in other European societies, it is enough to contrast the literature

describing England in the first third of the nineteenth century with the actual aspect of England to-day. The *Pickwick Papers* belong to a different world—it might be a world, not of a long lifetime ago, but of centuries ago. Read a novel of Balzac's in some important French Provincial town of to-day, and you will be struck, not by the contrast, but by the similarity of the social atmosphere after a similar stretch of time.

Like all changes, this process has been cumulative, and its later stages much more pronounced than its earlier. It has not proceeded from material conditions: it is always spiritual conditions that drive a society. But it has been limited externally by material conditions. For instance, the England of less than fifty years ago was an England where most of the adult human beings had been bred as children in country villages. The England of to-day is an England in which the overwhelming majority has been bred in large towns.

It is debatable whether this vast modern turnover of social England would seem good or bad to a patriotic observer estimating it with the reasonable impartiality of the distant future. It has given us a very great accession in population and in total wealth. During most of the process—up to the end of the nineteenth century at least—it gave us corresponding increase of political power; and it is by no means certain that this increase of power has not been preserved—though that is something which only the near future can tell. It has certainly improved the chance of life; it has (quite recently) improved the standard

of living for the poorest. On the other hand, this latter good is still insecurely founded: it has not as yet a true economic basis but reposes in great part upon artificial subsidy; and while the density of our population and its perpetual increase were a matter of pride till quite the last few years, they are to-day felt to be something of a menace; especially as, in a fashion much more striking than in any other community (and indeed peculiar to this country out of all Europe) the increase comes from the poorer levels, and the higher you go in the scale the more you find the increase turned into, first, a stationary figure and then a very sharp decline.

There has been a considerable transfer of values between industry and financial earning; that is, the power of demand of the community as a whole, which for a hundred years has contained both main elements of manufacture and negotiation, is now more and more dependent upon insurance, banking, and in general international dealing with credit, and less (in proportion) upon the making and export of goods wherein we had for so long something of a monopoly. In this again it is debatable whether the change is good or evil. Our greater and greater reliance on Finance indirectly increases political power, but it disturbs the social conditions of a highly industrialized and purely capitalist community, where the mass of the people must be either productively employed or artificially sustained by subsidies, and by a restriction of free competition in the labor market.

If I were asked what was the most fundamental point in the whole affair I should reply, "The change in the nature of instruction." It began with an England in which the popular mass was witty, intellectually active, contented, diverse, illiterate, and conscious of its impotence to decide questions outside the very limited horizon of its individual members. On the other hand, those members judged what they did judge by

direct personal knowledge; by primary, and therefore true, impressions. It has ended in, or at any rate for the moment reached, a state of society in which the popular mass is instructed to a fairly high level in the things thought necessary to the conduct of daily life: in writing and reading, in arithmetic, and in the elements—the very bare elements—of certain other information, especially a sort of official view of the national history, and even a little geography, in so far as it bears upon the British Dominions.

How great the change is in this department of instruction everyone over fifty to-day in England can testify. It has strong good points. On the other hand, the result attained is mechanical, and at the same time oddly dogmatic. The whole mass of the nation has been passed through a system of affirmation, impressed upon it in very early youth, permanently received, and never corrected by discussion or further observation of that kind which is available to the very small proportion of leisured men and women who form what used to be the governing ranks of society. The result is an enormous demand for what can only be called half-educated stuff. What is worse, that demand is only exercised for such stuff when it corresponds to an admitted pattern. There is an almost illimitable market for what the masses believe to be instructive; but the instruction must be a repetition of what they have already been told, or they will leave it on one side as mere error.

There is in this direction a very illuminating tale told of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. He was explaining to a popular audience the false conventions of our parliamentary system, and the way in which the party labels had not between them any real lines of cleavage, while there did exist a sharp line of cleavage between the professional politicians of the clique and those outside their common circle. A youth at the back of the room shouted, "You don't read your newspaper."

Now I have said that this great change



is particularly marked in the matter of those very newspapers, and I have said that this is both a cause of continuing change in English society as a whole, and an effect of that change; but still more a symptom of such change.

I have had experience of the London press and of much of the Provincial press for about thirty-five years. It is true my life has not been absorbed by it; perhaps if it had been it would be more difficult for me to appreciate the gulf between the Press of 1888 and the Press of to-day. But I have had a continuous acquaintance with the machinery of this large affair, its owners, its nominal or real directors, its economics, and the style of matter which it requires and provides; and I think I am competent to describe the turnover between that day and our own.

The inception of the revolution in our Press is fairly clearly marked by the successful adventure of Alfred Harmsworth and the foundation of the *Daily Mail* in the 'nineties of the last century. It must not be imagined that this innovation was principally a cause of what follows. It was much more an effect of a tendency which had been apparent increasingly during the previous ten years or so in the Press itself. Still more was it an effect of opportunity. The *Daily Mail* appearing in the early 'eighties would have been laughed at, and would have failed, because what was then the governing class of England would have despised it, and their judgment and decision were then still collectively supreme. This experiment of the late 'nineties—for only in the late 'nineties was its effect felt—was no longer subject to such a decision or judgment. The new Press which appeared thence onwards had certain evident advantages which, however much men of traditional culture may regret its presence, they would be foolish to deny. It put into a small compass, and very clearly, matter which hitherto had been put diffusely and without an immediate appeal to the eye. Its readers were content (as they had long been

ready to be content) with some short summary opinion by way of leader, written in a cheap style indeed, and upon a very low standard of information, but at any rate clear and definite. It kept—and here Harmsworth had a real talent—fairly close to the popular demand; though it did more, of course, to create that demand than to follow it.

But we should go widely astray if we exaggerated the impetus given by this one novel newspaper and its owner. The great change came in a wholesale flood of re-statement, re-arrangement, remolding of the English Press, which was complete in a very few years and put us into possession of—or if the phrase be preferred, under the subjection of—a new organism, which organism has continued from that day to this—for half a lifetime—itself changing somewhat, of course, but recognizable as one very great and very powerful new thing in the State.

What are the elements of the contrast between the old Press and the new?

I will not attempt to answer that question in one judgment, but I will try to tabulate the main points.

First, and I think much the most vivid characteristic of the change—the one that would strike most violently an educated Englishman accustomed to the Press of the 'eighties, and brought suddenly into contact with the Modern Press after an interval of forty years—is the breakdown of what was once the strong wall (in its day apparently immovable) between what was provided for the reading of the gentleman and what was provided for the reading of those whom he regarded as his distant inferiors (they themselves regarded themselves as distant inferiors in those half-forgotten days!). The English Press was very clearly divided into two main sections: one, a considerable bulk of matter provided for popular reading, ranging from the sensational treatment of crime to imaginary secret information upon politicians and the wealthy in gen-

eral; the other suitable to the interests, the knowledge, and the functions of what was then admittedly the governing class. In other words, there was a popular press and a press for educated men.

I do not mean, of course, that the better kind of paper did not circulate over a field very much wider than the governing class or even the larger educated class; what I mean is that a great number of people who read it were pleased to think that they were reading the kind of thing with which a gentleman should be provided. The owners of these papers would have been horrified to hear that their sheets were judged to have broken in some instance any canon of that class. It was a matter of course that the conventions of that class should be observed in them.

The first, or popular section, was of no effect whatsoever on national affairs; and the second was of some considerable effect, though of course of an effect not comparable to the real power which was exercised in those days by the gentry as a whole, and in particular by such of them as were in public life. For England was still aristocratic and the advent of plutocracy, though it had begun to menace us, was not yet seriously feared.

I say there was a strong wall of partition between the two types of paper. That wall broke down about the time of the South African War and what followed was like the mingling of two fluids or, to use a better metaphor, two viscous substances when the partition between them is taken away. Each flowed in some measure into the region of the other; almost unmingled extremes remained in their original form for many years; but the Press as a whole took on this new character of popular vulgarity and sensation on the one hand, even in the papers professing to cater for the small wealthier class of society, while a certain level of instruction, a certain raising of the style of writing, and a certain admixture of policy and public consideration came into what had been the lower half.

On the balance, of course, it was the

baser part which most affected the mixture; and while it is true to say that the modern English Press as a whole is better written than that of thirty years ago, it is still more true to say that the Press as a whole breaks the old canons of gentleness continuously and without scruple, and is far beneath the old level in the discussion of domestic policy and, much more, of foreign affairs. We have three or four papers left which pride themselves on remaining exceptions and standing up above the waters: papers in which there is no chatty column, the anonymous writer of which pretends to intimate acquaintance with the great; no blackmail; no *glaring* or actually contemptible ignorance of European affairs. In these few remaining exceptions we have also preserved a reasonable level of book reviewing, though nothing like that which you find in the chief papers of the Continent. Their language is always decent; they have even preserved (what used to be universal in their kind of sheet) a certain measure of discussion and criticism: the power to look at things as educated men look at them, with no need for what is called, I believe, a "slogan," or for any other crude device to save thinking.

But the controllers of these few islands which still stand up above the flood deceive themselves when they imagine that they are fully continuing the old traditions. They are only with difficulty saving what can be saved, and they are profoundly affected by the general change. For instance, they dare not discuss financial scandals in public life which forty years ago they would have been the first to denounce. They dare not, in peril of their circulation, admit too large a proportion of educated matter, or tell their public—even when they know it—what the true balance is of society at home and of international forces abroad. Not one of them could publish information of, let us say, the less flattering judgments of England passed in the American Press. Most characteristic of all, not one of them



could to-day expose and denounce the political activities of the men who have triumphed in that popular sensational Press which has now so much more power than they have themselves.

Secondly, I would note something which lies at the root of the change. The newspaper of to-day is the instrument not of a directing editorial mind, or of a group possessing known general and openly debated interests: it is the instrument of an individual wealthy man (or at most of a pair, hunting in couples), and that wealthy man—there are very few of him—is as a rule uneducated. It is not an accident that the few chief owners are rarely of any culture. The cultured kind of man has atrophied in himself the faculties, if he ever possessed them, which make for success in this peculiar trade. He tells himself, no doubt, that he is too noble to stoop to actions and modes of thought which produce success for a modern paper, such as emphasizing the horrors of the gallows, acquiring power by secret threats, peddling and retailing the details of private lives, or even open lying. Perhaps he is sometimes too noble; for my part, I believe he is also incapable, through the constant direction of his mind in other channels. At any rate, he does not control the popular press. That is now in the hands of such men as those of whom Mr. Baldwin said with heartfelt sincerity that he would not have them in his house; they can properly conduct the master-newspapers of our time. The Editor—often an ephemeral figure—has ceased to be a Director: he is a servant; and every writer for him is subjected to the restriction of expressing the will of another man, and that man normally his inferior.

In other words, it has been recognized that the great newspaper is a form of power attaching no longer to excellence in language, information, or reason, but to mere wealth; and under the supremacy of that idea diversity of judgment, manifold discussion, close and balanced appreciation necessarily disappear. A man like Ferrero can write as he chooses

in some great organ of the Italian Press, and within certain limits the paper is proud to print it. I say "within certain limits" because there must always be broad lines of policy, and a paper devoted, say, to free trade would hardly make a specialty of close reasoning by a protectionist. But I mean that a man of the intellectual eminence of Ferrero can write as he wills when he writes at all, and is not cramped by the lack of education or the social ambitions of the person who owns the newspaper. A great Hellenist can appear in the *Temps* without being pulled up for being "high-brow." A strong traditionalist such as Maurras in France—the best political writer of our time—can affirm his negations of religion in a sheet the audience of which is largely Catholic, and no one would dream of restraining such a pen. It is thought an honor to have it at one's disposal. But here to-day in England men of the same caliber must express themselves in books. The Press is open to them only if they follow a particular model or if their known convictions upon some limited subject coincides with whatever is for the moment the personal interest of some one of the half dozen owners. And that is why none of our first-rate men are to be read in our papers as they are in the papers of Continental Europe.

The third characteristic I note about the great change is the complete dependence into which our daily Press has fallen upon advertisement revenue.

I do not mean that advertisement revenue has not everywhere and always during the last fifty years formed an important item in the means of livelihood of every paper. Still less do I mean that a body of great capitalist advertisers on the one side are the masters of a body of newspaper owners on the other. On the contrary, the few great newspaper owners are of much the same type as the great advertisers; and naturally associate with, and are often personally interested in, the ventures of the great advertisers.

What I do mean is that advertising revenue has become the principal consideration after the personal objects of the proprietor, and is often superior even to these. I mean that without a very large advertisement revenue indeed, the modern great daily English paper could not exist; it would lose so heavily that no purse could stand the loss.

Now this does not mean that the advertiser can control policy (save in unimportant points, such as not mentioning the ingredients of patent medicines) but it does have—indirectly—two very prominent effects. The first is that a newspaper, to live at all, must achieve in our society a very large popular sale, save in the few cases where a powerful nucleus of educated opinion supports it. The second is that opinions distasteful to the big business world cannot be expressed. The man who advertises soap on a large scale does not prevent the paper in which he advertises it from advocating free trade in soap and the value of foreign competition. But he and his peers would not advertise in a paper which reasonably discussed the problems of modern capitalism; they would feel vaguely that they were subsidizing an enemy. And this has established a sort of vicious circle whereby the Press cannot live without big business, big business cannot live without the Press—and that circle is closed to wide, diverse, and reasonable discussion of the great social problems of our time.

I who am writing this have all my life combated the ideal of socialism. I hold it to be inhuman in character and destructive in practice. But when I desire to discuss that all-important modern quarrel as a reasonable man should, and not demagogically, I am compelled to take refuge in obscure sheets such as the admirable *New Age* of a few years ago, or else put what I have to say into a book. The comments of our great Press upon the whole affair are pitiful. They are below the schoolboy level of argument—and all that degradation of public debate is modern. When I was a very young

man the *Star* supported the Dock strike, and the writers upon it were free to give the whole proletarian argument full play. The thing would be unthinkable to-day.

This dependence upon advertisement revenue is in the main due to a particular social phenomenon which also has its very good sides. The English people have come to adopt, after so many years of unbroken prosperity, a high standard in material things. An English newspaper is better printed, in greater bulk, and upon better paper than any corresponding newspaper would be upon the Continent of Europe. Hardly anyone in England would buy a thin, blurred, flimsy two-page sheet such as is, for instance, the *Action Française*, which is among the most powerful papers in all Europe. The English paper to-day costs (to produce) from two to three times the price that is paid for it; and under those conditions dependence upon advertisement revenue, with all the consequences following upon such dependence, is inevitable.

It will be seen that the view I have expressed is one adverse to the revolution in our journals which has marked the last thirty years. I might modify that adverse judgment by many a good word beyond those which I have admitted. But on the whole I think it must be accepted that the change is greatly for the worse. And what is more, the evil of it is increasing. But will it last?

I should be inclined to answer "No." I think its days are numbered, though no doubt it will be followed by some other evil less tolerable.

I think its days are numbered because its power and effect depend upon methods which are essentially ephemeral. Even the threat of exposure—that is, the use of blackmail—which is the chief form of political power attaching to a press of this kind, comes to lose value when it has been tried more than a certain number of times. Not long ago I can testify that the challenge of one



great newspaper to get a particular public man out of office was accepted, challenged, and completely failed. The lesser forms of the same power will, I think, go the same way. The negative power—the power of boycott—will remain much longer than the rest; but the direct power of making opinions is already weakening.

It will naturally be asked whether our Press in England has not suffered from concentration of ownership into a few hands, such as has raised comment and some anxiety in your own case recently upon the other side of the Atlantic.

My answer to the question would be that the almost inevitable tendency of modern businesses thus to coalesce—a tendency due to the modern means of communication—has been of a more partial and irregular effect with us than might have been imagined.

There are very powerful forces indeed making for the highest concentration. The great bulk of our population lives in two areas: the Midland and Northern coalfield, and London. These areas are within a few hours by rail, a system of newspaper distribution by fast early morning trains gives a very wide radius to any successful daily publication and, in a small area such as ours, the field might well have been covered before now by one great Trust. What has hitherto checked such a process has been, more than anything, the strong local tradition of certain great Organs as for instance *The Yorkshire Post* and *The Manchester Guardian*, to which might be added at least a dozen others. It is true that some of the best-known local papers of this kind have been bought up by multiple owners of London, but the experiment does not look permanently successful. The whole point of these local journals, the whole of their strength, lies in a certain spirit peculiar to each; and if their clientele notice a change in this the circulation falls and the purchase becomes valueless.

We have, therefore, to a surprising degree the presence of vitality in separate organs which, were they nothing

more than mere competitive commercial organs, would soon have been the victims of a merger.

An excellent test and example of this is the position of the best edited and the most cultured of all our daily papers, *The Manchester Guardian*. *The Manchester Guardian* is published at a point under four hours from London, and in competition with local editions of such a London paper as *The Daily Mail*. Nevertheless it not only maintains itself as by far the most solid representative Northern paper, but—and this is the point—has a circulation in London itself appreciable in volume and of considerable effect upon opinion.

On the other hand, a form of concentration of ownership of an extremely dangerous kind has appeared in the case of popular London papers whose proprietors have joined their efforts and make virtually one Trust speaking through more than half a dozen organs and an indefinite number of weekly papers and magazines. If influence were to be tested by circulation alone, this London Trust, as it may properly be called, would be not only a danger but a disaster. Happily for this country, mere numerical effect has not yet reached a political power corresponding to circulation, and I conceive that, before it does so, the turn in the tide will have come. The influence of the newspaper good and bad will be lessening rapidly under the effect of a new influence.

For another power greater than the Press and the master of it, is rising everywhere above the horizon. That is the conception of direct government: of an open, powerful, personal executive which shall have it for a duty to order society, to restrain its grosser evils, and shall be compelled by public opinion to exercise its functions. The tide in Europe is going that way; and with the advent of such a resurrection in the age-long conception of the duties of a government, mere wealth in the hands of such an instrument as I have described will be terrorized and powerless.

# THE LION'S MOUTH



## THE SORROWS OF A HARMLESS MAN

BY MCCREADY HUSTON

"I REALLY ought to stroll over to Johnson's and say 'Ah' into his engine a couple of times," I remarked to my wife, peering in the direction of Johnson's place. I could just make him out among his cars at the garage entrance, and the sight made my right forefinger—which was between the pages of a new book—tingle.

My wife looked interested. That is one thing about her: she can always look interested. I have known her to look that way even when somebody suggested that we go out for a day in the woods and "just be kiddies again." You would never suspect what she is thinking.

"Johnson somehow has made up his mind that I know something about motors," I explained. "A few weeks ago I made the mistake of looking at the works of one of his machines while the hood was raised and he came up close to me and put his finger on one of the little what-do-you-call-them hickies, and said, in a low voice, 'What do you think of that?'"

"There was my opportunity. Like the time Simpson asked me what I thought about his new fishing reel, I should have admitted to Johnson that I know so little about a car that I have

to put it in the shop every time we change a tire. You know the number of books I have had to read about bass and trout fishing in order to make good with Simpson after looking at his reel and saying 'Hum.'

"So I should have told Johnson that the only thing I am good for around an automobile is listening for squeaks. But instead, I put my finger on the little hickey when he took his off and said, 'Humph.'

"In a minute I knew I was lost. Johnson turned on me with those pale but determined eyes of his and nodded—he didn't say anything—he just nodded: and I nodded back; and we stood there nodding at each other while the perspiration started from me at every pore. Every second I was afraid he would ask me something about a car. He didn't then; but as I was leaving he sealed my doom: he said, 'It'll be nice to have somebody in the neighborhood at last who really knows something about a motor. I have no use for these half-baked mechanics who get hold of a fine piece of delicate mechanism and ruin it.'

"That was the night I lay awake and tossed and muttered in my sleep. You remember it, of course?"

My wife nodded.

"I've kept away from Johnson ever since; but I passed him this morning on my way to the station and he had a dumb, wounded look in his eyes. I knew he was thinking that I had been untrue to him. And almost every evening for the last week he has wandered out to his garage after dinner and pattered about. I know what's up—he's waiting for me to come over.



"It's either his happiness or mine," I went on, throwing my book on the table, "and I can't stand to see a man like Johnson suffer. It is like the time I let on I knew something about early American furniture."

My wife laughed. It wasn't a pleasant laugh—it made me suspect that sometimes she thinks I am just a little ridiculous.

"Anyhow," she said when she had recovered, "you learned something about antiques from reading about them in order to make good with that decorator."

"Yes," I said plaintively—I think it must have been plaintively, for I felt plaintive—"but think of the time I lost from my business and the sleep, not to speak of the money that I could have made while I was reading up on furniture. Between the furniture and the bass I probably lost five thousand dollars last year without catching a single fish or acquiring a single Windsor chair. I want to go over to Johnson's and relieve his suffering, and I know if I do I'll be tied up on automotive engineering for three months and my law practice will go to destruction."

Again I peered across toward Johnson's place. Dusk was settling over the city and another day was slipping into history. I sighed: I thought of Johnson's face and sighed again.

"It isn't as bad as the time you looked wise when somebody mentioned places to buy liquor. You were really ludicrous that time," my wife remarked casually.

I wish she wouldn't say that. Sometimes she makes me feel that she really does think I am ludicrous. There is a lurking mockery in her tone, if you know what I mean. Of course she had me there—I'm afraid I did make a fool of myself that time.

Jenkins got it into his head some way that I was a bit of a rounder, knew the city quite well, and was a sort of connoisseur of rare pre-war potables. It all came about through an unintended wink of the eye. We were sitting on our

porch one Sunday afternoon when he dropped a remark on the general subject of illegal beverages. Just then a gnat flew into my eye and I winked, and in a second I saw I was done for. A most understanding expression came over Jenkins' face and he winked back—and from that incident there grew the greatest complication of entanglements, with sly references by Jenkins so continually that I finally saw that he suspected me of leading a double life. I got so I was afraid to meet him. Unfortunately I did not explain to my wife how it all began; and one evening when the Jenkinses were playing bridge with us, Jenkins made a remark that caused my wife to give me a look—she lost no time in closing the rubber and getting the Jenkinses out of the house. I think it cost me nearly three hundred dollars in presents to get the thing straightened out, and after it was straightened out my wife laughed at me. Every once in a while she does that and it makes me uncomfortable; I wish she wouldn't do it.

"Why don't you go over and smoke a cigar with Mr. Johnson and, when the conversation drifts around to motors, you can make a clean breast of it?"

I jumped—that was exactly what I wanted to do! In fact it was what I had always wanted to do with the bass fisher, the furniture collector, and the liquor fancier. And it was not moral cowardice which had prevented my doing so, though I am afraid sometimes (when my wife laughs like that) that she thinks it is. The reason is that I do not like to disappoint men and make them suffer. Johnson, you see, was happy because he thought he had found an expert with whom he could really enjoy his machines. The shock of disillusionment would be too much for him, I feared. I tried to point that out to my wife:

"I wish you could have seen the sick, hurt look in Johnson's eyes this morning when I passed him. I can't go over

there and disappoint him. It will be easier for me to study up on mechanics for a year or so than it would be for me to destroy Johnson's faith. I'll sleep better to-night if I go over now and make a few casual remarks—though I ought to be looking up some authorities in that big will case that goes to trial next month."

I got up wearily and started for the door. My wife started one of her laughs and then, seeing that I was in no mood for raillery, overcame it.

"Sit down," she said calmly. "If you won't tell Mr. Johnson that you don't know anything about machinery, I have something to tell you. I was over at Johnson's yesterday and Mrs. Johnson told me how happy her husband was over having discovered a motor expert in the neighborhood and what good times he expected to have with you."

She laughed a couple of notes and then overcame it by a tremendous struggle. When she was normal she went on:

"I saw in a minute what you had done and what kind of a year I should probably have, living with you while you tried to live up to that reputation; so I came right out with the truth."

"You did what?" I cried, starting to my feet.

"I told her the truth. Now go on up to your study and get to work on that will case in peace."

I am afraid I looked rather silly standing there in a bewildered way; I was knocked all of a heap, as they say. Never before had my wife interfered in my private affairs.

Suddenly she burst into that laugh.

"Whenever I think of Mr. Johnson looking sick when he passed you this morning, I can't control myself," she choked. There was nothing for me to do but go to my study. When my wife is in that mood it is better for us to be apart. Sometimes I am afraid she finds me really amusing—something I could never stand if it were true.



## THE SOCIAL ORGANISM

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

WE HAD been talking about capital punishment. I had been maintaining that there is only one argument against it—a sufficient one, the same in fact that holds against the thumb-screw and the rack—it is barbarous. We had read in the papers that morning of sentence of death having been passed on a murderer. The condemned man knew that he had just eighty-three days to live. "Think," I said, "of those eighty-three days and nights passed in the solitude of a prison cell. Imagine them, *feel* them. You are outside and safe and happy; but put yourself in there, realize that you're trapped, done for, that you will never get out until they come for you at night and lead you to a room near by and put your neck in a noose and then with a devilish machine jerk you fifteen feet in the air and so jolt the life out of you as a terrier shakes a rat. Is the slow procession of the hours that lead to that final horror a less hideous torture than the rack?"

Perhaps my friend was lacking in imagination or perhaps he was just one of the practical, realistic, unsentimental men by whom the world, it seems, has to be run. In any event he did not agree with me. He dismissed my case as an example of "this humanitarianism which we are hearing so much of to-day." His position was simple and had no nonsense about it. Society, he said, must protect itself, and the criminal undermined the social structure. Society, in fact, was an organism and the criminal was diseased tissue which had to be cut out by a surgical operation. He seemed to like this analogy, for he went on to



compare criminals to germs infecting the social organism. We must treat them accordingly.

I did not attempt to continue the discussion. I hate human sacrifice, even when the God happens to be called Society, and I cannot trust myself to speak temperately to his worshippers.

As I walked over to the club I passed two movie palaces. At one the attraction was a drama in which ten thousand camels and fifty thousand human beings—or perhaps it was fifty thousand camels and ten thousand human beings—had taken part. At the other, "Desert Love," I gathered from the posters that the chief ingredients were aeroplanes, oases, the hot palpitating passion of the Orient, and the purity of an innocent girl. People were crowding in.

Do you know, sometimes I think that the movies are a menace to society.

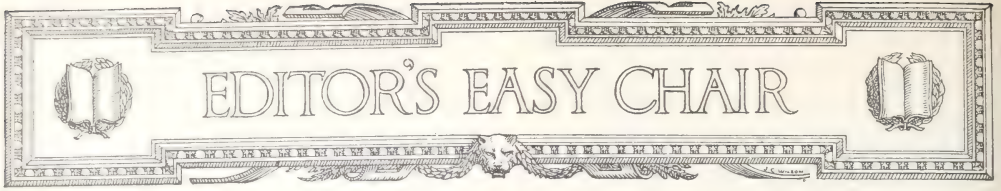
When I reached the club I picked up the evening paper. Our evening paper is a peculiar organ. On the front page it prints the beginnings, and the beginnings only, of all the news stories. No article that began on that page has ever been known to end on it. The result is a sort of menu of the day's happenings. Thus a rapid survey was enough to inform me that two statesmen had been making speeches—the usual bunk; that four thousand persons had been summarily executed in Bulgaria; that a combination of companies had been formed for the manufacture and sale of tetra-ethyl gasoline at the imminent risk of poisoning half the population of the United States; that there had been two

fires in town—"origin, carelessness"; that four men had been up in court on charges of reckless driving. I turned over the remaining pages, but I did not dwell on them. They appeared to be largely devoted to advertisements of fake bargain sales and quack remedies. If you had bunions or cancer or gas after meals or tuberculosis or were too fat or too bald or too homely here were devices that would cure you in a few weeks. . . . Do you know, sometimes I think that—But I've said something like that before.

I decided to go home. In the hall of the club I met a man I know. He told me what he said was a good story. It wasn't good: it was just plain bawdiness unrelieved by either wit or gaiety. I sniggered. I don't think I mind men telling me lewd stories: what I really mind is that they should think that I am the sort of man who appreciates them. For that shows that I *am*. I felt dirty.

I made my way to where I had parked my car. When I reached it I found a tag attached to it commanding me to report to Police Headquarters at once. I had violated one of the parking regulations. You see, if there are many cars parked in this street it is rather dangerous in case of a fire. . . . It seemed as though I were becoming a bit of a menace myself.

And then I perceived the real error in my friend's description of society as an organism and the criminal as a germ. . . . Society isn't an organism: it's just an aggregation of germs.



## FREE WILL, REGULATION, NON-RESISTANCE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHAT is wanted in our generation with a particularly fervent desire is mass production of education. The world has been jolted pretty hard lately and a great many of the doctors have got the idea that, if people knew more, they would behave better and avoid some forms of misconduct which threaten to crack civilization. How far they are right in their supposition that education improves people and makes them more peaceable is matter for discussion. The Germans, in a way, had more education than any other people. They seemed to be the most thoroughly schooled people on earth, but it did not keep them out of the war. The great obstacle to mass production of education is not the distrust of its value but the fact that teaching has to be fitted to each individual and that no two individuals are alike. Now the parts of one Ford are just like the parts of another, and you can fit them together and the thing will go. They are all factory made, but people—especially young people—are not like that. We know they are chock full of idiosyncrasy, very individual, often obtuse in some particulars; and when you go to fitting on to them a ready-made suit of education, like as not it won't hang right. Besides being different, these creatures have inside of them a piece of clockwork called a will and that is what they run by. We are instructed by our pastors and masters—that is by some of them—that knowledge of good and evil and free will in our choice be-

tween them is the particular gift of God to us which makes the great distinction between us and the animals. Not the only distinction, of course; a good many of the animals have four legs and more sensitive perceptions in various particulars than we have, and do not bob their hair nor shave, as most of us do; but the great distinction between us and them is free will, along with which there goes doubtless a superior intellectual capacity that in truth may be for all we know, and probably is, a product of the will.

Well now, free will is valuable. How are you going to save it? It is recognized that the animals beat us in some things. They seem to have powers of sense that we have not. They have discernment of things invisible to us and apparently can see ghosts. They can smell what we can't smell and get information out of it that is quite beyond us. When we want information of that sort we go to dogs to get it. They have a sense of direction that we have lost. They can find their way out of the woods by instinctive sense of direction. The migratory birds have the same thing. They know when to start their annual journeys and in what direction to make them. Indeed the animals and their lives are very wonderful and full of mystery. There they are, living beside us! What they know we only guess. We study them and some of us who are sufficiently intelligent seem to make progress in discovering what they have and what they do with it. It is the same



with the insects, big and little, down to the myriads which we see only through microscopes. So we see life going on everywhere and we know quite well that a lot of it which we do not see at all still goes on. We notice no schools for bees or ants, and nothing but parental instruction for birds and all the animals; yet we see that they get along and prosper according to their opportunity and increase or decrease according to their chances, so we conclude that what they know by the light of nature is valuable and we suspect that what is given to us and our children by nature is also valuable, and that in our educational proceedings we do well to save as much of it as we can.

**N**OW take a modern child. A lot of trouble has been taken to produce that child. It started longer ago than anyone has been able to compute with any certainty. Put aside for the moment the evolutionary theory that we began life as seaweed or something like that, and start with man. Starting even so and avoiding discussion of the earlier methods and maneuvers of the Creator to make us, if we merely start with man we go back a long, long time that seems to grow more protracted with every significant excavation. Recorded history goes back only about ten thousand years, and that is a mere trifle in the age of man, but it is a fair length of time if one is to discuss deliberate and organized education, which has doubtless existed much longer than that. Now there have been two main ends of education—to impart knowledge, and to train the young to do as their elders thought they should. A great aim of education has been obedience. It seems very necessary in children—at least it is highly recommended in Scripture. You have to have a certain amount of it in human life or you will have more trouble than you can handle. But if it persists too long or is too fervently exacted, you lose free will and with it the greatest prerogative of man.

What does education mean anyway? It means to bring out what is in one, and that is what education ought to do. What is the greatest thing in us and the most important for education to bring out? It is free will, the capacity to choose between good and evil, between wisdom and foolishness, and to follow whichever one prefers. Without free will there is little or no permanent progress in civilization. Civilization will progress through obedience to God, but doubtfully through obedience to man. The understanding of the Divine Will is knowledge. By that men improve and develop good judgment. Not so, necessarily, by the understanding of the will of man and concurring with that. The great exercise provided for us by Almighty Wisdom for our journey through this life is the exercise of intelligence and of our wills; to meet temptation and beat it; to get as good a living as we can; not to injure or destroy our neighbors nor by them to be destroyed; to reach more and more to that understanding of the Divine Will which is knowledge and truth. That is the nature of our job here. In our childhood we need guidance, and there are only too many people who never really grow up and who need more or less guidance all their days. But those who do grow up must develop by the exercise of their own minds and their own wills, otherwise they will neither be strong nor wise. To live by rules laid down by other persons for the government of our actions is not enough. We are not machines nor made to run on rails. We don't profit, after childhood, by being told to go in when it rains or come out when it clears. We ought, ourselves, to learn about such things. If someone really knows more than we do, we should profit by his knowledge. It is not to be desired that we should be our own doctors or our own lawyers, unless indeed we know more about health than the doctors do and more about law than the lawyers, or are lucky enough to escape sickness or litigation. We may, however, hope

to know religion as well as most of the ministers do, because that is the one special subject in which we have constant training. At least some of us have it. Time was when most people had it, but that may not be true now. That does not mean that there will not be clergymen who know more about theology, men who know more about literary criticism and, indeed, about almost everything, than we do, but we may hope to get along without running to our clergy to tell us what is right or wrong.

**I**N SPITE of our great need of developing each for himself our own powers of self-direction in this extraordinary country and this extraordinary time, we are afflicted with a pest of people who insist upon telling us what to do and are able to get laws through legislatures that aim to make us do it. They want to tell us, and they do tell us, what not to drink, what not to learn, what not to believe, where to send our children to school, what shows to go to, how to dress, how much to wear when we go swimming, what to do on Sunday, and to what particulars of theology to subscribe. A good deal of all that is not new in the world. It has always happened that there have been people who have thought that what they saw was all the truth there was and who insisted on imposing their conception of it on others. Prohibition is not new: insistence upon details of creed is not new, but such things have so rained upon us in recent years that really we begin to be astonished. And what is the reason? The reason is that by the working of democracy the power to regulate has gone into the hands of half-taught people whose understanding of life is imperfect and their knowledge limited. Most of them mean to do right and make right prevail, but go about it in so faulty a way that what prevails is wrong. They sow for peace and raise war. They sow for temperance and raise rebellion. They do not know what seed they scatter.

Take Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan supposes himself to be a Christian, and in some measure no doubt he is. He considers it essential to sound Christianity to believe in the Virgin Birth. He would not allow in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church clergymen who do not hold that belief. That is not so bad, because it affects only the Presbyterian Church. It is not the gnats he strains at that are Mr. Bryan's real ailment but the camels he swallows. Here he is insisting on the Virgin Birth, which is difficult for some people, and running amuck through the whole philosophy of Christ's teachings of which, evidently, he has no understanding at all. Christ regulated no one; he compelled no one. As has been said of him, he had complete understanding of the psychological effect of compulsion on men, whereas the prohibitionists and the regulators by legislation seem ignorant of anything but the first and more obvious consequences of what they do. They do not seem to understand that mind is free and that all effort to compel it to accept what it does not assent to ends in hypocrisy, evasion, or resistance. They do not seem to understand that legislation makes nothing right and nothing wrong, but that our sense of right and wrong is a growth of centuries and millenniums and, that when laws conflict with it, our consciences reject them, though we may find it politic so to shape our conduct as to keep us out of trouble with the courts and avoid the attentions of the police.

The complications of the world are difficult just now, and the thoughts of many people run on the solution of them. An interesting man who has rather novel ideas on some fundamental subjects, being asked the other day what the world needs, replied: "What it needs is the gospel of Christ. Implicit faith in that will save the world. Nothing else will." His answer was interesting because of what he thought Christianity meant. The old religions, he said, stood for prohibition and punishment, but Christianity for freedom and



forgiveness. His idea was altogether that Christ came to make us free; that he came to use our wills and not to suppress them; to cure the world from the inside out, not from the outside in.

Of course, it sounds like a counsel of perfection when one speaks of using the will of man to save the world and remembers that it is by the will of man that the world is imperiled. Nevertheless, that is what Christ has done and would have us do. He would save the world, not by compulsion, not by legal regulation, but by such a reshaping of the will as he had power to effect, and described as rebirth. That power undoubtedly remains in the world to this day and works in our times, and it is about the most valuable asset we have and, some day, believers think it will really be tried out and bring peace.

**T**HAT, however, seems not imminent. We have to be content with much more modest deductions, as that creeds will not make belief, nor regulations make character, nor laws necessarily bring order, nor prohibition, temperance. Connected with these things are the ideas we seem to be gathering about money. The Bible says the love of money is the root of all evil, and people who go after it with energy still talk as though it was the chief end of life. But for all that, its prestige in the last quarter-century has diminished, and since the Great War we have been going through a course of silent instruction about what money really means. We have taken for granted that it was an advantage to persons who got it, albeit instances to the contrary have not been rare; but as the discussion of the war debts that Europe owes us goes on, the advantage of squeezing money out of Europe seems to grow more and more doubtful. For money is merely a form of power, a factor in compulsion. When it promotes life it is use-

ful; when it clogs energy and impedes human intercourse, or diminishes the ardor of effort, it hinders life and does harm. Imprisonment for debt, after prevailing for centuries, passed away chiefly because it was uneconomic; because there was no sense in it; because men could not earn money to pay their debts while they were shut up in prison. So we may come in time to have sense about the war debts and cease to heckle Europe for moneys that she cannot repay without too great a strain on her resources and standards of living, and which, probably, we could not receive without serious disturbance to the working of our own delicately contrived and related economic machine. What the Great War may finally be discovered to have effected is the end of the long, long tried attempt to save the world and keep the peace by compulsion, and the beginning of an effort to do so by general consent. When the philosopher quoted above said that implicit faith in the gospel of Christ will save the world and nothing else will, something like that was what he implied.

Christ said: Resist not evil. That was one item of his counsel to his followers. It is very puzzling. Did he mean that there should be no resistance to evil? Or did he out of his profound discernment see that evil, if given its head, would breed a much more efficacious resistance than any we could provide against it? The cure for many difficult situations is to let people have their own way and face the consequences. We use that remedy often as it is, and should use it oftener if we were less combative, and were not misled by traditional valuations which rate material things too high and spiritual things too low. Our propensity to do that seems almost incurable, but we get a lot of instruction as we go along, and "Resist not evil" may not always baffle our intelligence.

## *A Letter to Our Readers On Our Seventy-fifth Anniversary*

HERE is nothing that would give the editors of *Harper's Magazine* greater pleasure than to be in closer touch with its readers. Oftentimes there are matters about which we should like to consult you. More often still there are interesting things we should like to tell you. This is one of those times, and as it is impossible to write to each one of you personally, we are writing this open letter to let you know something of the plans for our seventy-fifth anniversary year.

We have been working out these plans for many months, always with you in mind. We have called in the foremost experts to help us make the Magazine more beautiful, more easy to read, and more completely in harmony with the modern emphasis on typographical excellence. And we have acted upon much of the sound advice that you yourselves have given us.

The September number will come to you in a new dress. There will be no change in size, but the striking cover designed by a famous type expert will tell you just what the issue contains. There will be an exquisite frontispiece in color—the master work of a distinguished American painter—and it will stand alone as the only picture in the Magazine. The mellow softness of the paper which this change will permit us to use throughout the Magazine will please the eye and make the type more readily legible. The title page will be a thing of beauty, and the decorations at the head of each article will delight all lovers of good book-making.

The Magazine will be aimed more directly than ever at you as a representative of the intelligent minority—as a thinking, cultured reader who seeks both entertainment and an enlarged and broadened point of view, who wishes to keep in touch with all that is best in literature, and who must be equipped with a more than casual knowledge of the many vitally significant things that make up our life in a world that was never so interesting as it is today. Fiction? Yes. We have been gathering together a brilliant group of short stories by the most famous American and English writers. *Harper's* will lead in this field as it has always led. There will be as much fiction as ever, and a greater diversity of other contributions.

Our desire to give you this greater diversity, to give you much more actually to read, to make the Magazine richer in all ways, has been our chief preoccupation. And knowing you to be representative of the best American culture and taste, we have arrived at the conclusion that we can give you something even more vital to you, something more intensely human, something more provocative, by devoting the pages of the Magazine entirely to your entertainment, interest and stimulation rather than to pictorial features, charming in themselves but after all of only passing interest. When you receive the September number we feel sure that you will agree that *Harper's Magazine* is more than ever worthy of its great heritage—always moving forward with the times—the magazine of infinite variety and the utmost distinction.

*The Editors*



# PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**H**ERE is a true story of success that beats most of those in the magazines which tell us how to make good. Twenty-five years ago a young man from Zanesville, Ohio, named *Zane Grey*, was practising dentistry in New York and eking out a small income by playing professional baseball in the summer. The young man wanted to write. He wrote a novel called *Betty Zane*, about a sister of one of his ancestors. It was refused by dozens of publishers. Finally Doctor Grey published it at his own expense. It brought him neither fame nor fortune. He wrote other books and stories, and still the publishers would have none of him. He kept on in the face of poverty and rebuffs, even when the cottage in which he worked was so cold that his numbed fingers could hardly hold a pencil—and became the most popular writer in America.

Seven and a half million copies of Zane Grey's books have been sold. A single novel, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, has been bought to the extent of seven hundred thousand copies in the United States alone. Another, *The U. P. Trail*, has reached half a million in the United States. His income from royalties, serial rights, and motion-picture rights is now written in six figures. Why? Because he takes readers out of themselves, out of their dull routine and their thwarted lives, into the exhilarating atmosphere of a land of cowboys, buffaloes, elemental virtues, Indians, and adventure; and also—some of the critics forget this—because he knows how to make the brilliant scenery of the West glow in the imagination of his readers.

The dog story which he contributes to this issue of the Magazine, based on his own experiences on a lion-hunting trip in the Grand Canyon, exemplifies both his knowledge and love of Western outdoor life and his descriptive skill. We commend it both to those who know Mr. Grey's fiction and to those

whose education in this respect has been neglected.

A few years ago *Dallas Lore Sharp* stirred up an acrimonious debate by his aspersions on private schools. In the leading article of the month he now returns to the subject of education with some equally pointed aspersions on intelligence tests and other pedagogical phenomena of the day. We foresee another debate, which we trust will not be acrimonious. Mr. Sharp will be remembered by HARPER readers as the author of a series of remarkable articles on the ways of the bee (now collected in a book, *The Spirit of the Hive*). He lives in Hingham, Massachusetts.

A one-time sea-going engineer, *William McFee* still enjoys voyaging. This month he takes us by air and rail to the most inaccessible capital of this hemisphere and, with all the subtlety which made *Casuals of the Sea* and *Command* delightful, interprets for us the curious Colombian state of mind. He has already contributed to the Magazine two other papers on his South American adventures.

"Savoir Faire" comes to us from the skillful hand of *Laura Spencer Portor* (Mrs. Francis Pope), one of the editors of the *Woman's Home Companion*.

When *Jesse Grant* sat in the Harper office and told us the tale of his visit to Windsor Castle in the seventies, we said, "You must write that for the Magazine." Now he has done so. We publish his account as the last of his group of reminiscent papers. These, by the way, will form a part of his forthcoming book, *In the Days of My Father, General Grant*.

Two months ago *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* (Mrs. Gordon Hall Gerould, of Princeton, New Jersey) contributed a pungent article on Reno. Now the divorce colony serves her a background for a short story.

As the new theatrical season opens, the Reverend *Fred Eastman* makes to managers and playwrights an appeal which will be widely seconded. There has been a great to-do recently about censorship of the theater, but Mr. Eastman is concerned with a question more fundamental and more positive. His autobiographical article, "Shall I Remain in the Ministry?" which we published last March, impressed a large public.

The final story of the month is the work of *Elsa Barker*, of New York City, an occasional contributor to the Magazine.

By the time this issue appears young Mr. Scopes will have come up for trial in Tennessee, a fact which gives special timeliness to *Henshaw Ward's* article on one of the most interesting phases of evolution. Mr. Ward, who used to teach English at the Taft School and now lives in New Haven and engages in scientific writing, contributed last month a notable paper on a subject less than an inch long—a clover leaf.

*Gamaliel Bradford's* portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Davis is the third in his gallery of American wives. His fourth and last subject will be Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

"*Hilaire Belloc*," wrote Allan Nevins the other day, reviewing *The Cruise of the Nona* for the *New York World*, "is one of those whole-souled, robustious, stirring fellows to whom no activity is alien. He came out of a French artillery camp, tore his way through Oxford with brilliant salvos of wit, hit upon a new method of writing history and illustrated it with imaginative works on the French revolution, went into Parliament, walked across France and the Alps to Rome, sketched his way from Algiers to Timgad, explored the Pyrenees, invented a mediaeval world to suit himself, showed with one hand what duffers Gardiner and Froude were, and with the other how easy it was to beat Lewis Carroll writing children's verse, lectured in

America, impaled the Jews, wrote a history of the War, and is still only fifty-five." Mr. Belloc is also, it might be added, a delightful essayist and the author of some stirring poems. A book of his entitled *The Road* will be published next fall. Meanwhile he dissects the British journalism of the day somewhat as American journalism was dissected in June in "Sell the Papers!"

☞ ☞ ☞

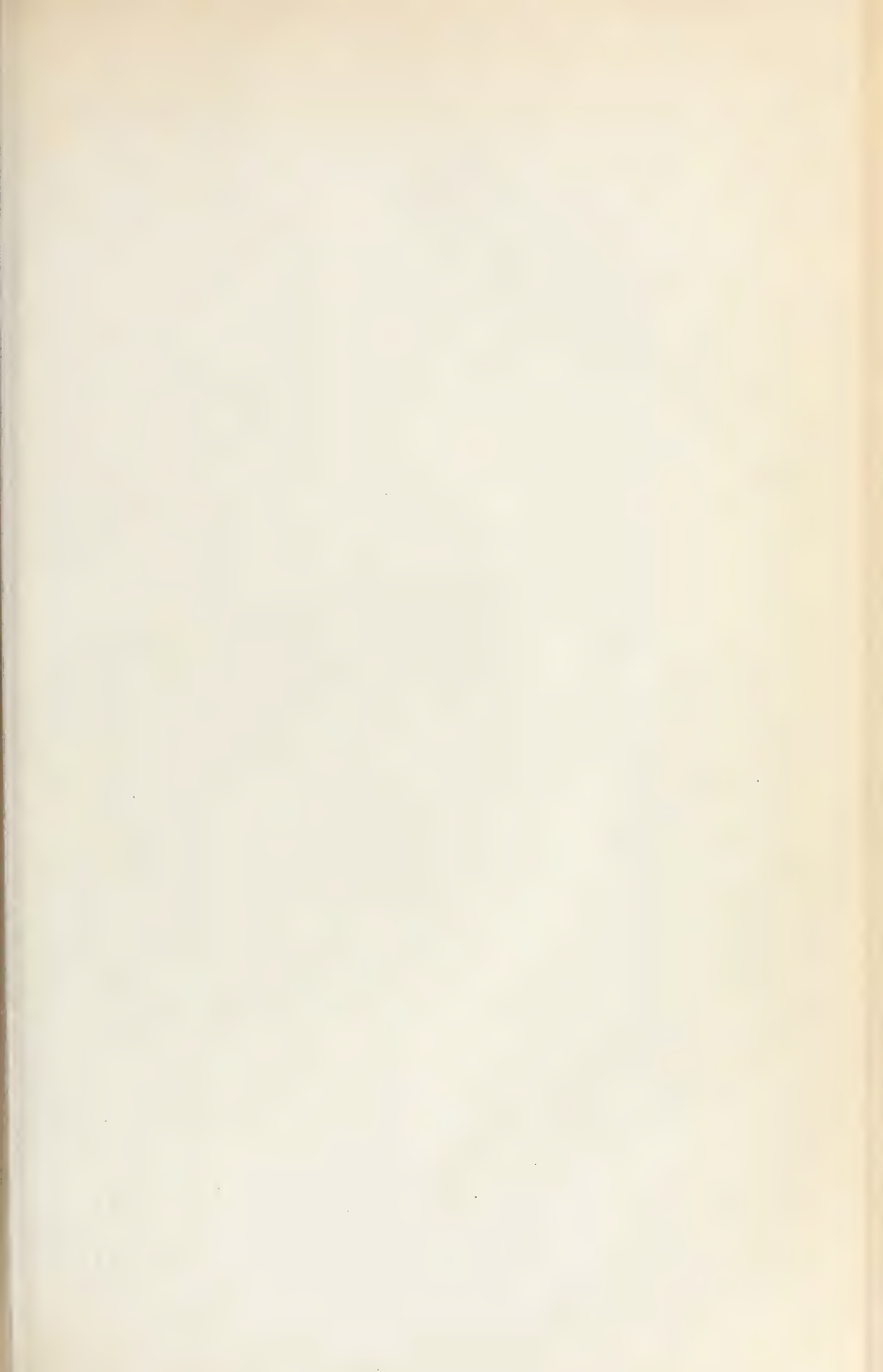
The poets include *George Sterling*, a Californian who has published several volumes of verse; *Anne Goodwin Winslow*, a native of Tennessee, now traveling in Europe, whose first volume will be brought out this fall by Harcourt, Brace & Co.; *Jean Batchelor*, a new contributor from Narberth, Pennsylvania; *Theodosia Garrison* (Mrs. Frederic J. Faulks), of Short Hills, New Jersey, a well-known poet whose lyrics have frequently appeared in HARPER'S; and *Edith M. Thomas*, long a member of the editorial staff of the Magazine.

*Charles A. Bennett*, author of that delightfully amusing book, *At a Venture*, in his more serious moments is assistant professor of philosophy at Yale University. He shares the honors of the Lion's Mouth with *McCreedy Huston*, of South Bend, Indiana, who makes this month his first bow as a HARPER author.

☞ ☞ ☞

*Malcolm Stephens Parcell*, whose painting appears on the cover of the Magazine, is not yet thirty: he was born January 1, 1896. He studied at the Carnegie School of Fine Arts and is a member of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh. In the past few years his work has attracted increasing attention. He won the Saltus Gold Medal of the National Academy of Design in 1920, and has carried off two medals—The Logan and the N. W. Harris—and a thousand-dollar prize at the Chicago Art Institute.







BLACK AND GOLD

*By Maurice Fromkes*

*Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries*





# Harper's Magazine

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## RELIGION AND LIFE

### I. MORAL AUTONOMY OR DOWNFALL

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Vital religion is one of the three deepest needs of men. Men must have bread—that is the economic need; they must have friendship—that is the social need; they must have faith in the spiritual meaning of life—that is the religious need.

In this article and those to follow—they will appear every month throughout the coming year, constituting hereafter a regular department of the Magazine to be entitled "Religion and Life"—Doctor Fosdick proposes to talk about religion as an urgent, present power desperately wanted by men and women everywhere, being sought by men and women in all sorts of strange forms and unconventional settings, and just now trying, amid much confusion, to get itself expressed in ways of thinking and ways of action that modern folk can understand and use.

Wherever Doctor Fosdick sees religion springing hot out of life or reacting powerfully on life, or going wrong and perverting life, or gaining sanity and steadiness and purifying life, there he will feel free to say what he sees.—*The Editors.*

**A**N ALERT and spirited reviewer, himself a scientist, recently laid somewhat violent hands on J. Arthur Thomson's new book *Science and Religion*. What bothered him was not so much that the biologist of Aberdeen leaves the door wide open to the possibility of intelligent religious faith; he was vexed that Professor Thomson in particular, or anybody in general, should desire religious faith at all and waste time upon it. He had gone past discussing the credibility of religion and

was skeptical of its desirability. Why, he asked, should anybody want to believe in God?

Typical as this is of certain limited areas of thought in the new generation, it illustrates the disastrous separation that has taken place between religion and life. Believers must expect, and should be prepared to meet, as their forefathers always have met, antagonists who doubt the truth of religion. But when men begin doubting the usefulness, the desirability, the practical

need of religion, the church should engage in anxious self-examination. To cause that something calamitous must have happened in the current presentation of religion's meaning.

That something calamitous has happened seems plain. It is indicated not so much in learned reviews and university classrooms as in popular attitudes. The widespread neglect of institutional religion, the patent endeavor of multitudes of people, unconscious of serious loss, to get on without any religion at all, the wistful sense of spiritual vacancy wanting to be filled—but last of all thinking of a church as the place to fill it, the idealistic movements, among the noblest of our time, whose associations with religion are remote and tenuous if they exist at all—these and other elements in the present situation bear witness to a crucial fact: contemporary human life on the one side and contemporary religion on the other have been drifting apart.

In this fact lies the explanation of the present turmoil in the churches. The restlessness of maladaptation is making them very unhappy. Conscious of possessing spiritual goods necessary to man's fullest life, they are baffled by inherited forms of thought and institution which have lost touch with the vital interests and habitual thinking of the people. Feeling thus out of joint with their time, some accuse the new generation of being sons of Belial, some urge the reformation of the church, some blame education and cry out against the colleges, some bewail the disturbance of old doctrines which used to function as vehicles of the spirit and, presumably, should do so still, some invent new religions to slake a thirst which nothing but religion satisfies, and in general the painful symptoms of impending change afflict the house of God. And behind all symptoms is the basic fact that religion and life have been drifting apart.

In so far as these papers on "Religion and Life" have a creed, they are based upon the conviction that this situation

is as unnecessary as it is perilous, and that it cannot last; that religion, grounded as it is in real and abiding experiences of the soul, was made for life and that life is fulfilled in religion; that he who said, "I came that they may have life and may have it abundantly" had the right of it; and that the ultimate test of any religion and of its power to survive is the contribution which it makes to rich and radiant living. Whatever in religion makes for that is worth while. Whatever in religion is alien from that, or negligible in its effect upon it, is of no account. All doctrines and all institutions of religion must ultimately meet this test, no matter how bitterly ecclesiastics bewail lost icons and taboos, abandoned shibboleths, and politics. Two questions today face every proposition and institution of religion: first, is it intelligently defensible; second, does it contribute to man's abundant life?

So long as these questions are honestly faced and answered religion will persist and grow through whatever periods of unrest it may pass. Life without religion is truncated and incomplete, and only one utter calamity need vital religion fear: that man, namely, should so sink in the scale, so lose his love of large horizons for life and abiding spiritual values in it, that he should think it possible at last to live well without religion.

To this thesis that life and religion require each other there are approaches from every side, and if we choose first the need of moral autonomy it is only because it is clamorous. We have gone about as far in modern civilization as we can go, trying to approach the human problem from outside in, and unless we can approach the human problem from the inside out, we are headed toward perilous days. The influence of the environmentalists has been tremendous. To them nothing has seemed so important as setting human life in a matrix of fortunate circumstance. Theoretical science has revealed the large effect of



environment on all developing organisms, and applied science has incalculably increased our power to alter environments to suit our human purposes. More and more on this basis we have been endeavoring to solve the human problem from without.

To-day critical and sometimes withering doubt falls, not on the necessity of this procedure, but on its adequacy. The eugenists know that the human problem is finally insoluble unless we start with it before environment has had a chance to play upon the individual at all. We are what we are, they say, more because of our heritage from within than because of our environment from without.

To this balancing of the scales against the too great weight of the environmentalists, the man of spiritual insight must also bring his contribution. The restoration of the inward approach to the control of life has to-day become in America a public question of the first magnitude. The legalists have made it such. They also, and often with wild exaggeration, have approached life from without. The merest tyro begins to understand that the endeavor to make people good by law is being carried to ridiculous extremes. For a generation and more our legislatures have been acting under the apparent assumption that the springs of righteousness in the community are not inward but governmental, not spiritual but externally regulative, and the assumption is bringing poor results.

This protest implies no doubt of the necessity and moral value of law. We pay a heavy price for our complex civilization in that the more complicated it becomes the more laws must be enforced. As with traffic on the streets, so with life—the more congested it is the more rules must be obeyed. But just because we must have laws, and unhappily must have more of them the more complicated civilization grows, the more we need to guard ourselves against leaning on law for the safety and progress of society.

Who can have lived during these last

few years, with laws piled on laws, governing every aspect of man's life, while all the time lawlessness grows more rampant underneath, without perceiving that not law but moral autonomy—the desire and capacity of the individual citizen to govern himself from within—is the real underpinning of the state and, that lacking this, the whole superstructure of legalism may yet come clattering in ruin about our ears? If we cannot secure citizens willing and able to govern themselves from within, we shall not have citizens whom we can govern from without.

If America should ever fail, if after the splendor of her start and the unparalleled marvel of her opportunity, she should fall on ruin, the trouble would not be lack of external legal regulation. The trouble would be lack of moral autonomy—the failure in individual citizens of those motives, sanctions, convictions, faiths, and ideals which enable a man to govern himself from within. The profoundest needs of America are real education and real religion—the two forces that approach life not from without but from within.

This means no slurring of the importance of rectified environment and just laws, no neglect of the crucial significance of scientific eugenics applied to the problem of population. These things we ought to do and not to leave the other undone. For these things alone, however well performed, would leave the human problem not only unsolved but, it may be, more bedeviled than it was before, unless the moral autonomy of the individual is established with ever-increasing capacity to meet the increased strain of modern life. The pillar around which the blind Samson of our new science, applied to material aims, may yet get his arms is our power of inward spiritual self-direction, and when that goes everything else that we have built will go with it.

Our fathers used to phrase this inward approach to life in terms of the

soul, its sin, its salvation, and its destiny. Their hymns concerned—

A never-dying soul to save  
And fit it for the sky.

For the most part modern congregations sing such eighteenth-century words without the vivid and picturesque meanings which the words conveyed to eighteenth-century minds. We are not other-worldly in our aspirations. We expect to die, but we spend little time thinking of it, and fitting a never-dying soul for the sky is certainly not the way in which a typical member of the younger generation would describe his major and dominant ambition.

Nevertheless, modern as we are, and plainly requiring other frameworks of thought and modes of expression to make genuinely articulate our spiritual experiences and aspirations, we need not suppose that by any modernity we have evaded the necessity of an inward approach to the problem of living. If we dislike eighteenth-century hymns we may have twentieth-century substitutes, as in Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Renaissance":

The world stands out on either side  
No wider than the heart is wide;  
Above the world is stretched the sky,  
No higher than the soul is high.  
The heart can push the sea and land  
Farther away on either hand;  
The soul can split the sky in two,  
And let the face of God shine through.  
But East and West will pinch the heart  
That cannot keep them pushed apart;  
And he whose soul is flat—the sky  
Will cave in on him by and by.

If it pleases us better, we may speak about the soul in such terms as these and leave behind us the eighteenth-century's other-worldliness. But we still are dealing with the same age-long, fundamental, human problem—the successful handling of a man's own life from within.

Here is the real line of discrimination between the realm of physical science on the one side and of religion on the

other. The task of physical science is to master the latent resources of the external universe. Magnificent have been its achievements there. Still more splendid will they be. But we could get along for many years with no more accomplishments in that realm than we already have. We could muddle through with only so much steam and electricity under our control as we have now. What we cannot do is to muddle through much farther in western civilization with no more control than we now have over the inward lives of men. The wild, physical universe—we will tame that yet! We will harness its forces, saying to this one "Go" and it will go, and to that one "Come" and it will come. But the inner world of man's life, with its ignorance, prejudice, bitterness, pessimism, its instability, waywardness, passion, and sin—shall we ever bring that into captivity to the obedience of Christ? Shall we ever make that wholesome, intelligent, reverent, unselfish, and brotherly?

That is the deepest single question in civilization to-day.

To suppose that this central spiritual task of human life can be achieved on an irreligious basis seems to me a contradiction in terms. The task itself in its very nature is essentially religious. This is what religion means. To be sure, it is possible to define religion in terms of early stages in its evolution, to identify it with magic or superstitious reverence for taboos, or an historic stage of doctrinal development; and some indulge in that cheap and easy method of defamation. They might as well scoff at astronomy because it once was astrology, or outlaw chemistry because it came from alchemy. Religion, like every other interest in human life, dealing with reality and growing in the apprehension of it, has shown endless capacity for change, evolving as other human activities of mind and spirit evolve, never to be adequately described in terms of its chrysalis when at last it has gotten wings to fly.



Religion at its best has supplied—and it can now supply—the motives, faiths, insights, hopes, convictions by which men inwardly come to terms with themselves, gain spiritual ascendancy over their baser elements, achieve peace and power, and come off more than conquerors. Religion means the achievement of such a view of life, its source, its meaning, its destiny, such personal relationship, moreover, with the Spirit from whom our spirits come, and such fellowship with ourselves, with other people, and with God as will furnish inward spiritual dynamic for radiant and triumphant living.

To tell men that they are accidental collocations of physical atoms, that what they think is spirit in them is as much a chemico-mechanical product as phosphorescence on the sea and essentially as transient, that they are the passive results of heredity and environment, and by them are as mechanically determined as is a locomotive by its steam pressure and its rails, that they have no spiritual source, no abiding spiritual meaning, no spiritual destiny, and no control over their own character or development—that is sheer irreligion and, not only can it not solve the problem of which we have been speaking, but if it were logical (as fortunately it seldom is) it would not even try. It would leave the matter helplessly to be decided by the blind action of physical forces that are supposed automatically to control the universe and us within it.

By every step that a man moves away from this thorough-going irreligion toward interest in, and serious concern about, and practical endeavor to deal with the problem of moral autonomy, he comes that much nearer to religion. If he undertake the problem earnestly he is thereby in the thick of religion.

He already is discovering in human life spiritual values which he wishes to conserve, for the beautifying and purifying of which he is seriously concerned, without whose development and effective dominance he sees no hope for society. He already is thinking of the central meaning of life in terms not of the external world, but of the internal world, with its possibilities of goodness, truth, and beauty. That in itself is in so far religious. And if, as some of us feel sure, we not only intelligently may, but intelligently must go farther to find in this internal world of spirit the revelation of the Reality, whose we are, and whom we may find liberty in serving, we cannot long travel this road of inward approach to life before we find ourselves “not far from the Kingdom of God.”

Coming at life by way of a merely inherited religion is a played-out procedure for most thoughtful people. But coming at religion by way of life, and a deep desire inwardly to live it well, is a procedure full of endless promise. As soon as one strikes that road he finds himself in the highway where the seers and prophets of the spirit always have walked, and above all he can distinguish clearly there the footsteps of the Son of Man.

This desire for inward peace and power, overflowing in useful and radiant living, is humanity's profoundest characteristic. It is everywhere to-day alive and urgent. And the churches at the center of their Gospel have the means of its satisfaction. Why will they so generally insist on specializing in irrelevancies? Why so often, like football players who continue a scrimmage after the ball has been carried far down the field, do they keep up a melee at a point from which the vital needs of their generation long since have departed?



# THUNDER ON THE LEFT

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The unusual nature of this story, full of "the actual stuff of human life and passion, soaked in the brightness of a dream," and taking as its theme the conflict between the true spirit of living and life as it must be lived, seems to call for a word of editorial comment.

A great advantage accrues to it in serial publication. It will have to be read slowly, and it deserves to be, for there is nothing in it that was set down at random. In a day when the habit of gobbling fiction is widespread it is only reasonable, when you have something out of the ordinary to offer, to warn your readers in advance. It does not seem fair, in introducing this first installment, to say anything specific about the story; with the subsequent issues we shall comment on some features of it. Let us say only that in our deliberate opinion no more beautiful or distinguished contribution to American fiction has been made for many years.—*The Editors.*

*"Among the notionable dictes of antique Rome was the fancy that when men heard thunder on the left the gods had somewhat of speciall advertisement to impart. Then did the prudent pause and lay down their affairst, to studye what omen Jove intended."*

—SIR EUSTACE PEACHTREE,  
"The Dangers of This Mortall Life."

NOW that the children were getting big it wasn't to be called the Nursery any longer. In fact it was being repapered that very day: the old scribbled Mother Goose pattern had already been covered with new strips, damp and bitter smelling. But Martin thought he would be able to remember the gay fairytale figures, even under the bright fresh paper. There were three bobtailed mice, dancing. They were repeated several times in the procession of pictures that ran round the wall. How often he had studied them as he lay in bed waiting for it to be time to get up! It must be excellent to be Grown Up and able to dress as early as you please. What a golden light lies across the garden those summer mornings!

At any rate it would be comforting to

know that the bobtailed mice were still there, underneath. To-day the smell of the paste and new paper was all through the house. The men were to have come last week. To-day it was awkward: it was Martin's birthday (he was ten) and he and Bunny had been told to invite some friends for a small party. It was raining, too: one of those steady drumming rains that make a house so cosy. The Grown Ups were having tea on the verandah, so the party was in the dining room. When Mrs. Richmond looked through the glass porch doors to see how they were getting on she was surprised to find no one visible.

"Where on earth have those children gone?" she exclaimed. "How delightfully quiet they are."

There was a seven-voiced halloo of triumph and a great scuffle and movement under the big mahogany table. Several steamer rugs had been pinned together and draped across the board so that they hung down, forming a kind of pavilion. From this concealment the children came scrambling and surrounded her in a lively group.



"We had all disappeared!" said Bunny. She was really called Eileen, but she was soft and plump and brown-eyed and twitch-nosed; three years younger than her brother.

"You came just in time to save us," said Martin gaily.

"Just in time to save my table," amended Mrs. Richmond. "Bunny, you know how you cried when you scratched your legs going blackberrying. Do you suppose the table likes having its legs scratched any better than you do? And those grimy old rugs all over my lace cloth. Martin, take them off at once."

"We were playing Stern Parents," explained Alec, a cousin, and less awed by reproof than the other guests, who were merely friends.

Mrs. Richmond was taken aback. "What a queer name for a game!"

"It's a lovely game," said Ruth, her face pink with excitement. "You pretend to be Parents and you all get together and talk about the terrible time you have with your children . . ."

Martin broke in. "And you tell one another all the things you've had to scold them for . . ."

"And you have to forbid their doing all kinds of things," said Ben.

"And speak to them Very Seriously," chirped Bunny. Mrs. Richmond felt a twinge of merriment at the echo of this familiar phrase.

"And every time you've punished them for something that doesn't really matter . . ." (this was Phyllis)

"You're a *Stern Parent*, and have to disappear!" cried Martin.

"You get under the table and can't come out until someone says something nice about you."

"It's a very instructing game 'cause you have to know just how far children can be allowed to go . . ."

"But we were *all* Stern Parents and had all disappeared."

"Yes, and then Mother said we were delightfully quiet, and that saved us."

"What an extraordinary game," said Mrs. Richmond.

"All Martin's games are extraordinary," said Phyllis. "He just made up one called Quarrelsome Children."

"Will you play it with us?" asked Bunny.

"I don't believe that's a new game," said her mother. "I'm sure I've seen it played, too often. But it's time for the cake. Straighten up the chairs and I'll go and get it."

Seated round the table and left alone with the cake, the lighted candles, and the ice cream, the children found much to discuss.

"Ten candles," said Alec, counting them carefully.

"I had thirteen on mine, last birthday," said Phyllis, the oldest of the girls.

"That's nothing, so did I," said Ben.

"Your cook's clever," said Ruth. "She's marked the places to cut with icing, so you can make all the pieces even."

"I think it was foolish of her," said Martin, "because Bunny is quite a small child still—if she has too much chocolate she comes out in spots."

Bunny and Joyce, at the other end of the table, looked at each other fleetingly, in a tacit alliance of juniority. Joyce was also seven, a dark little elf, rather silent.

"Why don't you blow out the candles?" shrilled Bunny.

This effectively altered the topic. After the sudden hurricane had ceased Martin began to cut, obediently following the white spokes of sugar.

"I wonder what it feels like to be Grown Up," said Alec.

"I guess we'll know if we wait long enough," said Phyllis.

"How old do you have to be, to be grown up?" asked Ruth.

"A man's grown up when he's twenty-one," Ben stated firmly.

"Is Daddy twenty-one?" said Bunny.

Cries of scorn answered this. "Of course he is," said Martin. "Daddy's middle-age, he's over thirty. He's what they call *primeoflife*, I heard him say so."

"That's just before your hair begins to come out in the comb," said Alec.

"Girls grow up quicker," said Phyllis. "My sister's eighteen; she's so grown up she'll hardly speak to me. It happened all at once. She went for a weekend party; when she came back she was grown up."

"That's not grown up," said Ben. "That's just stuck up. Girls get like that. It's a form of nervousness."

They were not aware that Ben had picked up this phrase by overhearing it applied to some eccentricities of his own. They were impressed, and for a moment the ice cream and cake engaged all attentions. Then a round of laughter from the verandah reopened the topic.

"Why do men laugh more than ladies?" asked Bunny.

"It must be wonderful," said Martin.

"You bet!" said Ben. "Think of having long trousers, and smoking a pipe, blowing rings, going to town every day, going to the bank and getting money—"

"And all the drug stores where you can stop and have sodas," said Ruth.

"Sailing a boat!"

"Going shopping!"

"The circus!" shouted Bunny.

"I don't mean just *doing* things," said Martin. "I mean thinking things." His eager face, clearly lighted by two candles in tall silver sticks, was suddenly and charmingly grave. "Able to think what you want to; not to have to . . . to do things you know are wrong." For an instant the boy seemed to tremble on the edge of uttering the whole secret infamy of childhood: the most pitiable of earth's slaveries; perhaps the only one that can never be dissolved. But the others hardly understood; nor did he, himself. He covered his embarrassment by grabbing at a cracker of gilt paper in which Alec was rummaging for the pull.

Joyce had slipped from her chair and was peeping through one of the windows. Something in the talk had struck home to her in a queer troublesome way.

Suddenly, she didn't know why, she wanted to look at the Grown Ups, to see exactly what they were like. The rest of the party followed her in a common impulse. Joyce's attitude caused them to tiptoe across the room and peer covertly from behind the long curtains. Without a word of explanation all were aware of their odd feeling of spying on the enemy—an implacable enemy, yet one who is so kin to ourselves. With the apprehensive alertness of those whose lives may depend on their nimble observation, they watched the unconscious group at the tea table.

"Daddy's taking three lumps," said Bunny. She spoke louder than is prudent in an outpost and was sshed.

"Your mother's got her elbow on the table," Ruth whispered.

"Daddy's smacking his lips and chomping," insisted Bunny.

"That's worse than talking with your mouth full."

"How queer they look when they laugh."

"Your mother lifts her head like a hen swallowing."

"Yours has her legs crossed."

"It's a form of nervousness."

"They do all the things they tell us not to," said Joyce.

"Look, he's reaching right across the table for another cake."

Martin watched his parents and their friends. What was there in the familiar scene that became strangely perplexing? There was something in those voices and faces that made him feel frightened, a little lonely. Was that really Mother by the silver urn with the blue flame flattened under it? He could tell by her expression that she was talking about things that belonged to that Other World, the thrillingly exciting world of Parents, whose secrets are so cunningly guarded. That world changes the subject, alters the very tone of its voice when you approach. He had a wish to run out on the verandah, to reassure himself by the touch of her soft cool arm in the muslin dress. He wanted to



touch the teapot, to see if it was hot. If it was, he would know that all this was real. They had gone so far away. . . . Or were they also only playing a game?

"They look as though they were hiding something," he said.

"They're having fun," Phyllis said. "They always do; Grown Ups have a wonderful time."

"Come on" (Martin remembered that he was the host), "the ice cream will get cold." This was what Daddy always said.

Bunny felt a renewed pride as she climbed into her place at the end of the table. Martin looked solemnly handsome in his Eton collar across the shining spread of candlelight and cloth and pink peppermints. The tinted-glass panes above the sideboard were cheerful squares of color against the wet gray afternoon. She wriggled a little, to re-establish herself on the slippery chair.

"Our family is getting very grown up," she said happily. "We're not going to have a Nursery any more. It's going to be the guest room."

"I don't think I want to be grown up," said Alec suddenly. "It's silly. I don't believe they have a good time at all."

This was a disconcerting opinion. Alec, as an older cousin, held a position of some prestige. A faint dismay was apparent in the gazes that crossed rapidly in the sparkling wax-light.

"I think we ought to make up our minds about it," Martin said gravely. "Pretty soon, the way things are going, we *shall* be, then it'll be too late."

"Silly, what can you do?" said Phyllis. "Of course we've got to grow up, everyone does unless they die." Her tone was clear and positive, but also there was a just discernible accent of inquiry. She had not yet quite lost her childhood birthright of wonder, of belief that almost anything is possible.

"We'd have to Take Steps," cried Alec, unconsciously quoting the enemy. "We could just decide among ourselves that we simply wouldn't, and if we all

lived together we could go on just like we are."

"It would be like a game," said Martin, glowing.

"With toys?" ejaculated Bunny entranced.

Ben was firmly opposed. "I won't do it. I want to have long trousers and grow a mustache."

Martin's face was serious with the vision of huge alternatives.

"That's it," he said. "We've got to know before we can decide. It's terribly important. If they *don't* have a good time we'd better—"

"We could *ask* them if they're happy," exclaimed Ruth, thrilled by the thought of running out to propose this stunning question.

"They wouldn't tell you," said Alec. "They're too polite."

Phyllis was trying to remember instructive examples of adult infelicity. "They don't tell the truth," she agreed. "Mother once said that if Daddy went on like that she'd go mad, and I waited and waited, and he did and she didn't."

"You mustn't believe what they say," Martin continued. "They never tell the truth if they think children are around. They don't *want* us to know what it's like."

"Perhaps they're ashamed of being grown up," Ben suggested.

"We must find out," Martin said, suddenly feeling in his mind the expanding brightness of an idea. "It'll be a new game. We'll all be spies in the enemy's country, we'll watch them and see exactly how they behave, and bring in a report."

"Get hold of their secret codes and find where their forces are hidden," cried Ben, who liked the military flavor of this thought.

"I think it's a silly game," said Phyllis. "You can't really find out anything, and if you did you'd be punished. Spies always get caught."

"Penalty of death!" shouted the boys elated.

"It's harder than being a real spy,"

said Martin. "You can't wear the enemy's uniform and talk their language. But I'm going to do it anyhow."

"Me too!" Joyce exclaimed from the other end of the table, where she and Bunny had followed the conversation with half-frightened excitement.

"I want to be a spy!" added Bunny.

"Mustn't have too many spies," said Alec. "The enemy would suspect something was up. Send one first; he'll see what he can find, and report to us."

It was not clear to Bunny exactly who the enemy were or how the spying was to be carried out; but if Martin was to do it, it would be well done, she was certain. Spying, that suggested secrecy, and secrecy . . .

"Martin has a little rolltop desk with a key!" she shouted. "Daddy gave it to him for his birthday."

"Oh, I forgot," said Phyllis. She ran out into the living room and returned with a large parcel. "Many happy returns," she said, laying it in front of Martin. If you listen intently, behind the innocent little phrase you can overhear, like a whispering chorus, the voices of innumerable parents: "And don't forget, when you give it to him, to say *Many happy returns*."

The others also hurried to get the packages that had been left in the vestibule. There was a great rattling of paper and untying of string; an embarrassed reiteration of thank-yous by Martin.

Hearing the movement in the dining room, the Grown Ups had now come in.

"Such a pretty sight."

"I love children's parties, their faces are always a picture."

"Martin, did you say thank-you to Alec for that lovely croquet set?"

"This is what I gave him," said Ben, pushing forward the parcheesi board.

"The girls are so dainty, like little flowers."

"Who is the little dark one over by the window?"

"That's Joyce—Why, Joyce dear, what are you crying about?"

The strong maternal voice rang through the room with a terrible publicity of compassion. The children stared. Bunny ran and threw her arms round her friend, who had hidden her face in the curtain. Bunny thought she knew what was wrong. Joyce had forgotten to bring a present, and was ashamed because all the others had done so. The miserable little figure tried to efface itself in the curtain; even the tiny pearl buttons at the back of her pink frock had come undone. Things that are close to us, how loyal they are, how they follow the moods of their owners.

"There, there, honey, what's the trouble? After such a lovely party?" This was authoritative pity, threateningly musical.

Bunny pressed her warm lips against a wet petal of nostril.

"Martin doesn't mind," she whispered. "He *hates* presents."

Joyce could feel powerful fingers buttoning the cool gap between her shoulders. When that was done she would be turned round and asked what was the matter.

"Perhaps she has a pain," boomed a masculine vibration. "These parties always upset them. Worst thing for children."

Joyce could smell a whiff of cigar and see large feet in white canvas shoes approaching. Best to face it now before worse happens. She turned desperately, hampered by Bunny's embrace, almost throttling her in an excess of affection. Breaking away, she ran across the room, where Martin and the boys were averting their eyes from the humiliation of the would-be spy. She thrust into his hand a tiny package, damp now.

"It was so small," she said.

A moment of appalling silence hung over the trembling pair. Martin could feel it coming; the words "What do you say, Martin?" seemed forming and rolling up over his head like opal banks of summer storm. Yet he could not have said a word. He seized her hand and shook it with a grotesque bob of his head.



"Such a little gentleman, how *do* you train them? I can't do anything with Ben, he's so rough."

Joyce was blotted out by a merciful hooded raincoat. As she struggled through its dark rubber-smelling folds she could hear voices coming down from above.

"Alec, say good-by to your little cousins—No, we must say your *big* cousins, mustn't we?"

"Thank Mrs. Richmond for such a nice party."

"Thank you, Mrs. Richmond, for such a nice party."

"Martin, you haven't opened Joyce's present."

"I don't want to open it," murmured Martin sullenly. Then he knew he had said the wrong thing.

"Don't want to open it? Why of course you want to open it. We don't measure presents by their size, do we, Joyce?"

Joyce, almost escaped, was drawn again into the arena.

"Come, Alec, we'll see what Joyce has given Martin and then you must go."

"I can't untie it, the string's wet," muttered Martin.

The watching circle drew closer.

"Wet? Nonsense. Here, give it to me."

Unfolding of sodden paper. A mouse of soft gray plush with little glassy eyes and a long silky tail. And two wheels under his stomach, a key to wind him by.

"Why, it's the mouse we saw in the window at the cigar store; Joyce was crazy about it."

"You see, Martin, she's given you a mouse because she wanted it so much for herself."

"It isn't very much, my dear, but there's so little to choose from here in the country."

"It's like the mice we had on the nursery wallpaper," said Bunny, praising valiantly.

"Wind it up and see it run."

There are some situations that, once entered, must be carried through to the

end. Martin wound. He could tell by the feel of the key that something was wrong.

"I'll play with it later," he said.

"Don't be so stubborn, Martin. We're all waiting to see it."

Joyce's gaze was riveted on the mouse. She remembered the ominous click in its vitals when she had been giving it an ecstatic trial. But perhaps Martin, with the magic boys have in these matters, could make it go again, as it went—so thrillingly, in mouselike darts and curves—on the cigar-store floor.

Martin put it down, giving it a deft push. It ran a few inches and stopped.

"It runs fine," he said hastily. "But it won't go here on the rug."

"Let's see it," said Ben, whose mechanical sense was not satisfied by so brief an exhibition.

"It's mine," snapped Martin fiercely and put it in his pocket.

"We really must go," said someone.

"Would you each like a piece of Martin's cake to take home?"

"Oh no, thank you, I think they've had plenty."

"Did you make a wish?"

"No, we forgot," said Martin.

"Oh, what a pity. When you blow out the candles on a birthday cake you should always make a wish."

"Will it come true?"

"If it's a nice wish."

"Light them again and do it now," said one of the parents. The drill must be finished.

"Yes, do, before the children go."

"Will it work if you light them again?" asked Martin doubtfully.

"Every bit as well."

The ten candles were reassembled on the remaining sector of cake and Martin, feeling very self-conscious, stood by while they were relighted. His guests were pushed forward.

"All ready? Blow!"

There was a loud puffing. Bunny's blast, a little too late, blew a fragrant waver of smoke into his face.

"Did you wish?"

"Yes," said Martin, "I . . ."

"You mustn't tell it! If you tell, it won't come true."

But he hadn't wished, yet. He wanted to wait a moment, to get it just right. As the children turned away, trooping toward the door, Martin made one hasty movement that no one saw. With a quick slice of the sharp cake-knife he cut off the tail of the plush mouse. Now it would always serve to remind him of the tailless mice in the room that was no longer a Nursery. Then, with the snuff of smoking candles still in his nose, he wished.

## II

"Dear Miss Clyde," wrote Mrs. Granville, "it will be so nice to meet you again after all these years. You can imagine my surprise when I found that the house Mr. Granville has taken for the summer is the old Richmond place, which I remember so well from long ago. Twenty-one years, isn't it? It hasn't changed a bit, but everything seems so much smaller, even the ocean somehow. The house has been shut up a long time, since the summer the Richmonds went away. We want you to join our Family Picnic, which is always an amusing affair. Mr. Granville admires your work so much, I did not realize until recently that you must be the same person I knew as a child. There are other artists here too, the Island has become quite a summer camp for painters, the woods are full of them, painting away merrily. I am sorry this is so late, but just send us a wire saying you can come. . . ."

She paused to reread the letter, and changed "so nice," in the first line, to "nice." She changed "twenty-one" to "nearly twenty." She crossed out "painting away merrily." How do I know whether they're merry? she asked herself. Then she noticed that the word "summer" was used three times. She changed one of them to "year." No, that made three "years." Put "for the vacation" instead of "for the summer." Now the letter must be copied again.

Why on earth George wanted her to invite the Clyde creature when things were complicated enough already—she had never cared much for her even as a child—to have outsiders here for the Picnic when they had only just got the old house in running order and Lizzie was overworked in the kitchen . . . George thought Miss Clyde might be the right person to do the pictures for the booklet he was writing for the railroad company. Always thinking of his business first and her convenience afterward. Business was something to be attended to in offices, not to be mixed up with your home life. Never try to make social friends of your business acquaintances, how many times had she told George that?

Damn the Picnic, damn the Picnic, damn the Picnic!

Of course she had brought down only one sheet of paper; now she must go up again for more. The dining table was the single place in the house where she could write a letter. If she halted in the bedroom, in a moment Nounou was at the door with endless this that and the other about the children. If she sat down on the porch, Lizzie could see her from the pantry window and would come at once with stentorian palaver. In the little sitting room George had spread out his business papers; anyhow she couldn't bear him near her when she wanted to write. And in the garden it was too hot. A bumblebee was bumping and grumbling against the pane. If you took a cloth and held him, to put him outdoors, his deep warm hum would rise to a piercing scream of anger. She felt like that. If anyone touched her . . .

The bee was fussing up and down the window, the one with red and blue and orange panes. She remembered that window from childhood visits to the Richmonds. When you looked through the orange glass the purest sky turned a leaden green, dull with menace; the clear northern sunlight became a poisoned tropic glare. And the blue panes



made everything a crazy cold moon-scape, with strange grape-juice colors underneath the leaves. It reminded her of George's favorite remark, in moments of stress, that women's conduct is entirely physiological. Ponderous pedantry! Vulgar too. Physiology, a hateful word. Suddenly she felt an immense pity for all women . . . even Miss Clyde. She went up to the bedroom to get another sheet of paper.

George had actually moved the bureau at last, so that the light fell justly on the mirror. Yes, the pale green dress was pretty. Like lettuce and mayonnaise, George had said, admiring the frail yellow collar. It brought out the clear blue of the eyes, like sluiced pebbles. She was almost amazed (looking closely) to see how clear they were, after so many angers, so much—physiology. One can be candid in solitude. Thirty-four. What was that story she had read which said that a woman is at her most irresistible at thirty-five? Mother had sent it to her in a magazine and had written in the margin *True of my Phyllis*. She laughed. What a merciless comedy life is. Ten years before Mother would have marked in the same way any story that said *twenty-five*. Was there no such thing as truth? Blessed Mother, who knew that woman must be flattered. Truth is about other people, not about me. A woman doesn't bear and rear three children . . . bring them into the world, a comelier phrase . . . and cohabit with a queer fish like George without knowing what life amounts to. And how enviable she was, young, pretty, slender, with three such adorable kiddies.

"I don't care, there won't be anyone at the Picnic prettier. I was made to be happy and I'm going to be."

She hummed a little tune. "Jesus lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly." George was vulgar, but he was amusing. When the beetle buzzed down inside her blouse at the beach supper, tickling and crawling so far that she had to go into the bushes to take him out, George said "That must have been the

bosom-fly you're always singing about." Sometimes it seemed as though the world was made for the vulgar people—there are always so many ridiculous embarrassments lying in wait for the sensitive. When the wind blew, her skirts always went higher than anyone else's. She would wear the new pink camisole at the Picnic, that fitted very snugly . . . still, a thing like that bosom-fly would hardly happen twice. George always wanted to take jam and sardines on a picnic: sticky stuff that attracts the bees and ants. Fortunately we're all wearing knickers nowadays. . . . Poor old blundering, affectionate, and maddening George. Still it was something to have married a man with brains. There were so many, so much more attractive, she could have had, as Mother (dear loyal Mother) often reminded her. It's a good thing people don't know what mothers and married daughters talk about. Away off in the future, when her own daughters were married, she would have *them* to confide in. You must have *someone* to whom you can say what you think. Three little girls, three darling little girls, like dolls. Thank goodness, there wasn't a boy to grow up like George: obstinate, greedy, always wanting to do the wrong thing . . . it was enough to break any woman's spirit, trying to teach a man to want to do things the way nice people do them. If George wanted to lead an unconventional life, he ought to have been an artist, not gone in for business. . . . And such a crazy kind of business—Publicity, now working for one company, now for another, here there and everywhere, neither flesh nor fowl nor good red income. A man ought to have a settled job, with an office in some fixed place, so you always know where he is. A country club is a good thing for a husband, too, where he can meet the right sort of men (how handsome they are in those baggy breeches and golf stockings), lawyers and a banker or two, influential men with nice manners. You can always 'phone to the clubhouse and leave word;

or drive up in the coupé (it ought to be a coupé) and bring him home to dinner. She could hear voices, voices of young pretty wives (not too young, not quite as pretty), "Who is that in the green dress, with the three little girls all dressed alike, aren't they *cunning*? . . . Oh, that's Mrs. Granville, Mrs. George Granville; her husband's in the advertising business, he adores her."

Where was the box of notepaper? The children must have been at it, the top has been jammed on carelessly, split at one corner. Of all annoying things the worst is to have people pawing in your bureau; there isn't any key, of course. How can a woman be happy if she can't even have any privacy in her own bureau drawer? If George ever wants anything he always comes rummaging here first of all. The other day it was the little prayer book. . . . "Why, George, what do you want with a prayer book? I thought you were an atheist." . . . "So I am, but I want to strengthen my disbelief. I was beginning to weaken." . . . What a way to talk. George *is* an atheist, but he believes in religion for other people: because it makes them more unselfish, I dare say. Yet, in a queer way, George has a pious streak. Perhaps he's really more religious than I am. The only thing I have against God is that He's a man . . . not a man, but . . . well, Masculine. How can He understand about the special troubles of women? That must be the advantage of being a Catholic, to pray to the Virgin, She can understand. But can She? After all, a Virgin . . . *I mustn't* let my mind run on like this, it's revolting the things you find yourself thinking.

From the bay window at the head of the stairs, over the garden and the sweep of grassy hill, she could see the water. Along the curve of shore, a thin crisp of foam edging the tawny sand. If she didn't get off that letter to Miss Clyde it would be too late for her to come to the Picnic. The Brooks were coming this afternoon. It was Nounou's eve-

ning off, too. What perfect weather. This lovely world, this lovely world.

As she went down George was in the hall, lighting his pipe. He looked very tall and ruddy and cheerful: almost handsome in his blue-linen shirt and flannel trousers. An eddy of smoke rose about his head. She halted on the stairs.

"George! Don't puff so much smoke. I want to see the top of your head. . . . I do believe it's getting thin."

"How pretty you look," he said. "I like the green shift."

He enjoyed calling things by wrong names, and the word *shift* always amused him. But this time she did not stop to correct him.

"You ought to wear a rubber cap when you go bathing. The salt water gets your hair all sticky, and then the comb tears it out. I don't mind your being an atheist, but I'd hate you to be bald."

He blew a spout of tobacco smoke up at her. It was extraordinarily fragrant. Oh, well, she thought, he's not a bad old thing. He's endurable.

"George." She intended to say, "I love you." But of their own accord the words changed themselves before they escaped into voice.

"George, do you love me?"

He made his usual unsatisfactory reply. "Well, what do you think?" Of course the proper answer is "I *adore* you." She knew, by now, that he never would make it; probably because he was aware she craved it.

"I'm writing Miss Clyde, to come to the Picnic."

He looked a little awkward.

"Needn't do that, I wrote to her yesterday. I said you were busy and wanted me to ask her."

"Well of all things . . ."

She curbed herself savagely. She *wouldn't* lose her temper. Damn, damn, damn . . . his damned impudence.

"When is she coming?"

"I don't know yet. To-morrow morning, I dare say."



"Well then, we'll have the Picnic tomorrow, get it over with."

He began to say something, put out his hand, but she brushed fiercely past him and ran into the dining room. She tore her letter into shreds, together with the clean sheet she had brought down. The room was full of a warm irritating buzz.

"George!" she cried angrily, with undeniable command. "Come here and put out this damned bee!"

### III

The kitchen was hot, flies were zig-zagging just under the ceiling, swerving silly triangles of ecstasy in the rising savor of roast and sizzling gravy.

"Lizzie, you *must* keep the screen door latched. There was a big bee in the dining room. That's how they get in. . . . Where are the children?"

"It's that man, he always leaves it open."

"The ice-man? Well, speak to him about it."

"No, ma'am, the one in the garden. The one Nounou took 'em down to the beach to get away from. She didn't think he was quite right."

What on earth was Lizzie talking about.

"A man in the garden? What's he doing here?"

"I gave him a piece of cake. He saw it in the pantry window and asked for some. Then he was in again for a glass of water."

Another problem. Life is just one perplexity after another. But there must be some explanation.

"He asked for a piece of cake? Who is he, the gardener?"

Lizzie was flushed with heat and impatience. Her voice rose shrilly.

"He didn't exactly ask for it, but he was lookin' in the window at it and he says, 'They always give me a piece of cake when I want it.' No, he ain't the gardener. I don't know who he is. I thought maybe a friend of yours, one o'

the artists. He was playin' with the kids."

Phyllis stepped outside, resolutely attempting not to think. Automatically she adjusted the lid of the garbage can. But the mind insists on thinking. Was it better for the can to stand there in the sun or to go in the cellar entry where it would be cooler? She stooped to lift it, then paused, abandoned the problem, left it where it was. Just like George to have rented an old-fashioned barracks like this, not even gas for cooking. No wonder the place had stood empty for years and years. The idea of cooking with coal in July! If the oil-range didn't come soon Lizzie would quit, she could see it in her face.

The garden seemed to sway and tremble in brilliant light. A warm sweetness of flowers floated lightly, the air was not really hot after all. Why did Nounou let the children leave their croquet mallets lying all anyhow about the lawn? Beyond the hedge of rose bushes, a blue glimpse of water. It *was* a heavenly place. There must be some consolation in a garden like this. If one could breathe it in deeply and not think, not think, just slack off the everlasting tension for a few moments. Of course it's quite useless, but I'm going to pray. God, please help me not to think. . . . No wonder the artists come here in summer, the Island is so lovely. Loafers, that's what they are, idling about enjoying themselves making pictures while other people plan the details of meals and housekeeping . . . and Picnics. She could imagine Miss Clyde sitting in the garden sketching, relishing it all, romping with the children, while *she* was doing the marketing. Are there enough blankets for the guest-room bed? And with only one bathroom . . . Miss Clyde is probably the kind of person who takes a terribly long time over her bath.

The strip of beach gravel that led toward the rose plot was warm and crackly underfoot. Among the gray pebbles were small bleached shells. Once upon

a time, she had told the children, those shells belonged to snails who lived in the sea. When the tide went out, their little rocky pool got warm and torpid in the glare. Then the sea came back again, crumbling over the ledges with a fresh hoarse noise: great gushes of cold salty water pouring in, waving the seaweeds, waking up the crabs. She could imagine the reviving snails wriggling happily in their spiral cottages, feeling that coolness prickle along their skins. She would like to lie down on the gravel and think about this. There was a bench in the rose garden, if she could get so far. When things are a bit too much for one (fine true old phrase: they *are* just a little too much for us, adorable torturing *things*) it's so strangely comforting to lie flat on sun-warmed earth . . . not here, Lizzie could see her from that synoptic pantry window. But just round this corner, behind the shrubbery

Someone was doing it already. Oh, this must be the man Lizzie spoke of. How very odd: sprawled on the gravel, playing with pebbles. Lizzie must have been right, one of the artists. Unconventional, to come into a private garden like that . . . asking for a piece of cake. Never be surprised, though, at artists. Perhaps he's doing a still-life painting: something very modern, a slice of coconut cake on a lettuce leaf. Artists enjoy making pictures of food. But he'd been playing with the children, Lizzie said. What sort of person would play with children before being introduced to their parents? Perhaps he wanted to do a portrait of them. Portraits of children were better done with the mother, who could keep them quiet. . . . I always think there's no influence like a mother's, don't you? . . . On the bench in the rose garden, that would be the place. She could see the picture, reproduced in *Vanity Fair*: Green Muslin: Study of Mrs. George Granville and Her Daughters. But strange the man didn't get up, he must hear her coming. He looked like a gentleman.

"How do you do?" she said, a little coldly.

He was studying the pebbles; at the sound of her voice he twisted and looked up over his shoulder. He seemed faintly shy, yet also entirely composed.

"Hullo!" he said. "I mean, how do you do." His voice was very gentle. (How different from George.) Something extraordinary about his way of looking at her, what clear hazel eyes! Instead of offering any explanation, he seemed waiting for her to say something. She had confidently expected a quick scramble to his feet, a courteous apology for intruding. She felt a little angry at herself for not being able to speak as reprovingly as he deserved. But there was a crumb on his chin, somehow this weakened her. A man who would come into people's gardens and ask for cake and not even wipe the crumbs off his chin. He must be someone rather special.

"You're doing just what I wanted to," she said.

He looked at her, still with that placid inquiry.

"I mean lying on the ground in the sun."

"It's nice," he said.

Really, of all embarrassing situations. If he didn't get up, she felt that in another minute she *would* be sprawling there herself. A very ungraceful pose for the portrait: Mrs. George Granville and Her Daughters, prone on the gravel. Women ought not to lie like that anyway, it humps up the sitting-part so obviously. Yet they always do in bathing suits, most candid of all costumes. Perhaps for that very reason. . . . This was too absurd. Thank goodness, he was getting to this feet. The crumb shone in the sunlight, it adhered to his chin with some of Lizzie's sticky white icing.

"Was the cake good?" She meant this to be rather cutting, and was pleased to see him look a little frightened.

"Awfully good." Now he looked hopeful, rather like a dog. She could not



altogether understand the queer way he had of studying her: steadily, yet without any of the annoying or alarming intimations that long gazes usually suggest. But he made no movement to leave.

"I suppose you're waiting for another piece."

"Yes," he said, smiling.

Now, she felt, she had him trapped. This would destroy him.

"You haven't finished the first."

He understood at once, and ran his tongue toward his chin until it found the crumb. She watched it disappear with the feeling of having lost an ally. She had counted on that crumb to humiliate him with.

"All gone," he announced gaily. What could one do with a man like that?

"I suppose you're an artist." Not knowing what else to do, she had turned toward the house, and he was walking with her. He was tall and pleasantly dressed and had rather a nice way of walking: politely tentative, yet with plenty of assurance.

"I'm Martin."

Her mind made little rushes one way and another, trying to think if she had heard of him. He must be very famous, to give his name with such easy simplicity. Why do I know so little about art? she asked herself. Well, how can I keep up with things?—there's always so much to do. It's George's fault, expecting me to run a big house. If we'd gone to the Inn . . . what are the names of the famous painters? She could see George at the pantry window. In a moment she would have to introduce them, what should she say? What was George doing in the pantry?

"George, let that cake alone!" she called. It sounded a pleasant humorous cry, but George's well-tuned ear caught the undertone of fury. That was just like George. Whenever he was angry or upset he went to the pantry and got himself something to eat.

"I was saving the cake for the Picnic," she explained.

"A Picnic!" said the stranger. His brown face was bright with interest. "When?"

If George could invite people to the Picnic, why shouldn't she? By the way, I mustn't forget to order some sardines.

"Where are you staying?" she asked.

Apparently he didn't understand this, for he replied, "I don't mind." He was looking at the pantry window, where George's guilty face peered out from behind the wire screen.

"How funny he looks, like a guinea pig in a cage," he said.

That was exactly what George did look like, squinting out into the sunshine. The end of his nose, pressed against the mesh, was white and red, like a half-ripe strawberry.

"George, this is Mr. Martin, the famous artist. He's coming to our Picnic."

#### IV

George was in a fidget, in the little sitting room that opened off the hall. It was just under the stairs, and when anyone went up or down he could hear the feet and couldn't help pausing to identify them by the sound. It was astonishing how many footsteps passed along those stairs; and if they ceased for a while it was no better, for he found himself subconsciously waiting for the next and wondering whose they would be. He had laid out his maps and papers and the portable typewriter, all ready to begin work: the draft of his booklet on Summer Tranquillity (for the Eastern Railroad) would soon be due.

His mind was too agitated to compose but he began clattering a little on the machine, at random, just to give the impression that he was working. What a senseless idea, to imagine that he could really get anything done here, buried in the country! He could not concentrate because there was nothing to concentrate *from*. There was only the huge vacancy of golden summer, droning pine trees, yawning beaches, the barren pagan earth under a crypt of air. The world

shimmered like a pale jewel with a flame of uneasiness as its core. The place to write about Summer Tranquillity would have been that hot secret little office of his in town, where the one window opened like a furnace door into a white blaze of sunshine, where perspiration dripped from his nose on the typewriter keys, but where he had the supreme sensation of intangible solitude.

What on earth were they walking about for upstairs? Was she showing the man the whole house? He looked distractedly across the garden. The listless beaming of the summer noon lay drowsy upon the lawn, filling him with an appalling sense of his absurd futility. As Phyllis had so often said, he was neither business man nor artist. What the devil was he working for, what goal was there, what fine flamboyant achievement was possible? He had a feeling of being alone against the world, a poor human clown wrestling with grotesque obsessions. He leaned toward the glass-paned bookcase, tilting his head anxiously to see the reflection of the top . . . certainly it was receding in a V above each temple—but that made the forehead seem higher. He turned again to the window, a little ashamed of his agitations. Beyond the glass verandah he caught the stolid gaze of the cook at the pantry window. He averted his head quickly: ridiculous that you can't do anything without catching someone's eye. All this was just insanity, he took up the page he was working on and rolled it into the typewriter. Page 38 . . . like himself, thirty-eight, and forty only two pages away. I suppose that at forty a man feels just as young as ever, but . . . it's absurd to feel as young as I do, at thirty-eight. . . .

Phyllis's footsteps were coming downstairs. He was always worried when he heard them like that: slow and light, pausing every few treads. That meant she was thinking about something, and in a minute there would be a new problem for him to consider. When he heard them like that he usually rushed

into the hall, demanding hotly, "Well, what is it *now*?"

"What is what?"

"You know I can't work when you come downstairs like that."

"Like *what*?"

"As though you were worrying."

"Well, why didn't you take a house where I could slide down the banisters?"

This time, the feet came down so slowly he felt sure she *wanted* him to rush out. The rushing out always put him in the wrong. Well he just wouldn't. He would stay where he was, that would show her he was indignant. He took out page 38, put in a blank sheet and rattled the keys vigorously. But he felt cheated of a sensation. He always enjoyed bursting out, through the door at the foot of the stairs, and catching her transfixed on the landing, with the big windows behind her—half frightened, half angry. He would not have told her so, but it was partly because she was so pretty there: the outline of her comely defiant head against the light, her smooth arm emerging from the dainty sleeve that caught and held a pearly brightness. How lovely she is, he thought; it's gruesome for her to be so pretty and talk such nonsense. . . .

She was at the telephone. He could hear her talking to the grocer. "I'm sorry, Mr. Cotswold, is it too late to catch the driver? I've got some unexpected guests. . . ."

He hastened into the hall. "Don't forget the sardines" he shouted.

She looked at him calmly with the instrument at her mouth. She seemed surprisingly tranquil.

"Never mind then, thank you," she said to Mr. Cotswold with the particularly cordial and gracious voice which (George felt) was meant to emphasize the coolness with which she would now speak to him.

"If you want sardines you'll have to go and get them yourself. The driver's left."

She went into the sitting room and pulled the blind half-way down. He



followed her and raised it to the top of the window again. She sat on the couch, and he was surprised to see a dangerous merriment in her face.

"I suppose you think you can shut yourself in here and just let the house run itself," she said. "Like a sardine."

"I have to do my work, don't I?"

She looked at the sheet in the typewriter, on which was written wildly *Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of this absurd family*. But she did not comment on it, and George felt that this was one of her moments of genius. He wondered, in alarm, what she was going to do with him next. He felt helpless as only a husband can.

"Well, anyhow, they pack sardines in oil, not in vinegar," he said angrily. This sounded so silly it made him angrier still. He closed the door and cried in a fierce undertone, "What's the idea, this man Martin? Who is he? Is he staying for lunch?"

"He's an artist. I thought you liked artists."

"Yes, but we don't have to fill the house with 'em."

"I've put him in the spare room."

"In the spare room! What about Miss Clyde?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. He seemed to expect it somehow. He's a very irresistible person."

"I guess I can resist him. If we've got to have him in the house we can put him in here, on the couch."

"It's too late. He's in the spare room now, washing his hands—You needn't have been so rude when I brought him in."

"I didn't like his looks," George mumbled.

This wasn't true. George *had* liked his looks, but he had resented that gay and careless air. He looks as if he didn't have a thing on earth to worry about, George thought. And he comes floating in here, with casual ease, among the thousand interlocking tensions of George's difficulties, to gaze with untroubled eye on his host's restless perplexity.

"I'm going to put the two older children on the sleeping porch, so Ben and Ruth can have their room. Miss Clyde will have to go on this couch."

"How about me?"

"Well, we can sleep together I suppose. It won't kill us, for a few nights."

Not if I know it, George thought. That old walnut bedstead, with the deep valley in the middle, so that we both keep rolling against each other. Unless you clutch the post and lie on a slope all night. Besides, Phyl is so changeable in temperature. When she goes to bed she's chilly and wants to kindle her feet against you. Then by and by she gets warmed up and it's like sleeping with a hot bottle five feet long. On a night in July, too. Whenever I get comfortable she wants to turn over on the other side; that brings us face to face. Impossible! How unexpected life is. If anyone had told me twelve years ago that it would be so irritating to sleep in the same bed with a pretty woman, I shouldn't have believed it. I'll sleep on the window seat in the upstairs hall. No: that won't do; if Miss Clyde is in the den she'll have to be coming upstairs to the bathroom and Phyl won't like me spread out there in public. It's funny: sleeping is the most harmless thing people ever do, why are they so furtive about it?

But George rather liked the idea of Miss Clyde on his couch. To conceal this private notion, he argued against it.

"Miss Clyde will be a long way from the bathroom," he said.

"There's no other place to put her. You're always talking about artists, their fine easy ways, I guess she won't mind if someone sees her in a wrapper."

She'd look charming in a wrapper, George thought. The queer little boyish thing! I can just imagine her. It would be blue, a kind of filmy blue crêpe. Coming up the stairs, the morning sunlight would catch her through those big windows: her small curves delicately outlined in a haze of soft color, her hair tousled, a flash of white ankle as she reached the top step. He would sit up

on the window-seat, as though just drowsily awakened. Oh . . . good morning! Good morning. What a picture you would make. Silhouette Before Breakfast. Life is full of so many heavenly pictures. . . . Then (the bay-window above the garden would be calm and airy in the before-breakfast freshness of July; the house just beginning that dreamy stir which precedes the affairs of day) she would come across to him . . . he hardly dared admit, even to himself, how far they had gone in imagination.

"I'm damned if I want strange women careering all over the house in their wrappers," he said with well-simulated peevishness.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Phyllis. "There's nothing you'd like better. Unless without their wrappers."

"What's the use of being vulgar?" he said. He thought: How gorgeous Phyllis is. You can't fool her.

Poor old George, thought Phyllis. I believe he imagines that he's attractive to women. But I won't say that to him, he's in such a stew already.

"Miss Clyde is one of the most truly refined people I ever met."

This didn't quite succeed. Phyllis was always annoyed when George attempted to bunco her. He was so transparent.

"I believe you imagine you're attractive to women," she said.

"Hell," he said, "I don't even take time to think about it."

"If that were true, you'd be much more so."

If I'd finished this cursed booklet, he thought, I'd take a little time off and be attractive to women, just to surprise her. Why, damnation, I could even make Phyl fall in love with me if it was worth taking the trouble. The way to please women is to show them that you know they're not happy, and that their special kind of unhappiness is a particularly subtle and lonely one, but curable by sympathy. It's queer to think of all the people in the world, and how troubled

they are when they look one another straight in the eyes. If I knew why that is I'd know everything. The devil of it is, women have begun to think. That's why everything is so uneasy. Why even Phyllis has begun to think. I mustn't let her, because she's too fond of being comfortable. It'll only upset her. She *must* be kept amused. That's the beauty of money, it's a substitute for thinking. It can surround you with delightful distractions. It's like women, too: it comes to the fellows who know how to entertain it. I must learn how to be attractive to money.

"Certainly, Phyl, no one can say that *you're* attractive to women. You're too pretty." He leaned over and kissed the end of her nose. There, perhaps that would calm her; he might still be able to do half an hour's writing before the children came back from the beach. That was the only solution. Simplify, simplify life by burying yourself in some work of imagination . . . such as the Eastern Railway booklet. He smiled bitterly. Those were the only happy people, the artists—immersed in dreams like frogs in a pond, only their eyes bulging just above the surface. But how are you going to attain that blissful absorption? Dominate the ragings of biology by writing railroad folders? The whole universe turns contrary, he thought, to the one who wants to create. Time is against him, carnal distraction, the natural indolence of man. Yes, even God is against him: God Who invented everything and is jealous of other creators. If Phyllis hadn't been there he would have fallen on his knees by the couch and told God what he thought of Him.

They heard someone coming downstairs. Phyllis rose.

"Come in, Mr. Martin! See the nice little den where George does his work."

## V

George is carving the meat. He always feels better at meal times. The trouble with me, he thinks, is that I take



things too seriously. I dare say I haven't any sense of humor. Let's see if we can't make a sort of fresh start from this moment.

The three little girls are brown and gay. Phyllis looks tired but busily exhibits that staccato sprightliness that comes over her when there are guests. This Mr. Martin seems a silent fellow. The children stare at him, and seem to have some joke among themselves; Sylvia and Rose nudge each other and giggle. I always think it's a mistake to let the two younger ones sit side by side. But Mr. Martin seems unaware of them: his eyes are fixed on Phyllis with a cheerful watchfulness. He's a solemn bird, thinks George, but he has the good taste to admire Phyl. I hope he won't overdo it, for her sake. She can't stand much admiring: it goes to her head right away.

"Well," Phyllis says, "this is really delightful. A distinguished guest is just what we needed to make the Picnic a success. Children, don't kick the legs of the table. . . . Mr. Granville is so fond of artists, he employs such a lot of them in his business. Of course I dare say your kind of work is quite different, but there must be a lot of painters who wouldn't know what to do if it weren't for the little advertising jobs that come along. We're so happy to be in the country again. Of course we live very simply, but Mr. Granville can always work so well when he gets away from the office. I feel so sorry for the men who have to be in town all summer."

George feels a violent impulse to contradict her, but masters it. "Phyl," he says, "ask Lizzie to bring a spoon for the gravy. She always forgets it . . . Mr. Martin, I'll tell you the kind of people we are, we never have a carving knife sharp enough to cut with."

"Well, George, it's not our own carving knife. You see, Mr. Martin, we took this house furnished, it's not like having our own things."

"Our own isn't any better," George's voice shouts angrily inside his head, but he manages to keep it from coming out.

"Are we going to the Haunted House for the Picnic?" the children ask.

"Not unless you take your elbows off the table," Phyllis says sharply. Mr. Martin, who looks puzzled, takes his elbows off too.

"Yes, if it doesn't rain," George says. He is too experienced a parent ever to make positive promises.

This would have been a good day for cold meat and salad, he thinks, sawing away at the joggling slippery roast. Phyllis sees him thinking it. "I'm sorry to have hot meat on such a warm day, but we'll need it to-morrow for the sandwiches. There's some iced tea coming."

"Hot meat to make your inside hot, iced tea to make it cold," the children exclaim. "Do we have to eat the fat?"

They always ask this question. Then Mr. Martin asks it too, which causes amusement. How delightful Mr. Martin is, Phyllis thinks. He has a sort of eagerness to be happy, to enjoy things, to move blithely from one minute to the next. Even George feels it, he looks less cross. But George, as he takes down a tall glass of iced tea in one draught, is making calmly desperate resolves. I haven't the faintest idea what anything means, he is telling himself, but I'm just going to go on placidly. I'll go cracked if I keep worrying. One of the little girls wriggles happily on her chair, her pink frock has slipped sideways on her smooth brown shoulder, showing the frilled strap of her shirt. With a gentle twitch George pulls her dress straight and pats the child's golden nape. She looks at him with innocent affection. That little bare shoulder makes him think of women and their loveliness and all the torments of unease to which these poor youngsters must grow up. He concentrates his mind on the blue-and-white platter, the brown gravy dimpled with clear circles of fat and turning ruddy as the juice of the roast trickles down, the amber tea with slices of lemon. Thank heaven, Time still lies before them all like an ocean. Even he and Phyllis are young;

they don't need to do anything definite about life, not yet. Keep your mind on the small beautiful details, the crackling yield of bread-crust under the knife, the wide hills over the sea, sunset on open spaces that evaporates all passion, all discontent. He picks up his napkin from the rug, helps himself to vegetables, and begins to eat.

"The Picnic is our great annual adventure," Phyllis was saying. "I hope you won't think us too silly, but we *do* look forward to it enormously. It's such fun to forget about things once in a while and just have a good time."

"Yes," said George, "we worry about it for weeks beforehand. And we always invite more people than the house can properly hold."

Phyllis flashed a little angry brightness across the table.

"You mustn't think us too informal if things are a bit crowded. That's part of the fun."

"What is informal?" asked Mr. Martin quite gravely.

George smiled. Why the man was kidding her.

"Informal's what women always say they're going to be, and never are."

"George loves to lay down the law about women, Mr. Martin. As a matter of fact, he knows nothing about them. I expect you know more than he does, even if you're a bachelor."

"Is there a lot to know?" said Mr. Martin.

The man's delightful, thought George.

I never felt as queer as this before, thought Phyllis. I feel as though something astonishing were going to happen. Or worse still, as though nothing would *ever* happen. How many sandwiches shall we need? Three children, two of us, Mr. Martin, Ben and Ruth, Miss Clyde—that makes nine. When this gruesome Picnic is over perhaps I shall have a chance to ease up. I feel as though I should like to fall in love with someone. I wonder if Mr. Martin would do.

"Mr. and Mrs. Brook are coming this

evening," she said gaily. "You'll like them, they're charming."

"As a matter of fact," said George (she always knew, when he began with that phrase, that he was going to contradict her) "they're the dullest people on earth; so completely dull that you can't help envying them. They're the perfect mates, too stupid even to disagree with each other. If every other couple in the world went smash, marriage would still be justified by Ben and Ruth."

"How do couples go smash?" asked Janet.

"You finish your beans and don't talk," said Phyllis.

She was pleasantly fluttered by the way Mr. Martin looked at her. His eyes kept returning from his plate: lingering on her face with a gently inquiring studiousness that was not at all offensive. I believe he really does want to do a portrait of me, she thought. He's fixing the features in his mind. She turned her head toward Sylvia and Rose so that he would see the half-profile with an appealing madonna softness upon it. The colored glass panes behind her, what a vivid background that would make. . . . But she felt he was about to ask a question, and allowed her eyes to come round to meet him, to make it easier for him.

"Do I have to finish my beans?" he said.

What a difficult question to answer. There must be some joke that she did not see.

"Beans make bones," asserted Rose fatuously.

"Why of course not," she said hastily. "I was afraid that cocoanut cake would take away your appetite." No, that was the wrong thing to say; she saw George's face sharpen at the mention of the cake: he was getting ready to blurt out something and she felt sure it would be awkward. With the speed of a hunted animal her mind dodged in search of some remark that would give her time to think.

"I like the English way of serving beans, slicing them lengthwise, you



know; it makes them so tender, without any strings." There; surely that would dispose of the absurd topic. "George, what are you going to do this afternoon? Go for a swim?"

"But these *are* string beans," said George. "They're supposed to have strings. Perhaps Mr. Martin misses them."

"If he doesn't finish his beans, Virginia can have them," Sylvia suggested. "She eats vegetables sometimes."

Virginia was the cat, just now obviously misnamed. Phyllis knew very well what was coming next, but she could not speak fast enough to avert it.

"Beans will be good for her," said Janet with enthusiasm. "She's going to have a family very soon, she needs nourishing food."

"Mother says she mustn't have a shock, it might be bad for the kittens."

"That'll do, never mind about Virginia."

Lizzie was making grimaces from the kitchen door, holding up a cup custard and contorting a red face of inquiry. Phyllis nodded. But perhaps Lizzie means there aren't enough custards to go round. "Oh, Lizzie, put on the fruit too."

George, with his damnable persistence, had not forgotten.

"How about the cake?" he asked.

"George, you know we've got to save the cake for the Picnic. I can't ask Lizzie to make another one."

"It's been cut already," he said.

I'm *not* going to be humiliated like this in front of a stranger. George is just doing it because he sees Mr. Martin admires me. Will this meal never end? I'm past battling over trifles. Have the cake if you want it. I don't care. If Lizzie puts it on, all right. Leave it to her. I'm not going to order it on. Cooks always take the man's side anyhow. I'm afraid Mr. Martin will think we're lunatics.

"What do you think of a husband that always knows exactly what's in the pantry?" she asked him.

A moment later she couldn't remember what he had said to this. Perhaps it's because I'm so absorbed in my own thoughts. It's odd, how much he conveys without saying anything, just by a look.

Lizzie had put on the cake. Phyllis saw at once that there were only six custards. She could tell, by the way Lizzie planked them down, there were no more in the kitchen. If they all took one there wouldn't be any for Lizzie herself. She refused the custard. She wanted a peach, but felt that the effort of peeling it was too much. Soft fuzzy skin and wet fingers. Then George, with that occasional insight that always surprised her, passed her one peeled and sliced.

"Yes," he said, "we ought to have a bathe, unless there's a storm. Relieve the pressure on the bathroom."

"Then we'll all be nice and clean for the Picnic," exclaimed the children.

"Miss Clyde is coming," George continued. "She's an artist too, perhaps Mr. Martin knows her."

"Bring the jug of iced tea in the garden, let's finish it out there," said Phyllis. "It's stifling here. . . . Children, you go and get your naps."

The little table was under the pine trees, the other side of the croquet oval. The grove smelled warm and slippery. Now there are the long hours of the afternoon to be lived through, somehow. George sprawled himself on the brown needles, the smoke of his pipe drifted past her in a blue whiff. Mr. Martin put a chair for her.

"I love these pine trees," she said. "They're always whispering."

"It isn't polite to whisper."

She smiled at him. He does say the quaintest things.

"Nature never is polite. On an afternoon like this the whole world seems to yawn in your face."

"These trees smell like cough drops." This was George.

An artist's mind is always on the beautiful, Phyllis thought. She pulled her skirt down a little, and tried to de-

cide what was the most beautiful thing visible, so she could call his attention to it. She wished she hadn't said that about yawning, she felt one coming on. The hot lunch had made her frightfully drowsy. Across the bay thunderheads were massing and rolling up, deep golden purple. "I wish I could paint," she said, "see those wonderful—" But she began the sentence too late; the yawn overtook her in the middle of it.

"Wonderful what?" asked George, looking up. She was struggling with the desire to gape: she trembled with the violence of her effort. George stared.

"Are you ill?"

"Wonderful clouds," she finished savagely.

"If you poured heavy cream into a glass of grape juice," George said, "it would look just like that—coiling round and clotting."

Sickening idea.

"I know exactly what's going to happen—just about the time I have to drive over . . ."

He was going to say it, she felt it coming. He was going to say *depot* instead of *station*. George always said *depot* when they were in the country, and she couldn't bear it. It was coming, it was coming; everything was predestined; all her life she had known this scene was on the way, sitting under the hot croup-kettle smell of the pine trees, blue thunder piling up on the skyline, poor adorable George mumbling away, and Mr. Martin watching them with his air of faint surprise. It was like the beginning of some terrible poem. Everything in life was a symbol of everything else. The slices of lemon lying at the bottom of the iced-tea jug, on a soft cloud of undissolved sugar, even they were a symbol of something. . . .

"George!" she interrupted desperately. "I had the most terrible premonition. I felt that you were going to say *depot*."

"Why, yes, I was going to say, just about the time I'm ready to drive over . . ."

For his own sake, for her sake, for Mr.

Martin's sake, George must be prevented. If he used that word she would know that all this was foreordained, beyond help and hope. With a quick movement she pushed her glass of tea off the table, it cascaded onto George's ankle. He paused in surprise.

"I'm so sorry. How careless of me, your nice white socks. Look out, that little piece of ice is going down inside your shoe."

She felt that the guest's eyes were upon her. He must have seen her do it. "Is that why they call it a tumbler?" he said.

"Never mind," said George cheerfully. "It feels fine. I wish it was down my neck."

For a moment transparent Time swung in a warm, dull, uncertain equilibrium. Phyllis could see Lizzie jolt heavily down the kitchen steps and bend over the garbage can. The grinding clang of the lid came like a threatening clap of cymbals. How glorious if she and Lizzie, each with a garbage can and lid, could suddenly break into a ritual dance on the lawn, posturing under the maddening sunlight, clashing away their fury in a supreme dervish protest. How surprised George and Mr. Martin would be. She and Lizzie making frantic and mocking gestures, sweating the comedy out of their veins, breaking through the dull mask of polite behavior into the great rhythms and furies of life. No longer to be tired out by little things, but to be exhausted and used by some great ecstasy. And how weary she was of keeping to herself her heavy burden of secret desires and pangs. Why couldn't she tell George? But if you tried to tell George things he went far far away . . . because, probably, he too had so much that he yearned to tell. You can't really be intimate with people who know you so well. Yet she had never been so fond of him. Here, in this garden, they seemed for an instant secure from the terror of the world. Behind these walls, these burning roses, disorderly forces could not reach them.



Mr. Martin was a comforting sort of guest, he did not talk but just looked happy, spooning up the sugar from the bottom of his glass. Drink life to the bottom of the vessel, you always find some sugar there, all the more palatable for the lemony taste.

A clear compulsory ringing trilled keenly across the lawn. They listened, unwilling to move.

Then there was the squeak of the screen being lifted in the pantry window. Lizzie put out her head and called. Phyllis found it impossible to stir.

"George, you go. Then you can put on some dry socks."

"Nonsense," he said, getting up. "I'll be lots wetter than that if the storm breaks while I'm driving to the depot."

## VI

Phyllis could feel the whole flat of visible world gently tilting. Equilibrium, if there had been any, was gone: they had begun to slide. George, receding across the level grass, seemed to descend a downward slope. Martin was lying at ease on the ground beside her, with one knee bent and the other leg cocked across it. Perhaps that's why he's so fond of lying on the ground. It's easier to keep from sliding. He seemed to have forgotten she was there and was humming to himself. She felt he had the advantage that silent people always have over the talkative. But if she could get him into conversation she could make him realize that she was more thoughtful than she seemed.

"I'm glad you didn't finish your beans," she began.

He did not seem surprised. "I'm glad you're glad," he said presently.

"I don't like finishing things either."

To this he said nothing at all, and she realized that her carefully drilled waggishness, which she kept for callers, would descend upon her in a minute. She struggled against it, but of its own accord an archly playful remark popped out.

"Now you mustn't let us bore you, you must feel free to do whatever you want, I think it's dreadful to force guests to be amused."

"I feel awfully free. Don't you?"

This was so unexpected that her mind went quite blank. There seemed no possible reply that was worth making.

"I should like to lie in bed and laugh," he said calmly.

Phyllis tried to think of something to laugh about. It suddenly struck her that there are days when one does not laugh at all. Evidently this was one of them. The world had swinked and looped its wild orbit for uncountable ages, all to produce this latest moment of lucid afternoon; and yet what cause was there for mirth? But if she could produce a clear chime of amusement it would be a mannerly and attractive thing to do. She opened her mouth for it, but only managed a sort of satiric cackle.

"You mustn't *try* to laugh," he said. "It's bad for you."

She wondered whether she ought to pretend offense. Of course I'm not really offended: there's something so gently impersonal about his rudenesses. In this dreadful vortex of life that seems to spin us round and round, how amazing to find someone so completely nonchalant, so . . . so untouched by anxiety . . . as though his mind had never been *bruised*. (When she found the right word she always liked to think of it as underlined.)

She had often wondered, hopefully, if she would ever be tempted beyond her strength. Absurd: this was the sort of thing that simply didn't happen to . . . to nice people. But there was a warm currency in her blood, radiant and quivering. She ought to go indoors and lie down . . . lie on her bed and laugh; but feeling her knees tremble, she remembered that the underskirt was very sheer, and in that violent sunlight, walking across the lawn, he would see an ungraceful bifid silhouette. . . . You can't really shock women, but you have to be

so careful not to startle men . . . without seeming to pay special attention, he was evidently terribly observant. . . . What was it George had said once?—that she was so beautiful his eye always enjoyed imagining the lines of her . . . her . . . No, *body* is a horrid word . . . her figure . . . under her thin dress. George was so carnal.

"All the things I like are bad for me."

She said this almost unconsciously, for her mind had gone a long way ahead. She was thinking that if George drove recklessly through a thunderstorm, and the car skidded, and he . . . died . . . passed away . . . on the way to the hospital at Dark Harbor (because the most appalling things do happen sometimes: why, once a flake of burning tobacco blew from George's pipe into his eye, as he was turning a corner, and the car almost went into the ditch) . . . what on earth would she do? Wire to New York for mourning, and would it be proper to keep Mr. Martin in the house after the funeral? The little churchyard on the dunes would be such a picturesque place to bury a husband: sandy soil, too (it seems so much cleaner, somehow) and harebells among the stones. What was that kind of lettering George was always talking about? Yes, Caslon: he would like that—GEORGE GRANVILLE, IN THE 39TH YEAR OF HIS AGE. . . . Certainly it would never do to have him there after the interment. (Mr. Martin, that is.) It would have to be at two o'clock so he could get the 3:18 train. Two o'clock makes it rather early, it would interrupt George's nap after lunch. . . .

But Mr. Martin was sitting up, looking at her with interest.

"Really?" he was asking. "You feel that way too?"

She had forgotten what she said; and she couldn't very well say "*What way?*" She must have said something rather good, because he was gazing at her with lively expectancy. His inquisitive eyes, eager brown face, were utterly charming. How fascinating human

beings are, she thought: their nice fabricky clothes, their queerly carved faces. She wanted to stretch beside him on the shiny needles, let the sun bake and cook away this horrible curdling sickness that shook inside her; purify all her idiocy in the warm clear pleasure of exchanging ideas.

"Yes," she said, with her perfected smile. She wanted to put her hand on his shoulder, to know if he was actual. When the whole fire and anger of a woman's life reaches out for some imagined fulfillment she finds no luxury of phrase to say her pang. She is a movement of nature, a wind that stirs the grass, a moth blundering in the rain. I shall tell him in a minute, I shall tell him, God help me not to tell him. Is this being tempted beyond my strength? But this isn't temptation, this is just Truth. This was God Himself. Weren't we told to love God? Perhaps George would say that biology was just making fun of her. You're not supposed to love more than one person at a time—not in the same way, at least. . . .

"Even Picnics?"

"Don't speak of the Picnic," she said. "I hate to think of it. Damn the Picnic."

He looked startled.

"George made up a limerick once," she said. "It began like this: *I never believed in monogamy, My husband has just made a dog o' me.* But he couldn't find another rhyme."

"What's monogamy?"

"Something terrible," she said, laughing. This was the real laughter she had hoped for. She seemed lifted, purged, held in a twinkling skein of mirth. Laughter, like flame, purifies. Certainly he was adorable, but she couldn't quite make him out. Plainly he was making fun of her; but she could see he was the kind of person who would not try, clumsily, to say the things that ought never to be said. Every woman knows them all anyway.

A clatter on the verandah, three serial slams of the screen door, quick crunching of gravel, the children. How she



loved them—the gay flutter of their short dresses, the brown slender legs gradually paling toward their soft fat little hams. They came running across the lawn, knees lifting and shining in the brilliant light. They surrounded her in a hot laughing group, breathlessly explaining some plan. Daddy was going to take them swimming, if there was a storm they could go into the bathhouse, it wouldn't matter anyway if they had their bathing suits on, Daddy would play *Moby Dick the White Whale*. The words came tumbling out of them—they seemed packed with words, bursting with a vision of green warm water scalloped with foam, Daddy the White Whale snorting in the surf, the prickling terror of storm darkening the sky. What vitality, what career of the spirit of life!

"Children, children, don't forget your manners. Make a nice curtsy to Mr. Martin."

At once they became well-regulated little dolls. What a picture, she thought: The Curtsy . . . the three children bobbing, their Mother in the background, supervising as it were: seeing that Life kept within bounds, did no violence to the harmony of the composition. Because (heavens!) it was bad enough for *her* to feel as she did; she couldn't endure the thought of Janet and Sylvia and Rose growing up to such—such disorders. If they were painted like that, curtsying, of course the pose would be difficult to hold. But all poses are difficult to hold.

"I don't know that I like the idea of your bathing with a storm coming on," she said. That was George, putting wild schemes in their heads.

"It's what we're all doing all the time," said George. He had come quietly across the grass while she was showing the children off to Martin.

This was so surprisingly subtle, for George, she scanned him in amazement. He looked like An Anchor to Windward, A Stitch in Time, Something Put By for a Rainy Day. No one ever looked less like a Leap in the Dark. In short, he

looked like a Husband: large, strong, reliable, long-suffering, and uninteresting. The best way to look, probably, for the interesting people have such a painful time.

"It was a telegram, from Miss Clyde," he said. "She's coming this afternoon. Same train as the Brooks."

"This afternoon! I thought it was to-morrow."

There was something guilty about George's shrug. He must have told her to come to-day.

"Well, then, George. You'll have to clean up your den right away. And the Brooks are going into the children's room, that bed has got to be fixed. It's all right for Janet, but that spring'll have to be fixed before Ben and Ruth sleep there."

The children's faces were troubled.

"It's all right, little toads," said George. "You go and get your swim anyhow. Mr. Martin can go with you and be the White Whale. I'll come down as soon as I've fixed the beds."

"I haven't any suit," said Martin.

"All the more like the White Whale," said George. "But you can take mine; it's in the bathhouse."

The children, gaily chattering, led Martin off. Phyllis watched them along the hot pebbly path. Beyond the sundial it curved through shrubbery to the green picket gate. Here, up a grassy gully, came the sharp breath of the sea. In a sort of daze her eyes went with them. That little valley, between the tall dunes, was like a channel through which, if the level garden tilted ever so little, all life would sluice out. When the gate opened it would be like pulling the plug in a bathtub. Everything would begin to flow. With a horrid gurgling sound, probably.

George was beneficently silent. Dreamily she found herself following Martin and the children. If she got as far as that tuft of grass without George speaking, she would not need to answer. She was almost there. She *was* there. She put her foot squarely on it. Then to her

surprise she turned and waited. George was filling his pipe. His silence could only mean one thing: he was frightened about something. She felt her advantage come swimming back into her, a thrilling flutter of strength.

"Well, why don't you say something?"

He blazed with delighted peevishness.

"At least tell me which bed is which?" he shouted.

"Both of them," she said.

Now the others were hidden behind the shrubbery. In a minute they'd be through the gate. She drifted swiftly after. There was the place on the gravel where she had found him lying. The pebbles were still scuffed about. But even if the gardener raked the path a thousand times she would never forget that exact spot. They were at the gate. The children were showing him how fine it is for swinging on. All was clear in her mind. She would tell the girls to run ahead, and as they twinkled down the slope she would turn to Martin. Her eyes would tell him everything. . . . No, not everything; but enough to begin with.

Then, *I love you*, she would say. Softly. She whispered it to herself to be sure she had the right intonation. How long was it since she had said that as it should be said, with amazement and terror?

Ten years? Why a woman ought to be able to say it like that . . . well, every other year anyhow.

"Don't swing on that gate more than one at a time," she called. "You'll break the hinges," and added, to justify herself in Martin's ears, "Remember, chickens, it's not *our* gate."

They turned, surprised to see her following.

"Children," she began, "you run ahead, I want . . ."

The alert attentive faces of the little girls were too much for her. They gaped over the palings. They knew something queer was happening. They always know, as calmly detached as nurses in a hospital who smile faintly at what the patients say under ether.

She hesitated, looking down at her ankles. How trim and orderly they were; when she put on those white silk stockings this morning she had had no idea of all this happening.

She heard the gate clash to but still paused, her face averted. She wanted her eyes to reach his slowly. For after that it would be too late to plan things. There was a lonely marching in her blood. Then, trembling, she looked.

He wasn't there. He too had run on with the children—all four, far down the hill, romping to the beach together.

TO BE CONTINUED





## SOCIALISM AND EDUCATION

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

**S**Ocialism is primarily an economic system, and allows of immense diversity in cultural matters such as education. Whether education under socialism would be better or worse than it is at present would depend upon public opinion: there is nothing inherent in socialism to make it either better or worse. I propose to consider how socialism can be used to make it better.

Hitherto, education has been a class privilege, though in a diminishing degree. In early Victorian days education was still the mark of a gentleman, and lack of education was the mark of a lady. The scholarship system has changed this to a considerable extent; a boy or girl with the kind of ability that is tested by examinations can secure a university education even if he or she is fairly poor. But several causes diminish the effect of this system in lowering the social prestige of education. To begin with, stupid young people (*i.e.*, those whom examiners classify as stupid) can still secure higher education only if their parents have money. Then there is the difficulty of maintenance: parents who are really poor cannot afford to put off the time when their children will begin to earn money. A young man can hardly become a doctor or a lawyer unless his parents can support him till he is twenty-seven or thereabouts. For these reasons the professions are still mainly recruited from non-wage-earning classes. The few who have working-class parents acquire the tone and prejudices of the majority of their colleagues. The difficulty of entering a profession of course increases its

emoluments. These considerations account for the fact that most professional men are opposed to socialism. They enjoy social prestige and they earn more than they would earn if education were cheaper and competition consequently more severe. These advantages they would lose under socialism. It is, therefore, not surprising that at present education tends to make men opponents of socialism. Educated men enjoy a partial monopoly of which they do not wish to be deprived. It is the monopoly, not the education, which makes them reactionary. So long as social injustice works to the advantage of the educated, most educated men will support it.

If we had a free hand to organize a Utopia how should we deal with this question of higher education? I do not think we should decide to send everyone to a university. Higher education is not suited to everyone, but only to people with a certain kind of intelligence; others find it boring and unprofitable. True, the stupid rich, many of whom now go to Oxford and Cambridge, usually enjoy their time in those seats of learning, but that is because they are not obliged to get any education there. If they were compelled to do a reasonable amount of work they would quickly get bored and take refuge in the army or politics. In a Utopia we should not allow young people to spend the years from eighteen to twenty-two in luxurious idleness but should insist upon a certain standard of industry.

Industry alone, however, is not enough to make higher education profitable; a

certain degree of bookish intelligence is also necessary. This is only one kind of intelligence, but the other kinds find scope in practical life. The obvious course, therefore, would seem to be to allow a university education only to those who reach a certain level of academic intelligence.

There are, however, certain difficulties in such a plan. If the intellectual level exacted is rather low, there will be a great number of qualified persons and therefore a colossal expense—an expense which would be prohibitive for a long time to come. If, on the other hand, the level exacted is high enough to make the expense practicable, there will be an increase of overwork in adolescence. I believe this to be already a very serious matter. The scholarship system leads to a forcing of the cleverest boys and girls, who consequently come to the university tired and stale, and are frequently damaged for life. This is especially the case with the poorer boys and girls, who have had the nervous strain of feeling that their whole future depended upon their ability to do themselves credit in examination.

This difficulty would not arise if there were some method of testing native intelligence as opposed to information acquired by cramming. But so far no such method exists. Some American authorities, both psychologists and college presidents, believe that the intelligence tests devised for the United States army during the War can be substituted for examinations of the traditional kind. I believe this to be a delusion. What is tested is the kind of quickness which enables a London boy, when asked the way, to answer at once, "Fifth to the left, fourth to the right." I doubt whether one per cent of the men distinguished for intellectual eminence possess this kind of quickness.

There are two further objections to the substitution of intelligence tests for the present kind of examination. The first is that much of the knowledge required is useful, and it is desirable to

give schools a motive for teaching it. To this it may be objected that much of what is learned for examinations is forgotten within a week. But here our second objection comes in: the outcry against "cramming" is largely a mistake; the capacity to learn a number of facts for a short time is an extremely valuable one, particularly for lawyers and civil servants. A barrister who has to deal with a complicated patent case does not want to remember the details forever; he wants just the kind of ability which is tested by an examination for which the candidates prepare by "cramming."

How then are we to deal with the problem of overwork in adolescence? The best solution seems to be to have a moderately low entrance examination which the abler boys and girls could pass without much difficulty, but to weed out afterwards those whom their teachers find to be idle or unable to profit by instruction. If much work were exacted, those who had not intellectual tastes would find a university education more disagreeable than ordinary paid work. It must not be assumed, however, that attendance at lectures is the test of industry. Lectures are a survival from the Middle Ages, due to the fact that universities have not yet adapted themselves to the invention of printing. For the best students lectures are a mere nuisance. Teachers should have discretion in this matter and be able to exempt certain of their pupils, if satisfied that they are not wasting their time.

In a socialistic community parents would not merely be relieved of the expense of educating their children but also of the whole cost of maintenance. Every boy and girl would be given as much education as the authorities judged desirable, quite regardless of parents' means. This would have the effect of destroying the social prestige of education and increasing the average intelligence of those who were educated. Take, for example, the medical profession. Of necessity, the training for this



profession is long and arduous: we do not wish our lives to be at the mercy of people ignorant of anatomy and physiology. At present the length of the training operates to raise the social level and diminish the number of those who can qualify. Under socialism this would not be the case. A certain number of medical men would be required and could be picked from the whole community, not only from that fraction who can afford to earn nothing for a long time. There would be no need to pay doctors more highly than laborers because, probably, a sufficient number of people would prefer a doctor's life to a laborer's. There would be more likelihood of medical ability in men who had chosen this profession because they liked the work than in men whose qualifications and ambitions are largely financial. Doctors would not be thought superior to laborers but merely men with different tastes. Both are necessary to the community and therefore both are deserving of respect, but not one more than the other.

We may be told that the respect paid to learning is a desirable stimulus. I totally disbelieve this. What is wanted is not rewards but opportunity. Take as an illustration the respect paid to artists. In no civilized community have they been so rare, or so much respected, as in the United States. In no civilized community have they been so common, or so little respected, as in ancient Athens. If I remember rightly Plato says somewhere that of course one would not have Phidias to dinner because he is a vulgar fellow who works with his hands. And science began to flourish just when the Inquisition took to burning the scientists. There is no social advantage in paying respect to the men who are supposed to be eminent. The important thing is opportunity. Respect is paid to what is rare; make merit common and it will win no special respect. Under socialism I should hope to see learning so common that it would be unregarded.

I have dwelt upon this matter at some length because the present privileges of the educated are an obstacle to socialist propaganda, and must be abolished if a socialist community is ever to be brought about. Moreover, one of the most important spiritual gains to be hoped from socialism is the cessation of that isolation from the majority of the community which at present characterizes the intellectuals and which has its root in their economic circumstances.

I come now to a different set of considerations. One of the most serious objections to socialism is that it might discourage experiment. At present educational experiments can be conducted by minorities, provided they believe in them sufficiently to be willing to pay a certain amount for having them tried. Under socialism it will be almost impossible for private individuals, or even groups of individuals, to finance experiments—the money will have to be provided by the State, and there is danger that it may insist upon all education being such as it thinks good. In Soviet Russia this danger has been glaringly exemplified. I met in Russia an eminent poet (now dead) who was employed by the government to teach rhythemics. He complained that he was expected to teach this subject from a Marxian point of view. No man could retain a teaching post in Russia if he were to express the opinion that climate influences character, because Marx is held to have taught that character is entirely a product of economic causes. No man would be allowed to teach philosophy unless he professed materialism. I met recently a professor of philosophy in the University of Moscow and asked him if there was academic freedom. "Oh, no," he said, "for instance, a man could not become a professor if he believed in God." In such an atmosphere all intellectual activity is stifled.

Such troubles are not confined to Soviet Russia. In American State universities of the South and Middle West teachers have to be extraordinarily care-

ful not to offend the prejudices of ignorant agrarians whose theological outlook is that of the Seventeenth Century. If it were not for private endowments every man of science in America would be faced with the alternative of silence or dismissal.

Even a minority of bigots can make innovations by the State very difficult. The present Government of England, like its predecessors, forbids the officially constituted medical authorities, in certain cases, to give medical information which they consider essential for saving life. Its reason for this attitude is that, in the opinion of certain persons, the poor can be kept from sin only by ignorance. I allude to the question of birth control. To the ordinary mortal it would seem that if a woman is almost sure to die of another confinement, and if her husband is indifferent whether she lives or dies, she has a right to know how to escape the consequences of his brutality. The British Government, however, has decided that she has no such right unless she is rich enough to pay the fees of a private practitioner. The same thing applies to a woman who has been infected by her husband with venereal disease and has had a number of children similarly afflicted. The political power of certain dogmatists is sufficient to make their view prevail against all the arguments of reason and humanity. Every year, to please them, many thousands of children are born to a life of disease or insanity or imbecility, in conditions of poverty and misery. Under socialism, as things are, these evils would extend to the whole community and not only to its poorest sections.

It may seem that I have wandered from the question of education but in fact that is only apparent. The question I have been considering is concerned with the withholding of knowledge. Socialism can improve education only if the State holds strictly to the view that no knowledge must be kept from those who desire it. No dogma-

tist—whether Catholic, Protestant, or Bolshevik—can tolerate the impartial spread of knowledge. Every dogmatist knows, subconsciously, that there are facts which prove the falsehood of his dogma; these facts he desires, at all costs, to conceal. If he can capture the State machine he will use it to suppress all knowledge adverse to his creed. Every creed, being fixed, is necessarily inimical to progress. Therefore a socialist State which has a creed will make progress impossible.

Of course I do not wish to erect this opinion itself into a dogma. The State, like the individual, must have beliefs and purposes. But they must not be rigid and inflexible; they must be held provisionally and changed when new evidence is forthcoming. Rigidity means death; everything that is living is in constant change.

Applying these general considerations to education, it is clear that, though a socialist State would have to finance education, it ought not to control it too strictly. To preserve educational experiment under socialism, the State ought to permit any group which so desires to organize schools under teachers chosen by themselves—provided the teachers had the necessary scholastic qualifications and school inspectors reported that the teaching was adequate from the point of view of instruction. Subject to these conditions, the State should give the same financial support to private schools as to its own. Instruction is not, of course, the whole of education—perhaps not even its most important part. But it is the part which is easy to judge impartially, the part about which there is least disagreement. It is, therefore, the only part about which the State ought to concern itself. Whether a school is training up good citizens will always be a matter of opinion.

Of course circumstances might be imagined where even insistence on instruction would constitute a form of persecution. Some sect might maintain



that it is wicked to teach reading and writing. If such a view were genuinely and strongly held it would be foolish to make martyrs of those who believed it.

At present the elementary schools not conducted by the State are practically all conducted by the churches, but this may change. It almost certainly would change under socialism, because at present the parents who believe in educational experiments mostly do not send their children to elementary schools. Educational experiment at present is financed by comparatively well-to-do parents, but of course this method would be impossible in a socialist state. Madame Montessori, Sanderson of Oundle, Mr. Baddeley of Bedales are instances of valuable experimenters who found a field under private enterprise. They could not have found quite the same field under socialism but it would have been a great misfortune if their experiments had been impossible. Experiment must remain possible, and this will require private enterprise financed by public money.

It is, of course, essential that the State should not confine its support to experiments which it considers likely to succeed. Every school in which the instruction is adequate must be supported, even if the state thinks its principles detestable. If a group of Mormons wished to found a school in which polygamy was praised they should be allowed to do so. If any experiments are forbidden it is all but certain that the most valuable will be among those that are banned. Of course I should except such as involve obvious injury to the children's health, or any form of indisputable cruelty; though even here long-established custom and religious fanaticism might make concessions sometimes necessary.

It must of course be assumed that State officials, under socialism, would do everything in their power to increase the sphere of their authority, and would endeavor to reduce all education to a rigid uniformity so as to be convenient for

classification and pigeon-holing. There is no political or economic system which will work beneficially when one set of interests is organized and another is not. Both parents and teachers will have to be organized to assert their point of view as against that of the officials. Desirable forms of liberty can be preserved only when average public opinion considers them worth preserving: the ultimate appeal must always be to the man in the street. It is a mistake to suppose, as some socialists do, that the removal of private capitalism will of itself secure every kind of freedom. Nothing will do that, in an industrial society, except organization and vigilance. There is no reason to regret this since life without contests would be unbearably dull. But under socialism the contests would be fair and equal; we should not have, as now, the brute power of a minority pitted against the well-being of the mass of mankind.

We may conclude, then, that socialism would make education no longer a privilege attached to wealth but would give higher education to those best able to profit by it. It would prevent the present isolation of the intellectuals, who are divorced from the poor by their unjust privileges and from the rich by their intelligence. In these respects a very great gain is to be expected. But there is less certainty that education would be more progressive or more unbiased under socialism than it is at present. Bias and lack of progress are more due to original stupidity than to any economic system. Original stupidity will always belong to the majority; therefore, progress in intellectual matters is only possible in so far as the intelligent minority are free to attempt innovations. This freedom under socialism is possible but by no means certain, since it will require a tolerant public opinion and energetic organization. Socialism will not make tolerance and energy unnecessary, but we may hope that it will make them less uncommon.



## THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

WHAT'S WRONG LATELY WITH MOTHER?

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

**T**HE House of Commons," says the best-known *Guide Book to London of To-day*, "not inaptly called the Mother of Parliaments, is undoubtedly the most august, as it is the most venerable, of the great representative assemblies of the world. It is with something like awe that we penetrate into the stillness of Westminster Palace and find ourselves presently looking down from our privileged place in the gallery upon the earnest group of men whose measured tones and dignified formalities are deciding the fate of an empire."

That is what the Guide Book has been saying about the House of Commons for about two hundred years. But in reading over the recent press reports of the debates of the House as they come across the Atlantic one is inclined to wonder whether the cold dignity of the dear old place is not getting a little thawed out in the warm times in which we live. The proceedings in the later days sound a little too suggestive of the Cow Boys Convention of Montana or the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Dawson City, Yukon.

Take as illustration the following report of the proceedings of one day last week, taken verbatim from the *London Times* of Tuesday and the *London Morning Post* or the *Labor Herald*—I forget which—but at any rate those who read the debates of the House will recognize it at once as genuine:

"The House of Commons resumed its session yesterday at three o'clock. The

Prime Minister in rising from the Treasury Benches to present his bill for the introduction of buckwheat into the Tanganyika district of Uganda, stated that he would like first to refer briefly to the fact that some member of the House had just thrown a banana at the Speaker. He would ask members to realize that throwing bananas at the Speaker impeded the business of the House. He would go so far as to say that it was bad manners.

"At the word '*manners*' the House broke into an uproar. Cries arose from the Labor benches, '*Manners! Yah! Manners!*'

"Lady Luster at once leaped to her feet and said that there were members in the House whose manners were not fit for a stable.

"Joseph Dockside, M.P. for the Buckingham Palace district, asked if she meant him. Lady Luster called out that she did. The Speaker rose to a ruling against personal mention, quoting a precedent under Henry VIII. But another banana hit him and he sat down.

"Mr. Dockside began to cry. He asked the House if it was fair to let an idle woman like Lady Luster tell him that he had no manners. He was only a poor man and had no schooling, and how could he even get a chance to pick up manners, even fit for a stable? Here he broke into sobs again while the Labor benches resounded with the cries of '*shame*' and the blowing of horns.

"Lady Luster then said that she had gone too far. She would take back the word stable. She meant '*Garage*.'



"The Speaker, quoting a precedent from Edward the Confessor, said that the debate might go on—a pineapple hitting him in the stomach just before, and as he sat down.

"The Prime Minister then said that as quiet had been restored (loud cries of 'Rah! Rah! Rah! Quiet'), he would resume his speech on the proposal of the government to subsidize the growing of buckwheat—and he would add, buck-oats—in the Tanganyika district.

"At this point he was interrupted by Colonel Macalpin MacFozzle, independent member for the East Riding of the West Hebrides. The Colonel wanted to know how the Prime Minister could speak of Tanganyika if he was fully aware of the condition of Scotland. Did he know of the present distress among the crofters? Was he aware of what was happening to the Scotch gillies, and the Laddies and Collies? Did he know that three more men had left the Hebrides? The Colonel, who spoke with violent passion, to the great delight of the House, said that he didn't give a curse for buckwheat or for Tanganyika and that personally he could lick the whole cabinet. At this loud shouts of 'Attaboy! You're the Hot Stuff,' were mingled with cries of 'Put him out!' Lady Luster called out that if the Scotch would quit drinking Scotch whiskey they would all save enough money to leave Scotland.

"For the moment the transaction of public business was seriously threatened when Lord Pintop Daffodil rose and asked the Speaker's leave to tell a funny story. Lord Pintop, who is rapidly gaining the reputation of being the third funniest member of the House, was greeted

with encouraging laughter and applause. The Speaker having ruled that a funny story had been told under Queen Anne, Lord Pintop then related a story of how a Pullman car passenger in America was put off at Buffalo by the porter. The House, which is easily moved from anger to merriment and which enjoys nothing (except its lunch) so much as a good joke, was convulsed with laughter. The Speaker in thanking the honorable member for the story said that he believed that it was the same story that was told under Queen Anne.

"The Prime Minister then said he would resume his speech on buckwheat. He was about to do so when Mr. Ilyitch Halfoff, member for the Russian district of Westminster, said that he would like first to rise and present a resolution for the immediate introduction of communism into England. The House was in a turmoil in a minute. Mr. Baditch, Mr. Scroffski, and the whole phalanx of Russian members were on their feet at once, waving red flags while the Polish, Lettish, and Yiddish members were wildly excited. Cries of 'Russia for Ever!' were mixed with the singing of the 'Marsaillaise' and the counter-singing of 'Scots Whoo Hoo!' It was said afterwards that the singing was the best heard in the House this month.

"At this point in the debate the yeoman usher of the Black Stick rushed into the House and called, 'Hurrah out, Boys, there is a circus procession coming down Whitehall. You don't want to miss it!' The whole House rushed out in a body, only the Speaker remaining behind for one minute to say prayers."



## SHOULD MARRIAGE BE MONOTONOUS?

BY ELTON MAYO

**O**F COURSE it should. The speedy achievement of a high level of monotony is absolutely necessary to successful marriage: it is the character which distinguishes it from furtive liaison. Husband and wife should be for each other something in the nature of a general qualification of the background against which the events of life are played. For it is this general background which, by reason of its all-pervading influence, gives every lesser event a value. In the irregular union the personality of the individual has to be incessantly before the footlights—the performer has to continue bowing and grimacing until the audience is surfeited and weary. The exaggerated wonder of adolescence at the mysterious revelation of the loved one represents a stage of development that cannot be perpetuated. The irregular union is committed to the hopeless attempt to perpetuate this atmosphere—an attempt which invariably fails. The few that apparently succeed do so by reason of the fact that they become marriages in fact if not in law; the woman, as a novelist has said, ceases to be herself an adventure and goes with the man upon a joint adventure. The necessary condition of a continued intimacy of living for a man and woman is the development of external and objective group interests. These interests tend gradually to minimize, if not to supplant, the mutual preoccupation with each other of two lovers on a honeymoon. To the young and ardent I have no doubt that middle-aged matrimony seems unduly monotonous. To those who are middle-aged and happy it seems

to hold a serenity and a complexity of interest that compare well with the passing fevers of youth. If for no other reason, this apparent monotony might be justified by the single consideration of the disastrous effect which any alternative situation has upon the growing child.

A young man of twenty-six had achieved for himself an unusually satisfactory position for one of his years. He was a University graduate, he had to his credit a remarkable career in athletic games. After something of a struggle he had been very successful in business; he was fortunately and happily married. To the astonishment and dismay of his friends, he became mentally depressed and suicidal, and medical examinations gave no clue to the origin of his disorder. It remained for a psychiatrist to reveal something of the real situation, to discover the deeper impulses which had determined both the direction of his career and his dissatisfaction with it. His general attitude to the world had its origin in his infancy. Up to the age of seven he had lived mainly in hotels with his parents. The ordinary home life which every child needs, he had not had. In addition to this, the general atmosphere about him had been unhappy. His parents suffered an irksome incompatibility of education and interest; his early years were lived in scenes of marital discord. When he was seven this discord culminated in a divorce, after which the boy lived the greater part of his life, until later adolescence, in boarding schools. During this period he was accustomed to spend



a portion of his holidays alternately with either parent. His memories of such vacation time were largely preoccupied with recollections of parental criticism and adverse comment. Each parent would apparently watch the growing child for evidence of resemblance to the other; when any such manifestations appeared they were unsparingly condemned.

This being his general history, it was not surprising that in adolescence the boy should have developed a secret conviction of his own utter worthlessness, of which he spoke to none. But although he had never mentioned this conviction of his personal unworth and futility to anyone—not even later to his wife—it had apparently operated largely to determine the direction and character of his development. Such athletic success as he achieved was by no means incidental or the mere expression of physical vigor. On the contrary, it was deliberately designed as a “test” in order to prove to himself that he was at least as other men are. He remembered that on one occasion as he scored a winning touchdown for his school this thought was definite in his mind. So also with his success in business and with his choice of an unusually pretty and intelligent girl for wife—both these achievements were so far self-imposed “tests” of his capacity for being ordinary, that is, of his capacity for coming up to the ordinary level of humanity. With him, as with the majority of such cases, there was a passionate desire to be mediocre, and content. But the endeavor failed since no success sufficed to convince him of his happy mediocrity. At twenty-six an irrational but understandable conviction of his inferiority and futility took entire possession of his thinking, and the impulse to suicide followed as a matter of course.

In this case, as in many, the ability of the individual to recover something of normality was conditioned by his ability to understand the origin and nature of his curious attitude to the world about

him, and to alter it fundamentally. When I last saw him his mental situation had improved beyond belief but at the cost of much time and trouble to him and his advisers. This is not a special instance; unhappy marriages begin in the repudiation of monotony by the parents and end, for the children, almost invariably in the psychopathological clinic. I have heard an eminent psychiatrist assert that he had never known an instance of nervous breakdown in the children of happily married parents.

But it is difficult for people to be happily married in these days. In the so-called literature of our time there is increasingly manifest a tendency to repudiate happiness in marriage. This is no doubt a consequence of many changes that have occurred in the last two generations. It is perhaps especially due to the modern aggregation of humanity in large cities. It is this aggregation which has reduced domestic duties from a high economic function to drudgery. It has deprived woman of her special sphere and has found her no feminine counterpart. It has largely destroyed group life and the feeling of group function in man and woman alike. It has increased the loneliness of the individual and has embittered it by making it a loneliness amid a multitude.

Love is in one respect like food: it matters most when one hasn't any. This is the situation of many unfortunates in this world of ours. There are more people starving for love and affection than for food, and their situation is intensified and embittered by the general attitude to marriage. Love and sex are by no means identical; yet the inner life of civilization is at present dominated by an unintentional conspiracy which has for its apparent object an exaggeration of the importance of sex. The means employed are so diabolically ingenious that, if one did not know that the situation had merely happened, one would of necessity suspect craft and intention. Our whole prose literature,

essays and fiction, is given over to discussion and depiction of "romance." The average novel describes the events which lead up to marriage; novels of married life describe the events which lead up to divorce and re-marriage. This is one outstanding influence brought to bear upon youth. It finds as complement an even more nefarious compulsion, the general suppression of competent sex discussion. For adequate sex discussion is substituted the pornographic novel or instruction in false psychologies. What wonder that sex writes itself into our newspapers and fills hospitals, asylums, and prisons! A continuous positive stimulation coupled with a direct and negative suppression does not recommend itself as a method of helping the young to see sex and marriage with clear eyes.

The situation is especially difficult for the man or woman who is alone, or virtually alone, as many are, in a big city. Everywhere such a person finds suggestion and suppression. If he, or she, goes to the "pictures" he is first assured that the picture has been "passed" by the censor of public morals. Having received this assurance, he is compelled to watch a wearisome series of anticlimaxes—husbands, wives, and lovers posing and posturing about the eternal triangle. Like a new Euclid, the moving pictures are an attempt to infer, by abstract reasoning, all the properties of triangles. There is much to be said for a love story which is simple and fine; it is an incentive and inspiration to youth. But overemphasis and exaggeration of the importance of sex is bad, even if it is not directly vicious. It does not make life easier for those who desire love without opportunity of realization.

In the primitive marriage sex is probably the dominant factor. Civilized marriage is quite otherwise; it includes sexual intimacy, of course, but only as a relatively small item in a highly complex situation. The sex factor may seem important at first but is soon merged in wider interests—intellectual and social

copartnership, children, a house and garden, a joint career, children's careers, friends held in common. Sex, as developed by civilization, is very complex.

One sees this complexity of sex clearly demonstrated in civilization's failures. Experience in a psychopathological clinic makes one doubt the truth of the common assertion that man is naturally polygamous. Man can be polygamous, it is true; but it takes much effort and is not worth while. Judged from the standpoint of the clinic, promiscuity is a road to misery rather than happiness. It involves not victory but defeat for sex.

I was once asked to examine a young man of twenty-six who was said to have lost his memory. The description was not altogether correct: he could remember his name and personal history but had developed what he called "holes in his thinking." He was a representative of an important firm in a big city and one of his chief duties was to visit other business houses. One morning he walked, as usual, into one such business house and discovered, to his astonishment, that he had forgotten the particular errand which had taken him there. He consulted his pocket book and found the name of this house and two others. He could recall nothing of his business with any of the three. Taking thought, he realized that he could not remember whether he had called at his own office, or, if he had done so, the route by which he had traveled thence. A mental condition of great distress immediately followed. He thought he was "losing his mind" and anxieties multiplied themselves on his mental horizon. In other words, he became a case of "nervous breakdown," tortured by unnecessary fears and self-accusations.

Taking his history in detail, we discovered that he had been "strictly brought up" until the age of sixteen, when his father had died. Shortly after this he became unduly intimate with



a woman many years his senior. The liaison lasted for a year, at the end of which period he became afraid and abandoned the relation. In the early twenties he returned to promiscuous living and from then on such of his time as was not given to business was increasingly thus occupied. One day the thought occurred to him that his habit of relapsing into sex-reverie on all possible occasions did not make for a successful business career. He determined to break away from this form of meditation, to pay no heed to women who passed him in the street. The sequel showed that, although he could suppress thoughts of sex, he had lost the capacity for putting other thoughts in their places. The "holes in his thinking," his lapses of memory, disappeared directly we encouraged him to allow his sex reveries to return for purposes of critical discussion.

In this, as in many other cases, we found that promiscuity leads to utter dissatisfaction. Sex which remains merely sex becomes weary, and any species of rapid transfer of the impulse from one object to another achieves only increased weariness. To describe the situation as a conflict between a "natural" sex impulse and an external code of morals is superficial and mistaken. The conflict lies in the heart of sex itself; the situation is that the sex impulse has failed to reach its goal, has achieved only disappointment. Civilization is founded very largely on the empirical discovery that the complex goal of sex is marriage; no lesser condition is satisfactory. The very renunciations, or apparent renunciations, are part of the realization. Sex-energy is "funded," a small part for direct, a large part for indirect expression of a social and intellectual kind.

The complete ignorance imposed by a "strict" upbringing is no preparation for romance and marriage. The adolescent who lives in such surroundings realizes, better than his parents know,

that there is a terrible fear of some kind associated with the forbidden facts of sex. This in itself is enough to arouse a species of terrified curiosity—especially when every book, magazine, or picture adds itself to the dissonant chorus in praise of "love." The problem in a case such as that above quoted is not a problem of normal development. The sex factor in such an individual is exaggerated, abnormal, deformed. Alternate over-emphasis and suppression have caused an over-development which fills the whole mental hinterland. There is no road other than that of re-education by which happiness can be achieved. This is sometimes true also of the child that has endeavored loyally to obey its parents' behest and to put away all thought of sex. Here also there may be exaggeration and over-development. The psychopathologist very often meets women who haven't married and who cannot marry. Such a woman "doesn't know" why she remains unmarried, though she usually has an explanation to offer. Sometimes she says that she has had no opportunity, an assertion which is very rarely confirmed by subsequent investigation. Sometimes she has been engaged, perhaps on several occasions, but has never got beyond that stage. Whatever the explanation she offers, one usually discovers that her marriage has been prevented not by "bad luck" or lack of funds or anything in the nature of external circumstances, but by the girl herself. And, as a general rule, she fails entirely to realize this; she is accustomed to dream of what might have been and to regret that the intervention of something beyond her control has marred her happiness in life.

On one occasion a woman of later middle age suffering from serious "nervous breakdown" had been passed on to me for psychological investigation. Try as I would, I could find no evidence at all of any "love-story" in her life. Finally one day, when no hint of romance had emerged after some weeks of in-

vestigation, I challenged directly. I said to her, "Surely somewhere in your life story affection for a man or his affection for you must have played a part?" She thought for a moment and then said, "I remember years ago that a man once walked home with me from a party." It was pathetic that this should be the only recollection that came to her, the only suggestion of romance in her tragically lonely life. It was still more pathetic that the cause of the emptiness which had been substituted for love, happiness, and children should have resided, unsuspected by her, in herself.

There are cases which show a clear-cut resistance to marriage with much greater definiteness. A college graduate who "broke down" in her later twenties was accustomed to bemoan the fact that she was "unattractive to men." This did not seem probable unless all the men of her acquaintance were themselves eccentric, for she was well educated, good looking and well off. Investigation speedily showed that for years she had been in the habit of "crossing the road" to avoid meeting men she knew. She did this only when she liked the approaching man and never when she disliked him. Here also the conflict and the cause of the trouble was in herself. Although she did not know it, she was trying to prevent the whole range of her desires for love and children from coming to expression. Her behavior suggested the prude, and yet behind the scenes in her mind her typically feminine desires and interests were, if anything, stronger than in the average woman. It was this very strength, combined with a belief that such feelings should be suppressed, which caused her trouble. Talking to a man she liked accentuated her difficulty of control, so she avoided the conflict by running away. She had never realized in spite of her education that control implies adequate expression, and not complete repression, of our racial and inherited capacities.

One of the most interesting cases of this type that I have ever known was that of a girl of thirty or so who admitted several "engagements" and who also admitted at once a strong desire for marriage. She was extremely pretty and well supplied with this world's goods. She had been brought up in a most sophisticated European society and had no social difficulties to contend with. All doors were open to her wherever she might travel. Yet as she progressed towards thirty she developed eccentricities of which she was quite clearly aware and which annoyed her the more because she could not account for them. For example, the sight of a church or the sound of a church bell always made her ill. There was no trace of agnostic influence in her personal history or her youthful surroundings, but her various hysterical symptoms were nevertheless much accentuated on Sundays. She was "intensely interested in the problem of free-will and determinism," so much so that if anything in an ordinary conversation suggested this problem she fell into an emotional condition and tended to lose control of her limbs. Finally she consulted a medical practitioner and was sent to hospital for further examination.

Now it is not the overt history of those who suffer from neurotic afflictions that is interesting, it is rather the curious inner mental history of doubt and conflict that throws light upon their troubles. This poor lady had a theory — no more than a theory — that in each instance her marriage had been prevented by the poverty of the beloved man. The shortest discussion sufficed to make plain that, if she had married, her income would have been far above that of the average family. It also revealed the fact that, if she was driven by a wild impulse towards marriage, she was actuated also by an equally strong reaction against it. None of her love affairs ran smoothly or were happy. Her attitude alternated between hope and despair, between enthusiasm and



a feeling of "utter impossibility." Nor was her choice of a man in any instance fortunate. She seemed to give her consent in a mood of enthusiasm and desire and immediately to repudiate the agreement in a mood of pessimistic reaction. This did not make matters easy for the man; she was always an "April's lady," uncertain and difficult to please. Taken further, the investigation showed that she had suffered attacks of pronounced depression in adolescence, long before romance in the concrete had risen, like a star, above her horizon. Though by nature gay and happy, occasionally in the midst of dancing and hilarity she would be overcome by an attack of weeping and would withdraw into a miserable solitude. To the initiated, this description may seem to be highly suggestive of what the psychiatrist calls the manic-depressive psychosis, a form of insanity in which excitement and depression, mania and melancholia, alternate. Yet there proved to be no trace of real insanity: her trouble was breakdown, the inevitable result of a continuously mistaken upbringing. It is worthy of notice that none of her friends ever suspected her abnormality; she was occasionally "difficult" but never "queer."

Here then an extraordinary picture reveals itself. A girl, presumed by all her acquaintances to be normal, yet suffers private agonies by reason of an intolerable conviction that she is a hopeless sinner. She cannot make decisions, she sometimes walks the streets for miles before she can make up her mind to enter a shop to buy some ordinary commodity. Nor can she find consolation in religion; the accepted forms are unendurable to her and the Christian God merely a vindictive agent of punishment. She has a strong desire for marriage, she believes also that marriage will remedy her condition; but in spite of this she is utterly unable to carry a betrothal through to matrimony.

It is tragic that parental love can react to a child's disadvantage, yet that

same love and affection proved to have been the source and origin of this particular disorder. Dr. John B. Watson has pointed out that an infant's development can be made or marred before it reaches school age; this case serves to illustrate his claim. The girl's mother had been induced in adult life to participate in efforts after social reform which she had not the requisite knowledge to understand clearly. The unwisdom of this became evident when she developed a morbid fear of the results of sexual promiscuity, a fear unenlightened by any gleam of intelligent comprehension. This fear took form in her relations with her only child as an attempt to subdue, and savagely, anything which seemed to her symptomatic of sexual precocity, interest in marriage and children, and so on. Unfortunately she succeeded all too well: her daughter came to look with horror upon any symptom of such interest or activity in herself. And the failure to achieve a normal adaptation to life was progressive in its effect; the years brought not healing but an increasing area of disaster in their train. So much so indeed that we were surprised to find her capable of responding to treatment and returning to normality across the barren waste of years.

It is somewhat extraordinary that in the most important department of life we are commonly accustomed to leave the education of the child either to chance or to those totally unequipped to grapple with the various problems of sex. It is as if in this particular respect we desired to impose an artificial imbecility upon the child. As a society we acquiesce in the "innocence" of the adolescent girl, we profess indeed to find it "charming." We do not inquire what effect so disastrous an ignorance of herself is likely to have upon the growing girl, nor how she will react to rude enlightenment coming perhaps from a prurient source. There are those who dismiss the matter with a laugh and an assurance that ignorance of this sort

survives in very few individuals in these days. To this last claim I can only reply that psychopathologists in every civilized country find that ignorance and half-knowledge are still doing their deadly work. Even in those who have had promiscuous and unfortunate experiences one still finds the densest ignorance of the real facts of sex. And one finds also that it is this ignorance or half-knowledge which drives them into nervous breakdown or promiscuity or both at once.

Even those who desire to help the child frequently succeed only in doing harm to an extent that remains for the present unknown. There are well-intentioned individuals, for example, whose idea of education in the normal and natural facts of sex finds expression in endeavors to enlighten the infant before it can understand, or to terrify the adolescent with stories of the dread effects of disease. It requires strong understanding to face such facts as these. The only possible effect such endeavors can have upon adolescents is to drive them down towards perversion, obsession, and morbid fear: before adolescence it is well to let an infant ask his own questions. All other efforts succeed only in exaggerating the importance of sex beyond the normal. They must consequently be regarded as part of the general conspiracy against happiness which characterizes our methods of adolescent training.

The situation finds a partial parallel in the classic tale of Bluebeard. Every room in the house save one is open to investigation: but that one room of mystery is doubly locked, bolted, and barred. The inevitable effect is that the whole interest of the house comes to center in the one secret chamber. And the exaggerated importance does not depend upon its contents; it is conferred upon it by the mere fact that it is forbidden. So long as we fail utterly to ensure that sex development is guided by appropriate knowledge, so long shall we find that sex is a potent cause of mental

disorder. Over-stimulation combined with suppression induces reverie on the forbidden subject—together with an acute consciousness of sin. A young man of twenty-eight, suicidal, was brought into a clinic with both radial arteries slashed across. It was said of him that he had "overworked," that he could not "stand up against responsibility." These assertions were true, but unimportant. The important fact in his personal history was a sex-experience at the age of eight. Thereafter he developed two types of reverie, the one an over-stimulated interest, and the other a conviction of sin and disgust with himself. He was unable to summon one without the other—thought of sex brought shame and the feeling of shame was accompanied by over-stimulation. No wonder that he could not stand up against responsibility. His mind was a house divided against itself; and sex had acquired an entirely fictitious importance in his life scheme. As a result life became unbearable, and he sought escape.

There are many in these days who profess to find support in the Freudian psychology for the claim that all "sex-repression" should be abandoned. This is a most ludicrous misunderstanding; the Freudian doctrines are much nearer to being a triumphant vindication of the methods of living prescribed by conventional morality. Freud teaches that repression is necessary but that it must be established in the pre-adolescent period, if trouble after adolescence is to be avoided. It is true that he uses the words "reaction formation" and "sublimation" in this connection, but the practical significance of his claim is not thereby altered. He uses the term "repression" to describe the general situation that arises when an individual becomes adolescent without having established in infancy the inhibitions of aberrant sex impulse which are necessary to mature normality. Such an individual tries to model his conduct on that of



others, but behind the scenes in his mind the uninhibited perverse tendencies continue and develop—finally manifesting themselves in promiscuity or nervous breakdown. So there is no comfort in Freud for the would-be promiscuous; he regards all promiscuity, and probably rightly, as symptomatic of sexual perversity or abnormality.

There is no psychopathological theory, Freudian or other, which supports the view that sex perversions should be allowed expression. But there seem to be many novelists who imagine this to be the outcome of "psychoanalysis." The book market is flooded with the productions of writers who fondly imagine that they are entitled to expound, in fictional form, "the new psychology." There is hardly one such book that is not merely a pathological specimen. And pathological specimens are of value only to experts.

The truth is that what the average novelist calls love is an ailment of adolescence that must be got over before life proper can be said to begin. Passion, the onset of sex, is painful; the "drag" of matrimony is the true romance. The novelist who conceives married love as a continuous chuckle-headed infatuation is a public nuisance. And the man or woman who models his behavior on this conception is a pernicious influence in the community. If the early attitude toward husband or wife is retained marriage becomes unbearable. The chief duty of husband or wife is to get out of the limelight as speedily as possible. Only in proportion as husband and wife succeed in retiring from the center of the stage do they achieve love and happiness. The woman who insists upon continual proofs of devotion very soon receives, and deservedly, proofs of excessive boredom. It is her real busi-

ness to get "out of focus" and to pervade the whole background of her husband's life. So also with the man. Only when both have consented to constitute a joint background can they look at things as not "mine" or "yours" but "ours." In real marriage divorce is impossible because wife and husband fill the universe for each other, though never or rarely in "focus."

The moving pictures are sometimes as much at fault as the novelists in this regard. A recent production heralded the advent of "the triangle" by such captions as "He sought money and power and forgot his wife." "After fifteen years of marriage, he took his wife for granted." If one couldn't take one's wife for granted after fifteen years, there would be little love and no civilization on this planet. Yet this sort of vicious sentimentalism is served out daily to gaping crowds who begin, against all common sense, to believe it. In California the newspapers quite frequently report a divorce suit as involving a husband, a wife and "her suitor." If wives can have "suitors," then we shall go far towards realizing the imaginations of the perverted novelist. Marriage and utter boredom will become synonymous terms.

Adolescent love is an event; married love is a situation. The first is a critical phase of development, the second is sustained romance. The desire to retain a special mystery or attraction is imbecility. Love for a wife implies an inability to conceive of life without her. The music of the spheres begins, years after the marriage ceremony, when this happy condition is achieved. For both man and woman the domestic atmosphere should hold rest, understanding, and sympathy. So is one ready for the great adventure.



# THE MAN WHO SAW THROUGH HEAVEN

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

PEOPLE have wondered (there being obviously no question of romance involved) how I could ever have allowed myself to be let in for the East African adventure of Mrs. Diana in search of her husband. There were several reasons. To begin with, the time and effort and money weren't mine; they were the property of the wheel of which I was but a cog, the Society through which Diana's life had been insured, along with the rest of that job-lot of missionaries. The "letting in" was the firm's. In the second place, the wonderers have not counted on Mrs. Diana's capacity for getting things done for her. Meek and helpless. Yes, but God was on her side. Too meek, too helpless to move mountains herself, if those who happened to be handy didn't move them for her then her God would know the reason why. Having dedicated her all to making straight the Way, why should her neighbor cavil at giving a little? The writer for one, a colonial governor general for another, railway magnates, insurance managers, *safari* leaders, the ostrich-farmer of Ndua, all these and a dozen others in their turns have felt the hundred-ton weight of her thin-lipped meekness—have seen her in metaphor sitting grimly on the doorsteps of their souls.

A third reason lay in my own troubled conscience. Though I did it in innocence, I can never forget that it was I who personally conducted Diana's party to the observatory on that fatal night in Boston before it sailed. Had it not

been for that kindly intentioned "hunch" of mine, the astounded eye of the Reverend Hubert Diana would never have gazed through the floor of Heaven, and he would never have undertaken to measure the Infinite with the foot-rule of his mind.

It all started so simply. My boss at the shipping-and-insurance office gave me the word in the morning. "Bunch of missionaries for the *Platonic* to-morrow. They're on our hands in a way. Show 'em the town." It wasn't so easy when you think of it: one male and seven females on their way to the heathen; though it was easier in Boston than it might have been in some other towns. The evening looked the simplest. My friend Krum was at the Observatory that semester; there at least I was sure their sensibilities would come to no harm.

On the way out in the street car, seated opposite to Diana and having to make conversation, I talked of Krum and of what I knew of his work with the spiral nebulae. Having to appear to listen, Diana did so (as all day long) with a vaguely indulgent smile. He really hadn't time for me. That night his life was exalted as it had never been, and would perhaps never be again. To-morrow's sailing, the actual fact of leaving all to follow Him, held his imagination in thrall. Moreover, he was a bridegroom of three days with his bride beside him, his nerves at once assuaged and thrilled. No, but more. As if a bride were not enough, arrived in Bos-



ton, he had found himself surrounded by a very galaxy of womanhood gathered from the four corners; already within hours one felt the chaste tentacles of their feminine dependence curling about the party's unique man; already their contacts with the world of their new lives began to be made through him; already they saw in part through his eyes. I wonder what he would have said if I had told him he was a little drunk.

In the course of the day I think I had got him fairly well. As concerned his Church he was at once an asset and a liability. He believed its dogma as few still did, with a simplicity, "the old-time religion." He was born that kind. Of the stuff of the fanatic, the reason he was not a fanatic was that, curiously impervious to little questionings, he had never been aware that his faith was anywhere attacked. A self-educated man, he had accepted the necessary smattering facts of science with a serene indulgence, as simply so much further proof of what the Creator could do when He put His Hand to it. Nor was he conscious of any conflict between these facts and the fact that there existed a substantial Heaven, geographically up, and a substantial Hot Place, geographically down.

So, for his Church, he was an asset in these days. And so, and for the same reason, he was a liability. The Church must after all keep abreast of the times. For home consumption, with modern congregations, especially urban ones, a certain streak of "healthy" skepticism is no longer amiss in the pulpit; it makes people who read at all more comfortable in their pews. A man like Hubert Diana is more for the cause than a hundred. But what to do with him? Well, such things arrange themselves. There's the Foreign Field. The blacker the heathen the whiter the light they'll want, and the solidier the conception of a God the Father enthroned in a Heaven of which the sky above them is the visible floor.

And that, at bottom, was what Hubert Diana believed. Accept as he

would with the top of his brain the fact of a spherical earth zooming through space, deep in his heart he knew that the world lay flat from modern Illinois to ancient Palestine, and that the sky above it, blue by day and by night festooned with guiding stars for wise men, was the nether side of a floor on which the resurrected trod. . . .

I shall never forget the expression of his face when he realized he was looking straight through it that night. In the quiet dark of the dome I saw him remove his eye from the eye-piece of the telescope up there on the staging and turn it in the ray of a hooded bulb on the demon's keeper, Krum.

"What's that, Mr. Krum? I didn't get you!"

"I say, that particular cluster you're looking at—"

"This star, you mean?"

"You'd have to count awhile to count the stars describing their orbits in that 'star,' Mr. Diana. But what I was saying—have you ever had the wish I used to have as a boy—that you could actually look back into the past? With your own two eyes?"

Diana spoke slowly. He didn't know it, but it had already begun to happen; he was already caught. "I have often wished, Mr. Krum, that I might actually look back into the time of our Lord. Actually. Yes."

Krum grunted. He was young. "We'd have to pick a nearer neighbor than *Messier 79* then. The event you see when you put your eye to that lens is happening much too far in the past. The light-waves thrown off by that particular cluster on the day, say, of the Crucifixion—you won't live to see them. They've hardly started yet—a mere twenty centuries on their way—leaving them something like eight hundred and thirty centuries yet to come before they reach the earth."

Diana laughed the queerest catch of a laugh. "And—and there—there won't be any earth here, then, to welcome them."

"What?" It was Krum's turn to look startled. So for a moment the two faces remained in confrontation, the one, as I say, startled, the other exuding visibly little sea-green globules of sweat. It was Diana that caved in first, his voice hardly louder than a whisper.

"W-w-will there?"

None of us suspected the enormity of the thing that had happened in Diana's brain. Krum shrugged his shoulders and snapped his fingers. Deliberately. *Snap!* "What's a thousand centuries or so in the cosmic reckoning?" He chuckled. "We're just beginning to get out among 'em with *Messier*, you know. In the print room, Mr. Diana, I can show you photographs of clusters to which, if you cared to go, traveling at the speed of light—"

The voice ran on; but Diana's eye had gone back to the eye-piece, and his affrighted soul had re-entered the big black tube sticking its snout out of the slit in the iron hemisphere. . . . "At the speed of light!" . . . That unsuspected, that wildly chance-found chink in the armor of his philosophy! The body is resurrected and it ascends to Heaven instantaneously. At what speed must it be borne to reach instantaneously that city beyond the ceiling of the sky? At a speed inconceivable, mystical. At, say (as he had often said to himself), *the speed of light*. . . . And now, hunched there in the trap that had caught him, black rods, infernal levers and wheels, he was aware of his own eye passing vividly through unpartitioned emptiness, *eight hundred and fifty centuries at the speed of light!*

"And still beyond these," Krum was heard, "we begin to come into the regions of the spiral nebulae. We've some interesting photographs in the print room, if you've the time."

The ladies below were tired of waiting. One had "lots of packing to do." The bride said, "Yes, I do think we should be getting along. Hubert, dear; if you're ready—"

The fellow actually jumped. It's

lucky he didn't break anything. His face looked greener and dewier than ever amid the contraptions above. "If you—you and the ladies, Cora—wouldn't mind—if Mr.—Mr.—(he'd mislaid my name) would see you back to the hotel—" Meeting silence, he began to expostulate. "I feel that this is a rich experience. I'll follow shortly; I know the way."

In the car going back into the city Mrs. Diana set at rest the flutterings of six hearts. Being unmarried, they couldn't understand men as she did. When I think of that face of hers, to which I was destined to grow only too accustomed in the weary, itchy days of the trek into Kavirondoland, with its slightly tilted nose, its irregular pigmentation, its easily inflamed lids, and long moist cheeks, like a hunting dog, glorying in weariness, it seems incredible that a light of coyness could have found lodgment there. But that night it did. She sat serene among her virgins.

"You don't know Bert. You wait; he'll get a perfectly wonderful sermon out of all that to-night, Bert will."

Krum was having a grand time with his neophyte. He would have stayed up all night. Immured in the little print room crowded with files and redolent of acids, he conducted his disciple "glassy-eyed" through the dim frontiers of space, holding before him one after another the likenesses of universes sister to our own, islanded in immeasurable vacancy, curled like glimmering crullers on their private Milky Ways, and hiding in their wombs their myriad "coal-pockets," star-dust fetuses of which—their quadrillion years accomplished—their litters of new suns would be born, to bear their planets, to bear their moons in turn.

"And beyond these?"

Always, after each new feat of distance, it was the same. "And beyond?" Given an ell, Diana surrendered to a pop-eyed lust for nothing less than light-years. "And still beyond?"

"Who knows?"



"The mind quits. For if there's no end to these nebulae—"

"But supposing there is?"

"An end? But, Mr. Krum, in the very idea of an ending—"

"An end to what we might call this particular category of magnitudes. Eh?"

"I don't get that."

"Well, take this—take the opal in your ring there. The numbers and distances inside that stone may conceivably be to themselves as staggering as ours to us in our own system. Come! that's not so far-fetched. What are we learning about the structure of the atom? A nucleus (call it a sun) revolved about in eternal orbits by electrons (call them planets, worlds). Infinitesimal; but after all what are bigness and littleness but matters of comparison? To eyes on one of those electrons (don't be too sure there aren't any) its tutelary sun may flame its way across a heaven a comparative ninety million miles away. Impossible for them to conceive of a boundary to their billions of atomic systems, molecular universes. In that category of magnitudes its diameter is infinity; once it has made the leap into our category and become an opal it is merely a quarter of an inch. That's right, Mr. Diana, you may well stare at it: between *now* and *now* ten thousand histories may have come and gone down there. . . . And just so the diameter of our own cluster of universes, going over into another category, may be—"

"May be a—a ring—a little stone—in a—a—a—ring."

Krum was tickled by the way the man's imagination jumped and engulfed it.

"Why not? That's as good a guess as the next. A ring, let's say, worn carelessly on the—well, say the tentacle—of some vast organism—some inchoate creature hobnobbing with its cloudy kind in another system of universes—which in turn—"

It is curious that none of them realized next day that they were dealing

with a stranger, a changed man. Why he carried on, why he capped that night of cosmic debauch by shaving, eating an unremarkable breakfast, packing his terrestrial tooth brush and collars, and going up the gangplank in tow of his excited convoy to sail away, is beyond explanation—unless it was simply that he was in a daze.

It wasn't until four years later that I was allowed to know what had happened on that ship, and even then the tale was so disjointed, warped, and opinionated, so darkly seen in the mirror of Mrs. Diana's orthodoxy, that I had almost to guess what it was *really* all about.

"When Hubert turned irreligious . . ." That phrase, recurrent on her tongue in the meanderings of the East African quest to which we were by then committed, will serve to measure her understanding. Irreligious! Good Lord! But from that sort of thing I had to reconstruct the drama. Evening after evening beside her camp fire (appended to the Mineral Survey Expedition Toward Uganda through the kindness—actually the worn-down surrender—of the Protectorate government) I lingered a while before joining the merrier engineers, watched with fascination the bumps growing under the mosquitoes on her forehead, and listened to the jargon of her mortified meekness and her scandalized faith.

There had been a fatal circumstance, it seems, at the very outset. If Diana could but have been seasick, as the rest of them were (horribly), all might still have been well. In the misery of desired death, along with the other contents of a heaving midriff, he might have brought up the assorted universes of which he had been led too rashly to partake. But he wasn't. As if his wife's theory was right, as if Satan was looking out for him, he was spared to prowl the swooping decks immune. Four days and nights alone. Time enough to digest and assimilate into his being beyond remedy that lump of whirling magnitudes and to feel himself surrendering

with a strange new ecstasy to the drunkenness of liberty.

Such liberty! Given Diana's type, it is hard to imagine it adequately. The abrupt, complete removal of the toils of reward and punishment; the withdrawal of the surveillance of an all-seeing, all-knowing Eye; the windy assurance of being responsible for nothing, important to no one, no longer (as the police say) "wanted"! It must have been beautiful in those few days of its first purity, before it began to be discolored by his contemptuous pity for others, the mask of his inevitable loneliness and his growing fright.

The first any of them knew of it—even his wife—was in mid-voyage, the day the sea went down and the seven who had been sick came up. There seemed an especial Providence in the calming of the waters; it was Sunday morning and Diana had been asked to conduct the services.

He preached on the text: "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"If our concept of God means anything it means a God *all-mighty*, Creator of *all* that exists, Director of the *infinite*, cherishing in His Heaven the saved souls of *all space and all time*."

Of course; amen. And wasn't it nice to feel like humans again, and real sunshine pouring up through the lounge ports from an ocean suddenly grown kind. . . . But—then—*what* was Diana saying?

Mrs. Diana couldn't tell about it coherently even after a lapse of fifty months. Even in a setting as remote from that steamer's lounge as the equatorial bush, the ember-reddened canopy of thorn trees, the meandering camp fires, the chant and tramp somewhere away of Kikuyu porters dancing in honor of an especial largesse of fat zebra meat—even here her memory of that impious outburst was too vivid, too aghast.

"It was Hubert's look! The way he stared at us! As if you'd said he was licking his chops! . . . That '*Heaven*' of his!"

It seems they hadn't waked up to what he was about until he had the dimensions of his sardonic Paradise irreparably drawn in. The final haven of all right souls. Not alone the souls released from this our own tiny earth. In the millions of solar systems we see as stars how many millions of satellites must there be upon which at some time in their histories conditions suited to organic life subsist? Uncounted hordes of wheeling populations! Of men? God's creatures at all events, a portion of them reasoning. Weirdly shaped perhaps, but what of that? And that's only to speak of our own inconsiderable cluster of universes. That's to say nothing of other systems of magnitudes, where God's creatures are to our world what we are to the world's in the atoms in our finger-rings. (He had shaken *his*, here, in their astounded faces.) And all these, all the generations of these enormous and microscopic beings harvested through a time beside which the life-span of our earth is as a second in a million centuries: all these brought to rest for an eternity to which time itself is a watch-tick—all crowded to rest pell-mell, thronged, serried, packed, packed to suffocation in layers unnumbered light-years deep. This must needs be our concept of Heaven if God is the God of the Whole. If, on the other hand—

The other hand was the hand of the second officer, the captain's delegate at divine worship that Sabbath day. He at last had "come to."

I don't know whether it was the same day or the next; Mrs. Diana was too vague. But here's the picture. Seven women huddled in the large stateroom on B-deck, conferring in whispers, aghast, searching one another's eyes obliquely even as they bowed their heads in prayer for some light—and of a sudden the putting back of the door and the in-marching of the Reverend Hubert . . .

As Mrs. Diana tried to tell me, "You understand, don't you, he had just taken a bath? And he hadn't—he had forgotten to—"



Adam-innocent there he stood. Not a stitch. But I don't believe for a minute it was a matter of forgetting. In the high intoxication of his soul-release, already crossed (by the second officer) and beginning to show his zealot claws, he needed some gesture stunning enough to witness to his separation, his unique rightness, his contempt of match-flare civilizations and infinitesimal taboos.

But I can imagine that stateroom scene: the gasps, the heads colliding in aversion, and Diana's six weedy feet of birthday-suit towering in the shadows, and ready to sink through the deck I'll warrant, now the act was irrevocable, but still grimly carrying it off.

"And if, on the other hand, you ask me to bow down before a God peculiar to this one earth, this one grain of dust lost among the giants of space, watching its sparrows fall, profoundly interested in a speck called Palestine no bigger than the quadrillionth part of one of the atoms in the ring here on my finger—"

Really scared by this time, one of the virgins shrieked. It was altogether too close quarters with a madman.

Mad? Of course there was the presumption: "Crazy as a loon." Even legally it was so adjudged at the *Platonic's* first port-of-call, Algiers, where, when Diana escaped ashore and wouldn't come back again, he had to be given over to the workings of the French Law. I talked with the magistrate myself some forty months later, when, "let in" for the business as I have told, I stopped there on my way out.

"But what would you?" were his words. "We must live in the world as the world lives, is it not? Sanity? Sanity is what? Is it, for example, an intellectual clarity, a balanced perception of the realities? Naturally, speaking out of court, your friend was of a sanity—of a sanity, sir—" Here the magistrate made with thumb and fingers the gesture only the French can make for a thing that is matchless, a beauty, a transcendent instance of any kind. He himself was Gallic, rational. Then, with a lift

of shoulder, "But what would you? We must live in the world that seems."

Diana, impounded in Algiers for deportation, escaped. What after all are the locks and keys of this pinchbeck category of magnitudes? More remarkable still, there in Arab Africa, he succeeded in vanishing from the knowledge and pursuit of men. And of women. His bride, now that their particular mission had fallen through, was left to decide whether to return to America or to go on with two of the company, the Misses Brookhart and Smutts, who were bound for a school in Smyrna. In the end she followed the latter course. It was there, nearly four years later, that I was sent to join her by an exasperated and worn-out Firm.

By that time she knew again where her husband-errant was—or where at least, from time to time in his starry dartings over this our mote of dust, he had been heard of, spoken to, seen.

Could we but have a written history of those years of his apostolic vagabondage, a record of the towns in which he was jailed or from which he was kicked out, of the ports in which he starved, of the ships on which he stowed away, presently to reveal himself in proselyting ardor, denouncing the earthlings, the fatelings, the dupes of bugaboo, meeting scoff with scoff, preaching the new revelation red-eyed, like an angry prophet. Or was it, more simply, like a man afraid?

Was that the secret, after all, of his prodigious restlessness? Had it anything in common with the swarming of those pale worms that flee the Eye of the Infinite around the curves of the stone you pick up in a field? Talk of the man without a country! What of the man without a universe?

It is curious that I never suspected his soul's dilemma until I saw the first of his mud-sculptures in the native village of Ndua in the province of Kasuma in British East. Here it was, our objective attained, we parted company with the government *safari* and shifted the

burden of Way-straightening to the shoulders of Major Wyeside, the ostrich-farmer of the neighborhood.

While still on the *safari* I had put to Mrs. Diana a question that had bothered me: "Why on earth should your husband ever have chosen this particular neck of the woods to land up in? Why Kavirondoland?"

"It was here we were coming at the time Hubert turned irreligious, to found a mission. It's a coincidence, isn't it?"

And yet I would have sworn Diana hadn't a sense of humor about him anywhere. But perhaps it *wasn't* an ironic act. Perhaps it was simply that, giving up the struggle with a society blinded by "a little learning" and casting about for a virgin field, he had remembered this.

"I supposed he was a missionary," Major Wyeside told us with a flavor of indignation. "I went on that. I let him live here—six or seven months of it—while he was learning the tongue. I was a bit nonplused, to put it mildly, when I discovered what he was up to."

What things Diana had been up to the Major showed us in one of the huts in the native kraal—a round dozen of them, modeled in mud and baked. Blackened blobs of mud, that's all. Likenesses of nothing under the sun, fortuitous masses sprouting haphazard tentacles, only two among them showing postules that might have been experimental heads. . . . The ostrich-farmer saw our faces.

"Rum, eh? Of course I realized the chap was anything but fit. A walking skeleton. Nevertheless, whatever it is about these beasties, there's not a nigger in the village has dared set foot inside this hut since Diana left. You can see for yourselves it's about to crash. There's another like it he left at Suki, above here. Taboo, no end!"

So Diana's "hunch" had been right. He had found his virgin field indeed, fit soil for his cosmic fright. A religion in the making, here before our eyes.

"This was at the very last before he

left," Wyeside explained. "He took to making these mud-pies quite of a sudden; the whole lot within a fortnight's time. Before that he had simply talked, harangued. He would sit here in the doorway of an evening with the niggers squatted around and harangue 'em by the hour. I knew something of it through my house-boys. The most amazing rot. All about the stars to begin with, as if these black baboons could half grasp *astronomy*! But that seemed all proper. Then there was talk about a something a hundred times as big and powerful as the world, sun, moon, and stars put together—some perfectly enormous stupendous awful being—but knowing how mixed the boys can get, it still seemed all regular—simply the parson's way of getting at the notion of an Almighty God. But no, they insisted, there wasn't any God. That's the point, they said; there *is no* God. . . . Well, that impressed me as a go. That's when I decided to come down and get the rights of this star-swallowing monstrosity the beggar was feeding my labor on. And here he sat in the doorway with one of these beasties—here it is, this one—waving it furiously in the niggers' benighted faces. And do you know what he'd done?—you can see the mark here still on this wobble-leg, this tentacle-business—he had taken off a ring he had and screwed it on just here. His finger ring, my word of honor! And still, if you'll believe it, I didn't realize he was just daft. Not until he spoke to me. 'I find,' he was good enough to enlighten me, 'I find I have to make it somehow concrete.' . . . 'Make what?' . . . 'Our wearer.' . . . 'Our *what, where?*' . . . 'In the following category.' . . . His actual words, honor bright. I was going to have him sent down-country where he could be looked after. He got ahead of me though. He cleared out. When I heard he'd turned up at Suki I ought, I suppose, to have attended to it. But I was having trouble with leopards. And you know how things go."

From there we went to Suki, the



Major accompanying. It was as like Ndua as one flea to its brother, a stockade inclosing round houses of mud, wattles, and thatch, and full of naked heathen. The Kavirondo are the nakedest of all African peoples and, it is said, the most moral. It put a great strain on Mrs. Diana; all that whole difficult anxious time, as it were detachedly, I could see her itching to get them into Mother Hubbards and cast-off Iowa pants.

Here too, as the Major had promised, we found a holy of holies, rather a dreadful of dreadfuls, "taboo no end," its shadows cluttered with the hurlothrumbos of Diana's artistry. What puzzled me was their number. Why this appetite for experimentation? There was an uncertainty; one would think its effect on potential converts would be bad. Here, as in Ndua, Diana had contented himself at first with words and skyward gesticulations. Not for so long however. Feeling the need of giving his concept of the cosmic "wearer" a substance much earlier, he had shut himself in with the work, literally—a fever of creation. We counted seventeen of the nameless "blobs," all done, we were told, in the seven days and nights before their maker had again cleared out. The villagers would hardly speak of him; only after spitting, their eyes averted, and in an undertone, would they mention him: "He of the Ring." Thereafter we were to hear of him only as "He of the Ring."

Leaving Suki, Major Wyese turned us over (thankfully, I warrant) to a native who told us his name was Charlie Kamba. He had spent some years in Nairobi, running for an Indian outfitter, and spoke English remarkably well. It was from him we learned, quite casually, when our modest eight-load *safari* was some miles on its way, that the primary object of our coming was non-existent. Hubert Diana was dead.

Dead nearly five weeks—a moon and a little—and buried in the mission church at Tara Hill.

Mission church! There was a poser for us. *Mission church?*

Well then, Charlie Kamba gave us to know that he was paraphrasing in a large way suitable to our habits of thought. We shouldn't have understood *his* informant's "wizard house" or "house of the effigy."

I will say for Mrs. Diana that in the course of our halt of lugubrious amazement she shed tears. That some of them were not tears of unrealized relief it would be hardly natural to believe. She had desired loyally to find her husband, but when she should have found him—what? This problem, sturdily ignored so long, was now removed.

Turn back? Never! Now it would seem the necessity for pressing forward was doubled. In the scrub-fringed ravine of our halt the porters resumed their loads, the dust stood up again, the same caravan moved on. But how far it was now from being the same.

From that moment it took on, for me at least, a new character. It wasn't the news especially; the fact that Diana was dead had little to do with it. Perhaps it was simply that the new sense of something aimfully and cumulatively dramatic in our progress had to have a beginning, and that moment would do as well as the next.

Six villages: M'nann, Leika, Leikapo, Shamba, Little Tara, and Tara, culminating in the apotheosis of Tara Hill. Six stops for the night on the road it had cost Diana as many months to cover in his singular pilgrimage to his inevitable goal. Or in his flight to it. Yes, his stampede. Now the pipers at that four-day orgy of liberty on the *Platonic's* decks were at his heels for their pay. Now that his strength was failing, the hosts of loneliness were after him, creeping out of their dreadful magnitudes, the hounds of space. Over all that ground it seemed to me we were following him not by the word of hearsay but, as one follows a wounded animal making for its earth, by the drop-pings of his blood.

Our progress had taken on a pattern; it built itself with a dramatic artistry; it gathered suspense. As though it were a story at its most breathless places "continued in our next," and I a reader forgetting the road's weariness, the dust, the torment of insects never escaped, the inadequate food, I found myself hardly able to keep from running on ahead to reach the evening's village, to search out the inevitable repository of images left by the white stranger who had come and tarried there awhile and gone again.

More concrete and ever more concrete. The immemorial compromise with the human hunger for a symbol to see with the eyes, touch with the hands. Hierarchy after hierarchy of little mud effigies—one could see the necessity pushing the man. Out of the protoplasmic blobs of Ndua, Suki, even M'nann, at Leikapo Diana's concept of infinity (so pure in that halcyon epoch at sea), of categories nested within categories like Japanese boxes, of an over-creature wearing our cosmos like a trinket, unawares, had become a mass with legs to stand on and a real head. The shards scattered about in the filth of the hut there (as if in violence of despair) were still monstrosities, but with a sudden stride of concession their monstrousness was the monstrousness of lizard and turtle and crocodile. At Shamba there were dozens of huge-footed birds.

It is hard to be sure in retrospect, but I do believe that by the time we reached Little Tara I began to see the thing as a whole—the foetus, working out slowly, blindly, but surely, its evolution in the womb of fright. At Little Tara there was a change in the character of the exhibits; their numbers had diminished, their size had grown. There was a boar with tusks and a bull the size of a dog with horns, and on a tusk and on a horn an indentation left by a ring.

I don't believe Mrs. Diana got the thing at all. Toward the last she wasn't interested in the huts of relics; at Little Tara she wouldn't go near the place; she was "too tired." It must have been

pretty awful, when you think of it, even if all she saw in them was the mud-pie play of a man reverted to a child.

There was another thing at Little Tara quite as momentous as the jump to boar and bull. Here at last a mask had been thrown aside. Here there had been no pretense of proselyting, no astronomical lectures, no doorway harangues. Straightway he had arrived (a fabulous figure already, long heralded), he had commandeered a house and shut himself up in it and there, mysterious, assiduous, he had remained three days and nights, eating nothing, but drinking gallons of the foul water they left in gourds outside his curtain of reeds. No one in the village had ever seen what he had done and left there. Now, candidly, those labors were for himself alone.

Here at last in Tara the moment of that confession had overtaken the fugitive. It was he, ill with fever and dying of nostalgia—not these naked black baboon men seen now as little more than blurs—who had to give the Beast of the Infinite a name and a shape. And more and more, not only a shape, but a *shapeliness*. From the instant when, no longer able to live alone with nothingness, he had given it a likeness in Ndua mud, and perceived that it was intolerable and fled its face, the turtles and distorted crocodiles of Leikapo and the birds of Shamba had become inevitable, and no less inevitable the Little Tara boar and bull. Another thing grows plain in retrospect: the reason why, done to death (as all the way they reported him) he couldn't die. He didn't dare to. Didn't dare to close his eyes.

It was at Little Tara we first heard of him as "Father Witch," a name come back, we were told, from Tara, where he had gone. I had heard it pronounced several times before it suddenly obtruded from the native context as actually two English words. That was what made it queer. It was something they must have picked up by rote, uncomprehending; something then they could



have had from no lips but his own. When I repeated it after them with a better accent they pointed up toward the north, saying "Tara! Tara!"—their eagerness mingled with awe.

I shall never forget Tara as we saw it, after our last blistering scramble up a gorge, situated in the clear air on a slope belted with cedars. A mid-African stockade left by some blunder in an honest Colorado landscape, or a newer and bigger Vermont. Here at the top of our journey, black savages, their untidy *shambas*, the very Equator, all these seemed as incongruous as a Gothic cathedral in a Congo marsh. I wonder if Hubert Diana knew whither his instinct was guiding him on the long road of his journey here to die. . . .

He had died and he was buried, not in the village, but about half a mile distant, on the ridge; this we were given to know almost before we had arrived. There was no need to announce ourselves, the word of our coming had outrun us; the populace was at the gates.

"Our Father Witch! Our Father Witch!" They knew what we were after; the funny parrot-wise English stood out from the clack and clatter of their excited speech. "Our Father Witch! Ay! Ay!" With a common eagerness they gesticulated at the hill-top beyond the cedars.

Certainly here was a change. No longer the propitiatory spitting, the averted eyes, the uneasy whispering allusion to him who had passed that way: here in Tara they would shout him from the housetops, with a kind of civic pride.

We learned the reason for this on our way up the hill. It was because they were his chosen, the initiate.

We made the ascent immediately, against the village's advice. It was near evening; the return would be in the dark; it was bad lion country; wouldn't to-morrow morning do? . . . No, it wouldn't do the widow. Her face was set. . . . And so, since we were resolved to go, the village went with us, armed with spears and rattles and drums.

Charlie Kamba walked beside us, sifting the information a hundred were eager to give.

These people were proud, he said, because their wizard was more powerful than all the wizards of all the other villages "in the everywhere together." If he cared to he could easily knock down all the other villages in the "everywhere," destroying all the people and all the cattle. If he cared to he could open his mouth and swallow the sky and the stars. But Tara he had chosen. Tara he would protect. He made their mealies to grow and their cattle to multiply.

I protested, "But he is *dead* now!"

Charlie Kamba made signs of deprecation. I discerned that he was far from clear about the thing himself.

Yes, he temporized, this Father Witch was dead, quite dead. On the other hand he was up there. On the other hand he would never die. He was longer than forever. Yes, quite true, he was dead and buried under the pot.

I gave it up. "How did he die?"

Well, he came to this village of Tara very suffering, very sick. The dead man who walked. His face was very sad. Very eaten. Very frightened. He came to this hill. So he lived here for two full moons, very hot, very eaten, very dead. These men made him a house as he commanded them, also a stockade. In the house he was very quiet, very dead, making magic two full moons. Then he came out and they that were waiting saw him. He had made the magic, and the magic had made him well. His face was kind. He was happy. He was full fed. He was full fed, these men said, without any eating. Yes, they carried up to him very fine food, because they were full of wonder and some fear, but he did not eat any of it. Some water he drank. So, for two days and the night between them, he continued sitting in the gate of the stockade, very happy, very full fed. He told these people very much about their wizard, who is bigger than everywhere and

longer than forever and can, if he cares to, swallow the sky and stars. From time to time however, ceasing to talk to these people, he got to his knees and talked in his own strange tongue to Our Father Witch, his eyes held shut. When he had done this just at sunset of the second day he fell forward on his face. So he remained that night. The next day these men took him into the house and buried him under the pot. On the other hand Our Father Witch is longer than forever. He remains there still. . . .

The first thing I saw in the hut's interior was the earthen pot at the northern end, wrong-side-up on the ground. I was glad I had preceded Mrs. Diana. I walked across and sat down on it carelessly, hoping so that her afflicted curiosity might be led astray. It gave me the oddest feeling, though, to think of what was there beneath my nonchalant sitting-portion—aware as I was of the Kavirondo burial of a great man—up to the neck in mother earth, and the rest of him left out in the dark of the pot for the undertakings of the ants. I hoped his widow wouldn't wonder about that inverted vessel of clay.

I needn't have worried. Her attention was arrested otherwheres. I shall not forget the look of her face, caught above me in the red shaft of sundown entering the western door, as she gazed at the last and the largest of the Reverend Hubert Diana's gods. That long, long cheek of hers, buffeted by sorrow, startled now, and mortified. Not till that moment, I believe, had she comprehended the steps of mud-images she had been following for what they were, the steps of idolatry.

For my part, I wasn't startled. Even before we started up the hill, knowing that her husband had dared to die here, I could have told her pretty much what she would find.

This overlord of the cosmic categories that he had fashioned (at last) in his own image sat at the other end of the red-streaked house upon a bench—a

throne?—of mud. Diana had been no artist. An ovoid two-eyed head, a cylindrical trunk, two arms, two legs, that's all. But indubitably man, man-size. Only one finger of one of the hands had been done with much care. It wore an opal, a two-dollar stone from Mexico, set in a silver ring. This was the hand that was lifted, and over it the head was bent.

I've said Diana was no artist. I'll take back the words. The figure was crudeness itself, but in the relation between that bent head and that lifted hand there was something which was something else. A sense of scrutiny one would have said no genius of mud could ever have conveyed. An attitude of interest centered in that bauble, intense and static, breathless and eternal all in one—penetrating to its bottom atom, to the last electron, to a hill upon it, and to a two-legged mite about to die. Marking (yes, I'll swear to the incredible) the sparrow's fall.

The magic was made. The road that had commenced with the blobs of Ndua—the same that commenced with our hairy ancestors listening to the night-wind in their caves—was run.

And from here Diana, of a sudden happy, of a sudden looked after, "full fed," had walked out—

But no; I couldn't stand that mortified sorrow on the widow's face any longer. She had to be made to see. I said it aloud:

"From here, Mrs. Diana, your husband walked out—"

"He had sunk to idolatry. *Idolatry!*"

"To the bottom, yes. And come up its whole history again. And from here he walked out into the sunshine to kneel and talk with 'Our Father Which—'"

She got it. She caught it. I wish you could have seen the light going up those long, long cheeks as she got it:

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name!"


We went down hill in the darkness, convoyed by a vast rattling of gourds and beating of goat-hide drums.



## TWO SONNETS

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

**N**OT that it matters, not that my heart's cry  
Is potent to deflect our common doom,  
Or bind to truce in this ambiguous room  
The planets of the atom as they ply;  
But only to record that you and I,  
Like thieves that scratch the jewels from a tomb,  
Have gathered delicate love in hardy bloom  
Close under Chaos—I rise to testify.  
This is my testament: that we are taken;  
Our colors are as clouds before the wind;  
Yet for a moment stood the foe forsaken,  
Eyeing Love's favor to our helmet pinned;  
Death is our master—but his seat is shaken;  
He rides victorious—but his ranks are thinned.



**G**ROW not too high, grow not too far from home,  
Green tree, whose roots are in the granite's face!  
Taller than silver spire or golden dome  
A tree may grow above its earthy place,  
And taller than a cloud, but not so tall  
The root may not be mother to the stem,  
Lifting rich plenty, though the rivers fall,  
To the cold sunny leaves to nourish them.  
Have done with blossoms for a time, be bare;  
Split rock; plunge downward; take heroic soil;  
Deeper than bones—no pasture for you there;  
Deeper than water, deeper than gold and oil:  
Earth's fiery core alone can feed the bough  
That blooms between Orion and the Plough.



## THE NEW FIGHT FOR OLD LIBERTIES

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

**A**MERICANS jailed merely for their opinions? Who in the United States of 1900 would have deemed it possible? At that time it was the historic, well-cherished American doctrine that whatever a man thought, whatever he preached, whatever organization he belonged to, he was free to express his views, free to parade his membership in any alliance or society, free to hold to any theories he cared to without any interference by the State or any minor authority whatsoever. Only for an overt *act* could he be held responsible, such as a breach of peace or a physical assault upon the Government. This was the fundamental theory upon which the American republic was founded. More than almost anything else it typified the Colonists' struggle of many years against their mother country.

We have changed all that. It was in Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1920, that a prisoner was interrogated as to a remark he had made in a store in the presence of only two other men. The prisoner, a veteran in good standing in the American Legion, had been besought by a bond salesman to sell his three hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and to invest his money in "something better." In the course of the discussion the prisoner, Yenowsky by name, pointed to a picture of Lenin. "There is what I consider one of the brainiest men in the world" he says he remarked. The salesman, however, asserted that Yenowsky had, monstrosly, described Lenin as "the greatest, the most brainiest man on earth to-day." There followed in court this colloquy:

"Are you sure he used that expression?" the Magistrate asked.

"Yes."

"The most brainiest man on earth?"

"Yes, the greatest and the most brainiest man."

"Which did he say?"

"He said the most brainy man on earth to-day."

"He said the most brainy, not the most brainiest, man?"

"Yes."

"On earth to-day?"

"Yes."

There were witnesses who testified to Yenowsky's good character. They were offset by the salesman's unsustained charge that the prisoner had, besides complimenting Lenin, declared that he wished to see a Soviet form of government in America. "I will take jurisdiction," the court announced. "Six months in jail."

And to jail Yenowsky and his American Legion button would have gone had it not been that publicity was given to his case—by a journalist, among others, who at the Versailles Peace Conference had heard an American peace commissioner tell the assembled American press correspondents that a Soviet form of government might be as democratic as our own and had heard many statesmen admit that Lenin was, whether one admired or hated him, the ablest of the men produced in Europe by the war. Yenowsky was released and the sentence quashed long before the case could be heard on appeal. But the Waterbury magistrate had done the country a service in giving the most striking example



of what may happen if one begins to save the country by imprisoning doctrines and punishing thoughts, as did the Kaiser in Germany, the Czar in Russia, and the Austrians when they were attempting to hold Italy by force of arms, by the dark dungeon, and by the hangman.

No, the Waterbury magistrate was not a rare exception, not a sporadic case of a petty judge gone wrong. Moreover he acted under as drastic a sedition law as ever any European tyrant drafted. It is a model of compactness. "No person," it reads, "shall in public, or before any assemblage of ten or more persons, advocate in any language any measure, doctrine, proposal or propaganda intended to injuriously affect the Government of the United States or the State of Connecticut." What could be more skillfully drawn to give authority control of public opinion?

The most dangerous feature of this law is, of course, that it makes any magistrate the judge of what is propaganda, or doctrine, and whether it is or is not inimical to the State of Connecticut or to the United States. Most of the people of the United States in the period from 1830 to 1858 deemed the teachings of the Abolitionists inimical to the welfare of the United States—to-day they are honored and their fame is often attested in stone or bronze. The radical reform of to-day is usually the accepted custom of to-morrow, as has been the case with the enfranchisement of women. Beyond that, however, is the principle involved. This was laid down by no less an American than Thomas Jefferson in 1786 in these words: "To suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his power into the field of opinion . . . on supposition of their ill tendency is a dangerous fallacy, which at once destroys all liberty. . . ." There is no truth more obvious than this and none to which there would have been more general assent in America prior to 1908. There is none other which is better attested by the facts of history, for in whatever clime or period the sup-

pression of unpopular ideas has been attempted, it has inevitably revenged itself upon its originators. It will always, moreover, be an amazing fact that the worst of these sedition and suppression acts came out of the hysteria, the fright, and the patriotic orgy which marked our entrance into the war that was to have safeguarded democracy. We shackled, fettered, and gagged democracy at home while springing to its rescue abroad.

Under the Connecticut law one does not have to advocate lawlessness, or violence, or criminality, or sedition. If any judge or police officer should deem the advocacy of birth control, or of a general strike, inimical to the State of Connecticut, or for that matter, even the Roosevelt recall of judicial decisions, or the La Follette control of the Supreme Court by Congress, the offender could be sent to prison. An impossibility? An incredible suggestion? By no means. During the war a worthy son of an honored and famous chief justice of New Hampshire was sent to prison in Colorado for eighteen months merely because he differed from President Wilson as to Germany's breaking her promise to end submarine warfare and said so in writing! Arthur Garfield Hays, a responsible and high-minded attorney of New York, was arrested, assaulted by the police, and jailed at Vintondale, Pennsylvania, on May 28, 1922, merely for trying to hold a meeting in that town composed of a small group of friends. In Centuria, Washington, Elmer Smith, an attorney, was arrested, jailed, and charged with the crime of "*speaking under the auspices of the I. W. W.*" To-day there are no less than ninety-eight prisoners in American jails, eighty-nine of them in California, against whom there is no charge of criminality, no charge of robbery, or murder, or assault, or sedition. Their *sole* offense is that they are members of the I. W. W.

If such things as these may happen, who can foretell to what lengths judges and police will not go under such blanket sedition statutes as that of Connecticut,

and such laws against "criminal syndicalism" as besmirch the States of California and Washington? One has only to think of the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, with its determined warring upon Negro, Jew, Catholic, and foreigner, or to realize the tremendous development of religious prejudice and hostility in America of late, to appreciate how dangerous to American liberty are the precedents thus established. The Klan itself has on numerous occasions been deprived of its legal right of assembly; in New York and elsewhere it has been the object of special legislation requiring the publishing of the names of its members and forbidding it to parade masked. The K. K. K. is surely not much less out of place in American life than the I. W. W. Yet both of them are, according to every American tradition, entitled to every right guaranteed by the Constitution, precisely as are our Rotarians, our Chambers of Commerce, or our patriotic societies which, to many Americans, represent the acme of conservatism and reaction.

These departures from our historic policy are not confined to any one section. In New Jersey we have just witnessed a new and unhappy brand of Jersey justice which illustrates clearly a most ominous tendency of local authorities to control public utterances, not only as a result of political differences, but also because of economic strife. On April 9, last, Roger N. Baldwin, the director of the American Civil Liberties Union, was sentenced to six months in the county jail at Paterson, New Jersey, for the crime of "unlawful assembly." It is a curious fact that he was found guilty under a statute enacted in 1796 and, what is even more remarkable, his was the first conviction ever obtained under the law in the one hundred and twenty-nine years it has been on the statute books. With him were convicted seven others, all workers in the Paterson silk mills. What was the grave crime for which this unused statute was invoked? Why, on October 6, 1924, the

police having prevented a meeting of striking silk workers at Turn Hall, some five hundred or more persons marched to the City Hall steps and there held a lawful and orderly meeting which Mr. Baldwin addressed. It was no haphazard assembly, for it had all been previously planned by the Civil Liberties Union in order to test the right of the police to stop meetings of the silk strikers merely because the chief of police had objected to some remarks made at one of them by a member of the Workers' Party. Mr. Baldwin's meeting was entirely orderly, but the speaking had hardly begun when a group of some fifty policemen violently attacked the meeting, clubbing several strikers and arresting eleven persons on the charge of disorderly conduct, blocking traffic, and holding a meeting without a permit. Only the disorderly conduct charge was pressed the next day, except that two men were found guilty of assault, which conviction was subsequently set aside on appeal.

Another meeting was immediately arranged with Bishop Paul Jones, Mr. Baldwin, the Reverend John Nevin Sayre, and others as speakers. The chief of police was invited to be present and to arrest these persons. That august personage had, however, had enough and two days later consented to the renewal of the regular strike meetings at Turn Hall, made no trouble when Bishop Jones and the others spoke on the City Hall steps, and protested not at all when H. M. Wicks, who had been forbidden to speak, addressed still another meeting. Thus the right of peaceful public assembly for which, as much as for anything else, the Revolutionary founders of this government fought was re-established in a New Jersey city just one hundred and thirty-six years after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, in which there is no more sacred pledge to the citizens of this republic than the guarantee of the right of public meeting with which King George, to his cost, tampered.



But this victory did not prevent the chief of police from getting revenge. He obtained the indictment of Mr. Baldwin and nine others. They were tried in the Court of Common Pleas before Justice Joseph A. Delaney without a jury, without even a stenographer. After pondering the case for four months, the judge pronounced sentence without even handing down a written decision. In this case Jersey justice was not swift but original. Now this case is of striking importance not only because of Mr. Baldwin's own personality, but also because he was instructed to take the action he did by the Civil Liberties Union, whose National Committee includes such persons as the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, Professor Harry F. Ward, Dr. James H. Dillard, head of the Slater and Peabody Funds, John Lovejoy Elliott, Norman Hapgood, Jane Addams, Professor Felix Frankfurter, of Harvard University, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Helen Keller, William H. Johnston, head of the International Association of Machinists, Professor Robert Morss Lovett, Fremont Older, Father John A. Ryan, and many others. If it were not for this organization, hundreds of political prisoners and victims of police ire and lawlessness would still be in prison. Composed of men and women often dubbed as "reds" or "pinks," they are steadfastly battling for the preservation of the Constitution, for which reason they have at times placed their machinery at the disposal of the K. K. K. and have protested when the right of free speech has been denied to a complete conservative like Major George Haven Putnam. They have also taken sharp issue with the Communists who have been indulging themselves in the pastime of interfering in meetings where the present government of Russia was criticized, and they have demanded of the communistic Workers' Party that they officially denounce this sort of thing. The Civil Liberties Union has taken for its motto a saying of Wendell Phillips: "No mat-

ter whose lips would speak they must be free and ungagged. The community which dares not protect its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or how hateful, is only a gang of slaves."

The Mayor of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, does not accept this dictum of the greatest of anti-slavery orators—if he ever heard of him and his doctrines. In McKeesport the mayor alone decides who shall or shall not speak, and it is not merely Communists who have earned Mayor Lyle's censure; in economic matters also he is the dictator. In 1923 he forbade an organizer for the Iron, Steel, and Tinsplate Workers—a conservative American Federation of Labor Union—to hold meetings despite a telegraphic appeal from Governor Pinchot, the chief executive of his State, who urged that the constitutional right of assembly be not denied. The Mayor ignored the Governor. Again the Civil Liberties Union entered the field, this time to test the Mayor's right to repudiate the Constitution of the United States in defiance of the Governor of Pennsylvania. In co-operation with the Workers' Party, a meeting was arranged for Pittsburg on the afternoon of September 9, 1923, the principal speeches being submitted in advance to Governor Pinchot and to the police commissioner of Pittsburgh and pronounced within the law. The Pittsburg meeting took place in perfect order without interference. The same speakers, with one exception, went over to near-by McKeesport to repeat their speeches. They were denied admittance to the hall hired in advance because, it was stated, the law required a permit from the Mayor. They then adjourned to a previously hired lot. Here they were arrested for violating the Sabbath, for disorderly conduct, and for holding a meeting without a permit.

Despite the fact that the Mayor confessed that there was no ordinance requiring permits for private meetings, the

five men arrested were fined twenty-five dollars and costs. On the appeal before Judge Foster of the Allegheny County Court, Mayor Lyle admitted that two political meetings had been held that day without permits and that there was no controlling ordinance, but gave as his reason for his acts a desire "to avoid trouble." Judge Foster sustained the McKeesport judge and the Mayor and increased one of the fines from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars because he objected to a passage in a pamphlet this man carried—which passage came from no less a pen than that of Professor Harry F. Ward of Union Theological Seminary. It being impossible to present the issue squarely to the State Supreme Court, the case ended there—and the Mayor remains in control of public discussion and still refuses to allow anybody to speak in McKeesport whose views he does not like.

This case is of special interest because there has been an almost nationwide movement to control meetings by means of ordinances requiring a permit from the Mayor. In Mount Vernon, New York, under such an ordinance John Haynes Holmes, Rose Schneiderman, and Norman Thomas were arrested for reading the Constitution on the street. This ordinance was declared unconstitutional by Judge Keogh of the Supreme Court of New York, but his judgment was reversed by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. The Court of Appeals, the highest court in the State, has fortunately since sustained Judge Keogh's decision.

The Mayor of Wilkes-Barre has gone his brother of McKeesport one better. He not only desires to control public expression; he has even divested himself of that power and turned it over to a body not known officially by the laws of Pennsylvania—the American Legion post in his city. His telegram to the Civil Liberties Union is here given because it is and must remain a classic example of official aberration:

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Jan. 28, 1924.

I shall not allow any meeting of anarchists or communists to be held in this city. These meetings have in the past been the occasion of breaches of the peace. The best example of this was the way the young men composing the American Legion invaded the hall at yesterday's meeting and stopped the proceedings. I am in favor of the most enlarged liberties of free speech but shall not permit anyone under the guise of freedom of speech to promulgate anarchy and disrespect for law. These meetings have occasioned disorder in our community and so far as my power will permit I shall oppose them. I shall not tolerate any organization holding meetings in this community that is opposed by the American Legion. All meetings of this character in future will be submitted to the Legion committees for approval before they are permitted. Freedom of speech under the American flag is welcome but under the red flag of anarchy will never be tolerated.

Daniel L. Hart  
Mayor.

In this case the Mayor's theory is on all fours with the case of one Joseph Palmer, a Communist dweller at Fruitlands decades ago, who was arrested because he persisted in wearing such a long beard that people mobbed him, not once but often. So the authorities arrested him as a menace to law and order and kept him under lock and key to protect the peace! Probably Mayor Hart had never heard of this excellent precedent. If he has known of Thomas Jefferson, he has not learned that that great democrat has also said that "it is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order." If the Mayor were to turn to the case of *Reynolds vs. the United States* (98 U.S. 163) he would find that our highest tribunal had upheld this stand of Jefferson's. His ignorance, both of his duties as a civil official and as an upholder of American rights, is apparent enough, and the confusion of his mental processes is clearly shown by his failure to realize that the persons he should have



proceeded against for lawlessness in interrupting a meeting were the members of the Legion—those whom he has now made the arbiters of free speech and public assembly. Such a mayor could not hold office or remain in office in any British municipality, for the Britons guard his rights jealously, as is demonstrated by the fact that Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Government of Ramsay MacDonald, held five hundred peace meetings in Great Britain during the war years without hindrance on the part of any official high or low. It would be of vast service to every American citizen if Mayor Hart could be placed under charges and tried for malfeasance. As it is, the Civil Liberties Union accepted the Mayor's challenge and instituted a meeting at which Professor Ward and Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes were speakers; it was closed by the police. Two and one half months later another meeting was successfully held. As is usually the case, a discussion of the issue did a good deal to educate Wilkes-Barre in genuine Americanism.

Just as Mayor Hart's confusion of thought as to what constitutes free speech is shared by multitudes of his fellow-citizens, so there are plenty of similar acts of other officials, some more lawless, which he could cite in his defense. At Old Forge, Pennsylvania, two Socialists were forcibly deported on June 9, 1923; suit for three thousand dollars damages has been filed against the mayor, and Socialists may now speak in Old Forge. In Johnstown, Pennsylvania, an un-American mayor permitted only pro-Fascist speakers to hold meetings; those who opposed Mussolini were not allowed to speak until he was subsequently converted. He is the same mayor who recently arbitrarily ordered all negroes to leave town who had not resided there for seven years—an action also revoked, if press reports are to be trusted, but one no more hostile to American liberties than his banning of anti-Mussolini speakers. In San Pedro,

California, in May, 1923, wholesale police outrages occurred, hundreds of strikers being thrown into jail on trumped-up charges without warrants, after being brutally beaten and abused—all in order to break the strike—by no means the only case in which officials have taken sides in industrial disputes. Four American citizens who were aroused to protest were arrested while reading in a private lot the Bill of Rights—that Magna Charta of American liberties. Headed by Upton Sinclair, the novelist, they were held in jail for hours *incommunicado* as if in a Spanish dungeon.

So great were the protests that the six hundred strikers were subsequently released, and a vigorous Southern California branch of the Civil Liberties Union was organized with a local clergyman, the Rev. Clinton J. Taft of the Plymouth Congregational Church, in charge. Its first act was to establish a free-speech forum which has held meetings every Sunday for sixteen months, and its pamphlets and leaflets sent everywhere have held Southern California up to the shame that section has richly earned. The new Union was not, however, able to prevent repeated raids upon the I. W. W. hall in San Pedro, in the course of one of which on June 14, 1924, incredible as it appears, the place was almost completely destroyed, women and children burned by hot coffee thrown upon them, and a number of men taken in automobiles to remote places, where they were robbed, tarred, and feathered. There can be no doubt that the police connived at this outrage—for which nobody was punished—even if they did not take part in it. Yet the police of San Pedro and Los Angeles expect the inhabitants of those places to respect and obey the law!

So do the police of New York; but on the night before May Day of this year they deliberately raided and broke up ten Communist meetings without a warrant, without the slightest allegation that any improper speeches were being made or that any other lawless practice

was being engaged in. Nobody was arrested, nobody charged with crime. The police merely exercised their power arbitrarily, precisely as some weeks previously they had rounded up all the ex-convicts they could find on the streets and arrested thirty-five on general principles without warrants—both proceedings which, again, could not possibly have occurred in Great Britain. Now one may feel as inimical to Communists as one will, but the fact is that Communism is an arguable way of life, even if it is at present entirely unsuited to the world. Probably more communistic or semi-communistic experiments have, however, been tried in America—Brook Farm, the Oneida Community, the Shaker colonies leap to mind—than anywhere else in the world. In invading these meetings Commissioner Enright's men were as lawless as the most abandoned criminals they pick up; and it is to be hoped that some agency will some day make a test case and teach the police of all our cities—practically all of whom resort to the barbarous and lawless third-degree tortures to extort confessions in violation of every personal right—that those who would reform others must first reform themselves.

Their philosophy to-day is that of the Mayor of Bellaire, Ohio, who arrested one H. M. Wicks against whom no charge had been made. "It is not what he has done, but what he might do," the Mayor explained. It is also that of General "Pat" Hamrock, head of the Colorado Rangers, who deported W. Z. Foster from that State. "We consulted no law," he proudly declared. And it was a judge in Seattle who encouraged lawless police by this colloquy in the case of men charged with the heinous offense of selling I. W. W. papers in Centralia:

Judge: "I suppose you will plead not guilty, but I will find you guilty now."

Prisoner: "Do Constitutional rights count in Centralia at all?"

Judge: "No, Constitutional rights do not count at all."

What wonder that the Mayor of

Newark refused to allow orderly meetings in memory of Lenin; that Mayor Curley of Boston, an ardent Catholic, refuses to permit any meeting advocating birth control, or even discussing it, to be held in the cradle of American liberty; that the police of Toledo, Ohio, kidnapped in the public streets a Mr. and Mrs. Salvador Rose and drove them twenty-three miles out of the city where Mr. Rose was strung up by the neck and nearly lynched—his wife was long ill as a result of this official outrage, for she was in a delicate condition and lost her child in consequence! The charge against them was that they were Communists and, though repeated protests were made to the authorities, not one step was taken to bring the guilty police to book.

That this lawlessness of officials is not confined to the fields of civil liberty touched upon above is clearly proved by a statement made in *The Independent* for May 9, 1925, by Edwin M. Abbott, special counsel for Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia. I give it in his words:

Another problem, inexplicable to the laity, is the disregard of law by some judges. It is a well-known fact that many of our jurists do not believe in the Eighteenth Amendment and will not enforce the law. Cases are dismissed that should be pressed, and defendants are discharged who should be punished by these men who will not obey the law in their privacy. Several are known who disregard their oaths to support the Constitution of the United States and the laws of the nation and of their State. They make a mental reservation as to their own conduct and set an example for the community which is dangerous and a most evil precedent.

The list of wrongs is long; it could be indefinitely continued. Can America afford to have her good name tarnished thus? Are we not, thereby, forfeiting the right to celebrate our country as the home of the free and the land of the brave? The first step backward was when, in its righteous wrath over the assassination of President McKinley, Con-



gress passed its first modern law against a state of mind—the anarchists—and so shut out, or rather tried to, not only bomb-throwers, but also theoretical anarchists like Leo Tolstoi, or Prince Kropotkin, than whom no more gentle and kindly soul ever graced the parlors of Fifth Avenue, as he did when he was here. That was ill-considered and ill-digested legislation; yet it was as nothing in its menace to our democracy to what has been passed and what has been done since. Shall we not now call a halt? If so, then the first step is to support those who are pledged to defend the Constitution and to serve it to the last. In the second place, it is necessary for us to realize that in this new fight for old liberties the battle is not against lawless foreigners or Americans, but that it is *almost wholly* against constituted authorities, against judges and civil officials who, sworn to uphold the Constitution, are bringing it into disrepute by insisting that they shall interpret the Bill of Rights as they see fit, and that the solemn pledges of the Constitution itself do not hold good when they choose to waive them.

These lawless or ignorant officials are, it is only fair to add, supported by many in ordinary life who say, "I believe in free speech and the right of assembly,

but there are limits beyond which . . ." without realizing that a liberty is a liberty, a principle a principle, a right a right, and that when one of these rights is breached, be it ever so little, a precedent is established which may easily lead to the destruction of a priceless heritage. The American colonists would permit no one to place limits to freedom of press, or speech, or to the right to assemble. Those who fight for those rights to-day have inherited the cherished belief of the wisest of the founders that there is no safety-valve like free speech, and that even the most misguided person should be allowed his say. The theory is that if the speaker voices a truth, even if prematurely, it will in the end prevail, and that he who preaches error will in due course of time be convicted of that error, more than likely out of his own mouth. It is the only theory which spells safety for any government. To follow any other policy, history teaches, is to install tyrants or to drive restlessness or dissatisfaction underground where they become a menace. Violent repression results, historically, in grave social outbursts. It is the path of wisdom as well as of nobility to heed the teachings of the Founders who cherished no fear that with free speech and free discussion this Republic could be overthrown.



## THESE AMERICAN MEN

BY REBECCA WEST

WHEN I came to the United States I was prepared for a considerable divergence arising out of the different historical circumstances of Great Britain and America. I was aware that coming from England, in which society has developed so exclusively through community life that the most conservative citizen is chockful of socialist tradition, I should be startled by the individualism of America, in which society has developed through the activities of loosely grouped pioneers. That contrast is, I think, not fully realized in the United States. Few Americans realize that even the mass of electors who voted for Mr. Baldwin's party at the last election would be amazed if they were told that the Supreme Court had declared that the Constitution of the United States could not be amended to prohibit Child Labor and enforce the Minimum Wage Law on the ground that it would interfere with the personal liberty of the citizen guaranteed by that Constitution. The school of political thought which is responsible for such decisions is not now represented in England except among the Diehard Conservatives; and since they stand for hostility to America and everything American, it is confusing to find this particular identity of attitude. For divergencies in such high matters I was prepared; but I had not imagined that this difference in political thought would alter life even in its superficialities, that it would alter the talk of the ordinary man, the look of the streets and houses.

But it does. How it does! I traveled over the United States for five months

out of the eight I spent there, and nothing struck me with more amazement than the difference between the conversation of the ordinary American traveler and the equivalent Englishman. I was in a position to contrast them, for I lived for some years in a dormitory town forty miles out of London, and I used to go up to town once or twice a week in a railway carriage full of commuters. Now those English commuters talked—I used to remember it with amazement over in America—almost exclusively of gardens and politics. They seemed to gratify their æsthetic and play instincts by gardening. They talked with real happiness of their herbaceous borders, their roses, their bulbs, and their vegetables. And when they had done with gardening they would talk of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin, of Ireland and Germany and India. And of business my commuters did not talk at all, save to say vaguely that it was good or bad, or search for examples bearing on a discussion concerning the relative merits of Free Trade and Protection.

Now, the American traveler never talked of gardens or of politics at all. If he spoke of a bulb he meant an electric one; and no traveling salesman or drugstore proprietor ever boasted to me of the squashes and carrots he had raised with his own hands. So far as I can remember I saw comparatively few flower gardens, except at the houses of the very rich, till I reached California; and I think I am right in saying that the sight of the small vegetable garden usually is a sign that one is in a quarter inhabited by foreign immigrants. When



I inquired the reason for this American lack of interest in gardening I was given two answers. I was told that the high cost of labor made it impossible to employ gardeners, and that anyway vegetables were not worth cultivating as they could be bought more cheaply than they could be grown by the householder. Those answers were to me an even more astonishing indication of the difference between the two countries. For the mass of English villa-dwellers would never dream of employing a gardener more than one day a week, and the clerks and the shop-assistants who are the most ardent marrow-fans would not have even that much help. The small English garden is the work of the householder and his wife and family, and they do not care whether the vegetables they raise cost more or less than the ones in the shops. What they want is the fun of growing them. Poor dears, how startled and depressed they would be by the miles of hedgeless shaven lawns that run along the avenues of your residential districts. They would think them incredibly grim and institutional, an earthy equivalent of the clean but dreary regularities of a hospital ward.

But this is not due to any superior sense of the amenities on the part of the British for, if American yards strike the English as dreary, the English house strikes the American as infamous. It is, by comparison, ill-planned, ill-painted, meanly equipped with household utensils and untidily kept. Those gleaming bathrooms, those spotless, satin-painted kitchens, those mirrorlike parquet floors, are on your side of the Atlantic, and not on ours. And that is because there is an Individualist on your side of the Atlantic and a Socialist on ours. The English in their joy in garden-making are finding entertainment in what began as an obligation. The duty of the citizen was to serve the community; and as the community went about the town or village its eye constantly fell upon its gardens. Therefore, it was his duty to make his garden as pleasant as possible, and by

working on the thing he grew fond of it. But his house is not exposed to the eye of the community, and therefore he feels that he can do as he likes with it. If he is indolent let it express his indolence. If he likes stuffiness and the look of dingy furniture, he will have them. In any case its condition does not touch his pride. Now, the American looks at his house and garden from an entirely different angle. That his garden is under the community's eye means to him merely that it is overlooked and, therefore, insufficiently private to be interesting. He therefore sees that just enough is done to keep it neat and inoffensive, and withdraws into his completely private house and makes it a thing he is proud to own and show to other owners. The same difference in attitude expresses itself in the aspects of American and British cities. Yours are full of magnificent streets littered with torn papers and stacked at any waste plot with tin cans. Ours are meanly built and scrupulously scavenged.

Politics go out of the American conversation almost as completely as gardens. Instead of mentioning business only to illustrate political discussion, the American mentions politics only in so far as they affect business. And the only pronouncement that is ever made concerning business in England, as to whether it is good or bad, is the only one that is never made in the United States. For it is presupposed that it is good, or life would not be worth living. To declare that it was bad would be like declaring adherence to the philosophy of pessimism, which is obviously not a thing one would do lightly to a chance acquaintance in the train. This difference of topic appears to those who are listening for entertainment's sake to be very strongly in favor of American conversation. Since the American is not taking his phrases from a *Daily Mail* leader, but is speaking of what he knows through personal experience, he talks on his chosen subject much more freshly and vividly than the Englishman does

on his. I have never been better entertained in my life than I was on a four-hour journey from Chicago to a small town in Illinois by a business man of those parts who was able to tell me the history of every factory we passed. It was a story of triumphs and defeats that his commercial passion made as thrilling as a page of Froissart's Chronicles.

I was particularly impressed by three illustrations of the poles-apart difference between the British and American temperament in this matter. One was an advertisement that I saw in New York as soon as I arrived, and later all over the United States, which declares that a certain cigarette is "the fastest growing cigarette in the United States." The first time I saw it I did not understand what it meant, and it has baffled every English person to whom I have repeated it. To catch the English smoker, an advertisement would have to lay stress on the quality of the tobacco and the efficiency of its manufacture, and nothing else. Expatriation on the rapid increase in the sales of a particular brand would simply lead to cynical speculation as to how much this was due to increase in advertisements, the cost of which would certainly be borne by the consumer in the end. The conception of rapid commercial expansion as something seductively romantic which would lure the public into buying a cigarette would not be valid in England at all.

The second illustration was a short story I read in a Chicago newspaper which dealt in a luscious sentimental style with a heroine from the country named Elsie. Elsie was an old-fashioned girl, who would have liked to make pie as Mother made it, but was frustrated in that desire because the old home had been sold and she had to sell lingerie in a department store in a great city. All day long she stood sadly at the counter, selling silk nightdresses to worthless wealthy women while her fingers longed to be making corn fritters and curly crullers and pumpkin pie. There was a happy ending to this story, but it did not con-

sist, as I, being British, expected, in the appearance of a good young man who offered love and a cooking stove. No. Instead, Elsie was moved to the household-utensils department where she performed such feats of salesmanship that she was presently earning a prodigious salary. I know a little about the English fiction market and I am willing to bet a substantial sum that no English editor ever had a story quite like that submitted to him or her. As it was very readable and a heartening change from the sentimental story, the advantage is to America.

The third conversation was a conversation I had in an automobile with a business man of a certain Middle Western city. As we rode along a riverside drive we passed a very large house, and he told me that it belonged to his brother. He then felt it incumbent on him to explain to me why he did not live in such a big house, though to my European eyes he and his family seemed to be living in great comfort. He apologetically told me that he had not been so successful in business as his brother, and he pleaded in excuse that when young he had been delicate, that he had been wounded in the war, and that at a crucial moment his partner had died and his widow been obliged to withdraw his money from the business. I want to make it clear that all this did not proceed from any snobbery or materialism; he was demonstrating his lack of those qualities by lavishing the utmost imaginable kindness and hospitality on me, of whom he knew nothing save that I was a stranger and a writer. It was simply that he conceived it to be the duty of every self-respecting human being to succeed gloriously in business. He became depressed by his own revelation of his incomplete attainment to that ideal, so I interrupted him by exclaiming on the beauty of the river. He seemed glad to change the subject, and began to tell me that an industrial concern was erecting certain works on the shore which, it was known, would pollute the



waters and endanger the public health, but which were nevertheless proceeding unchecked because of graft on the part of the municipal authorities. He talked of this with disapproval but with detachment. Evidently he found it a relief to speak of this rather than of his (purely comparative) failure. In that he showed himself the complete antithesis of the average Englishman, who would not have been in the least ashamed to confess himself a business failure, even of an absolute and not relative kind, but who would have been bitterly ashamed to admit that he and his fellows were not politically virile enough to safeguard the machinery of local government from corruption. Honors are easy, of course, for neither is entirely wrong and neither is entirely right.

In any case both behave as the circumstances of their countries dictate. The American is absorbed in business because his nation is still engaged in a stocktaking of its material resources. Until the industrial fields of the United States are fully mapped out, American society cannot become stable and its foreign populations settle down and become fully assimilated. Till that day the working classes as a whole and the middle classes will always be subject to that nomadism which appals the stranger by the obstacles it presents to the establishment of a united society. But England is in an entirely different case. Her industrial fields are defined to the last inch. There is simply no place for that kind of enterprise which would make a man give up a safe job in Columbus, Ohio, to go looking for oil in Oklahoma. If he went running about our island like that he would fall over the edge. The only industrial expansion we can hope for comes not by prospecting but by negotiation: by this and that transaction with the trade unions, by currency manipulations, by cultivation of foreign alliances: in fact, by politics. Washington means not so much in Wall Street's young life; but the City of London looks towards the City of Westminster all day long.

That business dominates the average American's life does not mean that he is narrower in his interests than the equivalent Englishman. His individualism provides that in certain ways he is much less narrow. The average Englishman, obsessed by his sense of the community, considers the value of every public performance according to the verdict that would be passed on it by the community. He is therefore shy of going in for any form of physical exercise unless he is sure he can come up to the common standard. He feels it is not worth while, for the same reason, to go in for an intellectual subject unless he can speak with the authority of an expert. The American feels no such inhibitions, and plays a game if he wants the physical sensations that arise from playing it, and talks of a subject if it interests him. One of the most striking manifestations of this difference is in dancing. In America nearly all men dance, whether they can or not. In England only a small proportion of men dance but those who do either dance very well or think they do. The American condition is much the healthier, as the competition among Englishwomen for dancing partners is apt to be misinterpreted by the Englishman as proceeding from a passion for the partner rather than from a passion for dancing.

In its intellectual manifestations this willingness to be an amateur is apt to create a mistaken impression in the mind of a traveler who comes from the lands where they believe in professionalism. I remember being shocked and embarrassed at a party in a certain Western city by hearing a prominent lawyer of the State uttering a monologue on the subject of psychoanalysis, which, in its gross misuse of the terms involved and in its exhibition of total inability to grasp the structure of this or any system of psychology, was as bewildering as would be a lecture on physical geography by somebody who thought that the earth was square and the equator a small yellow dog. I went away thinking with patriotic conceit that in England I had

never heard such a silly and superficial conversation on any intellectual subject, but it soon occurred to me that the only reason for that was that in England such a subject was never discussed at all save by professional intellectuals. If I had gone to an English town like Chester or Norwich, which are as near as may be the prototypes of that Western city, and I had gone to such a party, there are about three chances in a hundred that I should have met a professional man who could talk brilliantly about psychoanalysis. But there are ninety-seven chances in a hundred that no person of that party would ever have heard of it.

Here again, honors are easy. In a generation England will reap the benefits of its specialists' thoroughness. Its books, its plays, its journalism, its sermons, its lectures, its lessons will for the most part be given to it by people who have mastered the theory of psychoanalysis, and who will apply to their own subjects such parts of it as have seemed to them true and valuable. The common mind will therefore benefit by the work of Freud and Jung and Adler at second hand, without having to struggle with its technicalities, and without filling itself up with jargon and misconceptions in the process. But the Western lawyer does derive a more immediate benefit, though he may impede the work of the specialist by putting a lot of nonsense into currency and thus debasing the intellectual coinage of the country. Though he cannot assimilate the theories of psychoanalysis, some at least of the more picturesque deductions from them are bound to cling to his mental surfaces. He will probably learn that it is as well to be skeptical of the human mind as an instrument; he will learn to suspect its judgments as being not always the findings of pure reason, but as often as not the ravings of ancient shocks haunting it in the form of prejudices; he will probably learn that a child's chance of growing into a healthy-minded adult is dependent on it being protected from certain disturbing experiences; he will

probably learn that misconduct often proceeds from an individual's need to express himself in quite legitimate ways which his faulty environment does not permit. He will in consequence become less dogmatic, a better parent, and more tolerant. His amateurishness may be unæsthetic, but it is of some moral value.

But though absorption in business has not succeeded in narrowing the American's sphere of interest, it has stereotyped his method of approach. That I believe to be the explanation of the peculiar conditions relating to marriage and divorce which are the wonderment of the visitor to the United States, and the embarrassment of the native. Now, I have not let the headlines divert me from my contemplation of small-print sane America. I am well aware that there are innumerable towns, especially in the East, in New England, and in the South, where it would be almost as inconceivable for a respectable citizen to get divorced as it would be in an English cathedral city. I know that in South Carolina there is no divorce law at all, and that in many other states, including New York, it is extremely difficult to dissolve a marriage. All the same the fact remains that in the United States there is one divorce to every eight marriages, while in Great Britain the rate is but one in one hundred. These divorces are plainly not remedies for violent diseases: they cannot represent flights of husbands and wives from vicious parties because the vices are not practiced to that extent in America. From the most liberal point of view this is not a satisfactory position. Nothing emerges from these broken marriages which counterbalances the damage done to the children concerned. They have not value even as experience; for the divorcing persons are not moved by discontent with the institution of marriage, but only with their particular experiment, and consequently do not set about devising another and better institution. In-



deed, their usual procedure is to cut round the corner at the first possible moment and marry someone else on exactly the same terms.

The general attitude is that that this state of affairs marks a climax of degeneration from the old-fashioned stable permanent monogamy. I do not believe that view to be sound. I believe that America's addiction to divorce, like her indifference to politics, is a necessary part of its phase of industrial expansion, and will come to an end when that comes to an end. I came to that conclusion the other day when I met an Englishwoman, just returned from visiting friends in the United States, who approached the subject not objectively but subjectively by remarking how surprised she had been to see how easily and how unwisely Americans fell in love. I may say she is not a beautiful woman, and is over thirty years of age. She told me that while she had had twelve proposals of marriage in the twelve years she had lived in London she had had five during the few months she had stayed in the United States. She told me too that the manner of her American suitors had struck her as curious in being at once earnest and perfunctory; and she gave me two examples of it, which impressed me greatly. I do not for one moment present them as typical of American life, but I think that, extraordinary as they may be, they undoubtedly contain the germ of the ordinary.

While this Englishwoman was staying in New York she met on several social occasions a business man who was associated with a famous manufacturing corporation, named, let us say, John Smith. He was over forty, wore horn-rimmed spectacles, and exhibited all the stigmata of a Babbitt. One morning after they had met at a dinner-party he called her up and asked her to come immediately to his office down town. She went, and was surprised when, after prudently removing the horn-rimmed spectacles, Mr. John Smith embraced her respectfully but fervently. When she broke away

from him he sat down at his desk and motioned her to take a seat beside him. Having replaced his spectacles, he addressed her in the following terms, "You are the loveliest person I have met. I have met women who were more beautiful, but you are perfectly fascinating. I am just crazy about you. I mean to marry you. You may have heard that I married old Blank's daughter, but that is not such an obstacle as you might think." He then called in his stenographer and said to her, "Miss Dash, fetch me the file concerning Mrs. Smith's health." The file was brought. It consisted of medical reports which showed that Mrs. Smith had long been a victim of diseases brought on by intemperance, and it ended with a letter dated but a few days earlier, from a distinguished doctor who gave it as his opinion that the poor lady had at most only a few more months to live.

"In view of these facts," continued Mr. John Smith, "you will see that marriage between you and me is a perfectly possible proposition. Right now I want you to fix everything so that we can be married in eight or nine months. You must give up all thought of going back to England till we go back to see your folks on our wedding-trip. Now, for God's sake, don't think I'm not being straight with you. See here, I'll prove it. You know I'm in politics. I mean to be in Washington before very long. I'll give you a letter saying I want to marry you, and it'll be dated to-day while my wife is alive, and you'll have that on me if I doublecross you." He was, in fact, desperately earnest. And he was a very decent soul; the file regarding Mrs. Smith's health contained much evidence that he had done everything he could to save his wife and mitigate her sufferings. Nevertheless, the courtship was so strange, so different in size and shape and tempo, from anything the Englishwoman had ever known in Europe, that she could feel nothing but that hysteria which comes from a shock concerning vital things.

The other experience that she recalled as being distinctively un-British was an encounter in a city of the Middle West where she had broken her journey to California for a few days in order to see some friends. At a dance held the night before she met a banker, a man of about thirty-five, who danced so well that she was very pleased to be his partner most of the evening. In the morning, although she was leaving by a train at half-past seven, he came in his automobile to take her and her hostess to the railway station. She was largely indifferent to the occasion, but thought it kind of him, though she wished he had not done it, considering what one looks like at that hour. They smiled good-by, and it seemed certain that it would be good-by. But at Kansas City she received a telegram:

The hick town where you are changing cars is of historic moment not only on that account but because there the beings to whom the signer owes terrestrial existence signified assent to the institution of marriage which is an institution that concerns you and me right now more of this later

At Pueblo, Colorado, she received another:

It is an institution which most people to-day say must be either improved by disassociating the romantic ideal or superseded by attachments only and only so long as conforming to that ideal this is old stuff the interesting possibility for us is the third of which later

At Salt Lake City she received another:

The conditions of the third state are one spiritual self-reliance two intellectual candor three engrossment in separate activities four prior emotional experience seems to me with these conditions it might be worth trying prepare yourself to discuss this later

At San Francisco she received another:

Let us try it

Subsequent proceedings proved that this was an entirely serious proposal of marriage.

Now, what had specially impressed the Englishwoman about these two proposals of marriage was the absolute certainty with which either of them, had it been accepted, would have led her to the divorce court. In this she was perfectly right. She was not suited to be the wife of a business man, whether in New York or the Middle West. Heart burnings without end there would have been if she had married Mr. John Smith or the banker, accusations of coldness, irritated rebuttals, eventual divorce. Englishmen of the same type had been attracted to her, but during the long series of lunches and dinners and days on the river that the European temperament ordains as a prelude to a proposal of marriage the melancholy certainty had become so patent to both the wooer and the wooed that the matter was allowed to rest at friendship. But the Americans had rushed on towards marriage, towards divorce, without giving themselves one chance. What made them do it? Nothing that operates in English psychology. A man might fall in love as suddenly in England, but it would be because he was a practitioner of some form of romanticism. Either he would be a Don Juan, and would speedily abandon her for another lady; or, marrying her, he would enshrine her in his house as a worshipped, uncriticized, uncomprehended presence. But these two men did not fall into either of these categories. They were not Don Juans, as they proved by so freely committing themselves into the lady's power; and they were obviously looking for a thoroughly modern comradeship. What made them, to use a phrase beloved of Mark Twain, carry on so?

The mistake they made, I think, was that they were treating the Englishwoman as a business proposition. They were behaving as if she were a promising invention and they were trying to take out patent rights in her; or as if she were a rich mineral deposit and they were trying to get a lease of her from the government. But one does not have to ascer-



tain before one patents an invention that the invention has a positive preference for being patented by oneself above all other possible patentees; one does not have to form a close personal relationship with an oil well before one exploits it. All one has to do in the sphere of such activities is to get in before the other people and settle the matter quickly. Now, speed may be a mark of efficiency in commerce, but in other departments of life it may be a mark of the most paralyzing inefficiency. A stenographer writing her employer's letters on a typewriter at a hundred words a minute is probably being highly efficient. But a writer composing direct on the typewriter at the same rate would be very certainly wasting his paper and his energy, because creation is not carried on at such a pace. For some things exist not at all, or are the fruit of leisure. In their manufacture time plays a part which cannot be delegated to any other agent. Chief among them are art, scholarship, wine, and love—or even, to put it lower, that state of mind which is conducive to a happy marriage.

Decidedly, the technic of business is not suitable for dealing with marriage. That is the source of the woe of the waitresses and beauty-parlor girls who confide to one stories of incredibly rash and swift marriages with young men who have read business magazines till they believe that to stick out your chin, purse your lips, look owlsh through your horn-rimmed spectacles, and act quickly is somehow to command success. At the other end of the scale it makes millionaires fling matrimonial alliance after matrimonial alliance across the social circle, standing up to sex and forcing it to give them romance and happiness, just as they have flung industrial enterprise after industrial enterprise across the continent, standing up to fortune and forcing it to give them wealth and power. This mishandling of marriage is bound to diminish as the United States approaches the limits of its industrial expansion and commerce becomes an

occupation among others instead of a dominating obsession. It will then become possible for psychological processes which are not useful in business to retain nevertheless their prestige in attacking problems in other departments of life.

Not that one wishes the United States to pass out of this phase too quickly. This dominating obsession has its splendor. There is an incident I remember with joy, a supreme exhibition of pure poetic passion, that I had to cross the Atlantic to see. Once when I was being manicured in a beauty parlor in a Chicago hotel, two of the girls who were standing by at leisure commented on a pearl and ruby ring of mine which has an ornate old-fashioned gold setting. They found inside an engraved inscription which told that it was a mourning ring for a forebear of mine who died in 1816. "For Mercy's sake! You don't say 1816!" And their lovely little heads, one dark, one fair, one Irish, one Norwegian, slewed round so that they looked through the window at what appeared of that strange, raw, beautiful, rain-colored city, and one said solemnly, "1816! Why, there wasn't any Chicago then." It struck them with awe, as it should: that in a space of time so brief that the little golden roses on my ring were not rubbed down, this vast continent should have been conquered by man and made to feed him, clothe him, shelter, better than earth has ever done before, and thereby brought him near overmanhood.

But this is romantic America: the America that is making discoveries out of its experiences. Classical America, which tests these discoveries, discards these that are not real, arranges those that are real into a significant pattern, and thus creates the enduring America, is not so easy to find. The impulse of the stranger is to look for it in New England, but it is not in New England that I believe I found classical America, but in the Middle West. I can think of a small town that lies under the vast sky-

scapes of those parts. Nothing happens round it except corn. I did not write home specially about Main Street, and all the other streets run just a little way out among the cornfields, and they are built of tedious frame houses, and the yards are all the same. But there is a State University there. That means there are some thousands of young people in this town. They are not specially comely young people; but there is a featureless radiance about the prairie when spring is coming to it, a look of inexhaustible and wholesome fertility, which makes it as dear to the remembering eye as more featured European landscapes; and there is just such a radiance about these people.

Here is soil in which to plant a tradition; and when one met the staff that was teaching these young people it was apparent that a tradition had been planted. I do not know that any of these teachers were famous scholars, that there were any names among them that would cause excitement at Oxford or Heidelberg. But they did better than that. For they were tall, lanky, slow-spoken men, who had a look of Lincoln. And they were Lincoln's sort. As he kept faith with honesty and justice in the new country, so they were keeping faith with learning. Out there among the cornfields they are very earnestly making a new culture, a new art. There was one, I remember, who especially had this Lincoln look. He was very patiently

writing books in the manner of Flaubert about the life of this Middle Western State. It takes much bravery for an artist to do what he was doing, for he was writing in the full knowledge that he was unlikely to achieve anything satisfyingly close to perfection, since it is improbable that any medium native to the Old World is exactly suited to express the soul of the New World. Quite well he knew that he was no more than feeling his way towards an artistic formula that would be triumphantly applied only by a writer of the future.

What a glorious gamble is the effort of this man and his colleagues to establish a culture there on the plains, that seem to belong so much more to the skies than to man! They might satisfy their individual passion for art and scholarship, as Henry James did, by going to work in Europe. But they do not, because they are more characteristic of the race of those who give themselves away. Out of a romantic faith that all the world was made to bloom beautiful at the touch of man—and surely will never be cruel enough to disappoint man by not so doing—they are trying to raise suddenly out of newness things that have always before grown slowly out of mellowing institutions. Lincoln, whom they resemble, whom also the rest of the world regarded as an impossibilist, was triumphant. I do not doubt that these quiet people under that vast sky are destined to rank as kings of classic America.





## HALF HOLIDAY

A STORY

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

**I**T WAS Saturday afternoon and fine. In the hazy spring sunlight London was beautiful like a city of the imagination. The lights were golden, the shadows blue and violet. Incurrigibly hopeful, the sooty trees in the Park were breaking into leaf; and the new green was unbelievably fresh and light and ærial, as though the tiny leaves had been cut out of the central emerald stripe of a rainbow. The miracle, to all who walked in the Park that afternoon, was manifest. What had been dead now lived; soot was budding into rainbow green. Yes, it was manifest. And, moreover, those who perceived this thaumaturgical change from death to life were themselves changed. There was something contagious about the vernal miracle. Loving more, the loitering couples under the trees were happier—or much more acutely miserable. Stout men took off their hats and while the sun kissed their bald heads made good resolutions—about whiskey, about the pretty typist at the office, about early rising. Accosted by spring-intoxicated boys, young girls consented, in the teeth of all their upbringing and their alarm, to go for walks. Middle-aged gentlemen, strolling homewards through the Park, suddenly felt their crusted, business-grimy hearts burgeoning, like these trees, with kindness and generosity. They thought of their wives, thought of them with a sudden gush of affection, in spite of twenty years of marriage. “Must stop on the way back,” they said to themselves, “and buy the missus

a little present.” What should it be? A box of candied fruits? She liked candied fruits. Or a pot of azaleas? Or . . . And then they remembered that it was Saturday afternoon. The shops would be all shut. And probably, they thought, sighing, the missus’s heart would also be shut; for the missus had not walked under the budding trees. Such is life, they reflected, looking sadly at the boats on the glittering *Serpentine*, at the playing children, at the lovers sitting, hand in hand, on the green grass. Such is life: when the heart is open the shops are generally shut. But they resolved, nevertheless, to try in future to control their tempers.

On Peter Brett, as on everyone else who came within their range of influence, this bright spring sunlight and the new-budded trees profoundly worked. They made him feel all at once more lonely, more heart-broken than he had ever felt before. By contrast with the brightness around him, his soul seemed darker. The trees had broken into leaf, but he remained dead. The lovers walked in couples; he walked alone. In spite of the spring, in spite of the sunshine, in spite of the fact that to-day was Saturday and that to-morrow would be Sunday—or rather because of all these things which should have made him happy and which did make other people happy—he loitered through the miracle of Hyde Park feeling deeply miserable.

As usual, he turned for comfort to his imagination. For example, a lovely young creature would slip on a loose

stone just in front of him and twist her ankle. Grown larger than life and handsomer, Peter would rush forward to administer first aid. He would take her in a taxi (for which he had money to pay) to her home—in Grosvenor Square. She turned out to be a peer's daughter. They loved each other. . . .

Or else he rescued a child that had fallen into the Round Pond, and so earned the eternal gratitude, and more than the gratitude, of its rich young widowed mother. Yes, widowed—Peter always definitely specified her widowhood. His intentions were strictly honorable. He was still very young and had been well brought up.

Or else there was no preliminary accident. He just saw a young girl sitting on a bench by herself, looking very lonely and sad. Boldly yet courteously he approached, he took off his hat, he smiled. "I can see that you're lonely," he said; and he spoke elegantly and with ease, without a trace of his Lancashire accent, without so much as a hint of that dreadful stammer which, in real life, made speech such a torment to him. "I can see that you're lonely. So am I. May I sit down beside you?" She smiled and he sat down. And then he told her that he was an orphan and that all he had was a married sister who lived in Rochdale. And she said, "I'm an orphan too." And that was a great bond between them. And they told each other how miserable they were. And she began to cry. And then he said, "Don't cry. You've got me." And at that she cheered up a little. And then they went to the pictures together. And finally, he supposed, they got married. But that part of the story was a little dim.

But of course, as a matter of fact, no accidents ever did happen and he never had the courage to tell anyone how lonely he was; and his stammer was something awful; and he was small, he wore spectacles and nearly always had pimples on his face; and his dark-gray suit was growing very shabby and rather

short in the sleeves; and his boots, though carefully blacked, looked just as cheap as they really were.

It was the boots which killed his imaginings this afternoon. Walking with downcast eyes, pensively, he was trying to decide what he should say to the peer's lovely young daughter in the taxi on the way to Grosvenor Square, when he suddenly became aware of his alternately striding boots, blackly obtruding themselves through the transparent phantoms of his inner life. How ugly they were! And how sadly unlike those elegant and sumptuously shining boots which encase the feet of the rich! They had been ugly enough when they were new; age had rendered them positively repulsive. No boot trees had corrected the effects of walking and the uppers, just above the toe-caps, were deeply and hideously wrinkled. Through the polish he could see a network of innumerable little cracks in the parched and shoddy leather. On the outer side of the left boot the toe-cap had come unstitched and had been coarsely sewn up again; the scar was only too visible. Worn by much lacing and unlacing, the eyeholes had lost their black enamel and revealed themselves obtrusively in their brassy nakedness.

Oh, they were horrible, his boots; they were disgusting! But they'd have to last him a long time yet. Peter began to re-make the calculations he had so often and often made before. If he spent three halfpence less every day on his lunch; if, during the fine weather, he were to walk to the office every morning instead of taking the bus . . . But however carefully and however often he made his calculations, twenty-seven and sixpence a week always remained twenty-seven and six. Boots were dear, and when he had saved up enough to buy a new pair, there was still the question of his suit. And, to make matters worse, it was spring; the leaves were coming out, the sun shone, and among the amorous couples he walked alone. Reality was too much for him



to-day; he could not escape. The boots pursued him whenever he tried to flee and dragged him back to the contemplation of his misery.

The two young women turned out of the crowded walk along the edge of the Serpentine and struck uphill by a smaller path in the direction of Watts' statue. Peter followed them. An exquisite perfume lingered in the air behind them. He breathed it greedily and his heart began to beat with unaccustomed violence. They seemed to him marvellous and hardly human beings. They were all that was lovely and unattainable. He had met them walking down there by the Serpentine, had been overwhelmed by that glimpse of a luxurious and arrogant beauty, had turned immediately and followed them. Why? He hardly knew himself. Merely in order that he might be near them and perhaps with the fantastic, irrepressible hope that something might happen, some miracle which should project him into their lives.

Greedy he sniffed their delicate perfume; with a kind of desperation, as though his life depended on it, he looked at them, he studied them. Both were tall. One of them wore a gray cloth coat, trimmed with dark gray fur. The other's coat was all of fur; a dozen or two of brown beavers had been killed in order that she might be warm among the chilly shadows of this spring afternoon. One of them wore gray and the other, buff-colored stockings. One walked on gray kid, the other on serpent's leather. Their hats were small and close fitting. A small black French bulldog accompanied them, running now at their heels, now in front of them. The dog's collar was trimmed with brindled badger's fur that stuck out like a ruff round its black head.

Peter walked so close behind them that when they were out of the crowd he could hear snatches of their talk. One had a cooing voice; the other spoke rather huskily.

"Such a divine man," the husky voice was saying, "such a really divine man!"

"So Elizabeth told me," said the cooing one.

"Such a perfect party, too," Husky went on. "He kept us laughing the whole evening. Everybody got rather buffy too. When it was time to go I said I'd walk and trust to luck to find a taxi on the way. Whereupon he invited me to come and look for a taxi in his heart. He said there were so many there and all of them disengaged."

They both laughed. The chatter of a party of children, who had come up from behind and were passing at this moment, prevented Peter from hearing what was said next. Inwardly he cursed the children. Beastly little devils—they were making him lose his revelation. And what a revelation! Of how strange, unfamiliar and gaudy a life! Peter's dreams had always been idyllic and pastoral. Even with the peer's daughter he meant to live in the country, quietly and domestically. The world in which there are perfect parties where everybody gets rather buffy and divine men invite young goddesses to look for taxis in their hearts was utterly unknown to him. He had had a glimpse of it now; it fascinated him by its exotic and tropical strangeness. His whole ambition was now to enter this gorgeous world, to involve himself, somehow and at all costs, in the lives of these young goddesses. Suppose, now, they were both simultaneously to trip over that projecting root and twist their ankles. Suppose . . . But they both stepped over it in safety. And then, all at once, he saw a hope—in the bulldog.

The dog had left the path to sniff at the base of an elm tree growing a few yards away on the right. It had sniffed, it had growled, it had left a challenging souvenir of its visit and was now indignantly kicking up earth and twigs with his hinder paws against the tree, when a yellow Irish terrier trotted up and began in its turn to sniff, first at the tree, then at the bulldog. The bulldog stopped his

scrabbling in the dirt and sniffed at the terrier. Cautiously, the two beasts walked around each other, sniffing and growling as they went. Peter watched them for a moment with a vague and languid curiosity. His mind was elsewhere; he hardly saw the two dogs. Then, in an illuminating flash, it occurred to him that they might begin to fight. If they fought he was a made man. He would rush in and separate them, heroically. He might even be bitten. But that didn't matter. Indeed, it would be all the better. A bite would be another claim on the goddesses' gratitude. Ardently he hoped that the dogs would fight. The awful thing would be if the goddesses or the owners of the yellow terrier were to notice and interfere before the fight could begin. "Oh God," he fervently prayed, "don't let them call the dogs away from each other now. But let the dogs fight. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Peter had been piously brought up.

The children had passed. The voices of the goddesses once more became audible.

"Such a fearful bore," the cooing one was saying. "I can never move a step without finding him there. And nothing penetrates his hide. I've told him that I hate Jews, that I think he's ugly and stupid and tactless and impertinent and boring. But it doesn't seem to make the slightest difference."

"You should make him useful, at any rate," said Husky.

"Oh, I do," affirmed Coo.

"Well, that's something."

"Something," Coo admitted. "But not much."

There was a pause. "Oh, God," prayed Peter, "don't let them see."

"If only," began Coo meditatively, "if only men would understand that . . ." A fearful noise of growling and barking violently interrupted her. The two young women turned in the direction from which the sound came.

"Pongo!" they shouted in chorus, anxiously and commandingly. And again, more urgently, "Pongo!"

But their cries were unavailing. Pongo and the yellow terrier were already fighting too furiously to pay any attention.

"Pongo! Pongo!"

And, "Benny!" the little girl and her stout nurse to whom the yellow terrier belonged as unavailingly shouted, "Benny, come here!"

The moment had come, the passionately anticipated, the richly pregnant moment. Exultantly, Peter threw himself on the dogs. "Get away, you brute," he shouted, kicking the Irish terrier. For the terrier was the enemy, the French bulldog—their French bulldog—the friend whom he had come, like one of the Olympian gods in the Iliad, to assist. "Get away." In his excitement he forgot that he had a stammer. The letter "G" was always a difficult one for him; but he managed on this occasion to shout "Get away" without a trace of hesitation. He grabbed at the dogs by their stumpy tails, by the scruffs of their necks, and tried to drag them apart. From time to time he kicked the yellow terrier. But it was the bulldog which bit him. Stupider even than Ajax, the bulldog had failed to understand that the immortal was fighting on his side. But Peter felt no resentment and, in the heat of the moment, hardly any pain. The blood came oozing out of a row of jagged holes in his left hand.

"Ooh!" cried Coo, as though it were her hand that had been bitten.

"Be careful," anxiously admonished Husky. "Be careful."

The sound of their voices nerved him to further efforts. He kicked and he tugged still harder; and at last, for a fraction of a second, he managed to part the angry beasts. For a fraction of a second neither dog had any portion of the other's anatomy in his mouth. Peter seized the opportunity and, catching the French bulldog by the loose skin at the back of his neck, he lifted him, still furiously snapping, growling, and struggling, into the air. The yellow terrier stood in front of him, barking and every now



and then leaping up in a frantic effort to snap the dangling black paws of his enemy. But Peter, with the gesture of Perseus, raising on high the severed head of the Gorgon, lifted the writhing Pongo out of danger to the highest stretch of his arm. The yellow dog he kept off with his foot; and the nurse and the little girl, who had by this time somewhat recovered their presence of mind, approached the furious animal from behind and succeeded at last in hooking the leash to his collar. His four rigidly planted paws skidding over the grass, the yellow terrier was dragged away by main force, still barking, though feebly—for he was being half strangled by his efforts to escape. Suspended six feet above the ground by the leathery black scruff of his neck, Pongo vainly writhed.

Peter turned and approached the goddesses. Husky had narrow eyes and a sad mouth; it was a thin, tragic-looking face. Coo was rounder, pinker and whiter, bluer eyed. Peter looked from one to the other and could not decide which was the more beautiful.

He lowered the writhing Pongo. "Here's your dog," was what he wanted to say. But the loveliness of these radiant creatures suddenly brought back all his self-consciousness and with his self-consciousness his stammer. "Here's your . . ." he began; but could not bring out the dog. "D," for Peter, was always a difficult letter.

For all common words beginning with a difficult letter Peter had a number of easier synonyms in readiness. Thus, he always called cats "pussies," not out of any affectation of childishness, but because "P" was more pronounceable than the impossible "C." Coal he had to render in the vaguer form of "fuel." Dirt, with him, was always "muck." In the discovery of synonyms he had become almost as ingenious as those Anglo-Saxon poets who, using alliteration instead of rhyme, were compelled, in their efforts to make (shall we say) the sea begin with the same letter as its waves or its billows, to call it the "whale-

road" or the "bath of the swans." But Peter, who could not permit himself the full poetic license of his Saxon ancestors, was reduced sometimes to spelling the most difficult words to which there happened to be no convenient and prosaic equivalent. Thus, he was never quite sure whether he should call a cup a mug or a c—u—p. And since "ovum" seemed to be the only synonym for egg, he was always reduced to talking of e—g—g's.

At the present moment, it was the miserable little word "dog" that was holding him up. Peter had several synonyms for dog. "P" being a slightly easier letter than "D," he could, when not too nervous, say "pup." Or if the "P"'s weren't coming easily, he could call the animal, rather facetiously and mock-heroically, a "hound." But the presence of the two goddesses was so unnerving, that Peter found it as hopelessly impossible to pronounce a "P" or an "H" as a "D." He hesitated painfully, trying to bring out in turn, first dog, then pup, then hound. His face became very red. He was in an agony.

"Here's your whelp," he managed to say at last. The word, he was conscious, was a little too Shakespearian for ordinary conversation. But it was the only one which came.

"Thank you most awfully," said Coo.

"You were splendid, really splendid," said Husky. "But I'm afraid you're hurt."

"Oh, it's n-nothing," Peter declared, and twisting his handkerchief round the bitten hand, he thrust it into his pocket.

Coo meanwhile had fastened the end of her leash to Pongo's collar. "You can put him down now," she said.

Peter did as he was told. The little black dog immediately bounded forward in the direction of his reluctantly retreating enemy. He came to the end of his tether with a jerk that brought him up on to his hind legs and kept him, barking, in the position of a rampant lion on a coat of arms.

"But are you sure it's nothing?" Husky insisted. "Let me look at it."

Obediently, Peter pulled off the handkerchief and held out his hand. It seemed to him that all was happening as he had hoped. Then he noticed with horror that the nails were dirty. If only, if only he had thought of washing before he went out! What would they think of him? Blushing, he tried to withdraw his hand. But Husky held it.

"Wait," she said, and then added, "It's a nasty bite."

"Horrid," affirmed Coo, who had also bent over it. "I'm so awfully sorry that my stupid dog should have . . ."

"You ought to go straight to a chemist," said Husky, interrupting her, "and get him to disinfect it and tie it up."

She lifted her eyes from his hand and looked into his face.

"A chemist," echoed Coo, and also looked up.

Peter looked from one to the other, dazzled equally by the wide-open blue eyes and the narrowed, secret eyes of green. He smiled at them vaguely and vaguely shook his head. Unobtrusively he wrapped up his hand in his handkerchief and thrust it away, out of sight.

"It's n-nothing," he said.

"But you must," insisted Husky.

"You must," cried Coo.

"N-nothing," he repeated. He didn't want to go to a chemist. He wanted to stay with the goddesses.

Coo turned to Husky. "*Qu'est-ce qu'on donne à ce petit bonhomme?*" she asked, speaking very quickly and in a low voice.

Husky shrugged her shoulders and made a little grimace suggestive of uncertainty. "*Il serait offensé, peut-être,*" she suggested.

"*Tu crois?*"

Husky stole a rapid glance at the subject of their discussion, taking him in critically from his cheap felt hat to his cheap boots, from his pale spotty face to his rather dirty hands, from his steel-framed spectacles to his leather watch-

guard. Peter saw that she was looking at him and smiled at her with shy, vague rapture. How beautiful she was! He wondered what they had been whispering about together. Perhaps they were debating whether they should ask him to tea. And no sooner had the idea occurred to him than he was sure of it. Miraculously, things were happening just as they happened in his dreams. He wondered if he would have the face to tell them—this first time—that they could look for taxis in his heart.

Husky turned back to her companion. Once more she shrugged her shoulders. "*Vraiment, je ne sais pas,*" she whispered.

"*Si on lui donnait une livre?*" suggested Coo.

Husky nodded, "*Comme tu voudras.*" And while the other turned away to fumble unobtrusively in her purse, she addressed herself to Peter.

"You were awfully brave," she said smiling.

Peter could only shake his head, blush and lower his eyes from before that steady, self-assured, cool gaze. He longed to look at her; but when it came to the point, he simply could not keep his eyes steadily fixed on those unwavering eyes of hers.

"Perhaps you're used to dogs," she went on. "Have you got one of your own?"

"N-no," Peter managed to say.

"Ah, well, that makes it all the braver," said Husky. Then, noticing that Coo had found the money she had been looking for, she took the boy's hand and shook it, heartily. "Well, good-by," she said, smiling more exquisitely than ever. "We're so awfully grateful to you. Most awfully," she repeated. And as she did so she wondered why she used that word "awfully" so often. Ordinarily she hardly ever used it. It had seemed suitable somehow when she was talking with this creature. She was always very hearty and emphatic and schoolboyishly slangy when she was with the lower classes.



"G-g-g . . ." began Peter. Could they be going, he wondered in an agony, suddenly waking out of his comfortable and rosy dream. Really going, without asking him to tea or giving him their addresses? He wanted to implore them to stop a little longer, to let him see them again. But he knew that he wouldn't be able to utter the necessary words. In the face of Husky's good-by he felt like a man who sees some fearful catastrophe impending and can do nothing to arrest it. "G-g . . ." he feebly stuttered. But he found himself shaking hands with the other one before he had got to the end of that fatal good-by.

"You were really splendid," said Coo, as she shook his hand. "Really splendid. And you simply must go to a chemist and have the bite disinfected at once. Good-by, and thank you very, very much. As she spoke these last words she slipped a neatly folded one-pound note into his palm and with her two hands shut his fingers over it. "Thank you *so* much," she repeated.

Violently blushing, Peter shook his head "N-n . . ." he began, and tried to make her take the note back.

But she only smiled more sweetly. "Yes, yes," she insisted. "Please." And without waiting to hear any more, she turned and ran lightly after Husky, who had walked on, up the path, leading the reluctant Pongo, who still barked and strained heraldically at his leash.

"Well, that's all right," she said, as she came up with her companion.

"He accepted it?" asked Husky.

"Yes, yes." She nodded. Then changing her tone, "Let me see," she went on, "what were we saying when this wretched dog interrupted us?"

"N-no," Peter managed to say at last. But she had already turned and was hurrying away. He took a couple of strides in pursuit then checked himself. It was no good. It would only lead to further humiliation if he tried to explain. Why, they might even think while he was standing there, straining to bring out his words, that he had run

after them to ask for more. They might slip another pound into his hand and hurry away still faster. He watched them till they were out of sight over the brow of the hill, then turned back towards the Serpentine.

In his imagination he re-acted the scene, not as it had really happened, but as it ought to have happened. When Coo slipped the note into his hand he smiled and courteously turned it, saying, "I'm afraid you've made a mistake. A quite justifiable mistake, I admit. For I look poor, and indeed I am poor. But I am a gentleman, you know. My father was a doctor in Rochdale. My mother was a doctor's daughter. I went to a good school till my people died. They died when I was sixteen, within a few months of each other. So I had to go to work, before I'd finished my schooling. But you see that I can't take your money." And then, becoming more gallant, personal, and confidential, he went on, "I separated those beastly dogs because I wanted to do something for you and your friend, because I thought you so beautiful and wonderful. So that even if I weren't a gentleman, I wouldn't take your money." Coo was deeply touched by this little speech. She took him by the hand and told him how sorry she was. And he put her at her ease by assuring her that her mistake had been perfectly comprehensible. And then she asked if he'd care to come along with them and take a cup of tea. And from this point onwards Peter's imaginings became vaguer and rosier, till he was dreaming the old familiar dream of the peer's daughter, the grateful widow, and the lonely orphan; only there happened to be two goddesses this time and their faces, instead of being dim creations of fancy, were real and definite.

But he knew, even in the midst of his dreaming, that things hadn't happened like this. He knew that she had gone before he could say anything; and that even if he had run after them and tried to make his speech of explanation, he

could never have done it. For example, he would have had to say that his father was a "medico," not a doctor, "M" being an easier letter than "D." And when it came to telling them that his people had died, he would have had to say that they had "perished"—which would sound facetious, as though he were trying to make a joke of it. No, no, the truth must be faced. He had taken the money and they had gone away thinking that he was just some sort of a street loafer, who had risked a bite for the sake of a good tip. They hadn't even dreamed of treating him as an equal. As for asking him to tea and making him their friend . . .

But his fancy was still busy. It struck him that it had been quite unnecessary to make any explanation. He might simply have forced the note back into her hand, without saying a word. Why hadn't he done it? He had to excuse himself for his remissness. She had slipped away too quickly; that was the reason.

Or what if he had walked on ahead of them and ostentatiously given the money to the first street boy he happened to meet? A good idea, that. Unfortunately it had not occurred to him at the time.

All that afternoon Peter walked and walked, thinking of what had happened, imagining creditable and satisfying alternatives. But all the time he knew that these alternatives were only fanciful. Sometimes the recollection of his humiliation was so vivid that it made him physically wince and shudder.

The light began to fail. In the gray and violet twilight the lovers pressed closer together as they walked, more frankly clasped each other beneath the trees. Strings of yellow lamps blossomed in the increasing darkness. High up in the pale sky overhead, a quarter of the moon made itself visible. He felt unhappier and lonelier than ever.

His bitten hand was by this time extremely painful. He left the Park and walked along Oxford Street till he found

a chemist. When his hand had been disinfected and bandaged he went into a tea shop and ordered a poached e—g—g, a roll, and a mug of mocha, which he had to translate for the benefit of the uncomprehending waitress as a c—u—p of c—o—f—f—e—e.

"You seem to think I'm a loafer or a tout." That's what he ought to have said to her, indignantly and proudly. "You've insulted me. If you were a man I'd knock you down. Take your dirty money." But then, he reflected, he could hardly have expected them to become his friends, after that. On second thoughts he decided that indignation would have been no good.

"Hurt your hand?" asked the waitress sympathetically, as she set down his egg and his mug of mocha.

Peter nodded. "B-bitten by a d—d . . . by a h—h—hound." The word burst out at last, explosively.

Remembered shame made him blush as he spoke. Yes, they had taken him for a tout: they had treated him as though he didn't really exist, as though he were just an instrument whose services you hired and to which, when the bill had been paid, you gave no further thought. The remembrance of humiliation was so vivid, the realization of it so profound and complete, that it affected not only his mind but his body too. His heart beat with unusual rapidity and violence; he felt sick. It was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to eat his egg and drink his mug of mocha.

Still remembering the painful reality, still feverishly constructing his fanciful alternatives to it, Peter left the tea shop and, though he was very tired, resumed his aimless walking. He walked along Oxford Street as far as the Circus, turned down Regent Street, halted in Piccadilly to look at the epileptically twitching sky signs, walked up Shaftesbury Avenue and, turning southwards, made his way through by-streets towards the Strand.

In a street near Covent Garden a woman brushed against him. "Cheer up, dearie," she said. "Don't look so glum."



Peter looked at her in astonishment. Was it possible that she should have been speaking to him? A woman—was it possible? He knew, of course, that she was what people called a bad woman. But the fact that she should have spoken to him seemed none the less extraordinary; And he did not connect it, somehow, with her "badness."

"Come along with me," she wheedled.

Peter nodded. He could not believe it was true. She took his arm.

"You got money?" she asked anxiously.

He nodded again.

"You look as though you'd been to a funeral," said the woman.

"I'm l—lonely," he explained. He felt ready to weep. He even longed to weep—to weep and to be comforted. His voice trembled as he spoke.

"Lonely? That's funny. A nice looking boy like you's got no call to be lonely." She laughed significantly and without mirth.

Her room was dimly and pinkly lighted. A smell of cheap scent haunted the air.

"Wait a tick," she said, and disappeared through a door into an inner room.

He sat there, waiting. A minute later she returned. She sat on his knees,

threw her arms round his neck. Her eyes were hard and cold. Seen at close range, she was indescribably horrible.

Peter saw her, it seemed to him, for the first time—saw and completely realized her. He averted his face. Remembering the peer's daughter who had sprained her ankle, the lonely orphan, the widow whose child had tumbled into the Round Pond; remembering Coo and Husky, he untwined her arms, he pushed her away from him, he sprang to his feet.

"S-sorry," he said. "I must g—g. . . I'd forg—gotten something. I . . ." He picked up his hat and moved towards the door.

The woman ran after him and caught him by the arm. "You young devil, you," she screamed. Her abuse was horrible and filthy. "Asking a girl and then trying to sneak away without paying. Oh, no you don't, no, you don't. You . . ."

And the abuse began again.

Peter dipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out Coo's neatly folded note. "L—let me g—go," he said as he gave it to her.

While she was suspiciously unfolding it, he hurried away, slamming the door behind him, and ran down the dark stairs into the street.



## THE ARISTOCRATIC WEST

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WE ARE all, in the East, familiar with the friend and fellow-citizen who has remained steadily east of Pittsburgh, and who refers to everything beyond the Alleghanies as "the West." I recall a friend of my husband's who urged him to attend some meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, on the score that "it was time they knew what the Far West was like." He would not make that mistake now, for he has experienced the West. I know a great many Americans, however, familiar from childhood with Europe, who still murmur: "Oh yes, I suppose one ought to see the West—some of the scenery must be very fine. But after all, you can get scenery in Europe—and then there is so much else. In the West there is no historic, no human interest. And it is such a long way to go. . . . And the *people!*" They spend a week or ten days crossing the Atlantic, with no protestations; but they grudge four days to get to the Pacific coast. They enjoy converse with the European peasant, but they are a little shy of enforced conversation with the Western American.

There is no arguing with such folk: the only cure is for them to cross the continent. Sooner or later for some reason they do; and their accent is changed for all time. The West is, on its side, quite as capable of provincialism as the East, though on the whole Westerners know us better than we know them. Last summer we conversed in Arizona with a weather-wise brakeman who had much to say concerning the chances of rain and the difference of seasons in the desert. "I see they've

had a terrible lot of rain in the East—floods, bad ones," he remarked pityingly. Having left drought at home, we were interested—until we discovered that by "East" he meant Colorado. The friend who on the eve of sailing for Spain asked us in vaguely satirical fashion, "Where is Montana?" was no more sectionally-minded than the brakeman.

These, if you like, are extreme cases of geographical snobbishness. Yet I believe that most Easterners who have not experienced the West are victims of a certain rather prejudiced and muddled state of mind. They have a vague notion that "the West" means cowboys and wild political vagaries, and they tend to confuse the habit of the six-gun with the "Iowa idea." In other words, they do not give themselves the intellectual satisfaction of distinguishing among the various waves of Western invasion, the different groups who have made the West; and some of the most illuminating and fascinating chapters of the American experiment are closed to them. There are no more cowboys; guns are flourished in New York more frequently than on the "lone prairie"; and no one in any case could be more fundamentally antagonistic to the "Iowa idea" or the Utopian fallacies of Mr. William Allen White of Kansas than the cowboy or the men who have inherited from him. In spite of the migratory habit of our population, the weaving back and forth across the continent of the native American stock, certain crystallizations have taken place. The states have been settled somehow, and have slowly developed distinguishing



traits and points of view. More surely they have allied themselves with their neighbors; and the moral and social unit is the group, the section, not the single commonwealth. Boundaries melt into one another, to be sure; yet there is as obvious, as sensible a difference between Middle West and Far West as between New England and the "solid South."

To disentangle the real West—which is, nowadays, the Far West—from the Middle West and the East, and show its human and social differences as they appear to the Eastern pilgrim is the object of these paragraphs. Nor can it be done without one or two historical allusions. There has been more than one human and moral influence at work in the plains and mountain states; and the social tone of the Far West derives in some measure from them all. Impressionistic the traveler must frankly be. But certain serious impressions, gained long ago and deepened and reinforced each time the writer has sojourned in our Far West, would seem to have at least external validity; the more so that they are confirmed by other people of longer and more varied experience. The history books seem merely to dot the "i's" and add corroborative footnotes. Important? Well, that is as each citizen sees it. What one can vouch for is this: that between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean there sprang into being in the nineteenth century a more original, a more vital and romantic social code—or civilization if you prefer—than any our country has seen since colonial days. We are very near to losing it, as we are losing the conditions that nurtured it, and the homogeneous, picked breed of men who created it. But it was perhaps America's most original contribution to social history. As we all become more alike, it tends to fade and merge in the chaotic American democracy. Yet by just so much as it still shapes and colors the Far Western attitude to life is the Far Western attitude admirable, interesting, superior.

All travelers from inland know the moment when they have the authentic sense of the sea. It may yet be miles away; but there comes an instant when one is aware of its influence—on the soil, the atmosphere, and no less on the human spirit. There is a point on the Union Pacific Railroad where you pass with equal definiteness from the Middle to the Far West. A boundary, a sort of Mizpah stone of warning, might be set up at North Platte, Nebraska, without belying the fact. All North Platte actually does is to advertise itself engagingly as "Buffalo Bill's town." Perhaps, set in that vast plain, that is all it can do. Yet when you pass westward from North Platte you realize that something is happening: the air changes, the land seems to be gathering itself for its long and slow approach to the Great Divide; these are different winds upon your face, these are horizons that will presently become Wyoming and the high plains; not yet do you see mountains, but for the first time since you left home you feel them imminent. You have reached the real West, and there are confirmations all about you as subtle and strong as a perfume in your nostrils. Western Nebraska belongs as definitely to the Far West as eastern Nebraska to the Middle West. You cannot demonstrate it any more than you can demonstrate the inward and spiritual grace of a sacrament: you merely know.

Before saying why, we had best say what. The conception of what the Westernness of the West consists in forms very slowly in the Eastern mind, packed with prejudices and traditions of another sort. It takes a sharp shock of revelation, a smashingly obvious superiority, to shake one free so that one can note and judge impersonally. My own shock came long ago when I was forced to perceive, as clearly as you perceive a sunset or a waterfall, the infinitely better manners of the West. Frankly, I had never, either at home or in Europe, seen manners like that; and when I first returned from the Pacific to the Atlantic

seaboard, everybody seemed very rowdy, and rude, and vulgar. The man in the street was either servile or insolent; whereas in the Far West, whether he was a bank official or a section hand, he was neither. Self-respect, dignity, and generous consideration of other people's comfort were traits one expected to find, anywhere, only in the rare and civilized; but in the West one found them in the common man. He would do anything he could for you, taking infinite trouble even though you were a stranger; but he would not intrude on your moral privacy (or wish you to intrude on his) by the lightest question or any hint of self-confession.

Christians have, presumably, a copy-right on the Golden Rule; but wherever there has been a civilized and noble code the Golden Rule, under whatever name, has been observed. Doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you *is* courtesy. The test of manners may be—*is*—observance of the Golden Rule; beyond that, what a man wants you to do unto him is a test of his quality. The Westerner treated you, obviously, as he wished to be treated; in so far he was superior to other mortals. A further point was that what he gave and desired was treatment of a peculiarly civilized sort. He was as solicitous for your dignity as for your comfort. Not giving himself away, he had no vulgar desire that you should give yourself away. This was democracy, you reflected, but democracy in a finer, a more nearly ideal aspect, rejecting the terrible intimacies, the brash self-assertiveness, the canonization of mediocrity, that we have had only too much reason to link with the term. The tacit assumption of equality among citizens is the first social principle of democracy. When the assumption becomes vocal, the principle has degenerated. As soon as a man says "I am as good as you are"—whether he says it collectively or individually—he has already gone far to prove that he lies. When on the other hand the assumption—though silent—is of in-

equality, the democratic principle has been rejected. In the real West the assumption was both tacit and sincere.

Any complicated society soon develops or reveals immense inequalities—of fortune, of achievement, of natural gifts, of mental and moral equipment, of type. The old dream of equal opportunity, even, is hard to realize. A vote matters so much less than many other things a man can hold in his hand! The American answer to the crushing fact that men are not even born equal has tended—when it has been the wrong answer—to be not servility but insolence. Even in the industrial East, we are as yet kinder, I believe, than in European countries; but there can be no question that doubts and paradoxes have affected our manners—our conception of the natural bearing of man to man. There is no worse combination than an inferiority complex linked with the will to power; and to that combination large portions of our democracy have fallen prey. It is because the last authentic haunts of the original American ideals, the distinctively American social philosophy, are to be found in the Far West that the Far West is so illuminating and, humanly, so exhilarating a spectacle.

One psychological phenomenon is very striking to the Easterner as he moves about the land west of the Great Divide; the more striking that it was unexpected. I refer to the passionate prejudice of all Far Westerners against the Middle West. We of the East are often supposed to be snobbish about our nearness to the Atlantic Ocean and the cradle of our history. It is a tradition—is it not?—that we look down on everything west of the thirteen original colonies. But we are generous, catholic, humble even, beside our fellow-countryman from beyond the Rocky Mountains when it comes to passing judgment on the great Mississippi valley. Really charming people on the Coast almost spit or "make horns" when Iowa, Kansas, or Illinois is mentioned. If you are from the effete East, you are at all events an American



and a fellow-citizen; they can "get together" with you; but if you are from the Middle West you are, in their eyes, hardly a real American at all—until, that is, you have proved yourself as an individual.

So surprising a phenomenon as this was a thing to be probed, if possible. Jealousy it could hardly be, for there is nothing to make a Washingtonian, an Oregonian, a Californian, a Utahn jealous of a Kansan, an Iowan, an Ohioan. In no inevitable way do they interfere with one another. You cannot ask a foreigner why he is foreign; you cannot ask a Westerner why he has different prejudices from the Easterner. It had to come out, little by little, in quiet talk and allusions carefully analyzed. I offer the results of investigation for what they are worth—only.

One seems to make out that they hate the Middle Westerner because they feel that he has gone back on his American heritage; because he seems to them to have perverted liberty and lost most of the by-products of liberty. They dislike what they consider his coercive spirit, his evangelical determination to turn the whole nation into his private laboratory. They dislike his deliberate conception of an ocean as a barrier instead of a highway. They dislike his lack of respect for minorities; they dislike the very bases of his respects, his canons of moral taste. They feel the average Middle Westerner to be a small-town man with a small-town mind, and the small-town mind is abhorrent to the average Westerner. It must be said that their fire is not always a pure flame, for they are human—they dislike also his voice, his accent, his manners, and his clothes. "You cannot indict a whole nation"; nor can you indict a whole section of a vast country. To protests registered in the interest of justice they reply, faithfully enough: "You must remember that we see the worst of them here, not the best." Which is probably true. "Casual" labor is not the best of labor; nor is the "casual" citizen the best of citi-

zens. The pioneer is one man, the drifter quite another. The fact remains that the typical democracy of the Middle West is profoundly unsympathetic to Far Westerners; and being newer, freer, happier than the East, they are not cowed by it or cynically resigned. They hate it, and they say they hate it; and they are still, we must remember, in the mood of men who feel themselves capable of moulding history rather than of enduring it.

Nothing is so simple as all that; but it seems to be, as far as one can analyze it, a rough sketch of their attitude—faithful in outline, at least, to fact. It is why Los Angeles has no friends west of Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. It is why even San Francisco mitigates its scorn if you can prove that you come from east of Pittsburgh and Buffalo. Immensely unlucky, on the whole, I believe the prejudice to be; but neither in sight of Pike's Peak, or Rainier, or the Sangre de Cristo will you be allowed to forget it.

To puzzled folk who would argue that Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and all the Old Northwest were settled by pioneers from east of the Alleghanies, and that the American pioneer is the American pioneer, whether he moved westward in 1800 or in 1850—that the men who pushed their way to the Ohio and then to the Mississippi were not only the actual but the spiritual fathers of the men who pushed their way to the Snake and the Columbia, to San Francisco Bay and to the Rio Grande—they nod in semi-agreement. Two or three important facts must, however, be mentioned in the interests of accurate differentiation. With all due respect to Daniel Boone and his eighteenth-century co-evals, most of the Middle Western pioneering was an easier and less problematical sort than the conquering of the remoter territory across the Mississippi. They took it in short stages; they passed from settlement to settlement; and they never broke with the East. The "edge of cultivation" moved steadily west-

ward; but there was no vast interval, there were no terrific leaps of two thousand miles across the wilderness into the unknown or the half-suspected. Hamlin Garland's *Son of the Middle Border* is one of the most interesting of documents for the spirit of the Middle Western pioneers. It describes the Western lure and the confronted hardships in no uncertain terms. Yet even this is a different epic from those of the Oregon and Santa Fé Trails. The significant fact is that Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and so on, built themselves, as soon as they were settled, into the life of the nation. They were next door to the maritime states, and they dragged only a lengthening chain—never a broken one. One reason, no doubt, why historians have spent themselves rather on the Middle than on the Far West is that the Middle West was settled at a time of profound political changes, and bore its notable part in affecting those changes. No one needs to be told that the Middle West and the Old Northwest have grown steadily, since their colonization, in political power and national importance. The people who settled the states between the Alleghanies and the Missouri River not only brought many convictions with them, but never separated themselves from the national destinies. "The wild men from Missouri" (in Josiah Quincy's terrified phrase) were admitted to the national councils. Civilization was continuous, if thin, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

The Far Western states, however, were quite another matter. When folk took the Oregon Trail, they deliberately put two thousand miles between themselves and the last outposts of typical American life. The Dakotas, western Kansas and Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho—these were a vast Indian territory over which the buffalo ranged, hunted by savages. They came out west of the Rockies on the other side of all that—very far on the other side. Between them and the nation functioning normally were the vast stretches

that to this day are lonely and very sparsely inhabited. They were of necessity divorced from national politics. Even when they acquired statehood and senators, their proportional representation was small compared with the Middle West and the East. They have not, up to date, counted much in the political sum of things. Though Mr. Borah or Mr. Smoot or Mr. Johnson may be well known on Capitol Hill, the attitude to life of their constituents is not. The Far West is not yet sufficiently populated to make its feeling prevail. It will be a long time before any mountain state is dubbed "Mother of Presidents," and in every presidential campaign we are made to realize afresh, from counting of noses and dickering of delegations, that the Far West is still politically unimportant. These states are not "pivotal," nor does their "doubtfulness" matter.

Politically, the pioneers of these new lands may have been insignificant. Their very insignificance, their withdrawal from the controversies of the capital, left them freer. Far away from the seat of law, they made their own laws, and enforced them. You could not ask Congress—even had it been willing—to legislate effectively for the cattle-range and the mining-camp; and between the Missouri and the Sierras there was practically nothing but cattle and minerals. The mining camp is a special human phenomenon and one of its most glaring characteristics is impermanence. When the precious metals are exhausted, the mushroom population moves. You do not find citizens in mining camps, though once out of the camp the miner may make an excellent citizen. I am not speaking of places like Bingham, Utah, or Butte, Montana, where copper mining has become an industry as well defined as the mining of coal or the forging of steel. I refer rather to the many spots on earth's surface—in Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, California—where men dug and "washed" feverishly for a time, on their own, for gold; made or never made, or lost, or kept, their individual "piles"



and moved on. Gold or silver mining never created a civilization *on the spot*. The precious metals are too ephemeral and quickly exhausted. Even the Comstock Lode petered out, and Goldfield is in ruins. Nothing in the way of human and social life has been built up in the Klondike.

When the agriculturalists came, they made a life, because they settled, cultivated, built, established themselves. Many ideals conflicted in the hearts of the first pioneers. The promise of gold made many of them cast away their plows. But the pioneers of the Oregon Trail were preponderatingly men who wished to settle down, and cultivate the land, and make a civilization such as they understood. They carried to their new habitations the ideals of the East and the Middle West whence they had come—but they escaped many intervening chapters of history, and those ideals were and remained to some extent simple, unconfused, and so far archaic. They were the pick of the plain men of their time; adventure was in their blood, and stark courage, or they would not have journeyed two thousand miles in the wilderness. The pioneer—the real pioneer—may be ignorant; but he is not consumed with petty prejudices and pre-occupations. If he were, he would have stayed at home.

The honest-to-goodness farmers, however, in the 'forties and 'fifties pushed through to what are now the Coast States. Between eastern Nebraska and the Sierras you find very little farming even now. The Dakotas and eastern Montana are a granary, and the Mormons have cultivated a lot of Utah; but western Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, western Kansas and Nebraska, New Mexico, western Texas were not given over to cultivation of the soil—are not strikingly so given to-day. Roughly speaking, they were the cattle country; and the code of the cattle country counts more than any other one thing—even more than the mining camp—in the distinctive tradition of the West.

That Open Range which ceased long since to be "open," which has very nearly ceased to be a cattle range at all, stretched from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border; and nearly all the white men who inhabited it were cattlemen. In the 'sixties they drove the cattle from old Mexico to northern Montana—read Andy Adams's *Log of a Cowboy* if you want to know how. Later the vast cattle ranches, privately owned, grew up with their own herds and their own men to oversee the herds—and eventually deliver them at the railway. The cowboy was king over a good third of our country for many years.

"Then came the terrible farmers,  
Nothing of play they knew."

The passing of the great ranges, of the cowboy, of that whole period of social history is one of the sad features of our quick—our almost miraculously swift—expansion. All one can say is that the cattlemen ruled the West long enough to make a serious contribution to civilization and, as far as one can tell, that contribution was, in the words of the White Knight, absolutely their own invention. We speak frequently of living in a free country—meaning, presumably, a democracy. But the West really was, for a good many decades, a free country. It had only the loosest relation to the national government, and no relation at all to Eastern conditions. When the white men came, the cattle and the horses were wild, the land was nobody's property (for the Indian claims were successively voided before the white onrush), the stock was yours for the catching and the branding, and the range was open. Even with private possession of lands and herds there were room enough, debatable ground enough, and mavericks enough to perpetuate in substance the old conditions—until the sedentary farmer began to fence in the water holes. The towns were few and widely separated, and dependent, except near the mines, on the whole business of raising and shipping the cattle. It was cattle

country—cattle country from old Mexico to Montana, from the Missouri to the Rockies. And of all influences brought to bear on the West, the code of the cattle country and its shifting frontier was morally most striking, most potent, most "different."

It is not my business—any more than it is in my power—to write the social history of the cattle country. Mr. Philip Rollins has dealt with that in his admirable book *The Cowboy*; and his many readers hope that he will unpack much more from his abounding store of knowledge. The mere Easterner who loves the West can only note in passing some of the traits that still linger in Western life and manners from the days when the cowboy—and he alone—was the citizen. The Far West was not made by "plaster saints"—if it had been, it would not have developed such fine manners—but it could not have been made at all without certain great and fundamental virtues, liberally inherited and carefully cherished. Roughly speaking, one makes out from both written records and such human exponents as one has been privileged to encounter at first or second hand, that those virtues were courage, honesty, kindness, and chivalry. By courage one means courage such as the average modern man, in his protected life, never even feels the need of. By honesty one means an honesty so rigid that a thief is not supposed to be fit to live or a lie to pass the lips, save for loyalty's sake. By kindness one means a kindness that sacrifices its own life to the needs of a stranger. By chivalry one means an attitude to women that—so far as one knows history—has never been met with elsewhere.

They built up for themselves, apparently, a very rigid if unwritten law. It was merely a codification of the group decisions of brave men who looked daily on the bright face of danger. It dealt with essentials because they dealt with essentials—hunger, thirst, solitude, and parti-colored peril. They decided for themselves where honor lay. To their

eternal credit be it said, what they created was not simply a courageous but a complicated law of life. They were very fine gentlemen even if far, far removed from the Schools and the Court. On the romantic side they had, of course, a wonderful background to stand against. They were physically adequate to the demands of a life that gave them no adventitious aids. "As to the frontiersmen . . . I knew them well," says Eugene Manlove Rhodes tersely. "They were five feet eleven, they weighed a hundred and sixty-four pounds, and they were made of watch-springs, whale-bone and dynamite." They could ride and shoot superlatively, and hardship winnowed out their souls. They could hold their tongues into the very jaws of death. They were neither avaricious nor lustful. And they cared not a tinker's dam for their good report *except* with those whom they privately knew to be their peers. That Hermes Trismegistus would have let down the bars of his "conditional immortality" for them, there can be no manner of doubt.

The Western "bad man" is as famous as the cowboy; and no one doubts that he existed. The code was presumably evolved, in large measure, precisely to deal with him. Naturally, too, various minor virtues went by the board. They gambled, they drank, they blasphemed. They lacked the well-known refining influence of woman—which is, probably, one reason why they offered woman the benefit of every doubt, and could have given Sir Walter Raleigh points on manners to the weaker sex. It is, I believe, a platitude that punctilio is always highly developed where every man goes armed. It may also be a platitude that women, like everything else, are most valued where they are rare sights. It ought to be a platitude that the frontier and the wilderness suggest a different code from the crowded haunts of men. Our point is that certain conditions prevailed in the West, and bore certain moral and social results: that some of those conditions



still prevail, and that those moral and social results are still effective. I have heard *faits divers* of Western life reported, from Arizona to Idaho; and not only the substance of the tales but the manner of telling and the attitude of the narrator are quite different from what we meet with at home. Mountain and desert alter very little, and the old cattle country is a lonely land to-day. Men still outnumber women in the plains and mountain states. In spite of motor cars, a man can turn centaur at need.

Professor Frederick Turner lays great stress on the individualism of the Middle Western pioneer. The industrialized and widely farmed Middle West is less individualistic than of old, after seventy-five to a hundred years. But the Far West still is individualistic within its own code. Its nineteenth-century development has been different—throwing back, one cannot but feel, not only to the spirit of the pioneer but also to what America started out to be. The Westerner must think collectively, like anyone else; but in a country where a man can ride all day without meeting another human being—where he reckons his distances not between towns or human habitations but between mountain ranges or forks of a great river—his collective consciousness is bound to be that of the wide-flung clan rather than that of the close-knit, highly organized community or party. “Stranger” and “pardner” are still main terms of differentiation; “lady” still a common form of address to woman. It is not presumably up to you nowadays, when you meet another man, to keep your hands obviously innocent of approach to a gun; but the establishing of contacts still savors of the old punctilio.

The heart of the matter, one fancies, is this: that the West is aristocratic in temper, in just the way that most of the American colonists meant the country to be. Only—and this was always the difference between us and Europe—any man might be an aristocrat if he has it in him. What our forefathers

objected to was not one man's being better than another; what they objected to was one man's being better than another *if he was not*. It should not be accident that raised him above his fellows: it should be his private worth, his personal distinction. Democracy, as we have said, was held to be the proper culture for a natural aristocracy. Certain Eastern communities, clinging to European tradition, built up as far as it lay in their power an imitative social order. In the maritime states some people still talk of “family” and ancestral glories, living parasitically on a shadowy past. But these were always a small fraction of the American people; and these were not the folk that made any part of our country west of the Alleghanies.

The Middle West was settled from New England, New York, and the old Southern States; but the careful historian points out to you that it was not the East India merchant or the Virginia planter who went pioneering. It was the men of the backwoods up-country farmer stock—the people who had adventure, unconventionality, individualism in their blood, and set little store by their personal inheritance. The Middle West proceeded to draw a large foreign population, chiefly German and Scandinavian; it industrialized itself rapidly; it dotted itself over with small towns. The Far West has never been industrialized; and though such towns as are there are small, the town has not yet become the main social organism. Mr. Sinclair Lewis could not have placed his Gopher Prairie in that third of our land which was the cattle country; he could hardly have made his Babbitt a native of the Far West. Neither would have been true. The towns are as small as Gopher Prairie, but they are different—unless, like Los Angeles, they are merely places where Gopher Prairie has settled in its thousands, creating itself anew on a vaster scale. The Middle Western type of democracy is unsympathetic, as we said,

to the Far West; and largely, one comes at last to feel, because the Far West is still aristocratic in temper and fundamental conviction.

They asked no questions, one gathers, in the early West. Life was all an Everlasting Now, and a man was expected to prove himself only from the moment when he first drifted over the lonely horizon. Who he was, whence he came, what he had done and been were his own affair. But once on the spot, he had to live up to that rigid law. The man who kept it intact at every point was a prince among princes; the man who broke it was outcast. It was as hard, one makes out, for the man who did not make the code his own to be free of the goodly fellowship as for the camel to pass through the needle's eye, or for the gentleman who lacked thirty-four quarterings to be invited by the Emperor Francis Joseph to a Court ball "im Hof."

You could neither inherit nor pay your way in. The basis of selection was something quite new in human history, as the code itself was new; but it was perfectly clear and self-conscious, and the Far West still tends to judge men by those standards. Folk in the Far West still tend to live up to them; are still proud, courageous, dignified, unaffected (the code was very hard on affectations) and kind. Non-essentials still count less to the Westerner than to any other American. Among no other fellow citizens do you feel both your integrity and your welfare so respected. You see few cowboys now in the cattle country, but you still see men "made of watch-springs, whalebone and dynamite." Once there *were* giants in the land, and their dead hand is not quite relaxed.

"Movie stuff?" No, not really; though movies, one must grant, are about the last hint left, for the average citizen, of that picturesqueness; and at that, most "Westerns" are shoddy spectacles, with nothing but a little good scenery and trick riding to recommend them. They are as conventional,

as devoid of convincing quality as the Mounted Police pictures, of which, apparently, a certain number are released mechanically every year. The hold of the "Wild West" fiction—shockingly bad as literature—as of that which concerns the Northwest Mounted, is not in the sensationalism thereof but in the residuum of truth at the heart of all the nonsense. If you want conviction to descend upon you, read Philip Rollins or Andy Adams or the contemporary documents preserved in Thwaites—not those popular novelists of the West, whose prose would make the most authentic records unconvincing. Gather, as far as you are able, the truth from the lips of the men who knew the life. Find the vestiges of frontier life and philosophy where you can; but never doubt that it was real, and that not all the vestiges are faked.

Only the other day a New York newspaper printed half a column of news about the Northwest Mounted (now, I believe, the Canadian Royal Mounted) which made the motion pictures look like the feeble imaginings of an adolescent clerk. A little matter of justice done on Arctic Eskimos of Prince Albert Sound: a "mountie" journeying two thousand miles by steamer, canoe, and dog sled to carry the death warrants to Herschell Island—which is so far north in the Arctic that on most maps of North America you cannot find it. For the Mounted, as for the "Wild West," the sober history, the journal of fact are more thrilling than any third-rate fiction can be; the truth is better than the legend. The man of Anglo-Saxon tradition deals with the problems of the wilderness in a way peculiar to himself; and either side of the border the tale is much the same.

A good many millions of our citizens during the last year have seen *The Covered Wagon*, and probably this will be the most vivid conception most of them will ever have of the Oregon Trail. There are few people anywhere who will take the trouble to read



history; and a film like *The Covered Wagon* becomes a textbook for the nation. The intellectuals may deplore the fact, but they may as well face it. You or I may delve in Thwaites; but Babbitt and all the sub-Babbitts do not. Take it or leave it: what our generation knows about the Oregon Trail it will have learned not from Parkman or Taylor, or a dozen other diarists or historians, but from the picture of *The Covered Wagon*. We may be grateful that it is on the whole so fine and epical a thing. The story is nothing; the individual acting is negligible; the protagonist is the great caravan itself, making its way across that authentic landscape. To anyone with the historic imagination even faintly developed, the film is appealing and suggestive. These were chapters that had to be written before the Coast could be settled. The sanctity of the plow and the ancestral furniture are well stressed; and the great facts of birth and death in the moving caravan are poignant enough, in all conscience.

But the Oregon Trail was only one element in the settling of the West; its goal was what are now the states of Oregon and Washington. The vast tract between the Missouri and the Sierras was something for the Oregon pioneers—with their plows and their walnut bureaus, their women-folk and their flower seeds—to cross and put behind them; and in *The Covered Wagon*, valuable though it is and deserving of its extraordinary success (even high-brows go to see *The Covered Wagon*, and it ran over a year on Broadway), there is no hint of the destinies of that country across which they trekked, leaving it well behind them on the hither side of the Cascades. In so far as the film gives any suggestion of human types—it gives very little—it ignores the breed of men who were to make the cattle country. In the very hour of beholding *The Covered Wagon* the reaction of the spectator who would bring history to bear on Western literature and Western pictures

alike is roughly as follows: magnificent in its way, yes, but this does not show you the West that made the code; this is mere transplanted East; this is what cultivated the ripe valleys of the Northwest and made communities on the Coast for its children. This does not explain Wyoming, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, western Kansas and Nebraska, and Texas. Over most of that country few plows are driven, few towns have flourished; the mountains are unconquered and the plains still lonely and waterless.

The human heritage and creation of *that* land—widely and profoundly effective as they were—are not here, do not pretend to be. Nor yet in the book or the picture where the cowboy gallops after the express train and, from his saddle, deposits the stranded heroine neatly and safely on the observation platform. On the screen, only William S. Hart, apparently, can give with subtlety and precision the human aspect of that West about which we have been talking. I have never happened to see that accomplished actor take a cowboy part; but it is a fact that given William S. Hart, a dozen acres of desert, one paint horse, two guns, and a hint of immediate danger just off-stage, and you have the atmosphere in which the code of the far West was born and grew into temporary control of a third of our great land. A thousand "extras" could not turn the trick so well. What he does in any given picture matters little; but the way he does it is history. No—if, short of first-hand experience, you want to know—you must not read the Western fiction or see the average Western film. You must read only the contemporary documents that have been preserved, the history, and the literature that is not fiction; and for conviction through the visual medium watch William S. Hart and him alone. The others are mere doers of stunts upon the screen; they have no more psychological validity than the express train crashing through the broken bridge or the tene-

ment house on fire. "Movie stuff?" Truth to tell, a lot of what is written and told and pictured of the West deserves only that opprobrious phrase. But the fact that the West has been discredited by unvarnished art does not prove that there was no West on which were built these poor contrivances.

Vestiges, as we said, and vestiges only, for the present-day traveler in the land. Yet the vestiges are there, not yet fossilized for paleontologists. It is not so long ago that "Powder River" descended annually in pomp upon Albuquerque; not so many years ago that Bert Lauzun meditated with us above the Grand Canyon at Hopi Point; a bare three years since my husband had the pleasure of traveling with a famous bandit and two perfect sheriffs across the Cascades; not, after all, an immemorial interval since the day when all my own path was made plain for me, for a thousand miles of travel, by telegrams and recommendations from and to total strangers. The sunburned eyes, the firm lips, the tall leanness, the wrist of steel have not yet passed from the human group. Courtesy is still finer, dignity more implicit, than elsewhere. The wide spaces give every man room to breathe, and what that means in moral poise is most sharply felt by the confirmed haunter of cities. The mountains, the buttes, the mesas prevent that agoraphobia which seems often to descend upon the prairie-dweller. It is not in the national parks that you will find these vestiges, for there they are obscured by the tourists. But push off into the desert, or stay your feet in the lonely settlement; ask anywhere for help or counsel from a native son or daughter, and you will feel that firmer, safer, kinder, more hopeful code enveloping you. That doctrine of freedom, that conception of personal dignity still mould the Western mind and manner. There is neither Gotham nor Gopher Prairie between the Missouri and the Pacific, unless you count Los Angeles a Gopher Prairie that longs to be a Gotham.

The wise move for the Easterner would be to know and to cherish the Far Western temper; to hold up the hands of the people who have still a chance of keeping those ideals. That—with immigration and oil, and exploitation political and commercial—the special Western civilization must eventually pass, is fairly certain. But every additional year of life it has is so much to the good; and to recognize, define, respect it may help us a little, even though we are long past the state of things that would enable us to imitate it. America is fast growing unrecognizable as America: it is turning into a quite different phenomenon by the same name. Our origins, however, are not so far back that we have any right to forget them as yet. In the sheer interest of democracy, it can do us no harm to ponder on the one period of our history, the one section of our country, wherein democracy became, for a time, in the hands of men who could take its measure, a logical, a desirable, a workable theory, neither glorifying Mammon nor canonizing mediocrity.

That part of our Eastern civilization which is purely imitative of Europe must pass—if only because Europe is no longer there, in the same sense, to be imitated. The Great War was such a break in social continuity as the generations have seldom seen. That we shall forsake, on the other hand, our narrower chauvinism is a matter of hope rather than of belief. The founders of the Republic have been pretty well discredited now, except for holiday purposes. We were bound to develop, and in so far as we faced unforeseen conditions, to develop away from them. They could not foresee industrialism or our mixture of populations or even our gigantic natural resources. But to the romantic citizen who carries America very deep in his heart it becomes a matter of prime importance to follow the current of their social and political philosophy wherever it may chance to flow. The democracy of the New Eng-



land village, the democracy of Thomas Jefferson of Monticello were as far removed as oligarchy or monarchy from the democracy that is "featured" on Capitol Hill to-day. But the men who made the Far West, those early democrats—aristocrats at heart—would have understood. The cattle country in the 'sixties and 'seventies would perhaps have frightened Gouverneur Morris or

Josiah Quincy but it would not have terrified George Washington. They would have recognized the Far Western philosophy as logically, if somewhat unexpectedly, American. They would have washed their hands ritually of any responsibility for Babbitt—but that, as the Far West will explain in detail if you will listen to it, is another matter.

## GRANDMÈRE

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

*SHE went most calm and stately  
Along her garden's bordered ways.  
Her hands were yellowed ivory.*

*Black was her hair as polished glass.  
Her eyes held memorable days  
Beyond the hush of winds that pass.*

*So alien was she from the press  
Of eager things, so shut apart  
In chill, fastidious gentleness.*

*As waxen taper burning late  
On some high altar, so the heart  
Of flame in her was dedicate.*

*Goodness, but rarely humankind  
She loved, who drew about her hearth  
None fashioned to her straining mind.*

*Her fluttering spirit drew its breath  
Too lightly for the hurrying earth . . .  
Most intimate she seemed in death.*



## TWO HEROES

A STORY

BY HAROLD W. BRECHT

WHEN Malcolm was seven his father had interfered when his mother was about to whip him. Swept by gusts of rage, his mother often whipped him, it seemed to him, and afterward, when he climbed on her lap and kissed her, she would forgive him. This time she had sent him with a dollar to the store, and he had lost the change. As he was sobbing, "Don't, oh, please don't," his father had returned from his office down town. "If you start punishing carelessness," his father said, "where are you going to stop?"

The next day, terrified at his mother's tears and her white-lipped silence, Malcolm had gone to her with the old razor-strop she reserved for his greater crimes. "Whip me," he said, "I don't mind if you whip me." His mother repulsed him, though it was not the little boy that she meant to repulse, but the image he called up in her mind of his father, who had dared use force in preventing her from training her child. Since that time with his mother Malcolm was always what he called "nice," and very silent. To his father he gave an affection so complete and unquestioning that his father, half fearful, affected to treat lightly what was one of the great recompenses of his life. "Papa," Malcolm would say, "when I grow up I want to be just like you."

"Hmm," his father would reply, "I think that's a foolish ambition." But when he heard men speak of boys erring or wild he could not forbear boasting of the love and future of his own son.

Nearly every Saturday evening the two went to the Bijou theater and, watching his father extract the price of their tickets from his worn coin-purse, Malcolm would often feel a sudden surge of affection too deep for words. One night after they had arrived home he broke a silence with, "Say, wouldn't it be great to be a movie actor?"

"Well, perhaps," his father said. "But it's nine thirty, son."

"D'yuh think you could be a movie actor?"

"Sure of it. So sure of it that I'll keep right on selling insurance."

"What would you like to be the best in the world?"

"The father—" Malcolm glanced up, delighted, "the father—how old are you? Eleven. Hmm. Yes, I'd like to be the father of a girl about eleven."

"Instead of me?"

Seeing the sudden sorrow in his son's brown eyes, his father felt himself so rich in affection that he could afford to be prodigal. "Well, you asked what I'd like to be, not what I was."

"Brown eyes?" queried Malcolm hopefully.

"I should say not. Blue eyes and golden hair. No holes in her stockings."

"You're kidding, ain't you, papa? Say you're just kidding."

His father admitted that he was just kidding. He said that, in fact, he was practising to be an actor.

"Really and truly now, then," Malcolm said.

"Really and truly, the father of a boy



about eleven. Brown eyes, brown hair, like yours, holes in his stockings, who never washed his hands."

"Like me?"

"Like you. But it's time you were in bed."

Malcolm had another hero whom he idolized, though at a distance, almost as much as he did his father. This was a boy named John Clark, whose contempt of academic learning and classroom rules first brought him to Malcolm's awed and respectful attention. Everyone, that is, everyone but one or two girls and Miss Briggs, liked John Clark, and followed the reckless campaign with which he harassed authority with the admiration one accords the exploits of a loved and victorious general. Miss Briggs, Malcolm felt, was rather afraid of John Clark; but then everyone, including all the girls, was afraid of him. John Clark said that she was. "'Fraid of me," he would say to an admiring circle. He was always surrounded by admirers whose persons and property he treated with feudal tyranny. "I'll say she's afraid of me. But I ain't afraid of her, you can bet on that. She won't bother me none, if she knows what's good for her."

Around him, as a demigod, legend had grown up. He had been arrested and had spent the night in jail. He had never been licked in a fight yet and he had even fought fellows in the first year high. He had told old Flossie himself to go to hell. It was known that he smoked. When his favorites of the moment could say to other boys with a fine assumption of carelessness, "Oh, I'm going out with Clarkie," it was equivalent to an investiture with the Garter. Not for worlds would they have traded their positions—as precarious as those of most favorites—for the obscurity and calm of those others whom John Clark never noticed except as butts for his exuberant if often painful humor. Among these latter was Malcolm, and it had been his to be stung

by rubber bands whose ends John Clark had invited him to grasp, or to be pushed headlong over kneeling confederates, or, in general, to offer himself as a victim in whatever sacrificial ritual was at the moment pleasing to the master of his world.

One day at recess Malcolm was following with delighted eyes John Clark's malign and sinister exploits in the crowded playground. At length John Clark, for whom no world was too small to remain unconquered, stopped before him. "Say," he said, "why don't your old man get his hair cut?"

His father . . . a joke on those disdainful lips. "You shut up about my old man," Malcolm cried.

"Shut up." John Clark laughed. "Ha, ha." The boys behind him laughed. "Who's gonna make me shut up?"

"I'll make you."

"Yes, you will not." John Clark laughed even louder. "I'll say whatever I like about your old man. Your old man ain't got the price to get his hair cut."

"Just you say it again."

John Clark was used to defiance which flared a brief instant then relapsed into submission. He repeated it. With opprobrious words he created a caricature of Malcolm's father and projected it, a mark for insult, into the midst of the playground. Malcolm hit him. John Clark was so much surprised that he fell back a step or two and Malcolm, his body quivering, his fists clenched, advanced upon him. But several boys intervened. "You can't fight him here, Clarkie. Old Flossie'll see you." "You can fight him after school," suggested another.

"I'll knock his dirty block off," John Clark yelled. On one of his cheeks was a red mark.

"It's a shame for you to fight him," said a boy who lived on Malcolm's street. "He ain't your size."

"I'll lick you too, Beanie, if you think it's such a shame," John Clark threat-

ened. "I'll lick you with one hand tied behind my back."

"Oh, I don't want to fight," Beanie said.

"You're damn right you don't," John Clark said. "You're yellah."

Boys jostled into the circle and asked, "What's the matter?" "Malcolm Campbell's gonna fight Clarkie this afternoon at Brook's bridge, ain't you, Malcolm?" other boys answered.

John Clark said that he was not afraid to fight anybody with his hand tied behind his back. He said that he had never been licked in a fight yet. He said that anyone who said that he had was a dirty liar.

No one said that he had. "I ain't afraid of you," Malcolm said. He noticed that his fists were still clenched and he was still trembling.

"I'll be your second, Clarkie," a boy volunteered. "No, I'll be your second," another boy said. Many boys wished to be John Clark's second. John Clark stilled them with a word. "He'll need a second," John Clark pointed to Malcolm. "He'll need a second and a third and a fourth and a fifth." The boys laughed. "You be his second, Beanie."

Beanie said that he had to go home to help his mother.

John Clark grabbed Beanie's arm and twisted it, so that Beanie was swung into a kneeling posture before him. "Ow, ow," Beanie cried, his face contorted with pain.

"Yeh, go home to Mamma," John Clark said. "Mamma's 'ittle boy." Malcolm wondered if Beanie felt when he heard his mother mentioned the way he had felt about his father. John Clark grabbed the back of Beanie's neck and made him eat dirt at his feet. Then he knocked Beanie backward and, sitting on him, poured dust into his mouth. "Ow, stop," Beanie said, trying to spit out the dust. Tears channeled an uneven course down his dirty cheeks. Malcolm felt a curious prickly sensation, seeing him lie there helpless.

John Clark's face was strangely flushed

and his eyes were bright. "Say, 'Please, stop, Mister Clark,'" he commanded.

"Please stop, Mister Clark," Beanie repeated. The boys laughed.

"You be there this afternoon," John Clark ordered. "Say, 'Yes, Mister Clark.'"

"Yes, Mister Clark," Beanie said. John Clark let him up. The bell rang for the close of recess.

As Malcolm walked, among guarded whispers, into the sixth-grade room, he wished that his particular friend, Dick Angell, were there. To Dick he could confide the fear that he must dissemble. "Sure, I'm afraid," he would say to Dick, "but I gotta fight him, now." Dick was at home, sick. Malcolm thought of the things at home which he remembered now poignantly, like an exile, the old square dining-room table, the chair in his own room in which his father sometimes sat. It was due to his father that he had a room of his own. He thought of his father smiling, saying, "Well, how's the boy to-night?" He thought of the old coin-purse which opened with a snap. "Here's a dime, now play you're a millionaire." He thought of other boys' fathers, Dick Angell's father. "No, you don't get no dime from me to-day. How many times have you asked me for money this week?" Of John Clark's father. John Clark's father beat him with a cane, John Clark said. To be beaten by his father—Malcolm shuddered while he felt again that tingling sensation.

Miss Briggs' voice: "Malcolm, are you paying attention? John Clark, if you annoy me again I shall certainly send you to Mr. Falk."

Malcolm stole a quick glance at John Clark, who was slumped in his seat in his usual attitude of reckless bravado. For his father's sake he was going to fight this boy whom he admired so deeply, whose light words he treasured. In the silent classroom he could hear his heart beating. He was very much afraid.



By Brook's bridge there was no possibility of adult interference. Beside the boys there was only a big nigger, who usually hung about the garage. He was the only one on Malcolm's side, for Beanie did not really count. Malcolm wished again that Dick Angell were there as he watched the crowd of boys telling John Clark how easy Malcolm was, already congratulating him.

The big nigger removed Malcolm's jacket and shirt. "That ain't a bad muscle," said the nigger approvingly, making the skin look very white, so black was his hand. "What you gotta do, kid, is jess dance," the nigger said. "Jess dance around him, thass all. But for de lub of Gawd, don't let him connect with one of his fiss."

There was a ring and Malcolm stepped into it, feeling how much he hated these eager boyish faces, lit with anticipation of pain and blood. Disdaining to remove his coat, into it stepped John Clark, like a conqueror bored with triumphs. Even above the fear that crowded Malcolm's mind, very keen was his liking for this boy so disdainful and so confident, this bully who was going to lick him. There was a quick flurry of fists, and Malcolm lay on the ground, blood streaming from his nose upon his white underclothes, feeling sticky on his skin. Angered by the sharp pain, he was on his feet again in an instant. The ground seemed to rise up and hit his head with a thud. From far away he heard the big nigger shouting encouragement and warning, felt his feet trying to rise as though through a mist. The mist became black and swirled around him, and into it he was glad to sink, enfolding himself as though deliberately into this blackness complete and caressing.

From far off he felt a hand on his forehead, heard John Clark's voice, "He ain't dead, is he? He must 'a' slipped and hit his head on a stone."

They were bathing his face with water from the river. He opened his eyes with difficulty. "I did not slip," he said.

"Attaboy, Malcolm, old kid," cried John Clark delightedly. Malcolm saw that it was John Clark's hand which was on his forehead. On his face was such a pantomime of fear and relief that Malcolm smiled, very happy now that the fight was over. "If anybody wants to say you slipped, let him say it to me," John Clark remarked.

"I tol' you to look out for his fiss," the big nigger said reprovingly. "That boy packs a wicked wallop."

John Clark said that he always had packed a wicked wallop.

The big nigger vouchsafed it as his opinion that this was as complete a knock-out as he had ever witnessed. He had seen many knock-outs in the prize ring, and in his own combats he generally managed to knock out his man, but he would always remember this as a really first-class knock-out.

John Clark said that in his time he had performed many knock-outs, and, if necessary, he could perform a knock-out with one hand tied behind his back. In the future he wished to be known as "Knock-out Kid" Clark.

Malcolm, whose head ached, was content to lie quiet, hoping that John Clark would not take his hand away. Boys kept crowding up, to whom John Clark cried, "Keep back, can'tcha, and give 'im air." Malcolm felt that it was heroic to be knocked out for his father's sake. He felt very happy to lie thus, with John Clark kneeling beside him, making the other boys keep back.

"How'd you feel when you was knocked out?" a boy asked.

"Oh, I didn't feel nothin'. But I had wonderful dreams."

"What kind a' dreams?"

"Oh, wonderful. I dreamt I was ridin' in a automobile and there was a band playin'. I can't remember 'em good, but they was wonderful."

The big nigger said that it was impossible to remember the kind of dreams you had when you were knocked out. In his youth he had been knocked out and had had dreams of the kind that

Malcolm described. He said that being knocked out was the same as being dead, and it was impossible of course to remember what had happened while you were dead.

In Malcolm—as it were resurrected—interest was redoubled, and the boys wished to carry him home. But foreseeing the series of explanations to his mother that such a cortège would entail, Malcolm protested that he could walk home by himself. John Clark helped him to his feet. “I’m goin’ home with him,” he said.

Malcolm, walking a trifle uncertainly, was glad of John Clark’s supporting arm. The boys came behind, and Malcolm walked between John Clark and the big nigger. The big nigger declared that Malcolm was a game kid. “What was the first thing he said after he was knock’ plumb cuckoo?” the big nigger asked. “‘I did not fall,’ thass what he said.”

John Clark declared that Malcolm was a game kid; he regretted having been compelled to knock Malcolm out, but he had set a goal of a hundred knock-outs, and could not afford to miss an opportunity. “Say, kid, shall we tell these other guys to beat it?” he asked and waited for Malcolm’s assent before he dismissed his following. “So long, Clarkie, so long, Malcolm,” the boys cried.

The big nigger went away, after having shaken Malcolm’s hand. John Clark’s arm was about his shoulders, and together they walked through the familiar streets. “Say, kid,” John Clark said, “I know I pack an awful wallop but I didn’t mean to hit you so hard.”

Malcolm looked up and saw that John Clark’s eyes were bright and his face flushed, as it had been when he was sitting on Beanie at recess. Malcolm felt that it would be worth while to be knocked out again in order to secure this protection and sudden sympathy.

“But you landed some nice ones on me, too,” John Clark admitted.

“Aw, no,” Malcolm protested.

“Ouch,” John Clark said. He felt his chin and pretended to wince at a sore spot. “Yeh, you landed some pretty ones.”

Malcolm knew that he had not, and felt a sudden surge of affection for this victor of so many who was generous to the least of his victims. The dull ache of his head added the seasoning of pain which made his pleasure so keen and bright that he could almost see it, dancing beneath the trees in the sunlight. “Aw, you’re kiddin’ me,” he said.

“You ain’t bad with your fists at all,” John Clark admitted. “Wotcha need’s a little practice. I’ll give you a lesson myself every day.”

The familiar street, with its checker-board of light and shade made by the late sun, became very bright for Malcolm. He knew that John Clark meant that he was to his friend, that he was to share in the blaze of glory which always accompanied him, that he was to be confederate in his exploits malign and sinister. As he stood by the hedge that bordered his own yard he smiled. “So long, Clarkie,” he said.

“So long,” Clarkie answered.

Malcolm discovered to his surprise in the weeks which followed that going with Clarkie was not the unalloyed pleasure he had imagined it—if ever, in his fondest dreams, he had dared imagine himself as Clarkie’s friend. He found the very next day that those satellites whose orbits he had displaced actively disliked him. Their dislike was expressed only in words, for his reputation as a game kid was assured for the rest of his boyhood, and anyway, against no matter what aggression Clarkie’s protection was armor enough. But their dislike and what they said about Clarkie troubled Malcolm, unused to the glare that beats around those who are near a throne. Clarkie was a liar and a cheat, he would steal your money, he would get you into trouble. Malcolm, perhaps, admitted some of this, but only as one admits the foibles of a hero that merely serve to



make him more human in the midst of his triumphs. Still. . . Some of the things the boys said or hinted at Malcolm did not understand and, ashamed to confess his ignorance, he often found himself thinking of the words they used, which he got by heart like a lesson.

Words. On the walls of the school washroom those same words: whispered amid laughter by the big boys from the eighth grade. Short, quick words, chalked on buildings.

Malcolm was still, he told himself, as much Dick Angell's friend as ever, even though their conversation of late had consisted mostly of a quick interchange of salutes. "Hi-yuh, Dick." "Hi-yuh, Malcolm." On the day following what Clarkie always referred to as his forty-eighth knock-out he had said to Dick, "I'm goin' out with Clarkie this afternoon. You come along. We'll wait for him after school."

After school Clarkie was rather late, due to a certain prolonged indecisiveness about his just-finished engagement with Miss Briggs, but Malcolm, watching him saunter smiling down the stone steps, was very glad to have been able to wait for him. Clarkie's smile faded when he saw Dick. "What's this kid doin' here?" he asked. He knocked Dick's books from under his arm.

"Well, I thought he could come along with us if you don't mind," Malcolm answered.

"Well, he can't," Clarkie said. "We don't want no kids trailin' after us. We got somp'n important to do."

Dick picked up his books in silence and went away. "So long, Malcolm, see you to-morrow," he called over his shoulder. Though there was no hint of reproach in his words, or his gestures, Malcolm felt infinitely reproached, as though it had been he (it was Clarkie) who had ordered his friend away. "He's a nice fellah," he objected.

"Look here," Clarkie said. "If you'd rather go with him, go ahead. Go ahead and play with stamps or paper dolls.

There's fellahs enough who want to come with me."

"Of course, I'd rather go with you," Malcolm said. But he knew that he had bartered the lesser friend for the greater, and often, even sometimes in the quick incidents of that and succeeding afternoons, he found time enough to wish that he could keep them both.

There were many things, it seemed, which he could not keep the same. Change had even presumed to corrupt that figure which he had supposed proof and eternal as time itself. His father, he felt, was different. At any rate, though he had always been a pleased and intelligent listener to whatever Malcolm had had to say, he did not apparently now wish to hear about Clarkie. One night he had interrupted Malcolm's recital of Clarkie's latest charges into the teeth of authority with, "Malcolm, this hero of yours gets a little tiresome. If you can't talk about anything else—and that's all you do talk about—you'd better keep quiet."

Malcolm, silent with quick obedience, was hurt, though the current of his affection for his father was strong enough to sweep away all trace of offense. He knew how tiresome it was for him to hear people talk (as older persons always did) about some one he did not know, and of course his father did not know Clarkie. If there were any blame it was his mother's, who had said just before, "I don't think this Clark boy is the sort of boy you ought to associate with. But of course your father'll let you do just as you want to." It was in his eager defense that his father had interfered and Malcolm, knowing that his father could do no wrong, was disquieted at having unknowingly committed a fault which merited a rebuke so stinging.

It could not have been because his father did not want him to go to the movies with Clarkie. He had said that—about his being tiresome—on Saturday night and at supper asked, "Well, son, shall we make our regular pilgrimage to the temple of the silent drammer?"

Malcolm smiled, as he always did when his father talked that way. "Why, I'm goin' with Clarkie to-night," he said.

"You'd rather go with him?" his mother questioned.

"Oh, no, I'd rather go with papa," Malcolm replied. "I mean—" The complexities that suddenly loomed between him and the truth appeared enormous. "I'd really rather go with papa and Clarkie, too, but I sorta promised Clarkie."

"Of course, Mary," his father said, "let the boy go with whoever he wants to."

"Apparently he wants to go with his friend," his mother said.

"It's only natural that he should want to go with somebody his own age," his father explained. (Clarkie would be sore if he knew that he was thought of as only as old as Malcolm.) "Here, I'll give you twenty cents. Treat your friend."

Seeing the old coin-purse that inexplicably touched the mainspring of his affection, Malcolm jumped up and kissed his father. "What's this," his father said, "a twenty-cent kiss?"

His father, Malcolm thought, had been different since that night, and it was this change, subtle and unfathomable, which was the only real flaw in the bright parade of the ensuing days. His father and he did not talk so much together any more, since on Malcolm's lips was only one subject, yet, though he was silent where he had been chattering and voluble, his affection for his father still was deep and strong . . . as deep as his affection for this other who had made him part-ruler of their world. Clarkie had had his seat changed so that he sat immediately beside Malcolm, and the alchemy of his genius transmuted even the leaden hours of school. His pockets were an arsenal of stink-bombs, sneeze-powders, and countless other devices, so that sitting beside him was like having a reserved seat at a private arena. Malcolm's mark in deportment took an alarming drop, and he was often kept in,

but he did not mind even while the others tramped to a noisy freedom and the late afternoon sun withdrew its light from the quiet schoolroom, lingering on Clarkie's reckless face and insolent lips. He preferred to sit thus, beside Clarkie, rather than to wait for him outside of school, for not only were Clarkie's disciples required, but they were very eager, to follow closely in the footsteps of the master. Sometimes they bagged school, and in the illicit companionship of those freed hours Malcolm remembered with difficulty those earlier days when his distant worship would have been satisfied with a "Hi-yuh, Malcolm." Clarkie forged the requisite excuses for him and, seeing how easy it was to deceive those persons against whom Clarkie waged such constant and successful warfare, he became involved in a web of lies of which he scarcely thought, since from it there was no need to escape. Sometimes they met much older boys down by the river, and Malcolm saw that Clarkie was welcomed among these as an equal, and he, without much question, as Clarkie's friend. These boys would shoot craps or play cards for money, while they hinted, or boasted profanely, of deeds the mention of which (when he understood them) made Malcolm shiver with delight and a little fear.

"Watcha got?" Malcolm whispered carefully to Clarkie so that Miss Briggs would not hear. Clarkie passed Malcolm what he had. It was a picture of the kind that Clarkie's friends had sometimes passed around and which they would seldom let Malcolm see. Malcolm was glad now that he could see one. From the man's mouth in the picture were coming words, of the kind written on the school washroom. Beside the woman someone had printed, "Miss Briggs." It was a dirty picture. It gave him a sort of uncomfortable sick feeling, but still he was glad that Clarkie had let him see it.

"Malcolm, what have you there?"

The air swirled and beat around his



ears. "Nothing." He crumpled the picture in his hand.

"Don't lie to me." Miss Briggs' voice was sterner than he had ever heard it. "I know you have something in your hand. Bring it here."

"I won't." Silence descended like a pall on the sixth grade, recalled from history in books to history being made by defiance so direct and unprecedented. Malcolm could hear his heart beating.

"You won't?" Miss Briggs' voice was ominously low. "Hold your right hand where I can see it. Now get up. Come here. Put what you have in your hand on the desk."

Malcolm almost stumbled as he walked up to the desk. He put the picture in Miss Briggs' hand. It was wrinkled. Miss Briggs smoothed it out and looked at it. Miss Briggs' face became red and she looked ashamed. "Malcolm," Miss Briggs said, "I thought you were a nice boy. I thought you were a nice little boy. Is this yours?"

Malcolm tried to swallow but his mouth was too dry. "John Clark," Miss Briggs said, "did you give this to Malcolm?"

All the faces of the boys and girls were misty and vague except Clarkie's. "Give what?" Clarkie said.

"John Clark," Miss Briggs said, "you know that all I have to do is speak one word to the principal and you'll be expelled for good. One word. So you'd better be pretty careful what you do and say in here."

"Miss Briggs," Clarkie said, "I didn't know what you was talkin' about. I didn't give nothin' to Malcolm."

"So this is yours," Miss Briggs said. Miss Briggs did not look ashamed, but angry, like his mother in the midst of a quarrel with his father.

"Yes, ma'am," Malcolm said. Miss Briggs took out a piece of paper and began to write on it. Her pen scratched. The mist resolved itself into various faces. Dick Angell's face looked worried. Most of the faces looked interested—Clarkie's face.

Miss Briggs put what she had written into an envelope. She put the picture in the envelope and sealed it. "Take this to Mr. Falk," she said.

Down the corridor. . . Miss Borton typewriting. . . Old Flossie's office. "Well, Malcolm," Old Flossie said. He put his hand on Malcolm's shoulder. He took the envelope and opened it. He read what Miss Briggs had written and his face changed, so that he looked like Malcolm's father when he was in the midst of an argument with his mother. He looked at the picture, smoothing it out. "Malcolm," he said, "if you were older, you'd know how sorry I am about this." He did not seem sorry. His eyes were bright. He raised his voice. "Miss Borton," he said, "just find out the dates of absence of Malcolm Campbell, grade 6B, during April and May. Also see if you can find any of his absence notes."

"Yes, Mr. Falk," Miss Borton said.

"Go in there," old Flossie said to Malcolm.

Malcolm went into the little room beyond old Flossie's office and sat on the bench. It was here that old Flossie whipped the kids of the first and second grades. Perhaps he would whip him. Clarkie said that old Flossie had no right to lick anybody. "Just let him touch me once," Clarkie said. . . . Clarkie's face, not smiling, not insolent, looking a little frightened. Clarkie's voice, sounding a little frightened. "I didn't give him nothin'." . . . Clarkie had got him into trouble and had not owned up. Dick Angell would have said, "It's my picture." Dick Angell would not have had the picture. It was yellow of Clarkie not to own up. Clarkie, yellow!

Malcolm's troubled eyes did not see the little room but only Clarkie's face, lying to save himself. Suddenly the altar at which he had worshiped so long was broken, the divinity toppled at his feet. A lump rose in his throat (he must not cry here), a tribute for this hero who was a cheat and a liar, who had betrayed

him. Clarkie had not cared, if he were not expelled, what happened to Malcolm. He was only a boy who was scared of Miss Briggs, of old Flossie, scared to own up. . . . Yet, as the leaden minutes dragged like hours and days, very vivid in his mind still was the gay abandon of those afternoons, the gay reckless face of the boy of whom he was—had been—so fond. Clarkie, yellow!

How long would they make him stay here? Did they really think the picture was his, the dirty picture with its short silly words which he did not understand? They thought he kept it and looked at it when he was by himself. That was what Clarkie's friends did with their pictures. Old Flossie would find out that he had bagged school, that it was he who put the stink-bomb in Miss Briggs' desk. But that was not the worst thing. The worst thing was having the picture. If he cried (he must not cry here) old Flossie would think it was because he was afraid, or because he was sorry for what he had done about the picture. Old Flossie would never realize that all those things were not important, that all those things which Clarkie and he had done together he could forget now as easily as he had done them, that the only things that mattered had been Clarkie and he.

His father would understand. He wiped his tears angrily upon the sleeve of his jacket. He could not find his handkerchief. (How long would they make him stay here?) Suddenly, before his tear-dimmed eyes, the picture of his father became very distinct, and he could almost hear him saying, "Well, son, what's all this?" He would tell his father everything, from the beginning. It would be hard to tell his father about the picture. But his father would understand that the things he had done did not matter, forgotten now like the bright memory of a dream. In the thought of the sure refuge of his father's affection the storm of trouble and sorrow faded from his face, and it was as though he heard his father's voice, above the sound

of Miss Borton's typewriter, "Well, after a sorrow like that the only thing to do is to make a trip to the palace of the silent drammer." (How long—)

The door opened. "Mr. Falk wants you," Miss Borton said.

Old Flossie sat by the table in his office, where you could always see him sitting if you looked in from the hall. Old Flossie's eyes were bright. "Well," old Flossie said angrily, "I must say you don't look very repentant or very much worried about the position you're in. You're in a pretty bad position, young man," old Flossie said, leaning back in his chair.

That was the way old Flossie always began, when he was sore and was going to bawl you out.

"You're only a boy, perhaps," old Flossie said. "Your father—" Malcolm started. His father—"tells me that you won't be twelve till July."

"Yes, sir," Malcolm said.

"Most people would think you a child," old Flossie said, "but I know—I know in some things you're pretty old. I have my ways of finding out." (Finding out?) "A dirty rotten picture like that would only be carried around by a boy who is dirty and rotten. I'm speaking for your own good. I'm sorry about this. I thought you were a different type of boy. It's not that you've cut school or annoyed Miss Briggs. That's, perhaps, only mischievous boyhood. That, perhaps, we could overlook. It's not so bad as this picture and the things I've found out." (Found out what?) "This boy Clark tells me that he never saw the picture, that it must be yours. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir," Malcolm said. . . . Clarkie yellow!

"This boy Clark is a bad influence," old Flossie said. "I'm taking steps to have him expelled." . . . Clarkie, expelled! "Your father says—yes, Malcolm, it's about time you were looking a little worried—I've been talking to your father over the 'phone, and he says that Clark is exerting a bad influence over



you. But if you were the right kind of boy, the kind of boy we thought you were, a boy like Clark could not have influenced you."

Old Flossie leaned on the table and began to talk faster, but Malcolm, his thoughts first on Clarkie, then on his father, did not hear all that he was saying. "Bad influence," his father had said over the 'phone. That did not sound like his father, except when he was in the midst of an argument with his mother. His father had never liked Clarkie. "Your hero is tiresome," he had said.

"What it means to your father," old Flossie was saying, "to have a boy like you, his only child, act the way you've acted. Your father could hardly believe, over the 'phone, that it was you. He thought there was some mistake. But it was he who made the mistake. He thought you were a nice little boy, clean and pure, a son that he was proud of. Instead, you cut school and forge your mother's name to your excuses. Instead, you carry around dirty pictures and do those other things" (what things?) "worse things. Now, what's going to happen to you?—for all this has its penalty, Malcolm, and you were bound to get caught, sooner or later. In the first place, I'm going to suspend you" (suspend him—it was bad boys, even Clarkie, only once, who were suspended) "for three days, not only as an example to the rest of the school, but so that you can think over what you have done. To your father I've recommended some pretty stern measures." That meant, whip him. His father had never struck him. . . . "I've written a letter to your father and put the picture in it. He knows I've written it, so you'd better give it to him. You see, we can't trust you, Malcolm. That's all now. Don't come back till Friday. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," Malcolm said.

By himself, up the shady street, by the familiar houses. His mother opened the door for him. "Your father is waiting for you," she said. His mother seemed glad, he thought, but he mis-

judged her, as throughout his life he had misjudged her. She was glad because she had known that his father's regime of indulgence was leading to just such a climax, a point for her in the long quarrel; but she wanted to take the little boy in her arms and assure him that she did not mind what he had done, that he was still her son. "Your father is waiting for you in the study," she said.

His father was sitting beside the desk at which Malcolm had often helped him. Malcolm went up to him. "Papa," he said, but the ready words trembled and disappeared on his lips, for on the desk, across a pile of papers which he had arranged the night before, he saw the old razor-strop.

"Don't talk to me," his father said. "Give me that letter."

He opened the letter, took out the picture and smoothed it out, as Miss Briggs, as old Flossie had done. The letter was typewritten and long, but he read it quickly. He put it on the desk and picked up the razor-strop. Malcolm looked up at him.

"Take off your coat," his father said.

With his left hand his father grasped him by the collar and held him at arm's length. With his right hand he raised the razor-strop. Malcolm heard it swish through the air. Smack! it cracked across his shoulders. He gave a cry of pain. His father tightened his grasp, but the force was not needed. Malcolm did not struggle, save for an involuntary trembling, as though to avoid the blows, nor after the first did he cry out. He bit so hard on his lower lip, to still its trembling, that the pain there was like an antidote for the sharp pain in his back.

His father swung him around to face him and waited, as though for him to speak. Malcolm, after the first quick look at his father's flushed face, stood with his eyes downcast. He had no wish to speak now. He hoped that his father would let him go before he began to cry. He must not cry here. "Go to your room," his father said, his breath coming quick and short.

In his own room he flung himself face downward on the bed and sobbed, as though by mere force of tears he could efface the bitter memory of the whole afternoon. He sobbed until one side of the pillow was damp and he turned it over. At first his thoughts were fixed, as though impaled, on the disgrace of the licking. His father had beaten him as Clarkie's father beat Clarkie, and the pain and shame of this no tears could assuage. But, as the late-afternoon light faded from the room and his sobs became less frequent, another thought, like an obstinate voice to which he could not help but listen, kept whispering the same thing over and over again. His father had failed him, as Clarkie had failed him. This figure which he had thought proof and eternal was like the rest. His father had seemed to like to whip him. His eyes had been bright like old Flossie's. Stern measures. That afternoon in old Flossie's office he had smiled at the thought that his father would strike him. "Take off your coat." So that it would hurt more. But it was not the pain. One blow would have been enough to send this other altar crashing to the ground, its divinity a smashed clay figure never to be set up again.

His mother entered with a tray of food. "Here's your supper. Eat something and you'll feel better," she said.

"Thank you," Malcolm answered, but he did not want anything to eat. . . . Chocolate pudding. . . . He had expected his father to put his arm around him while he told him how quick and gay had been the shining procession of the days, how fond he had been of Clarkie. Clarkie was a sneak, but in the certainty that his father would understand he had almost not minded. Sure of the affection of a greater friend, he had been almost able to submerge his sorrow for the loss of the other. Even if his father had been stern and said, "Malcolm, you've acted so badly that you are suspended, and the only thing I can do is whip you," his grief, he

thought, would have been infinitely less. But his father had not tried to understand. "Don't talk to me." His father had wanted to give him a licking. Two heroes he had had, and each had betrayed him. For Clarkie he had lied, and Clarkie was only a boy who was yellow. For his father's sake he had fought Clarkie, and his father (he would not cry any more) was only a man who had wanted to hurt him. In a still apart place he was very lonely, about him only the fragments of two broken idols.

There was a noise in the darkened room (had he been asleep?). It was his mother, her dim figure bent over the tray of dishes. "Why, Malcolm," his mother exclaimed, "you haven't touched your supper."

"No," Malcolm said in a voice that sounded strange, as though he had not used it for a long time. "I didn't want any." (Chocolate pudding.)

His mother put the dishes down so suddenly that they rattled, and she was at his side, on the bed, her arms about his shoulders, in which lingered still a tinge of pain. She strained him to her in an embrace so tight that it hurt him. "Oh, mamma," Malcolm cried.

"My little boy." With her cool hand the mother smoothed the tangled hair on his forehead. "I don't care what you did," she said almost fiercely. "I know you're a good boy. It's this Clark boy's fault, it's your father's fault. But still I don't care what you did."

"He whipped me," Malcolm said dully. He had not meant to say—just that.

Still his mother's hand was caressing his tangled hair, and Malcolm felt as though the burden of his sorrow was being smoothed away, beneath that cool hand, in the solace of that embrace. He hid his face beneath his mother's arm, and took her hand in his. "Don't go away," he whispered.

"Hmm," his father's voice sounded from the doorway. "Shall I come in?" his father asked.

"Mamma's here," Malcolm said.





# THE WIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

**K**INGS and princes are in the habit of selecting their wives, or having them selected, with a view to the exalted station they are destined to occupy. Presidents of the United States, like other men, usually marry young and do not arrive at the White House until they are old, and sometimes they bring with them partners not wholly adapted to such a conspicuous career. The complication in Lincoln's case is peculiar—a brilliant but uncouth and almost grotesque lawyer and politician from the backwoods, with no inherited social position or distinction, marries a showy popular belle who considers herself an aristocrat in the limited circle which is all she knows, and feels that she is condescending vastly in accepting the husband whose only asset is an extremely shadowy future. Then the husband shows an unexampled capacity for growth and development—intellectual and spiritual, if not social—and the wife, remaining to the end the narrow rural aristocrat she was in the beginning, is decidedly left behind. Mrs. Lincoln made an admirable helpmate for a practical aggressive lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. As the wife of the great, dreaming, smiling, creating democratic statesman of the modern world, she was just a trifle over-parted.

The difficulty of getting at the actual Mrs. Lincoln is extraordinary and exasperating. The cloud of anecdote and hearsay and gossip which envelops Lincoln himself hangs even more impenetrably about her, because we have not the solid substance of her own words, as, to a considerable extent, we have his.

There are but few of her letters in print and those few are not very significant. Many people have written about her, but they contradict one another and misrepresent, according to their own prejudices and the strange passion for exalting Lincoln by either exalting or debasing everybody about him. How unsatisfactory the materials are may be judged from the fact that, on the whole, the most illuminating document is the record of Mrs. Keckley, the colored seamstress at the White House. Mrs. Keckley was an intelligent observer, devoted to Mrs. Lincoln, and admitted to many intimate scenes and experiences. But I suppose few women would care to have their lives filtered to posterity through such a recorder. In short, I cannot ask my readers to give implicit belief to anything I say about Mrs. Lincoln, for I believe very little of it myself.

The bare, indisputable facts in the life of Mary Todd Lincoln are few and simple. She was born of a good Kentucky family in 1818, ten years after her husband. In 1839 she came to live with her sister, Mrs. Edwards, in Springfield. After a stormy courtship Lincoln married her in 1842. Her life then led her through Illinois law and politics to the White House, and the war, and the culmination of triumphant peace. All the triumph and hope were blasted by the assassination of her husband; and her remaining years, in spite of a brief sojourn in Europe, were darkened by sorrow and misfortune; until a temperament, always impulsive and intense, was unbalanced to a point of oddity approaching, and at times reach-

ing, actual derangement. She died in 1882.

In studying Mrs. Lincoln one must admit that, while it is possible to get more or less reliable accounts of her external interests and activity, her inner life is almost hopelessly obscure. She had apparently a very good education, as educations went in Southern girls' schools in the middle of the nineteenth century. Mr. Rankin tells us that, "while a resident of Springfield before and after her marriage she impressed all who were acquainted with her with the excellent and accurate literary taste she had acquired by education and general reading, especially in history, poetry, and fiction." But this was in a country town in 1840, and it must be remembered here, as elsewhere, that we are dealing with Mr. Rankin's kindly after-dinner memory. Education of a sort Mrs. Lincoln certainly had, education superior to that of many about her, and at any rate far superior to her husband's. Her natural intelligence was unquestionably shrewd, quick, and keen. That she had a trace of the larger humorous attitude seems unlikely, and it is still more unlikely that she ever grasped or enjoyed that attitude in the subtle, pervading, dissolving form in which it was constantly manifest in her husband. The element of Touchstone, of Charles Lamb; the instinct of remoteness, of detachment, even in the midst of vast tragic passions—perhaps most precisely in the midst of such—of illuminating them with the strange glory of laughter, which was so haunting and so fascinating in Lincoln, evidently annoyed and perplexed her, as it has many other excellent people.

If she read, we should like to know a little more definitely what she read. Mr. Rankin enlarges on her familiarity with French, assuring us that she read the latest French literature. She read current novels. What I should like to know is, whether she was one of the two or three to whom Lincoln enjoyed reading aloud in quiet evenings; yet no one

tells us. And in the middle of an agitated night he used to traverse the White House corridors to read the trifles of Tom Hood to his sleepy secretaries; but I do not hear that he read them to her.

Again, we have little light as to other amusements of an intellectual order. There is no sign of any considerable æsthetic interest. She does not seem to have cared for natural objects. She liked to give away the flowers from the conservatory, but I do not read that she had a passion for them, any more than had Lincoln, who complained that he had "no taste natural or acquired for such things." One pleasure they shared—that of the theater, and in Washington they were able to indulge this till it culminated in the performance which was ruinous for both.

As to Mrs. Lincoln's religion, there is a good deal to be said on the practical side. She was generous and kindly, ready to help and to give. Stoddard's account of her hospital visitation during the war is very attractive. She made no display, sought no publicity whatever, but just went and gave and sympathized. In the higher elements of spiritual life she was probably rather conventional, though she was a faithful member first of the Episcopal, and then of the Presbyterian Church. It may seem a trifling matter to note, but Mrs. Keckley's record of the ejaculation "God, no!" as habitual seems to me singularly indicative of the woman.

I cannot think that there was much spiritual sympathy between her and her husband. There is, to be sure, Whitney's delightful sentence, "They were *en rapport* in all the higher objects of being." I do not believe that anybody was really "*en rapport*" with Lincoln in such matters, and especially I do not believe his wife was. They both had, indeed, a certain superstitious turn of mind and, when the husband had dreams of horror and foreboding, the wife was ready to accept and interpret them. But, in Mr. Stephenson's admirable phrase, Mrs.



Lincoln's soul "inhabited the obvious." The remote, gloomy, mysterious spiritual regions haunted by him, whether he was smiling or praying, were hardly likely to be visited by her. Thousands of pages have been written about Lincoln's religion: he still smiles and remains impenetrable. Yet it is curious that, after all, the practical, everyday, unmythical wife should have given us what is perhaps the very best summary on this point (*italics mine*): "Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. . . . But *it was a kind of poetry in his nature*, and he was never a technical Christian." Excellent example of the shrewd common sense of the woman who understands even where she is wholly unable to appreciate. And with Mrs. Lincoln we come across this at every turn.

In dealing with Mrs. Lincoln's external life we are on somewhat surer ground, though not much, for still the cloud of intangible gossip is likely to mislead us. Socially, it is evident that she was ambitious and eager for success. On the whole, it cannot be said that she achieved it. Her appearance was by no means against her. Her face, in the photographs, is to me totally without charm. It is a positive, aggressive face, without a ray of sensitiveness in it. But she had a certain formal beauty and dignity, both of face and figure (stout as she was), and could bear herself well. It would seem that she dressed with taste, though at times too ostentatiously, and Lincoln objected to her extreme low necks.

There are pleasant accounts of the Lincoln hospitality in Springfield. As to what happened in the White House, observers differ. But it must be remembered that few hostesses have been subjected to such cruel criticism as Mrs. Lincoln had to meet. Those who watched her impartially, like W. H. Russell, Bancroft, and Laugel, report in the main

favorably, though it is noticeable that they are inclined to speak of her as better than they expected. The truth is, her ardent and impulsive temper made her tactless and uncertain. The basis of her social zeal was rather an intense ambition than a broad human sympathy; and for the widest popularity and success the latter is indispensable. Then it must always be remembered that she had that strange, incalculable, most undomestic and unparlorable figure of Lincoln to carry with her, which would have been a terrible handicap to any woman. His dress was strange, his manners were strange, his talk was strange. He would not lay himself out to please his wife's callers. So, if the poor lady failed, it must be admitted that she had her difficulties.

In her housekeeping and domestic arrangements she seems to have been excellent. Her table is highly spoken of and she was an exact and careful manager as to neatness and punctuality. Here again her husband was far from being a help to her. He was quite indifferent to what he ate, and it was impossible to make him systematic about meals or hours generally. The remote world in which he lived was but imperfectly accessible to the tinkle of the dinner-bell.

As regards the most essential element of domestic happiness, money, he was unsystematic also. In his legal business he could not be kept to exact accounting, had no commercial or speculative instinct whatever. But he was no spender, had few needs and no costly tastes, and above all he abhorred debt, though circumstances sometimes forced him into it. Mrs. Lincoln no doubt did her best. In the early days she made her own dresses and always she had moments of violent economy. But her tastes in the matter of outlay were far different from her husband's. We have her own written words—and it is such a comfort when we do have them—on this subject. "When I saw the large steamers at the New York landing, ready for the

European voyage, I felt in my heart inclined to sigh that poverty was my portion. I often laugh and tell Mr. Lincoln that I am determined my next husband shall be rich"—which of course was agreeable for him. But the most pitiable exhibition in regard to Mrs. Lincoln's finances is Mrs. Keckley's story of the debts incurred from real or supposed necessities of dress to keep up the presidential dignity. The maddening pressure of these doubled the wife's anxiety as to the chances of the second election in 1864. It must not be supposed that Mrs. Keckley's record of conversations which took place is verbally exact, but it is surely close to reality in its general tone. She says to Mrs. Lincoln, "And Mr. Lincoln does not even suspect how much you owe?" And the answer is "'God, no!' This was a favorite expression of hers. 'And I would not have him suspect. If he knew that his wife was involved to the extent that she is, the knowledge would drive him mad. He does not know a thing about my debts, and I value his happiness, not to speak of my own, too much to allow him to know anything.'" Such are the domestic tragedies of money.

It is with her children that Mrs. Lincoln is most attractive. Both she and Lincoln were devoted to them: he in his gentle, humorous, abstracted fashion, she with no doubt erratic but effusive and genuine demonstrations of tenderness. She was interested in their education, in their health, in their mental and moral development. But fate was as cruel to her in the maternal as in the conjugal relation, and she lived to bury three of her four sons. The eldest died in the early days in Springfield. The youngest, Tad—who was her chief consolation after her husband's death, so that she wrote, "Only my darling Taddie prevents my taking my life"—was snatched away in 1871. But the death of Willie, in the midst of the at once anguished and triumphant days in the White House, was the bitterest blow of all. The mother was inconsolable, and

her grief led her into fantastic ecstasies of passion till the crisis came in the strange scene so vividly related by Mrs. Keckley when Lincoln took his wife by the arm and led her to the window. "With a stately, solemn gesture, he pointed to the lunatic asylum, 'Mother, do you see that large white building on the hill yonder? Try to control your grief or it will drive you mad, and we may have to send you there.'"

Yet, with the curious perversity of fortune which attended so much of Mrs. Lincoln's life, even her sorrow as a mother, which would seem as if it ought to have won her public respect, and doubtless did so, was turned by her inborn tactlessness into an element of unpopularity. The military band had been in the habit of playing in the square near the White House. But Mrs. Lincoln's reminiscent grief could not endure the music and she insisted upon its being stopped for months, till the people became so indignant that Lincoln was forced to overrule her. Truly, one cannot but sympathize with Mrs. Keckley's exclamation, even if it is a little exaggerated, "I never in my life saw a more peculiarly constituted woman. Search the world over, and you will not find her counterpart." And she was married to a man as strange as herself and as strangely different.

Now, having established Mrs. Lincoln's general character as far as it is possible to do so, we come to the profoundly curious and interesting study of her relation with her husband, and this should begin with the history of their marriage.

In early life Lincoln seems to have had a susceptible imagination in regard to women—the more susceptible, perhaps, because he had so little to do with them. His profound affection in his twenties for Ann Rutledge, which has been embroidered by so many story-tellers, and her melancholy death, almost unhinged him for the time and Herndon insists that he never really loved anyone after-



wards. But a varied list of feminine names appears. There is the robust Mary Owens, with whom his courtship seems mainly to have consisted in endeavors to persuade her that she would do better not to marry him. There is a more shadowy Sarah Rickard. And there is Matilda Edwards, sister-in-law of the lady with whom her own sister, Mary Todd, was also staying. But the substantial charms of Mary, and her decided habit of getting what she wanted, in the end fixed the rather wandering lover, and in 1840 they were definitely engaged.

Here we strike one of the most debated points in Mrs. Lincoln's life, and in dealing with the course of this engagement we are at once confronted with the question of Herndon's veracity. It seems to me that his essential tone and attitude in general must be regarded as satisfactory. At the same time, after the industrious researches of Miss Tarbell, it is difficult to accept in detail Herndon's account of the stormy progress of Lincoln's love affair. According to Herndon, the day for the wedding was actually fixed, the supper was ordered, the bride arrayed, the parson present—and the bridegroom failed to appear, tormented by doubts and hesitations approaching mental derangement. The disturbance was so great that Lincoln's friends for a time feared suicide.

Without pronouncing positively on the more highly colored features of this narrative, we may regard the indisputable facts as curious enough. It is certain that the engagement was broken, certain that Lincoln a year later referred to the "fatal first of January, 1841"—the day which, according to Herndon, was set for the wedding. Also we have the remarkable series of letters to Speed, a near friend who was wooing and marrying at the same time, in which Lincoln uncovers his tormented soul—a soul clearly well-versed in all the tortures of self-analysis, self-criticism, and self-reproach. In March, 1842, he writes to Speed that since breaking his engage-

ment "he should have been entirely happy but for the never-absent idea that there is one still unhappy whom I have contributed to make so. That kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy while she is otherwise."

Then Speed marries and likes it, which impresses Lincoln, and somehow or other Mary regains her control, and on the fourth of November, 1842, the two are married very simply and quietly. In a letter of Lincoln's only quite recently published there is this admirable phrase, turned with a delicate significance which Lamb or Touchstone might have envied, "Nothing new here, except my marrying, which to me is matter of profound wonder."

It is matter of profound wonder to most of us, and we endeavor, without much success, to find out how it happened. To begin with, what was Mary's motive—why did a woman so proud as she seek to retain a lover who appeared so obviously reluctant? Herndon's theory is fantastic. He asserts that Mary's pride was so bitterly wounded that she married Lincoln simply to make his life miserable, purely for revenge. Even put in more rational fashion, with the idea that she was a person who persisted relentlessly in getting what she had once wanted, the explanation is scanty. There is also the theory that Mary was ambitious and that she foresaw Lincoln's future, even preferring him in this regard to so promising a candidate as Douglas. Something there may be in this: she was a keen-sighted woman and she is said to have prognosticated her husband's success from the start. But I think we must add that she loved him, felt instinctively the charm which so many men felt, the almost inexplicable charm which went with that strange, ungainly figure of whom an early friend could say, "he was the ungodliest figure I ever saw."

In the same way I feel that probably something in her fascinated Lincoln. His conscience forced him, say some;

her family forced him, say others. Both may have contributed. He was morbidly sensitive. He was indolent and in some ways easily led. Yet I have no doubt he loved her; and that quick, narrow, masterful spirit gained and kept a hold over his vaguer and more fluid one.

I imagine that the love on both sides persisted to the end. Herndon insists that there was no love at all. To Mr. Rankin the whole affair apparently seems a sweet idyl of uninterrupted bliss. It was probably just an average earthly marriage, with an increasing bond of association overcoming all sorts of wear and tear and pulling and hauling. Lincoln could never have been a comfortable husband for any wife. His casual ways, his irregular habits, his utter disregard of the conventions and small proprieties of life would have worn on a far more tranquil patience than Mary Todd's. And her patience was not tranquil at all—in fact, existed only very slightly. Her violent outbursts of temper on small occasions are matter of record, and it is impossible to put aside altogether the scenes of furious, disgraceful public jealousy described by Badeau and confirmed by General Sherman. Lincoln took it all quietly, though it must have wrung his heart; smiled, patted her on the shoulder, called her his child-wife, and she was ashamed of herself—and did it again.

But what has afforded infinite entertainment to the inquiring biographer, and what I think must be equally entertaining to the sympathetic reader, is the violent contrast with which the same simple facts may be stated according to the prejudice of the person who states them. Take the two extremes, Herndon and Mr. Rankin: their analysis of Lincoln's married life cannot but be instructive as well as diverting.

First, there is Lincoln's absence from home. He left on every excuse, Herndon says. He lived in his office. Where other lawyers returned from their work

to the comfortable fireside, he lingered in the country store or anywhere, rather than face the nagging that daily tormented him. All a mistake, says Mr. Rankin. He was a great deal from home, attending to necessary business, and why? Because he had such a competent, careful, devoted wife that his presence at home was entirely unnecessary.

Take clothing. Mrs. Lincoln was always fussing about her husband's dress. Again, explains the unfailing Mr. Rankin, this was all a matter of health. He was threatened with consumption and her loving care in seeing that he was properly clothed may have saved his life. It was the same with food and regularity at meals. Innumerable stories are told of her sending arbitrarily, at the most inconvenient times, to insist upon his attendance; and even appearing herself, with some indulgence of shrewish tongue. Wrong, wrong, urges Mr. Rankin. She may have spoken quickly, but affectionate anxiety about his health was at the bottom of it all.

The best is the matter of the ring. Herndon enlarges, with rather fiendish satisfaction, upon Lincoln's reluctance when even the bona fide wedding day arrived. Speed's little boy, says Herndon, seeing the bridegroom so finely dressed, inquired where he was going. "To hell, I suppose," was the gloomy rejoinder. Oh, cries Mr. Rankin, cruel, cruel, even to imagine that he could have uttered such a word! There was the wedding-ring—did not Lincoln have engraved in it the tender sentiment "Love is eternal"? Innocent Mr. Rankin! he apparently does not remember Jaques's remark to Orlando, "You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives and conned them out of rings?" I will not suggest that the sentiment may have emanated from Mary herself, though there have been such instances. But alas, we all know how many rings with similar mottoes



are clasping unloved and loveless fingers all about the world.

Having thus analyzed, with delightful inconclusiveness, the conjugal affection of the Lincolns, we may consider, with equal inconclusiveness, the important question of Mrs. Lincoln's influence over her husband. This is what she says herself: "Mr. Lincoln was mild in his manners, but he was a terribly firm man when he set his foot down. None of us, no man or woman, could rule him after he had once fully made up his mind." Can you not read the outcome of many fruitless battles here?

Mrs. Lincoln's chief wrestle was with her husband's social peculiarities. Here she was obviously in part successful, and it cannot be doubted that her experience and knowledge of the world were of great benefit. As Newton puts it, she "taught him particularly that there was such a thing as society, which observed a man's boots as well as his principles." At the same time, from his boots to his hat and through all the long six feet between, the man was thoroughly unconventional and nothing could make him otherwise. In the early married days in Springfield he would open the door himself in his shirtsleeves and assure august visitors that his wife would be down as soon as she could get her trotting harness on. The oddities may have diminished a little in Washington but they were never got rid of. You could believe in such a husband, you could admire him, you could scold him; but you could not domesticate him.

On broader matters, less naturally within her sphere—even on the conduct of the war—Mrs. Lincoln evidently had her word. What wife would not? And sometimes it was the apt and poignant one. Large military policy was perhaps beyond her, but she gave her sharp, shrewd judgment of military commanders, bearing out to some extent her husband's admission that she had quicker insight into character than he. The words, as reported by Mrs. Keckley,

can hardly be relied upon; but the general drift of them must be accurate. Of McClellan she said, "He is a humbug . . . he talks so much and does so little. If I had the power, I would very soon take off his head, and put some energetic man in his place." As to Grant she is equally severe, "He is a butcher, and is not fit to be at the head of an army. . . . He has no management, no regard for life. . . . I could fight an army as well myself." How perfect is Lincoln's quiet answer to all this: "Well, mother, supposing that we give you command of the army. No doubt you would do much better than any general that has been tried."

With politics Mrs. Lincoln was of course more interested and more at home than in military details. She watched her husband's career from the time of her earliest acquaintance with him and followed every step of it with the intensest ardor. Lincoln's appreciation of this shows most charmingly in his remark, on first hearing the result of the presidential election in 1860, that there was "a little woman at our house who is probably more interested in this dispatch than I am; and if you will excuse me, gentlemen, I will take it up and let her see it." Abstract political principles probably did not interest her much. Before the war her sympathies were more or less Southern, and this brought her criticism and added to the unpopularity which she was unable to overcome. But there can be no question about her entire loyalty to her husband's cause, which was in every sense her own. And whenever there was a personal point to be decided her judgment was always quick and sometimes sure. It is only just to say that I have not found one single case of her attempting to exert influence for the benefit of her friends or family, no soliciting of offices or commissions where they were not deserved. But she did interfere when her husband's and her own interests seemed to be involved. It was she who prevented Lincoln from

accepting the governorship of Oregon in 1849—from political foresight, say Lamon and Mr. Rankin; because she did not want to go off into the woods, say Nicolay and Hay. And in other cases she exerted a pressure which was strong and perhaps effective.

But as in army matters, so in politics it was the human side that interested her, and she criticized Seward and Chase just as savagely as she criticized Grant. Also she was much inclined to work on human agents where it was possible. Russell complains that she was open to flattery and filled her parlors with "men who would not be received in any respectable private house in New York." Her own explanation of this procedure—in the dialogue with Mrs. Keckley, bearing on the election of 1864—is profoundly interesting: "In a political canvass it is policy to cultivate every element of strength. These men have influence, and we require influence to re-elect Mr. Lincoln. I will be clever to them until after the election, and then, if we remain at the White House, I will drop every one of them, and let them know very plainly that I only made tools of them. They are an unprincipled set, and I don't mind a little double-dealing with them." When Mrs. Keckley inquires if Mr. Lincoln knows, the answer is, "God, no! he would never sanction such a proceeding, so I keep him in the dark, and will not tell him till all is over." Somehow in these political concerns Mrs. Lincoln reminds one at times of Mr. Strachey's Victoria. There is the same dignified yet dumpy figure; the same round, hard, positive, dominating face. And one cannot but think of the remark of an Englishman to Mrs. Fields, which Mr. Strachey would enjoy, "We call her 'Her Ungracious Majesty.'"

It is clear enough that back of Mrs. Lincoln's political interest, and indeed back of all her life, there was a tremendous driving force of ambition. There is much debate whether she had more ambition or he. They were different in this

as in everything. His ambition was vague, dreamy, fitful, mystical. Hers was narrower, more concrete; but it never rested and went straight at its ends. How much we are to believe of the apparently well-authenticated stories of her aiming at the White House almost from infancy is a question. Any girl may aim at the White House, I suppose. No doubt some millions do who never get there. Perhaps the most impressive anecdote on the subject is Lamon's account of his first talk with her, in 1847. It is a little hard to accept, but striking if you do accept it. "Yes," she said, "he is a great favorite everywhere. He is to be President of the United States some day; if I had not thought so, I never would have married him, for you can see he is not pretty. But look at him! Doesn't he look as if he would make a magnificent President?" That a woman should speak thus of her husband in her first interview with a stranger is extraordinarily significant, if you can believe it. And Lamon's repeated emphasis of the word "magnificent" gives the story somewhat greater credibility.

At any rate she got to the White House and reigned there through four of the greatest years in the history of the country. I wish I had a little more authority for the seemingly sane and not unfavorable account of her White House life given by Mr. Willis Steell—the immense effort for popularity and social success and supremacy, ending in satiety and disappointment: "The 'court' she set up had turned into a mock bubble, shining in iridescent colors only in her imagination; created from sordid materials, and wholly empty." Then the triumphant election of 1864 set the crown upon it all, if crown there was. In April, 1865, the war was over. On the afternoon of the fourteenth Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln drove out alone together and Lincoln seemed singularly happy, so much so that Mary's ill-divining soul presaged the woe to come. He talked to her of well-earned rest, of



peaceful plans and projects for the future. In the evening they went to Ford's theater. And still his mind was rather on the coming dreamy years than on the play. We will go to Europe, he said to her, go to the Holy Land, go to the city I have always wanted to see, Jerusalem. . . . While he was busy with such thoughts the pistol of Wilkes Booth shattered the world of Mary Todd Lincoln into diminutive, desperate fragments which no man ever again could piece together.

As this portrait is mainly made up of questions that cannot be answered, we might as well conclude with the most unanswerable of all: would Lincoln's career have been different, for better or worse, if he had married a different wife? Here again a variety of speculations present themselves, each urged with partisan eagerness. There is, on the whole, a remarkable unanimity of biographers in the view that Mrs. Lincoln was helpful to her husband; but there is an astonishing difference as to the way she helped. Herndon, always critical, admits the helpfulness—in fact emphasizes it. Lincoln, he says, was naturally indolent, contented, stay-at-home. If home had been delightful he would have enjoyed it and would not have been so eager to make a mark in the world. Mary made home hideous, and by so doing made her husband great. Mr. Rankin does his best to involve this cynical explanation in the rosy mist of his amiable memory, and goes to the other extreme. According to him, Mary was a sort of protecting angel who advised, cautioned, impelled—always at the right time. "Without Mary Todd for his wife, Abraham Lincoln would never have been President. Without Abraham Lincoln for her husband, Mary Todd would, probably, never have been a President's wife." This beatific solution may be correct; but if it is so I find it difficult to explain the fact that, while Nicolay and Hay were intimately present in the White House, in all the ten

volumes of their History Mrs. Lincoln gets only a few lines and in the close daily record of Hay's Diary her name is hardly mentioned. Surely a guardian, ministering angel would deserve and get a little more than this. For myself, I find Mr. Stephenson's moderate statement very satisfying: "She had certain qualities that her husband lacked. . . . She had that intuition for the main chance which shallow people confound with practical judgment. Her soul inhabited the obvious." Lincoln's natural danger was the world of dreams and going astray in it, says Mr. Stephenson: "That this never occurred may be fairly credited . . . to the firm-willed, the utterly matter-of-fact little person he had married."

The problem of Lincoln's melancholy brings the question to a point: that haunting, brooding sadness which rarely left him, though he shot the dark cloud through with constant fantastic sallies of laughter; that sadness which Herndon expressed with such extraordinary power when he said that "melancholy dripped from him as he walked," and which Lincoln himself described as so terrible that "if what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on the earth." Did Mary cause this grief or did she cure it? Herndon does not quite affirm the former, but he evidently thinks that the misery of home surroundings much augmented a constitutional tendency. Then along comes the ever-cheerful Mr. Rankin, from whom a mellow optimism is constantly dripping, and assures us that on the contrary, so far from causing the melancholy, Mary was the one who could cure it. When the spellis grew acute, "she . . . was the only one who had the skill and tact to shorten their duration." Again this may be quite correct; but when I think of that concise, hard, unsympathetic face—I wonder.

Among the varied possibilities connected with Lincoln's other early loves, the suggestion of melancholy brings up

most of all the image of Ann Rutledge. It has even been suggested that the melancholy had its origin in the loss of her of whom he said that the thought of "the snows and rains falling upon her grave filled him with indescribable grief." If he had married Ann, would it all have been different? We know so little of her that we cannot conjecture further than that a devoted, self-forgetful passion such as he hardly felt for Mary Todd might have changed his world. As for the substantial, hearty Mary Owens—it is not likely that his experience with her would have been very different from his experience with the other Mary.

Then one thinks of a woman of real genius, of large capacity, of sweet human comprehension—a woman like Theodosia Burr or Sarah Butler. With a wife like this would Lincoln have done, perhaps not greater things, but done them with an ampler serenity and spiritual peace?

I doubt it. Lincoln was not in any way a woman's man, in spite of the early loves. Mary Owens thought him "deficient in those little links which make up the chain of woman's happiness." Lincoln himself wrote, later, in his dry quiet way, "The truth is, I have never corresponded much with ladies; and hence I postpone writing letters to them, as a business I do not understand." He may have been a master of men: for dealing with women he was at once too self-contained and too sin-

cere. I am sure the words of the *Imitation* would have pleased him: "Be not a friend to any one woman in particular, but commend all good women in general to God."

More than that, he lived in a solitude which neither man nor woman ever perfectly penetrated. No doubt we all live in such solitude. The difference is that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand never think of it. Lincoln thought of it all the time. He ruled over millions of men and women who loved him; yet he was enormously alone, because he felt himself to be so. In this one point there is a curious resemblance between him and the greatest of all his contemporaries, a man who differed from him in so many other respects—Robert E. Lee. Lee was lonely as Lincoln was. Yet Lee had a most exquisite, devoted, sympathizing wife, and children whose affection was always responsive. The loneliness, with him as with Lincoln, was that isolation of the human soul which the yearning of the deepest love merely accentuates. Lincoln's own words to Speed convey it with clarifying intensity. "I have no doubt it is the peculiar misfortune of both you and me to dream dreams of Elysium far exceeding all that anything earthly can realize." When there was such an ideal as this to compete with, neither the perfection of wit, nor of beauty, nor of sacrifice would have been any more satisfying than poor Mary Todd.



## *The Lion's Mouth*



### **AUCTION LUCK**

BY CAROLINE CAMP

### **AUCTION!!!**

IN

### **OTIS, AT THE BRADLEY FARM**

I WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION, ALL THE HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS OF SARAH BRADLEY, INCLUDING BRAND NEW OAK DINING ROOM SET, TWO FOLDING BEDS WITH LARGE MIRRORS, GOOD AS NEW HAT-RACK AND PARLOR STOVE, UPHOLSTERED PARLOR SUITE, NUMEROUS ANTIQUES, CREAM SEPARATOR, VIOLIN, PLAYER PIANO, TWO BARRELS OF CIDER, ETC.

**CASH UP TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS,  
MORE THAN THAT, THIRTY DAYS.**

**I**T STARED seductively at me, from the side of a barn, and I immediately threw my various errands to the winds and right-about-faced to Otis.

As I drove along I recalled how I acquired my first appetite for auctions. It came after reading a book written by an auction habitué. How many times did the author buy a conglomeration of tins, to find a rare piece of pewter nestling cosily in their midst? Just for luck, he would bid on a disreputable-looking chair, upholstered with an old quilt, to discover upon releasing the chair that it was Sheraton! In a box of broken china he could always root out a bit of perfect lustre ware.

This sort of luck had so far successfully avoided me; but somehow I felt

that this time my turn was coming. I saw myself returning from Otis, my car piled high with antiques that had come to me almost for the asking. I saw an eager crowd of amiable people intent on buying the long-coveted folding beds. It would be a delightful day of real rural atmosphere.

Still harboring these enchanting thoughts, I arrived at the Bradley farm. What a scene! It is not an auction. It is a fête! Station wagons, French touring cars and limousines. Imported sport clothes. Even parasols.

The auctioneer is holding high a light-green vase. I recognize it as being a perfect specimen of late Woolworth. The portly dowager on my right whispers, "Wistarberg! Exactly like a vase I saw in that exhibition at the American Art Galleries two years ago. It's priceless."

The sun pelts down. The perspiring auctioneer mops his face and raises his voice. "How much am I offered for this green vase? Just the thing to hold those forget-me-nots your best beau is going to bring you to-night." Outburst of giggles from the pastoral part of the assemblage, bored smiles from the others. The recognizable belle of the Otis Grange calls out, "Ten cents."

A girl of great perspicacity, thinks I. But a look of disgust for such bucolic ignorance floods the face of the dowager. With towering assurance she raises the bid to ten dollars. The canny auctioneer changes not his stolid expression one whit. "You've said something, madam. It is yours." Her chauffeur steps up, as if to a Sunday-school Christmas tree, and receives the vase with thanks. The crowd hums and my buxom neighbor purrs happily over her great sagacity.

A bottomless, undecorated Hitchcock chair comes on the scene—value, by a stretch of the imagination, five dollars.

"Now what do I get for this chair? It is older than any person here. A nice chair to put the baby in when it cries. Does anyone say a dollar? Yes, that's right—one dollar—two dollars. You'll go a long ways before you'll find as old a chair in such good condition. Three dollars, four dollars, five, six. You can get a bottom put in for a dollar and a half, and you'll have just the chair to sit in when you come in and take your shoes off at supper time."

The bid is not being raised, however, by the people who take their shoes off at supper time but by the people to whom supper is an obsolete word.

"What's that, sir?" To an anæmic-looking individual wearing linen knickers and a monocle. "Do you say seven dollars? Eight, nine, ten. What! Only ten dollars for this chair that is nearly a thousand years old? Is that all? It's going—going—sold to Mrs. Farrington for ten dollars."

I detach myself from my moorings and worm my way to the house to explore. I wander listlessly from room to room. There are the folding beds. There is the parlor stove. The violin. About fifty old books. A few candle molds.

Having looked the books over and found nothing of interest, I turn to the violin. I peer inside and see, "*Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis faciebat anno 1720.*" A Stradivarius! Chills and fever attack me. I must get outside before it comes up for sale!

Outside, I find that my standing room is taken. But I do not care. I find a new place in the sun, where I can gloat and ruminate.

A real Stradivarius! It must be worth about fifty thousand dollars. I shan't be mean enough to keep all that money. I shall give Mrs. Bradley half. I should rather like to spend next winter in Paris.

It suddenly dawns on me that the books are bringing an enormous amount. I cannot imagine why, because I looked

at them carefully and saw nothing that one could not buy at any second-hand book shop for ten cents. An attractive girl, not over seventeen, is bidding on them. Eighty-five dollars, and the books are hers.

The candle molds are going up. . . .  
*And now the violin!*

"Here is an old fiddle that was found in the Ark by Noah himself. The only thing in the Ark that didn't come in pairs."

I flick not an eyelash. A nice ruddy-faced farmer says, "Five dollars." Not another person speaks, so I say, "Six." The competition between the farmer and me is tranquil, although he seems to want the violin very much. I feel sorry to bid over him. At twenty dollars he good-naturedly gives up. The Stradivarius is mine! Who can say that it does not pay to go to auctions?

New York was the only possible market for it, although I hated the thought of the trip in such sweltering weather. However, I decided that I could be inconvenienced a good bit for fifty thousand dollars, and I took the five o'clock train that afternoon.

My line of march the next morning was straight to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Cordiality itself greeted me there, but it appeared that one of their rules was not to appraise anything. They gave me the names of several men who were authorities on stringed instruments. Walter Hayden was the first one on the list, and I went directly to his office.

Except for four flights of stairs, which I scaled successfully, I can recall only one thing about this encounter—that is Mr. Hayden saying, wearisomely, patronizingly, "Don't you know that every Stradivarius has been accounted for? There are hundreds of fakes and this is one of them. It has no value—possibly six or seven dollars."

I was not to be so easily convinced, and I walked out of his office, still seeing myself handing Mrs. Bradley a check for twenty-five thousand dollars. Still



seeing myself swathed in a steamer rug, half way to Paris.

G. W. Stone was the next victim.

I swooped enthusiastically upon him and he submitted silently to my attack. Apparently a man of few words. "Another fake. Had three this week. Worth nothing."

I would make one more try. The subway, to the distant shop of a violin maker. He stood ten feet away from me when I started to take my triumph from its case. He turned his head and gave it a fleeting glance. "Don't trouble yourself to take that out any farther. I can see from here what it is." And, as he went on repairing a real Stradivarius, he told me the same tormenting story.

This time, I could but believe—having seen for myself a glaring difference in the two violins.

The following afternoon I went back to Otis—not to press a check on Mrs. Bradley but to find the ruddy-faced farmer. After inquiries concerning his hay crop and the number of acres on his farm, I presented him with *Antonius Straduarius Cremonensis faciebat anno 1720*, saying that I could not use it after all and that I should be glad to let him have it.

He became even ruddier and told me that his heart had been set on having that violin. He played at dances down at the Grange.

I could already hear it twanging out a quadrille, accompanied by his stentorian voice, "Balance corners, swing partners, grand right and left."

He called me back as I was leaving. "Are you as crazy over old relics as the rest of the folks are? I've got a table that beats anything I ever saw for funny-looking legs. It used to belong to my grandmother."

With a sudden new interest in life I tracked straight ahead on the scent with my ears flat back.

In the barn, on top of an oat bin and covered with discarded harnesses, there perched a carved mahogany Chippen-

dale card table! The legs that he found so amusing were cabriole, with claw-and-ball feet. The carving was a revelation. It was the best piece I had ever seen, outside of a museum.

It was too much! I was floored. I finally managed to gasp, "Would you sell it, by any chance?"

"Sell it?" he protested. "If you want the old thing take it along. My wife won't even give it house room. You wouldn't take a cent for the fiddle, and I won't take anything for this."

I drove back from Otis on a bed of roses.

*Never let anyone tell you that it does not pay to go to an auction!*



### A COZY CHAT

BY PERCY WAXMAN

I CAN'T understand why so many men I know go home at night and never think of recounting to their wives the little incidents of everyday life. I always make it a rule to tell Elaine everything that happens during the day. She's always so interested, and many of our coziest and most friendly chats have happened as a direct result of something I have said on my return from the office.

I am morally certain that Elaine would miss it very much indeed if I didn't make it a practice to bring home some sort of report of the day's doings from the big outside world of affairs. Now take last night for instance. We had the jolliest kind of a time all through a chance remark I made when I was taking my coat off.

"I ran into Dave Mitchell at Grand Central," I told her, "just as I was getting the 5:39. He's had his teeth fixed, I see."

"Why, Elmer, that's an old story."  
"It is?"

"Certainly," said Elaine. "Ethel decided he was to have them done the night we were all playing bridge over at the Durbers. Don't you remember? It was when Mrs. Hémans trumped Dave's ace and he got all spluttery over it on account of that front tooth of his, and right there and then Ethel said he must have the whole row fixed. She told me he went in to Doctor Fisher the very next morning. Poor old Dave. I thought I'd have died when that Hémans's woman put the six of diamonds down on his ace of clubs. You should have seen his face when he tried to explain that the six was the only trump left and that his ace was just as good as a trump when it was his lead. Oh! dear, the way some women play bridge gives me a pain. They will not keep count. They keep chattering all the time and every second minute some one has to tell them what's trumps. That Mrs. Krell is just as bad as Ethel. And so's Jessica Abbott. She's so darned crazy about the way her dress looks that she can't keep her mind on anything else longer than five minutes at a stretch. And why anyone with her figure bothers about the way she looks is beyond me. You should have seen her this afternoon at May Randle's in a blue taffeta thing, smothered in tulle with a huge bow of lavender ribbon—lavender mind you—way up on the left shoulder. Some women certainly have taste, I must say. That little Mrs. Venner was there too. I'd like to know on Jim Venner's salary how she can afford the things she wears. She had a sable neckpiece on this afternoon that must have cost twelve hundred dollars if it cost a nickel. Anyone that knows me knows that I'm not in the habit of saying catty things about people *but* I must say that the things that woman wears would make anyone just a little suspicious, particularly as they haven't been living out here very long. I wonder who that man Scott really is that's always spending the week end with the Venners. Well, it's none of my business anyway but I must say it

does look a wee bit queer to nave the wife of a salaried employee of an insurance broker wear a different dress every time she turns around.

"Madge Kirby noticed that sable neckpiece too. Trust that old vinegar-face for that. She's the champion snooper of the world. There's not a blessed thing going on that she doesn't know about. She pokes her nose into everybody's business. I never knew such a woman. It was Madge who told me why the Evanses had to leave town in such a hurry. There'll be a nice mess when Stockton finds out about that Italian sculptor. And they've left bills a mile high behind them, Madge says. They owe everybody in town. Well, I said it's always the way with people who have such high-and-mighty social ambitions. Nothing was *ever* good enough for Bess Evans. The way she used to go on at the Club and abuse those poor servants up there if there was the slightest thing wrong was enough to sicken a cat. You'd think it was the Ritz the way she used to go on—nothing ever good enough for her. Madge says that Bess got all her smart notions out of books, though Heaven knows the kind of ideas you get out of the stuff they're writing nowadays wouldn't help any normal, sane human being very much. Gertrude Witton told of a book that all the women are crazy about just now. It's called *The Ruddy Glow* and it's by that Russian who wrote that other thing—you know—that got that something-or-other prize in that contest. Gertrude says it's too disgusting for words—all about operations and sex and analysis and all that. Everyone is titled too and there are some marvelous descriptions of parties on the Lido and at Deauville, Biarritz and, later on, at Palm Beach. Gertrude said that if you skip the sex that it's really well worth reading. Heavens, I must catch up on my reading. I haven't read anything except the Sunday papers in ages. I don't know where the time flies to. I'm on the go from morning till night and I never seem



to have a minute to myself. I have to go in town again to-morrow to have another fitting. Oh! dear, how I dread it. They're getting so prosperous at Riette's now that no one seems to want to pay me any attention. After all I've done for that woman too. Heavens, when I think of what I *used* to get things for when they were down on 27th Street and what I have to pay now—it's enough to make you sick. Mrs. Murney's sister keeps asking me where I get my things, but I always put her off by changing the subject and the old busybody never seems to notice. That's the way with women. You start them off on one subject and before you know where you are—they're off on a dozen. They just can't stick to one thing. . . . My goodness, Elmer, it's nearly 7:10 and you haven't even washed yet. Dinner will be served in five minutes and here we've been gossiping away like two old maids. I'm always so interested in what you've been doing all day that I never notice the time. Do fly now, there's a good man. You can tell me the rest later."

"I won't be a minute, dear," I said as I made for the staircase, thanking my stars for being married to a woman who takes a genuine interest in her husband's affairs.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN OF AFFAIRS

BY IRWIN EDMAN

**M**IDDLETON'S every gesture shows  
How certain is his soul; he goes  
With clean precision through the maze  
Of faltering steps that make men's days.  
His desk is always clean; his mind  
A mint of certainty; the blind  
Confusions that make most men stammer  
He cannot see; steam rivets hammer  
Outside his window; people call;  
Bells ring; he sits serene through all  
These trivial sounds and tragic lives,  
While he, in his big business, thrives,

Making upon his memo pad  
The markings of a world gone mad.  
Middleton is not mad; so plain  
His days are and his life so sane.  
Nothing can ruffle his round face;  
His wands of wealth smooth each rough place,  
And steady as the evening star  
Above his mansion, his cigar  
Proclaims to those he finds to tell  
His happy tale, that all is well,  
With him, with all the world, with those  
Of our best people whom he knows.

How will Middleton meet, I wonder,  
The darkness and the last great thunder?  
Will he telephone, "Take this  
Telegram to the Lord in bliss,  
Cancel catastrophe, send sun,  
Charge my account, signed Middleton."



AND THEY CALL IT A SCIENCE!

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

**O**NCE upon a time there was a youth who was brought up in accordance with the strictest morality. His parents made him thoroughly familiar with fixed principles, absolute standards, and the difference between right and wrong. He grew up in the perfect assurance that he possessed the truth. From this it was but a step to the inference that the truth was what he believed, and error the opinions of others.

When he went out into the world he naturally set about reforming its vices. His methods were not offensive. He acted with sincerity, earnestly desiring, as he said, to leave the world a little better than he found it. Nevertheless he was not popular. People declared that they could not stand his holier-than-thou attitude. He had a messianic complex, they said. First remove the beam from your own eye, they said. He was not prepared for this criticism. He took it to heart. Could it be that his motives

were impure? That he was spiritually proud? Thus tormented, he ceased to worry about the shortcomings of others and began to scrutinize his own. To his amazement this policy met with as little success as the other. He found himself accused of morbid introspection and self-analysis. "Introvert!" exclaimed his critics. They would have hissed it had it been hissable.

It became clear to him that, no matter what line he took, it was impossible to avoid giving offense. He therefore resolved to conceal any interest in the morals either of himself or of others. But the influence of his early training was too much for him, and at times he would break out into condemnation of the laxity and dissipation of the younger generation. After one of these outbreaks a well-meaning friend came to him, counselling silence.

"You know," he said, "you're only giving yourself away. Thanks to modern psychology, we now understand that people condemn in others the practices they themselves long to indulge in. When you were a youngster you were never allowed to enjoy yourself as young people do nowadays. You are jealous at their being able to have what was denied to you. You think you are deploring their morals but in reality you are working off your resentment."

The wretched youth decided to hold his peace. But there was no peace for him. He was constantly being assured in sermons, in editorials, and in other

improving literature to which he was addicted, that the American public was rapidly losing all capacity for moral indignation. "Thou art the man!" whispered his conscience.

Miserably frustrated he withdrew from human companionship. He entered into a silent brooding melancholy. One of his friends came to him.

"Look here, old man," he said, "this sort of thing will never do. You know you've got all the symptoms of an inferiority complex. You must snap out of it or you can't tell where you'll end."

More in desperation than as a result of conviction, he proceeded to try to snap out of it. He became noisy, opinionated, self-assertive. It was not long before he discovered that these too were infallible signs of an inferiority complex. When you felt inferior you tried to fool yourself and others into the opposite belief by acting like a superior person. "Compensation, just plain compensation!" said his critics blandly. They could have hissed it, but there was no need to.

The youth, now prematurely aged, concluded that since psychology had become popular there was no pleasing people.

So he put a bullet through his head.

Two men who had known him were talking of his death.

"Just seeking for a little cheap publicity," said one.

"I always knew he had a martyr complex," said the other.





## *Editor's Easy Chair*



### THE LIMITATIONS OF VIRTUE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE used to be an idea that democracy could survive only by going in double harness with popular education. If the final decision in everything lay with the voters, it was necessary, so it seemed, that the voters should be intelligent enough and sufficiently educated to make wise decisions. In what measure the mass of the voters will ever attain to that much understanding and intelligence is hard to say. Important decisions are made by them, but they are made not by the exercise of critical intelligence, but by something blinder and dumber than that, yet something which still is effective. The voter in important elections votes not so much according to what he thinks as according to what he feels. If he is not comfortable, he shows it in his vote and, when things go badly with the mass of voters, they are apt presently to excuse the party in power from continuing in office.

Still there continues that old opinion that democracy must survive or perish according as it can or cannot educate the mass of the voters, and there goes on the effort to bring to the young the sort of teaching which will give them reasonable understanding of public questions and make some kinds of political foolishness impossible. And when the scope of government is increased and new things make new public questions, education has to expand to match.

The expansion is attended by a good many painful incidents, but that is to

be expected. Such things as the Volstead law, and the creedal disputes, and the Scopes case in Tennessee are all a part of the process of jolting us into new contemplations of life. We need to be jolted. We need constantly to have it rubbed into us that the way we live, the ideals of life which we have, are not the final blessings that mankind is headed for, but just our faulty experiments on the way.

One great thing we need just now to be taught is to appreciate the limitations of human virtue. It is not a very good article—not as we know it. It is physically more wholesome than vice, oh, yes! and certainly more profitable, and that is what keeps it a-going. This current disposition of the girls to flout proprieties and scandalize their grandmothers—what do you think that means? The rebellion against Volstead, the critical attitude towards creeds, the squabbles about evolution? They all seem part of the same thing, which is the antipathy of the natural man towards the “unco guid.” It is all a part of the world-cure which, like all cures, has its ups and downs and bad moments.

When Belinda went to Long Island on a visit the other day she said she was going to a horse race. When Cornelia planned to visit a girl in Baltimore she too was going to a horse race. Her mother did not like it much. She had not been brought up on horse races. Neither had Belinda’s father but, knowing Belinda as he did, he said to him-

self, "Well, I hope she will bet on it." He did not tell her so, but when she got back she reported that she lost ten dollars the first day and won fifteen the second.

Awful! Why did that old man want Belinda to bet? He knows how strongly William Bryan disapproves of betting. He thinks nothing of it himself and, indeed, horse races bore him, but still he hoped Belinda would bet. Why? Because of an instinctive consciousness of the limitations of human virtue and of its immemorial disposition to cramp life, and of the need at times to hit it in the eye. Our world in this country is full of virtuous people who insist that their neighbors shall garb themselves in the abstentions and disapprovals that they themselves affect. Out of the great prevalence of that disposition grows the revolt of which we see so many evidences. That must be why so many otherwise wise-appearing people say, "Oh the girls are all right; let them alone."

**W**HY do the English affect horse races so prevalently? Perhaps in that tight island with its large population people have to have fun in crowds if they are going to have any. Our people in our crowded districts do much the same. They go to baseball games, but there is no such popular patronage of horse-racing as there is in England and no such universal betting. Possibly, if we let in the betting on more liberal terms, we might have bigger horse races, but our monitors would not like that. The sport that they most approve is thrift and, having a President who is one of the greatest living patrons of it, they are pleased with him down to the ground.

Oh, those incorrigible English with their horse races, their prodigious betting, and their scandalous over-consumption of alcohol! What will become of them?

Probably they will just go on living and adjusting their habits as they go along to the compulsions of life. They

are not as rich as they were; that is, the English who used to be very rich indeed are not nearly as rich as they were, being taxed to the very bone. So much the more one wonders what is the meaning of their extraordinary addiction to sport and especially to this sport of horse-racing with a vast amount of public betting, which must make William Bryan's blood run cold when he reads about it, and, as said, a fairly obstinate over-consumption of alcoholic drinks.

For one thing it means that British blood still circulates; that the heart of England still beats strong, and that the spirit of adventure is not dead in those islands. Our standards here are predominantly Puritan standards. New England put a deeper mark on the American character than Virginia did. Virginia was largely Church-of-England English. Massachusetts and Connecticut were Puritan—far more Puritan than England ever was—certainly more than England was after the Restoration. There are Puritans in England now, lots of them, represented in politics in the powerful Non-Conformist vote; but their ideals of virtue are not the ideals that control England, and over here our Puritans are having a hard time nowadays to control the United States. One may discern as he looks about that the fight is on.

Puritans were first rate in their conceptions of political liberty and stubborn and resolute in going after it, but in the matter of personal liberty it was otherwise. They were always regulators of habits, definers of belief, and strict exacters of conformity with their own notions of what constituted proper conduct. The Quakers were never that way except inside their own meeting houses, but the Methodists were. They promptly set up a discipline, and have it still in modified form, and practice to make the general public submit to as much of it as they can. But a good part of the general public has other ideals about the conduct of life and



demur to the Puritan effort. The Catholics do, so do the Jews; and they are two large and powerful groups.

It is getting through the heads of a good many people in these times that the great religious teachers who have most affected our lives did not specialize on details of conduct but did specialize on spirit. Christ was always doing that: always denouncing the Pharisees with their meticulous regulations of life, and always urging that the Kingdom of God was within us and was concerned with the springs of our action rather than with the details of behavior. If the spirit inside of us is right, the details will take care of themselves, and so He seemed to teach. That is why to so many minds the Prohibition laws seem at variance with the philosophy of Christian teaching. And yet in these times it is necessary apparently that there should be a certain amount of regulation of life. If Christ refrained from regulating life, there is at least one great exception. He drove the money changers out of the Temple. When one considers how the great rum problem should be regulated on Christian principles, that is the incident to remember. Drive the money changers out of it! They are the people who make most of the mischief. The same way with drugs. Get rid of money-making in rum and in opium and its derivatives—drive it out with a lash, and the rest of the problem would probably take care of itself.

AND now again about the English, under inspection this summer as usual by armies of American tourists: One reads that all Europe is being Americanized, but especially England. That is not good news, though the fact is doubtless inevitable. For example, it is the era of skyscrapers. Wherever the land is valuable enough to support one, we may expect to see it scrape the firmament. Land is valuable enough in London, and one was opened there the other day. All the same, it will take some time to Americanize England. It would

be a very expensive process and except in the most active cities good buildings are not torn down to make room for new ones. What may be expected is that those parts of England most invaded by Americans will be most Americanized, especially the hotels. Naturally, if the American traveler has the money, he goes to a first-class hotel, and if he does that in England he gets very much what he would get at home—bathrooms, what they call over there "central heat," and such luxuries; and doubtless also he will have the advantage, such as it is, of lots of American associates. But if he really wants to learn something about England, the second-class hotels are the places for him. The first-class English hotel is an expense, but a second-class hotel is an adventure. Coming late into Southampton one afternoon to take a steamer the next morning, two travelers went to the advertised hotel near the wharfs where all the tourists go and, failing to get rooms there, searched the town for other shelter and brought up in a second-class hotel in the shopping district of the city. It was much more interesting than the tourists' hotel. The beds were good enough, the food fair, there were bathrooms that you could get to if you dared, but it was far from being spic and span. There were barmaids and you had breakfast in the parlor and the inhabitants were British, always interesting to observe. We in this country are getting so terribly addicted to conveniences that it is an excellent thing for any of us to have even a short experience of the possibility of life going on without conveniences; also without the prettiness of the interior decorators. One gets tired of it, one even at times gets tired of the conveniences, they cost so much. The great excuse for running water and such things is that they save work, and that is a good excuse; but when the plumber's bill comes in you are not sure that they save as much work as they are said to.

Shall we get soft, do you suppose, by

having so many aids to living, such expensive roads, such an unconscionable raft of motor cars, chewing gum so handy, everywhere cafeterias, our morals looked after by public commissions, our drink shut off so scrupulously? Is our life getting too mechanized? Are we going to be so busy with valves and steering wheels, putting washers on faucets and being body servants to machines as not to get our fair share of life? Sometimes it looks so, and if it is so in any serious measure that is one thing in which the English are going to have the better of us. They are still hardy. They can live with a minimum of heat and conveniences.

**T**HEY are anxious in these days. The papers say some of them have had nervous breakdowns, an affliction that has been almost unknown in England. Some travelers who come back bring reports that England cannot be again what she has been. Perhaps not in all respects. The United States nowadays is the richest country and most powerful in resources both of population and of industry but, for all that, it has not taken over the leadership of the world. Who has it then? It seems still to stay in that extraordinary island where the people bet on horse races and drink rum. Presumably the leadership of the world will go to, or remain in, the country that produces the best thinkers and the highest courage.

Are there any thinkers as yet that beat the English thinkers? Is there any courage visible in the world that ranks higher than the English courage? Is there yet visible anywhere a greater capacity to take responsibility? Are there better writers anywhere than the best of the English writers? The United States has vast resources of every kind—material, mental, spiritual. The great novelties in this age of the world seem to come out of it. It seems to get the news first about a good many important things. If you think it is in closer touch

with what you may call the cosmic mind, you can find a good deal to support that opinion. That the capital of the civilized world will be situated presently in North America, is likely enough in the general order of things, but in international concerns the United States is not quite yet up to a great adventure. It can express some things through its present governmental machinery but others not so well, and foreign policies is among these others.

The valuable thing that one sees in the English horse races is that England is not yet goody-goody; that it still dares, still considers chances and will bet on one. There is an enormous effort now proceeding to make the United States goody-goody and consecrate her to thrift and caution. This effort is not having any startling degree of success, though as an effort it makes for a conservation of power, which has a value. For the power of the United States is surely one of the great assets of civilization, but the people who use that power will not necessarily be the same people who have stored it up. They will have to be people equal to great adventures, and the times do not fail of signs that the adventures will be duly forthcoming.

Do you think that there are adventures, great international adventures, on the way to the world and incidentally to us? Probably there are and the real question is how soon? A great many people have this apprehensive sense of a period of effort hanging over the world. Perhaps it is because, having been through one such period, they have it in the blood. Some of the forecasts about it are fantastic and one cannot say they are well founded, but the feeling is by no means baseless. The world that contains Soviet Russia and contemporary Asia is not quite a dove's nest yet. Maybe that's why Admiral Fiske has emotions about our need to strengthen the navy and why the army people had Muster Day on the Fourth of July.





## Personal and Otherwise



**D**OCTOR Harry Emerson Fosdick is one of the outstanding religious leaders of our day; for many years he has had a profound and widespread spiritual influence apart from any doctrinal controversy. Wherever he preaches, hundreds are turned away at the door. No other clergyman, in the country has such a grip on college men and women. His devotional books—*The Meaning of Prayer*, *The Meaning of Faith*, etc.—have given faith and courage to millions. Doctor Fosdick has now gone abroad for a long rest before entering actively on his new pastorate at the Park Avenue Baptist Church in New York; but before his departure he agreed to contribute to HARPER'S MAGAZINE a new monthly department entitled "Religion and Life," the scope and purpose of which are indicated in the editorial note accompanying his introductory article. It is a pleasure to welcome Doctor Fosdick as a regular contributor.

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"I ask you to read it slowly because it was written slowly," said *Christopher Morley* in the letter which accompanied the manuscript of "Thunder on the Left." "I have staked a great deal on this thing. The central idea has been in my head since one snowy night in February, 1920. I wrote a few pages at that time and saw at once that the thing was beyond me. I had to wait till I could grow up to it. When we got to France in June, 1924 [HARPER readers will recall "Baedeker Fibbed," a by-product of that expedition], I tackled it. I gave it ten months of as full psychic concentration as I am capable of. Here it is. . . . There isn't a line in it that wasn't dreamed before it was set down."

"Thunder on the Left" will appear in four long installments. Mr. Morley's theme—the conflict between the pure spirit of living and life as it must be lived—is tragic in

its implications and unlikely to offer consolation to those who regard fiction merely as an emulsion. Yet his characters move throughout in a kind of enchantment of beauty, as so much of life does move, and in their dreamlike adventures there is plentiful comedy. For this we are glad, for it is only by the relief of comedy that one can endure the painful stroke of beautiful fable.

A word about the author. Mr. Morley is thirty-five years old, was educated at Haverford and Oxford (where he was a Rhodes scholar), worked on the editorial staff of Doubleday, Page & Company, and later with the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*, wrote the "Bowling Green" column of the *New York Evening Post* for several years, and now contributes a weekly column with the same title to the *Saturday Review of Literature*. He has written many volumes of prose and verse, of which the best known is *Where the Blue Begins*, a fantastic book which showed flashes of the imaginative power now fully matured in "Thunder on the Left."

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A descendant of one of the great families which have ruled England for generations, *Bertrand Russell* is famous both as a scientist and an outspoken irregular in politics. In the one capacity he will shortly publish, through Harper and Brothers, a notable book on *The A B C of Relativity*; in the other, he contributes to this issue of the Magazine a calm analysis of the problem of socialism and education.

*Stephen Leacock*, too, leads a double life: he is both a humorist (probably the best known on the American continent) and a professor of political economy in McGill University at Montreal. His subject this month lies within his academic field, but his treatment of it is anything but professorial.

Turning from the political to the domestic arena, we encounter *Elton Mayo's* lively article on marriage. About a year ago, at 'Sconset, Mr. Mayo debated with Floyd Dell on the unconventional topic, "Should Marriage Be Monotonous?" Telling us about the debate afterwards, Mr. Mayo outlined some of his arguments and his evidence; and they seemed to us so enlightening in view of the strange popular misunderstanding of Freudian theory that we persuaded him to share them with the readers of the Magazine. Mr. Mayo, a frequent contributor, is connected with the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance at the University of Pennsylvania; the significance of his article lies in the fact that it is no casual expression of opinion, but the judgment of an expert psychologist, based on scientific study of actual cases.

*Wilbur Daniel Steele* is one of the ablest American short-story writers, and "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," which he sent us from his home in Westport, Connecticut, is in our opinion his most brilliant story to date.

Only a few weeks ago the New York *Nation* celebrated its sixtieth anniversary. Now its editor, *Oswald Garrison Villard*, contributes on our seventy-fifth anniversary such a protest as age must always expect of tempestuous youth. The evidence which he produces will be disturbing to all liberal-minded readers.

Freedom of speech being desirable, as Mr. Villard's readers will agree, let us give *Rebecca West* the opportunity to speak without reserve about American men and their peculiar ways as she has observed them in the course of her recent visit to this country. Miss West, one of the ablest British novelists, is the author of *The Return of the Soldier* and *The Judge*.

Ever since *Aldous Huxley* wrote "Little Mexican" for HARPER'S MAGAZINE—one of his best stories, by the way—we have looked forward to his reappearance, which takes place this month with "Half Holiday." Grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley and brother of the zoölogist Julian Huxley, he is distinguished in his own right as the author of *Crome Yellow*, *Those Barren Leaves*, etc.

*Katharine Fullerton Gerould* brings her series of Western articles to a close with a study of the Western temperament. Its title, "The Aristocratic West," will be used also for a forthcoming book by Mrs. Gerould, which will include all of the regional studies which have appeared in the Magazine. Some sharp criticisms of her disquisition on Reno, from sources official and unofficial, appear on another page.

*Gamaliel Bradford's* penetrating study of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is the last of a series of portraits which will shortly be collected in book form and published by Harper and Brothers under the title, *Wives*. A friend of Mr. Bradford's remarked the other day that he did not know how *Wives* would succeed as a title; but that if Mr. Bradford called the book *Damaged Wives* he would have thousands of readers, and if he called it *Bare Wives* he would have millions!

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*Edna St. Vincent Millay*, author of *Renascent*, *Second April*, *The Harp-Weaver*, and other exquisite volumes of verse, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1923, has been too long silent. Having returned from a trip around the world with her husband, Eugen Jan Boissevain, she now contributes to HARPER'S two sonnets, the first she has written for some time. The other poet of the month is *Henriette De Saussure Blanding*, a Vassar graduate (as is Miss Millay) who now lives in California. Mrs. Blanding was represented in our March issue by three sonnets.

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*Caroline Camp* knows whereof she writes in the Lion's Mouth; she is in the antique business herself at Canaan, Connecticut, an excellent base from which to set forth in quest of Chippendales. *Charles A. Bennett*, author of *At a Venture*, surveys a world beset with complexes from the depths of a chair of philosophy at Yale University; while from a similar chair at Columbia *Irwin Edman* smiles at the man of affairs. Professor Edman, it should be added, is sufficiently versatile to have written a substantial philosophical book, a series of articles for *The Century* on the mental adventures of one Richard Kane, and a book of verse (scheduled for



immediate publication). The second stop made by the 5:39 from the Grand Central is Scarsdale, and it is there that *Percy Waxman*, one of the editors of the *Pictorial Review*, alights.

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Discerning theater-goers will recognize *Maurice Fromkes'* painting, reproduced in full color as the frontispiece, as a portrait of Miss Clare Eames, the actress, who in private life is the wife of Sidney Howard, author of "They Knew What They Wanted." (She played Mrs. Tiffany in "Fashion," Lady Macbeth with Hackett, Prossy in the Actors' Equity production of "Candida," etc.; with Dudley Digges she directed the recent production of "The Wild Duck.") Mr. Fromkes is a well-known portrait painter who came to this country at the age of eight, was educated in the New York public schools, studied later at Cooper Union and the National Academy of Design, and in Holland and France, and now lives in New York.

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Mrs. Gerould's article on Reno, in the June issue, has stirred up a storm in Nevada, judging from the official protests that have poured into our office. Among those who have registered disapproval to date are the Governor of Nevada, the Reno Chamber of Commerce (acting through a committee consisting of the President of the Reno School Board, the President of the University of Nevada, and the District Attorney), the Nevada Federation of Women's Clubs, and the Dean of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral (under construction).

Governor J. G. Scrugham, in his telegram, called the article a "virtual libel" on Reno and the Commonwealth of Nevada. "The impressions of this smug commentator after a week's stay in Reno and unfortified by any concrete evidence whatever," continued the Governor, "may constitute interesting reading, but it also perpetrates an injustice that calls for righting."

"Mrs. Gerould was in Reno less than a week," says the Chamber of Commerce committee. [Both this committee and the Governor are mistaken; Mrs. Gerould spent more than two weeks in Reno.—*Ed.*] "No attempt was made by her to obtain in-

formation concerning Reno from reliable sources, and her accusations are evidently based upon preconceived ideas and the idle gossip of a cowboy and other ill-informed persons whom she met in a hotel lobby. She closed her eyes to the real merits of our city and grossly exaggerated the evil."

Unofficial comment on Mrs. Gerould's article is not so one-sided. For example, a lawyer who lived near Reno for ten years writes to Mrs. Gerould:

Your recent article is not only delightful and delicious, but entirely correct and wholly true. . . . Mrs. ———'s comment on it was, "Mrs. Gerould has expressed exactly the things that we have known and felt for years but which we were not smart enough to say."

A Nevadan writes:

Do not become stampeded over the editorials in Reno papers on the subject of your critical article on Reno conditions. The facts were greatly understated. Reno is an excellent example of a small community corrupted to its very core by divorce conditions. Your story is bad advertising and hurts the "industry," hence the yell.

Oddly enough, the best reply to Mrs. Gerould which we have yet received comes to us from Oxford, England. The author, Paul A. Harwood, is Rhodes Scholar from Nevada. So reasonable, good-tempered, and persuasive is his argument that we wish we had space to print it in full.

I am biased (says Mr. Harwood). Granted, but one cannot live in Reno nearly two decades without being biased; without loving it heart and soul in spite of its Old West roughness which the casual visitor sees and, not understanding, attempts to explain. However, I do not believe that I am one of those who will (following Denver's motto) hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil—about Reno. We who live there try not to magnify her faults, but now that she has been brought to trial, they must at least be mentioned.

In some respects Mrs. Gerould showed a sympathy and tolerance foreign to previous critics of Reno. She did not say one word, for instance, about the tenderloin district which lies along the river bank not far from the business center of the town. It is fully licenced, quite modern (new buildings were erected only two years ago), and I believe that it harbors something in the neighborhood of one hundred unfortunate women. A high board fence surrounds it, emphasizing its existence, and at night a special police officer stands at the brilliantly lighted entrance to "maintain law and order" and to bar admittance to minors.

Predicting the repeal of the six-months divorce law, against which, Mr. Harwood says, there is an ever-growing sentiment, he questions whether such a change would harm the city. "Reno stands on fairly solid ground," he argues, "and was a growing town long before it became a divorce Mecca." It is on the main line of the Union Pacific, is the largest city between Ogden and Sacramento, and is also the terminus for several other lines; the Lincoln Highway and other highways pass through it; it is the headquarters for the chief mining, agricultural, stock-raising, and banking interests of Nevada; and the presence of the University of Nevada (with over a thousand students) makes it an educational center as well.

Of the "men of Reno," Mr. Harwood has this to say:

And those dreadful Reno men! Those "haunting horrors"! Do you know, I always regarded them as somewhat picturesque and I am quite sure that Bret Harte and Mark Twain would have used them as mines for story-material. There are a great many of them, it is true, and they lean against the south walls in the forenoon and the west walls in the afternoon—we call them "sun-flowers." Their seeming occupation of doing nothing has several explanations. Some are sheepherders, ranch hands, miners, or loggers: either temporarily out of a job or living for a month or so on the returns of their last one, for most work in Nevada is of a seasonal nature. Others are mere "floaters"; bums, if you like, who are resting for a few days before boarding a freight train for parts unknown. You will see their type along San Francisco's water front, the Thames Embankment, and in Battery Park; they are the men who think it better to keep rolling than to gather moss. Because a man stands on a street corner is no indication that he is a vagabond, however. Reno is a small town and since general stores and livery stables have passed, the street corner is the most convenient place for the working man to talk

politics, prohibition, and the price of spring potatoes. You may not notice many white collars, clean shirts, or polished shoes, but this is a Western street—not Fifth Avenue or the Champs-Élysées. Furthermore, if you are astounded at the physical appearance of some members of this cosmopolitan throng; if there are not quite enough eyes, arms, and legs to go around, you must remember that premature dynamite blasts and broken band saws have a way of making fearful havoc with the human body. But there are few real gamblers in the crowd; and by *real* gamblers, I mean those who live solely on the proceeds of out-bluffing the other fellow. The professional gambler is a quiet sort of chap who keeps regular "working" hours and observes the good Western tradition of minding his own affairs; probably you would mistake him for an ordinary business man—most strangers do.

#### Of the divorcées:

The amazing accusation brought by Mrs. Gerould against the people who come to Reno for a divorce—that "most of them take lovers" as a last desperate remedy for unbearable boredom—is such an absurd charge that it scarcely needs answering. Without doubt, some of them do, but if you will take the trouble to examine the complaints on file in the Washoe County Court House, you will find one now and then that explains the exceptions. (Some divorcées, like some other people, have loose moral standards and that is why *some* of them are divorcées.)

#### Mr. Harwood concludes:

Perhaps you have seen a building that was constructed after the early Western plan. View it from the street and it appears to be a substantial, two-storied affair, but walk behind it and you will discover that you were tricked. The pretentious front is false and hides the real building, which is nothing more than a small, home-like cabin.

I do not wish to carry the figure too far, but in many respects Reno resembles one of those buildings—it has a false front which deceives the visitor. Few people, unless they make their home there, ever see the real Reno. The view from the street fulfills their expectations.







MAN OF SEGOVIA

*By Robert Henri*

*Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries*





# Harpers *Magazine*

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## ARE WOMEN A FAILURE IN POLITICS?

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

*Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee*

EVERY one has had his say about women in politics except the woman in politics. The man who didn't believe in suffrage breaks forth periodically to show how it has failed; the neutral woman essayist gives her opinion as to the mistakes the women are making; the man who thought it would reform the universe reveals his disillusionment; the woman who expected to remake a man-made world bewails her disappointment. Only the women who have deliberately gone into politics have been silent. Isn't it time that one of them should give her answer as to what women have done or gained in politics since women were given the franchise?

As such a woman I undertake the task. I may speak with authority. I am a professional politician. By that I mean that when ex-suffragists were faced with one of three choices: namely, to forget politics entirely now they have the vote; to continue to do political work through non-partisan or bi-partisan organizations; or to enter a political party and attempt to function therein—I chose the

last. I became a member of my party, a ward worker, a member of a partisan committee, a nominal leader of the women of my party and, finally, by election, First Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

This development is interesting because its steps are somewhat the steps of progress of the women into politics in the United States. But I mention it here merely as my credentials to speak for the women in politics.

If I were asked the straight question, "Have women done anything in politics, are women in politics?" I should say, "Yes and no." Let me take first my "No." Women have passed no laws. They have made no changes in party procedure, in campaign managements or tactics. They have affected to a slight degree the choice of candidates for important offices. They have not influenced party platforms or performances. Few have been elected to political offices. Few are placed in appointive offices of power.

I know of no woman to-day who has any influence or political power because she is a woman. I know of no woman who has a following of women. I know of no politician who is afraid of the woman vote on any question under the sun. I can hear someone say quickly, "Not even the repeal of the 18th Amendment?" And I answer, "Not even the repeal of the 18th Amendment." The politicians who say that it cannot be repealed are thinking of the votes of *the people* of those southern and western states who favor Prohibition. The politicians of those states where *the people* favor this repeal believe it can be repealed.

Since women have had the vote but three pieces of legislation have passed the National Congress because of the activities and desires of women. One of these was a resolution calling for an amendment to the National Constitution making it possible for Congress to pass Child Labor laws. While this was urged and desired by men in large numbers and backed by an organization officered by men, much of the work, most of it in fact, was done by women, so that they may fairly call its passage their achievement. And when this amendment was sent to the States for ratification it met a vigorous opposition directed by business organizations mostly controlled by men, although numbering some women among their members and appealing to many women. It may fairly be said therefore that the Opposition was largely the work of men. This is the nearest to a definite woman and man line-up which has yet appeared. But there is hardly a doubt that the husbands of the women who desired this legislation and the wives of those who opposed it would, in case of a vote, be counted with their wives or husbands as the case might be. It, too, becomes then largely a line-up on economic and social lines.

Now what does all this mean? That women have no influence in politics? That the vote does them no good? That suffrage is a failure? By no means. A

large organization of men, the American Federation of Labor, was deeply interested in the ratification of this amendment. Does it mean that they have no influence, or that man suffrage is a failure? No one would be so stupid as to contend that it does.

What these facts indicate is simply this: There is no woman block. Those who thought that suffrage would mean that women would organize along sex lines, nominate women, urge special legislation, vote en masse have a right to be disappointed. Woman suffrage has not yielded them their heart's desire. The women who have mated with men and borne men-children for countless ages have not decided to go off and wage political war against husbands and sons. The women who are daughters of fathers as well as mothers are not going to think differently from all men on any subject. The women who are open to the same prejudices, prey to the same emotions, worshipers of the same ideals as men will not be mobilized by any appeal to which men will prove invulnerable. In short, the events have shown what every rational person knew—that sex is not a line separating the brains, the prejudices, the ideals of men from women, and that manhood suffrage was not the only defense that kept men and women from civic and political warfare. Those to whom it was a bogie and those to whom it was a hope have both been enlightened. Woman suffrage did not mobilize a woman block.

I come now to my first answer, "Yes." Women have done something in politics. They count there.

When the question of woman suffrage was first discussed fifty years ago, one heard no talk of what women would do with the ballot, how they would reform the earth; one did not hear that they had a social instinct deeper than men's and would consider human interests more than property interests. What women like Susan B. Anthony asked was that women should have equal



rights as human beings before the law. They contended that the denial of suffrage was the denial of a right and that without it they were handicapped before the law as individuals. Take Susan B. Anthony herself. She had a brain that men flattered her by calling a man's brain. She was interested in abolition, in the tariff, in politics. She wanted to pass on her ideas. She wanted to write them into laws. But no, she was a woman. She did not even have a vote. She could neither express her opinions at the polls nor was it thinkable that she should, no matter what her ability, ever expect to occupy any place of power such as that of Congressman, or even Justice of the Peace. Of course the laws reflected the same unfairness to women. This would be righted if she could vote for the men who made these laws. It was for such reasons that the early suffragists dared abuse, ridicule, persecution in order to ask that women as well as men might vote. It was arguments they presented in those days, not promises. They talked of justice, of opportunity for themselves. When told that it was unwomanly, for instance, for a woman to wish to vote and speak in public, they asked why more unwomanly than to scrub. When told that marriage and a home was woman's opportunity, and she should not yearn for political place, they asked what about the woman who had no invitation to marriage and no home except another's. When told that politics was a man's prerogative, they asked who gave it to him. It was only after they realized, these courageous women, that it was an emotional and sentimental sex of whom they must win this right, that some of them hit upon an emotional, a sentimental appeal—namely that women would ennoble and purify politics.

The sociological reformers, a later school of suffragists, picked up this argument and enlarged on it, concluding it would put the vote into the hand of "the conservator of human life, the part of society interested primarily in human

rights rather than property ones." These women were reformers first and suffragists only as a means; but those early suffragists, how they must have stuck their tongues in their cheeks! They were rationalists. They knew that women would be no better in their use of suffrage than they were in their use of money. Those who were willing to live off money ill-gotten or who asked no questions as to how it was come by would be willing to support laws that gave them and their family unfair advantages. They knew women would vote their own interests. They could not expect that one-half of a family would be fighting for a property right and the other half fighting against it. They knew that women would be as foolish, as easily led as men on issues, on candidates. But they believed that not for nothing Eve ate the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They wanted their chance to live in the world.

Now at last long after those suffragists are dust the suffrage comes to women. And we forget about the equal rights for which they fought, and bewail that women have not stood for idealism and unselfish legislation.

Those early suffragists were not feminists, not at least in any sense of dividing sex against sex. What they wanted was a chance to move out of the narrow confines of the sphere fixed for their sex and into a larger sphere where they might function as human beings. What they saw was a world of human beings in which sex played only that part reserved for sexual functioning and did not regulate the whole duty and experience of women.

What these suffragists would ask, if they came down to earth to-day, would not be whether women had elected women to office, but whether some woman had been elected by the people! Not whether women had forced the passage of welfare legislation but whether any woman had had a part in framing general legislation. And by the answers to those questions would they measure the

success or failure of suffrage. Remembering the state of the public mind when they began their fight and the length of time it took to change it, they would not ask for many officers or much legislation. They would probably be content with very small signs if only they indicated a change in the right direction.

Two women Governors of States! They would pounce upon this fact with joy. They would read that sentence thus: Two women, Governors of States! Not two women-governors of States. The cause of their joy would be that two women had been enabled to become governors, and not that two states had women for governors; for setting that fact against the intermingled dismay and fury such a situation would have caused in their day, they would realize, as we do not, that it indicates a change in the whole attitude of society. And such indeed it is. That neither one of these governors was the candidate of women, that she had never consorted with suffragists, and had had no training with the organized women of her state, would not mitigate a trifle the joy of these women. If some sex-conscious feminist of to-day strove to call their attention to the fact that one of these governors had been elected as the widow to carry out her husband's program, they would doubtless retort, "My dear child, inheritance of a man's political assets by a woman is a great step forward. Why, in our day, a woman did not even inherit her own money, or her own child, let alone the opportunities and the responsibilities that she and her husband had built up together." As to the suggestion that the other governor had been elected as the agent of her husband, the risibilities of the old suffragists would probably not allow them to make answer. Remembering the Hypatias and the Pompadours who had been the inspirers and advisors of men, not to mention the Eugénies and the Louises and the Isabellas, how their funny-bones would ache to see a dominant male reduced to self-expression through a woman agent! And

yet how surely would they realize, as too many feminists do not, that it is indeed a new day for women when an electorate will ratify such an agency.

The truth is that we who have seen this new day dawn without a brilliant sunrise do not take in the whole significance of these women governors. They were elected for political reasons. One may or may not approve the reasons. The fertile fact, so far as suffrage is concerned, is that their sex was not a serious handicap.

The defeat of a woman candidate is usually attributed by press and public and her own friends to the fact that she is a woman. It is probably true that if sex were the only difference between political nominees, as it is between the circus charioteers, the woman nominee would probably lose the campaign as often as the Roman maiden wins the race, and for the same psychological reason. But as no political contest between a man and a woman on sex qualifications, or even on personal qualifications, has yet been waged, this is a surmise. Too many elements enter into a contest between nominees of opposing parties to justify any one into interpreting defeat for the nominee who happens to be a woman as a defeat because she is a woman. In the case of Mrs. Oleson, the little David went against a Goliath who had been twelve years "selling himself" as a savior to a people outraged with their economic wrongs. In the case of Mrs. Hooper, candidate for the United States Senate from Wisconsin, this gifted and devoted woman went against another Goliath who for years had overthrown all comers. At that, she ran ahead of the men on her ticket.

On the other hand, take the women who have won public office. Wyoming wanted a governor who would carry out the program of the one who had died. Mrs. Ross was the most available person to do that job. It therefore chose her. Texas wanted to punish the Klan and approve a man who would fight them. The election of Mrs. Ferguson would do



both. The fact that these candidates were women counted not at all. They were elected on issues. Surely it is something gained for women that their sex does not count against them with the voters who believe they are right on issues and have confidence in their performance.

Those who expected to see a horde of women office holders spring up over night may shrug their shoulders deprecatingly. Not many, they may say: two governors out of forty-eight, and no senators. True, it is a small beginning. But it is a beginning. It points the direction in which we are moving. And for those with eyes to see it does more. It shows the way by which a woman can move into office, namely by becoming identified in the public mind with issues of which it approves and by winning that public's confidence as to performance—which is exactly the way by which a man comes into office. It is equality. Those early suffragists did not ask a government for and by women. They would have hated a matriarchate. And the fact that in four years of suffrage only two women had become governors would not dishearten them. They would say that probably only two women had qualified. Nor would they look forward to a preponderance of women governors. They would hardly expect half and half. They would ask only that which has happened in the cases of these two—that sex should not count.

What the feminists of to-day charge is that Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Ferguson were identified with issues and gained the confidence of the voters because of their husbands, that they do not owe their election to their own endeavor. This may be true, though I have known wives of popular public men whom the voter would not trust. But whether true or not, it has no bearing on women's way to office-holding unless it can be proved that wifehood is the only road to identification with public issues and the

public confidence. It is perhaps the easiest one. The wives who have inherited their husband's following and policies have the same advantage over the women who have come into public life since the suffrage that the heir to a fortune has over the boy his own age who must win it for himself. They inherit what other women must earn. Nevertheless it can be earned. It is possible for women to become identified with issues and to win confidence by other means than by inheritance, but it takes much longer. Public confidence is difficult to capture. It takes a long acquaintance, much publicity, or great gifts to win it. Is it much wonder that few, if any women, have done it in five years?

In many of the State legislatures there are women on their way. They are becoming identified with policies, building up a reputation for achievement and ability, acquiring a following. Some of them will run for Congress before long and win. Then they may have some chance for the Senate. That we have no women senators is cited as one proof of the failure of suffrage. Occasionally men have sprung overnight into senatorships; but when one remembers the competition for membership in that body, the slow process by which one wins that membership—a process which one might call a survival of the politically fit—is it so strange that in four years of political majority no woman has outdistanced every man in her state who has had his eye upon it, the millionaires who could buy their way to it, the politicians who have been fighting their way towards it, the men with opportunities to meet voters, to please and advantage henchmen, to satisfy business colleagues, the public servants who have in this or other places served constituents faithfully for twenty or more years, aye, even the statesmen—and there are some in the Senate—whose integrity and intellects have revised constitutions, made fiscal policies, led a nation through a victorious war?

There has been much surprise expressed that so few women in the old suffrage movement or from the women's clubs have made a place for themselves in politics or secured political recognition. But it should not be surprising if one realizes how little the general voting public knew of women's organizations before suffrage and recognizes how zealous these same organizations have been to keep their policies out of politics since suffrage.

My own opinion is that the interests of the club women are too remote from the political interests of the general public to make club work a springboard into public office. Even those items on club programs that might make a direct appeal to public opinion have been so divorced from political fortunes that the identification of a woman with them is seldom a political asset. It is true that club activity often gains for a woman favorable introduction to the people through the public press; but since her political neutrality is usually emphasized—and must be if she is to hold the confidence of the bi-partisan club women—the public pigeonholes her as a non-political person. And it is extremely difficult to force the public or the press to take a person out of the category into which she has once been sorted.

Naturally, the winning of suffrage focused attention on the large organizations of women. It was assumed generally that they represented a sex-conscious group that would seek to make a direct contribution to politics. The press and public therefore saw political method and significance in all they did. When these organizations did not take political leadership, the same public and press criticized them harshly for political ineptitude. The assumption was unfair. Neither the groups organized before suffrage nor the one organized afterwards are political organizations.

To understand the relation of the national organizations of women to politics one must recall how they came into being. Many years ago women joined

in clubs for cultural improvement or for pleasure. They found it desirable to meet with other clubs and exchange ideas. Gradually a system of federation was developed. Partly because their study showed the need for improvement of social conditions, and partly because their Anglo-Saxon consciences required a justification for the pleasure found in conventions, the various federations undertook programs of social reform. It is important to remember that the reforms were not the cause of the local organizations. They were its by-products. One does not make an issue out of a by-product. One does not go into politics for it. And the women's organizations did not do either. They have pursued the even tenor of their pre-suffrage way, raising standards of good living, studying health conditions and ways to improve them, urging good citizenship. I have no desire to belittle the good accomplished by these organizations. They have been effective agencies for improving social conditions and will continue to be. But they are of no more political significance than the Federation of Churches or the American Bar Association.

We might infer from its name that one at least of the women's national organizations, the League of Women Voters, is a political organization. Perhaps its founders had such ambitions for it when they gave it that name. But what it has become is an organization of people interested in good government—and to that end in educating women for citizenship, getting out the vote, devising methods for greater efficiency in government—who happen to be women and voters, rather than an organization of women-voters who are employing their votes to make these results "woman's contribution to politics."

It is true that women make up its membership, but this is because the enfranchisement of women offered an opportunity to arouse the interest of new voters in these subjects. It could be composed of men and women without



changing its program or procedure one iota, and many men do give money to its support. It is true that it was woman's suffrage that made the organization possible, but that is because disfranchised people could not discuss these matters and seek to improve government without savoring of the ridiculous. It would be like the halt teaching the able-bodied how to walk. Yet so far as its political action or method is concerned, it could as well be made up of disfranchised persons.

The place of the League in our system is somewhat similar to that of the Chamber of Commerce or the American Federation of Labor or some one of the great agricultural organizations. Like them, it is composed of people with common interests and ideas. It employs similar methods of publicity and attack and backs specific measures that will accomplish its designs. Its relation to the public and to the government is the same as theirs. The difference lies in their purposes. While each of the other organizations is founded on a common economic need and a common economic interest, the League is founded on a common social need, the need that many people feel to serve what they think to be the public good; and it enables them to unite to do this service just as the Chamber of Commerce enables business men to unite in the service of business. It has as much political import as the Chamber of Commerce, and no more.

Since the altruism of most families, like their religion, is in the women's hands, the larger share of this welfare work naturally falls to the women. Consequently the larger part of it will be done by the women's organizations, although they may be financed to a very large extent by the kind of men who have the same social urge.

Naturally, since their membership is women, the leaders of these organizations are women. This leadership gives certain individual women great prestige and influence. It enables them to have a very great influence on affairs. Mrs.

Catt, Mrs. Parke, Miss Sherwin, Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Penny-packer—these are names to conjure with. Because the members of these organizations follow them, because their leadership gives them a great public audience, because women who attain these positions are persons of ability and power, what they say and think and do becomes socially and politically important.

But let us be very clear about this. They are heard, not because they are women and not even because they are leaders of women, but because they speak for the organized social sense of this country. Just as the Chamber of Commerce speaks for Business, so they speak for Altruism or Welfare. If the old suffragists were to see one of them in conference at the White House or in the office of some senator she would say, "Eureka! At last there are some women who wield influence." And the fact that they were discussing the World Court or a Child Labor Amendment would not confuse the thinking of an Anna Howard Shaw. She would see that there was more "equality" and power in leadership of a group than in leadership of a sex.

I am not unaware of the Women's Joint Legislative Committee composed of a representative from each of the large national organizations of women which lobbies before the National Congress for social legislation. So long as there are lobbyists for any special interests, there should surely be lobbyists for this welfare group. Some of the measures for which they work are welfare measures; some are educational; and one, at least—that for adherence to the World Court—is administrative. But there are many organizations employing lobbyists before Congress. Interest in legislation does not of itself give to any organization a political character.

I would not be misunderstood in this matter. Political importance both these women's organizations and their leaders undoubtedly have; the same sort possessed by the American Federation of Labor or the National Association of

Manufacturers. Their political importance gives them some influence, the amount variable and the effect indirect, on legislation and political action. Politicians, nominees, platform committees, and public officials try to please them, for their action is reaction to just such groups. This influence however, is very different from the direct action that too many people attribute to them.

Perhaps it would be as well to clarify my use of the word "political," which may have a different meaning for different people. A prominent member of a woman's organization said to me not long ago, "The political method is dickering and bargaining. You give up something and get something. We don't employ that method." To me the political method is the using of votes to get results. What you give is a vote and what you get is victory or defeat for your candidate or your measure. In this sense none of the women's organizations is "political."

Yet the view that the women's organizations are of political character, and therefore antagonistic to, or competitive of the political parties, is all too common. It is a view that has hampered the work of the women's organizations and caused them to put an emphasis on non-partisanship which is sometimes almost ludicrous, as for instance when every speaker of one party must be neatly balanced by one of another. It has obscured the work being done by the women who are really in politics. The sooner, therefore, that these organizations are recognized for what they are, the largest and the most effective social welfare and educational groups in the country, who happen for social reasons to be composed of women and incidentally voters, the better for them and for women in politics.

Whatever the old suffragists may have thought, politics does not mean to the average person to-day office-holding or influencing legislation. It means attending conventions, choosing nominees, and possibly electing them. What part,

the average person would ask, have women taken in the selection of Presidential nominees? Analyzed, this means what part do women take in party committees and conventions?

When asked this question, I always feel tempted to answer—as much part as the average man citizen who has never made a business of politics. It is the truth but not, perhaps, illuminating. To be illuminating one would need discuss the whole question of boss rule, machine politics, the insignificance of the isolated voter, the power in "organization," the qualities of leadership, and the psychology of the follower, and that I have not space to do.

I said that my experience was typical of the way of women into politics. I have been a voter but five years. And I am Vice-Chairman of a National Committee. No man with so short a political experience as mine could hope to win such a position. No man who had done so little "for the party." No man who can do so little for the party.

Some women were protesting to a national leader that no woman had been invited into a caucus called to decide upon a policy. The leader said to them, "I have been twenty-five years qualifying to be of service in such a caucus. That is why I shall be there. What woman would you suggest?" Yet because he did not wish to offend these women and to give the impression that women were excluded because they were women, this man invited me into the caucus. I have no illusions that I contributed anything to that caucus. For me to have done so one of two things would have been necessary: Either my ability and opinion should have commanded the confidence of the other members, or I should have been able to speak with authority for an impressive group of voters. I could do neither. I have not been functioning long enough in politics for the men of the caucus to have had enough evidence of my ability to have confidence in it, and I had not been sent there by a group of sex-conscious



women voters united on behalf of any special political policy. I was simply stage furniture and nothing more.

Many times during the hectic days at the Madison Square Convention women came to me, and men too, and begged that I would call a meeting of the women and urge them to put an end to the deadlock. Some of those who came thought such a meeting would benefit their candidate. Some actually thought that the women might take some dramatic action that would really save the situation. But when I asked them if they thought the McAdoo women would abandon their candidate before the McAdoo men or that the Smith women would give up to McAdoo before the Smith men did, there was no answer. And any action that could be taken meant one or the other of these things. What they refused to see was that the women in the convention had been sent by the same state conventions as the men on their delegation, that they represented the same voters, the same ideas, and policies. The women at the convention have been blamed for the deadlock. It has been said they were less ready than the men to compromise. When I hear that I think of the City Boss who told me "the third day out" that the trouble with the women was that they would not stay hitched, that they changed their minds so often. Some of his delegates had opinions of their own, it seemed. The last day the same man said, "The trouble with the women is that they can't compromise. They won't give up." Women may perhaps take consolation in the thought that one does not blame figureheads.

The women at that convention, it must be remembered, did not come there as women but as Democrats. The hallucination that women have a special sex-cohesion or reaction is persistent, and it is the persistence of this hallucination that makes for all this stupid expectation of what women will do in politics and disappointment that they do not.

In a certain state a woman now holds the position of Secretary of the State Committee. But she was not elected to the place because she was a woman. She was elected because the majority of the Committee wanted her, because she has the confidence of the men who rule the party in that state. She is a lawyer. She has worked with men both in and out of politics. Her opinion is valued and sought. She serves the whole party. She is not stage furniture. She is a political factor in her own right.

Sometimes the stage-scenery women resent a woman like this, for her success serves to emphasize the artificiality of their own position. Yet they should not. They should realize that all that their positions as women vice-chairmen and women secretaries can give them is an opportunity to show to the voters and to their co-workers what political stuff is in them: an opportunity they might never have had they to win their position against the men in the party by a fair fight and no favor. If they make the most of that opportunity, if they have political ability, if they win the confidence of voters, then they, too, will become political factors in their own right. Their stage places give them the advantage which Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Ferguson gained from their wifehood—an opportunity to identify themselves with an issue and an audience. But it brings also a disadvantage. The man politician does not like the "official woman"—the woman who is elected because she is a woman—and she has to break down this prejudice before she can embrace her opportunity. This cannot be done by conflict or by antagonism. Confidence must be won and not demanded. She must make these men forget, if she can, that she is a woman; then she must prove to them by demonstration that she has ability, that she can deliver. This is not easy. But then the way for a woman into politics is neither wide nor smooth. It is an arduous rocky ascent over bristles and stones. Small wonder that it is not crowded.

How long special places will be set for women because women cannot earn them for themselves through political contest one does not predict. But as more and more women come to earn places as individuals the special places will probably disappear.

For the present they are necessary, not only to encourage the women and place them on a more equal footing with the men, but as a practical proposition. Politicians do not stop to cure the public of hallucinations. They try to satisfy them. And this stage setting satisfies the hallucination of woman-cohesiveness. It also serves to encourage women to come into partisan politics. The politicians want them inside badly enough to offer them inducements—not because they love them inside but because they fear them outside. On the woman's part, too, it is a practical proposition. With the exception of the wives and a few lawyers and professional women, it is the only way they could get into partisan politics. And they know it and welcome it.

The battle of woman suffrage was a

fight to win opportunity for women. Already it has won for some women an opportunity to become governors, a few to become congressmen, one to become a judge of a State Supreme Court, many to reach appointive offices, more to be elected to state legislatures and county offices. It has opened the door of party organizations. It has placed women in state and national conventions. It has won for all women a right to political opinions. To those who asked nothing more and expected nothing less this is not a bad showing for five years of woman suffrage.

And do I mean to say that woman suffrage will not change politics at all, that the woman voter will not remake the world? Have women in business made any difference in the ways of offices, their atmosphere, and their manners? Have women buyers and women clerks made any change in stores? Have they made any change in the professions, in industry, in the arts? So much and no more can they be expected to make in politics.

## NEW DELIGHTS

BY W. H. DAVIES

**D**AY after day I find some new delight:  
*It was the grass that pressed upon my cheeks,  
 That had a touch as soft as Death's, when he  
 Comes to a sleeping child that never wakes.*

*And now the wind and rain: it was the rain  
 That made the wind reveal his breath at last;  
 But 'twas the wind that, traveling high and far,  
 Furrowed the Heavens with clouds from east to west.*

*And when the night has come, perhaps the Moon,  
 With her round face all shining clear and bright,  
 Will ride the dark, humped clouds with camels' backs—  
 And end my day with that last new delight.*





## HOLY LAND

A STORY

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE blond man across the table from me, the man with a cheery, knowing squint, gossiped in a mixture of languages about Egyptian politics. Very gently the *Venetia* rolled on her way to Alexandria. The blue Mediterranean sea line, visible through the porthole at my left, rose and dipped by but an inch or two. I listened carefully to the blond man. But haphazard, half-articulate sounds farther to my right stole upon me with a winning, teasing familiarity. The blond man became for a moment intent upon his food and I heard a woman's voice, clear now even above a swishing on the deck without:

"I don't think much of *this* chicken, do you, Lew?"

Two thick, bulgy men separated me from the speaker. I had to crane a little. She was frankly middle-aged, tall, thin, wistful—wistful yet positive. She sucked her teeth in a comfortable self-satisfied way at the memory of the real chicken to which she was accustomed at home. Her husband, large, comfortable, fleshy, turned to her a kindly, crinkled, shrewd face.

"We've had worse'n this."

"I'd like to know where!"

"Oh, at a lot o' these places."

His vivid, unimaginative gray eyes met mine. He saw that I understood and grinned a grin of male fellowship. He almost winked as he said to her but, obviously, for me to overhear:

"The drinks are a whole lot better."

She followed his glance and, also for

my benefit, gurgled in her genuine though so belated girlishness:

"Why, Lew Morrison, I'm surprised at you!"

A few minutes later I came upon them on deck. She was resting on her deck chair, eager even in her reclining position; Morrison was standing by the railing, generously moistening the end of a handsome American cigar. He nodded and said:

"I *thought* you were an American!"

In a moment, under his drily humorous, tolerant glance she was telling me about them, about herself. She spurted. It wasn't the tourist season. Americans had evidently been few. Since she could speak only English and that, as she said, maybe "not so good," she was famished for communication.

"We're from Albion, Wisconsin. Did you ever hear of it? It's quite a town. Oh, yes, we've been all over Europe. London and Paris and Venice. Did you see the churchyard where Gray wrote his elegy? Didn't you just love it? London was crowded. Oh, wasn't it *just*? But the Exposition was dandy!"

"And now," I said, "you're going East too."

She leaned forward; she tucked a wisp of straight brownish hair back under her Leghorn traveling hat. The wistfulness in her face was more marked now than the positiveness, than the communicativeness.

"I always felt like I wanted to see the places where our Lord lived. We're not so terribly religious." There was a queer

little apology in her voice. She meant, of course, that they weren't bigoted and rancorous. But I knew that from the way she had teased her husband about drinking. "I've always though—" She stopped. She was articulate enough in her way. But any speech beyond the special formulas of her environment found her shy. I sat down on an unoccupied chair beside her. She looked away from me. "It's like this. We're Congregationalists. But my father—he's been dead for years and years—he was a Methodist minister. I want to tell you he was a saint if ever there was one. You know that old hymn, 'There is a green hill far away?'" A faint beautiful emotion came into her eyes. "The way father used to repeat that! When I was about sixteen father had a charge in a little bit of a town in Southern Wisconsin. We lived right next to a little white church. My, but that was a quiet place! Sunday you didn't hear a sound hardly. Just the bell of the church and maybe a rooster crowing. You know the people in that congregation didn't have much of an education. Of course we've sent our boy and girl—I've got to show you their pictures—up to Madison. But in those days it was different. Well, I want to tell you, my father just told his people about Jesus. You just felt's if you could see Nazareth and Galilee and all the places that our Saviour was in, you know. And somehow"—she straightened up and brightened up into her more conventional self—"I've always said that early impressions last longest. Don't you think so yourself? My, but it's a grand day!"

Morrison had turned around. He stood facing us with his broad, crinkly, indulgent smile.

"Tell you a secret about the wife. The ladies got up some sort of a club in Albion a couple o' years ago. She's quite a leader in it. Well, they read papers there about . . . about authors, say, or the trips they've been on. So the wife sort of figured out that if we took this trip she'd certainly have an

original subject!" He laughed a merry but subterranean kind of a laugh—an inward chuckle. She was accustomed to his teasing. Her protest was a formula: "Why, Lew Morrison, how can you say that!"

I got up and joined him at the railing. He rolled his cigar comfortably. His tone was intimate—man to man.

"We had a pretty good year up our way. I'm in the contracting business 'n connected with the First National of Albion. The farmers had money—all of 'em, seems like. Well, I'd just as soon 've gone to Florida or to the Coast. But she"—he nodded toward his wife—"wanted to take this trip. It's been kind of a dream she's had. Just like she told you. Well, I'm having a good time, all right. They got some mighty fine Scotch down in the smoking-room and they don't hardly charge you nothing for it." He winked at me. "Shall we have a little drink?"

Morrison and I, strolling toward the door of the smoking room, heard her voice with its belated girlishness, "I know what you two are up to, all right!"

Morrison chuckled, "'Snot so hard to guess!"

A Cook's agent met them at Alexandria, and I lost sight of them in the turbulent Arab crowd. Alighting from the train in Cairo that evening, I thought I glimpsed for a moment a slightly bewildered face that was Mrs. Morrison's. But I wasn't sure. They were stopping at Shepherd's, of course, for a week or ten days. I was hurrying through to make my connection for Palestine at Kantara. The Morrisons faded from my mind.

It was exactly twelve days later that I came upon them again. They strolled hesitantly into the dining room of the Allenby Hotel in Jerusalem. There were only half a dozen people in the rather bare room: a long-faced bronzed old Egyptian merchant and his youngish European wife, a couple of blond, chirpy Englishmen, a well-groomed American



Zionist. Mrs. Morrison saw me at once and fluttered happily, as though in sudden sight of refuge, in my direction.

"Well, did you ever!" she exclaimed.

Her husband, following closely, grasped my hand with unexpected cordiality. They scarcely waited for my invitation to sit at my table. They were so obviously relieved to find me. We exchanged the inevitable questions. They had arrived only the day before; they had a guide of whom Mrs. Morrison "didn't think much." His English was so fast and so unintelligible. I asked them what their impression of the Holy City was. Morrison said, "Oh, I guess it's all right." His wife looked at me a little wanly. "It's wonderful, wonderful." I looked at her closely. She seemed unaccountably more faded than before. "The light is terrible," she said. I advised smoked glasses. They already had them. There was something pathetic about her, something at once eager and frustrated. "Suppose we take a walk this afternoon," I suggested. With a quite uncharacteristic gesture she put her hand over mine. "Oh, that would be dandy!" That word "dandy" seemed, in this place, of an innocent weirdness; it seemed of a strange, remote childlikeness. My eye happened to fall on the face of the Egyptian merchant. It had suddenly a Pharaonic cruelty and agelessness.

We met, at the appointed hour, in front of the hotel. The Jaffa road was very much alive. We dodged a few carriages on our short walk toward the Jaffa gate of the old city. At the corner I stopped and quietly pointed toward the right where the citadel of Suleiman rises loftily, where the long sublime slopes of the Judæan hills begin. Mrs. Morrison was wide eyed. But she seemed fascinated, despite herself, by things in the foreground—an Arab café at the corner, a tall ragged Bedouin on a tiny ass, a group of agile, importunate boot-blacks.

We entered at the Jaffa gate. Mrs. Morrison and I walked on ahead. Mor-

rison followed. I guided her down the steps of the uneven, crooked little street. I kept her from being jostled. She seemed frightened. I told her that the Arabs meant nothing by bumping into her. They simply had no sense of orderliness. She glanced shyly into the greasy, open shops, nervously dodged the large wooden platter of a cake-vendor, stared at the magnificently severe faces of two old Galician Jews. I pointed out to her a window in an immemorial arch that spanned the alley. "Look, here you have a symbol of the ancient East. There is something fantastic and humble and arrogant, something mean and yet elevated about this arch, this window." She said nothing. From behind came Morrison's first remark, "I guess they don't try to clean up much around here."

The Via Dolorosa was fairly empty and still. It was no feast day. It lay forlorn between the blind walls in its alternation of fierce light and sharp, black shadows. A few filthy Arab children, waiting for stray tourists, cried for an alms. Mrs. Morrison stumbled over the smooth cobblestones. "This is where our Lord . . ." She panted a bit. I nodded. "Did you imagine it differently?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know." She tried to sound cheerful.

We knocked at the gate of the French convent built over the house of Pontius Pilate. In the cool little church a French nun with an expressionless face explained in accurate but uneloquent English something of the associations of the spot. In the cool gloom behind the altar, amid a flat smell of faded flowers, she showed us the ruined façade of the Roman governor's house.

The nun disappeared the moment her toneless voice had done its duty and we were back in the fierce glow of the light. The Morrisons stood beside me. He was grave and noncommittal. Her eyes wandered. "I suppose it's the way you're brought up," she said thoughtfully. There was a genuine gentleness in her tone. "I know, I know we mustn't judge. My father always said

so. But do you feel just at home in Catholic churches?"

It was clear, at least, that she didn't. Nor did she feel more comfortable when I took them to the Wall of Wailing, where in front of the gigantic and terrible stones a little group of Jews intoned their violent yet austere prayers.

Back at the Allenby she thanked me profusely. "I'm going to rest a while now," she said. "My, but it's hard walking! To-morrow the guide is going to take us to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and on a donkey ride around the walls."

"And then?" I asked.

"Oh, we'll see everything here. Then we're going to Bethlehem and Nazareth and Tiberias. Isn't that the way it is, Lew?"

He nodded. His crinkly smile came back and his male confidentiality to me.

"I guess we'll live through it."

My business took me to the north. I saw Haifa, glittering through the night from the heights of Carmel, and Safed upon its holy hill. Through the thronging hills I drove over the lofty roads to Tiberias. There I heard about the Morrisons. Mrs. Morrison's left eyelid had become slightly inflamed. She had seen so many Arabs horribly blind from trachoma that a sort of panic had seized both her and her husband and he had asked whether there was such a thing as a decent doctor in this damned hole. The Jewish hotel keeper had, of course, taken the Morrisons to the clinic at the Zionist Medical Service where an English-speaking oculist had reassured them. They had been enormously relieved and grateful. Mr. Morrison had wrung the doctor's hand. A fee being refused, he had sworn that he would send a check to Zionist headquarters. Mrs. Morrison had remarked, almost with tears of joy, that some of her *best* friends in Albion were Jews—lovely people, fine citizens. They had then driven off at once.

Since this had happened but a day or two before, I thought it possible that I

might see them again. And I wanted to see them. I found it hard to formulate the character of my interest in them. A pathos clung to them in my vision of them. To her, at least. He was detached enough from their whole adventure. Indeed, it wasn't his at all. After the manner of American husbands, he was trying to please her. He could afford it. So why shouldn't he? But she! A touch of wistful poetry in her heart had brought her here, an aroma of religious romance that had clung to her Wisconsin girlhood of the saintlike father and the still, small, white church amid those northern fields. And now?

I could have gone back to Haifa, but instead I drove to Nazareth. It was late when I reached the Hotel Germania. Yes, their names were in that extraordinary hotel register where people are inscribed from all the ends of the earth—from New York and Lebanon, from Teheran and Vienna. So I would see them in the morning.

I went to my small, austere, cell-like room. I was tired and slept. But in a couple of hours I awoke. A wind had risen, a wild, disturbing wind. I threw on a dressing-gown and stood before my arched window. I saw a wall that looked like the oldest wall in the world. In the wall was a little wooden door and over the door swung a dim, sooty lantern. Behind the wall stood cypresses and their tops swayed in the wind. And the black, swaying tops of those cypresses seemed to sweep against the sky, against the stars, the incomparable stars of Palestine, the low, large, drooping prophetic stars. Suddenly, from afar, another sound came faintly through the sighing of the wind. The night was cool. Caravans were on foot. The sound was the sound of camel bells. I went out of my small room into the hall which had great arched, paneless windows through which one could see the roofs of Nazareth and the farther hills. The wind swept through the hall; the sound of the bells came nearer. The caravan came in sight. The tall grave camels were like



shadows. About them and their drivers there was something remote and eternal. The bells clanged.

Suddenly I heard a gasp behind me. I turned and saw Mrs. Morrison wrapped in a kimono. Her frightened eyes met mine. "Oh, it's you!" There was a sob in her voice. I tried to be matter-of-fact. "It's hard to sleep in this wind. Do you see the caravan?"

She nodded dumbly. Her hands were clasped in front of her, holding her kimono together. She stood quite still. Her face was tense. Her eyes were full of a helpless sadness, a child-like confusion.

"What is it?" I asked gently.

She shuddered. "Everything!"

"Didn't you have a pleasant time?"

"Do you know Bethlehem?"

I nodded.

"And the Church of the Nativity? Why you can't see the stable. It's all over images and things. They're Greek, aren't they? Oh, and the garden of Gethsemane. There're Russian monks all over it. And everywhere there're Arabs and Jews. Oh, please don't be offended, I don't mean nice Jews like you and the doctor in Tiberias, but awful outlandish people. I couldn't imagine our Lord or Peter on Tiberias, on the lake, you know. I can't imagine anything anywhere—anywhere. I'm asking Lew to leave as soon as we can. I want to get away; I want to get out of this terrible dago country."

She sobbed.

"But this is the Holy Land," I said.

She gazed beyond me, beyond the arch of the tall window. She murmured, "There is a green hill far away!"

"Well?" I urged her.

There was a wail in her voice. "It's all so different, so, so foreign . . ."

"Jesus was a Jew," I said quietly, "and a son of this ancient land."

She nodded. But her lips were compressed and something of her blithe, American positiveness came back to her.

"Of course. But I just somehow don't seem to feel right here. I guess things have changed a lot since our Lord's time. I can think of Him better at home. D'you know what I'm going to do?"

"What?"

"When we get home I'm going to take a trip to Liberty, Wisconsin—that's the place I always remember from the time when I was a girl. And I'll go to the little church in which my father used to preach and have a good prayer and a good cry and try—" she hesitated and finished with a little break in her voice—"and try to find my Saviour again."

She smiled at me pathetically.

"Don't tell Lew how I've carried on. I don't want him to think I'm the least bit disappointed. The trip's been kind of slow for him."

I came down to breakfast a few minutes before the Morrises. It was a primitive little dining room with one long table. At one end of it sat a small, intense Sephardic Jew in a red fez. So I sat down at the opposite end to form a refuge for the Morrises. They came in late. Lew Morrison wrung my hand. She looked very wan, but smiled bravely.

"I've got a surprise for you," I said. She winced, but I smiled at her reassuringly. "I bet you haven't had any good oatmeal for breakfast in a long time."

"I'll say we haven't!" Morrison grunted. "Say, d'you remember that stuff they called 'porridge' on the *Venetia*?"

"Wait," I said. "The inn-keeper here is a German and he cooks the most delicious oatmeal. I've ordered it and cream too."

The breakfast was brought in.

"I tell you," said Lew Morrison, "we know how to live in America. I don't care what anybody says. I'll be glad to get back to the good old U. S. A."

His wife laid a hand on his strong arm. "So will I, Lew, so will I."



## FAKE NEWS AND THE PUBLIC

HOW THE PRESS COMBATS RUMOR, THE MARKET RIGGER, AND  
THE PROPAGANDIST

BY EDWARD McKERNON

*Superintendent of the Eastern Division of The Associated Press*

THE rush of the day seemed to have ended in the New York office of The Associated Press on the afternoon of June 8, 1921. The wires hummed monotonously with Wall Street's closing prices, baseball scores, the price of pork, to-morrow's weather. In about twenty minutes the final editions in the East would go to press. The night shift was nearly due. The Day Editor, that autocrat of the news room, looked at his watch and yawned.

Suddenly out of the air flashed an S O S followed by "Struck an iceberg off Newfoundland. Leaking." There was no signature, the name of the vessel in distress having been lost somewhere as her cry for help was picked up by the British liner *Orduna* and relayed to the wireless station at the Charlestown Navy Yard. Now this message in itself might have caused no great excitement except for the coincidence that during the preceding night the French line steamer *Rochambeau* had wirelessly the offices of the line in New York that she had "sighted ice off the North Atlantic coast."

The *Rochambeau* was known to be in the general locality from which the S O S had come. Instantly the two messages were associated. As quickly members of the Associated Press staff were communicating with the offices of the French line. Others were locating by sea charts and shipping reports every large vessel in the iceberg zone and

rushing wireless inquiries to the commanders. The wire men were connecting the news room with North Sydney, Nova Scotia, by direct cable in order to pick up any wireless messages intercepted there. Ten minutes passed. They worked fast. But rumor worked faster. It had shipping offices by the ears. Telephone calls choked the switchboard. "What about the *Rochambeau*?" "We hear the *Rochambeau* struck an iceberg." "Have you any word of a collision at sea?" To all went the same answer: "We do not know of any disaster."

The Day Editor took out his watch. He knew some papers were going to press with the rumor. If it were true, it was news of the first magnitude. The A. P. might be licked. But it was the same editor who had released the first news of the *Titanic* horror and now the specter of that tragedy of the sea rose before his eyes. The peace of mind of many was in his keeping. "We'll wait," he said. Twelve minutes of suspense—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen— A flash from the cable: "*Rochambeau* reports all well." The Day Editor put up his watch and took out his cigarettes.

Any unimaginative reader with a passion for details is referred to the files of the New York morning papers of June 9, 1921, where among the day's news may be found an inconspicuous item to the effect that the British freighter *Seapool*, lumbering along the Newfoundland coast, bumped an iceberg and took



in some water but later wirelessly that she was proceeding, apparently in no danger of foundering, to St. John's; also that the French liner *Rochambeau*, westward bound, reported sighting ice in the North Atlantic.

This incident illustrates vividly the task of the responsible modern editor who would sift fact from rumor. The wear and tear on his mind, heart, and whole nervous system is due not to exciting situations, to which he becomes accustomed, but largely to his daily dilemma—whether he shall risk being beaten on the street with important news or being responsible for circulating a false report.

The consequences of such a report may be most serious. There never is a disaster involving great suffering and loss of life that does not cause the illness, insanity, or death of persons at great distances from the scene who had no relation to the original victims or acquaintance with them. Reports of insanity and suicide attributable to such causes are common. Your physician will tell you that thousands of people are barely hanging on to life and can be jarred off like ripe fruit from a tree. Every newspaper man knows that a week of rain will double the daily average of suicides reported to the police. Yet the facts, of a disaster as of a political campaign, must be told.

The burden of responsibility to the public carried by The Associated Press and other distributors of news has always been great, yet it has increased enormously in recent years by reason of the rapidly increased efficiency of the distributing mechanism. Advantage has been taken of every device of wit and science to speed up the report until the swift transmission of news is in itself a source of unprecedented danger. The conclusion of Sophocles that "a lie never lives to be old" was reached before the days of instantaneous communication and multiple presses. The tradition in newspaper offices that a lie never can be overtaken has more foundation in fact.

Eternal vigilance is the price of a truthful news report, for be it understood, too, that what science has done for the honest reporter it has done for the knave also. Once the news faker obtains access to the press wires all the honest editors alive will not be able to repair the mischief he can do. An editor receiving a news item over the wire has no opportunity to test its authenticity as he would in the case of a local report. The offices of the members of The Associated Press in this country are connected with one another, and its centers of news gathering and distribution by a system of telegraph wires that in a single circuit would extend five times around the globe. This constitutes a very sensitive organism. Put your finger on it in New York, and it vibrates in San Francisco.

An aviator ascended at Los Angeles. At a height of one mile his plane turned turtle and fell. The news that the aviator was falling to his death was flashing across the continent before his body had struck the ground. During the World's Series at Washington an Associated Press reporter dictated a running story, play by play, to an operator who transmitted it over an unbroken telegraph circuit of forty thousand miles stretching through the United States, and south to Havana. Before the ball from the bat of McNeely, whose clean hit ended the series, had rolled itself dead, a crowd in front of a bulletin board in Seattle knew the Senators had won.

On March 30, 1921, Cambridge defeated Oxford by a length in the annual boat race on the Thames. The words "Cambridge wins" were transmitted from the bank of the Thames to the news room of The Associated Press in New York in exactly nineteen seconds. Arrangements to expedite the news had been carefully made. The difference between instantaneous transmission and the nineteen seconds was due to two relays: one from the telegraph wire extending from the river to the cable office

in London, and the other from the terminus of the cable in New York to the office of The Associated Press. These were what are called "visible" relays. That is, while one operator is copying the message at the end of one circuit another operator reads over his shoulder and transmits at the same time on another circuit. The second operator need be only one letter behind the first. Where a circuit is continuous the transmission is virtually instantaneous.

A notable recent instance of swift relay transmission was on March 9th last, when President Coolidge announced his decision as arbitrator in the thirty-year-old Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile and Peru. The award had been awaited in Latin-America with intense interest. Chile wished a plebiscite, and to this Peru was opposed. Announcement of the decision was made in Washington just before 10 A.M. It was received in the New York office of The Associated Press at 9:58 in this form: "Plebiscite ordered." The two words were flashed from the news room over a telegraph circuit to the office of the All America Cables at 89 Broad Street, there relayed by cable to Lima, Peru, and at the latter point relayed automatically to a third circuit terminating at Buenos Aires. The message en route was copied at Santiago and Valparaiso. From New York to Buenos Aires the message traveled, through two relays, 6,250 miles in exactly one minute. The full text of the decision, amounting to 17,000 words, was later transmitted by The Associated Press and others to the newspapers of Peru, Chile, and Argentina in time for publication by them the next morning.

Not so long ago something might have occurred in Washington so portentous as momentarily to shake public confidence in our institutions without causing a ripple of excitement a thousand miles from the capital. By the time the news reached Chicago, Washington would have regained its mental equilibrium. So as the news wave rolled slowly on district after district might be convulsed,

but never the whole country at once. But not now. There is no chance to "break the news gently." It explodes with a bang and its echoes are heard in the four corners of the earth. The millions of the nation may be moved as one man. If this sounds overdrawn, recall the results of the false report of the signing of the Armistice in 1918.

What makes the problem of distributing accurate news all the more difficult is the number of people—a number far greater than most readers realize—who are intent on misinforming the public for their own ends. The news editor has to contend not only with rumor, but with the market rigger, the news faker, the promoter of questionable projects, and some of our best citizens obsessed with a single idea.

There is a marked difference between rumors and reports. The latter generally can be run down and pinned to some person or set of circumstances. Rumors, like Topsy, just grow. From long observation I am convinced that they originate, when innocent, usually in an association of shadowy ideas. In the subway a man catches a glimpse of his neighbor's paper and his subconsciousness registers a picture of the King of The Hedjaz who is celebrating, let us say, his fiftieth wedding anniversary. Struggling with the crowd at his stop, he overhears something about the unexpected death of a man named King. That, too, sinks in. The next day at the club he is introduced to a native of The Hedjaz. Hedjaz? Somewhere he has heard the name before. Oh, yes; its king is dead. He offers his condolences. His new acquaintance is shocked. Where did he hear that? To save his life our friend cannot recall, but to save his face he puts it on the newspapers. The other rushes to a telephone and tells a friend in Wall Street that His Majesty has been assassinated. Wall Street calls up some newspaper. The newspaper calls up a press association. The latter cables its London office. Lon-



don—but enough. A full-fledged rumor is on its merry way around the globe.

Innocent rumors are disposed of frequently by the simple process of elimination. Chicago was celebrating Fourth of July in the old-fashioned way when some one released a rumor that a steamer on Lake Michigan, crowded with excursionists, had overturned and hundreds of persons had been drowned. Suddenly the office of The Associated Press in Chicago was besieged by anxious ones. The telephone rang constantly. Every one seemed to have heard the rumor. Investigation developed that not a word giving substance to the rumor had been received by those who should have been the first to know of a disaster. The newspapers, police, steamship offices, and wireless stations had no information, but the rumor persisted. The process of elimination was resorted to. The Associated Press determined from its records that there were exactly twelve steamers which might be in trouble. To each steamer a reporter was assigned with instructions to locate his vessel. One after the other the steamers were accounted for, the twelfth vessel being reported "all safe" twenty-nine minutes after the first alarm.

A dangerous character is the fellow who delights in posing among his friends as the custodian of "inside information" not known to the press. Sometimes he poses so successfully that his friends, deeply impressed, feel that the papers should know. Then the trouble begins. During the World War The Associated Press received an immense amount of "strictly confidential news," ninety-five per cent of which existed only in the imagination or conceit of this gentleman. Once I was well fooled for a few hours. At a Sunday evening church service in a New England city I met a friend of many years, a woman of unimpeachable integrity, who had dined that day in the company of a foreigner who represented his government—one of the Allies—in a confidential capacity at Boston. During the meal this gentleman had told the

others that that very morning he had witnessed the capture of two German spies. The two had arrived at the port of Boston on an Italian liner, well disguised as immigrants bound for Canada, but an examination of their baggage had revealed to the custom officials maps of Canada and blueprints of all the railroad bridges in that country. This was soon after the capture of Werner Horn, the German reservist who had attempted to dynamite the Canadian Pacific Railroad bridge at Vanceboro, Maine.

My friend said it was a good news story, and I agreed. I called up the Boston bureau of The Associated Press, and two men were sent after the details. To make a long story short, it was soon established that there was not a word of truth in the yarn. While they were about it, the reporters thought they would discover the genesis of the "fake." This was easily done. An Italian liner had arrived that morning and it had been boarded by the loquacious foreigner. In fact, he not only boarded the vessel but he had breakfast with the captain and, according to the latter, his guest was an excellent judge of Italian wine.

Dismissing—as so familiar to editors as to be rendered harmless ordinarily—the press agent who writes interviews for his principal, the notoriety seeker who says what he does not believe in the hope of breaking into print, the gasbag promoter, the peanut politician, and the half-wit who turns in false alarms for the joy of seeing the fire engines tear down the street, we come to the arch enemies of the Public and the Press. They are the Market Rigger, the News Faker and the Professional Propagandist.

The Market Rigger, whose business it is to cause prices in Wall Street to rise or fall suddenly in order that he or his associates may profit thereby, is clever and dangerous. He watches for the psychological moment when the public may be most easily stampeded. He frequently originates and sets in circulation

rumors anticipating events such as the passing of a man powerful in financial circles whose end, known to be approaching, is expected to affect the market. He can rarely hope that his fakes will be published. He is satisfied to have them well circulated. Wall Street is sensitive to any rumor, and brokers' wires, the most common channel for rumors, will carry to the Street any rumor that can get any kind of a start. The President of the United States is the Market Rigger's favorite subject. In the past twenty years The Associated Press has received mysterious reports concerning the health of the President, or perhaps suggesting some accident to him, on an average of about once every four months. The Market Rigger apparently believes that if The Associated Press, at any of its many offices, can be persuaded to inquire of its Washington office regarding a rumor affecting the President, the rumor may leak in transmission and so be started in still another direction. The news organization, however, long ago took care of that possibility and has no trouble in keeping in the closest touch with the President's state of health without betraying its interest. No rumor is ignored but none is encouraged.

The Associated Press has always at hand two effective antidotes for suspicious rumors. One is instantly to label a rumor as a rumor and make it plain that it is to be accepted only as such pending a prompt investigation. The other is to "isolate" the rumor—that is, to establish facts which in themselves dispel the rumor, assuming it to be false. The latter method was applied quickly and effectively on the morning of November 7, 1918, when the rumor that the Allies and Germany had signed an armistice first showed its head. This—as I think is not generally understood—was some time before the rumor was picked up at Brest, France, by the president of a news agency and sent to newspapers in this country as a fact, the agency assuming responsibility for its truthfulness. Thus the damage was done. Had this

agency also treated the rumor as a rumor, it would have been recognized in this country as the one which had been racing around the world for hours and it would have died a natural death after the natural life of such rumors, which is from three to four hours. The matter was made still worse by giving the "news" a Paris date though it was actually filed at Brest. Newspaper publishers were misled because they assumed that, coming from Paris, it had been censored by the French government. Unfortunately the dispatch appears to have escaped censorship altogether.

To establish that the agency announcement was nothing more than the original rumor assuming the dignity of a news dispatch, it is necessary only to compare it with what had already been published in America. The agency dispatch was distributed in this country a little after 12 o'clock. As early as 8 o'clock in the forenoon a Boston paper published a despatch from Toronto, Canada, quoting Lord Shaughnessy as authorizing the statement that he had received a private message from London stating that Germany had signed the armistice terms. At 11 A. M. the Boston *Globe* received the rumor in more specific form and, as the records in the *Globe* office show, sent it to the composing-room at 11:15. It appeared in the noon edition of the *Globe* but under a heading that discredited it, as follows:

*Another Busy Day For  
Mr. P. Cablegram*

According to a private cablegram from Paris the Allies and German representatives signed the armistice at 11 o'clock this morning. Hostilities ceased at 2 o'clock (French time). The cable was received by Bartlett-Frazier Company of Chicago and was transmitted to their Boston agent, A. S. Maynard.

Note the similarity in the wording of the news agency despatch that startled the world an hour later:

Paris, November 7.—The Allies and Germany signed an armistice at 11 o'clock this morning. Hostilities ceased at 2 o'clock this



afternoon. The Americans took Sedan before the Armistice became effective.

The point I wish to make is that so long as this rumor was treated as a rumor it was virtually harmless. It was only when the news agency accepted responsibility for it and sent it out as a fact known to that agency, under a date which seemed to assure its authenticity, that the public was deceived.

The Associated Press received the rumor at its Boston office from the Boston *Globe*. Its London office also received it, it having been sent to London from Paris by the same person who sent it to Brest through official channels. Thus received, American officials at Brest were deceived into believing it "official," as was the president of the news agency, who thereupon assumed responsibility for its authenticity.

Meanwhile The Associated Press had "isolated" the rumor in this way: It was known that the delegates had not even met and could not meet at least for several hours. The Germans had been instructed to proceed to the French outposts on the Chimay-Fourmies-La Capelle-Guise road, where they were to be met and conducted to the temporary quarters of Marshal Foch established in a train that stood on a siding near Château de Francfort. On the morning of the 7th, when the rumor appeared, the Germans had not arrived at the French lines and once there, would still have a four hours' journey to the point at which Foch awaited them. It was not difficult to deduce from this that the rumor of the signing of an armistice was false.

I have always believed that this rumor was first started deliberately as a market-rigging plot. As to where and with whom it originated, one can only speculate. The gamble was a good one. A momentous event impended. A premature announcement might reasonably be expected to depress "war stocks" and boom "peace" shares. A violent reaction following an exposure of the canard was possible. That the conspiracy was

not a complete success was due largely to the refusal of The Associated Press to give recognition to the rumor, the later denial of it from the State Department, and the action of the Board of Governors in closing the Stock Exchange a half hour earlier than usual. As it was, the immediate effect of the rumor was a confused movement of prices with sharp breaks in several "war stocks" and advances in railroads and various other "peace" shares. The next day the market was nervous and irregular, an early advance in railroads, steel, copper, and oil being followed by reactions in railroads and recoveries in some war stocks.

The moral to be drawn from the bad reporting which in this case played into the hands of the Market Rigger is that the reporter should assume authority only for stories of whose accuracy he has definite knowledge. If his story is based on hearsay or received second hand, he should frankly state what these sources are in order that the newspaper reader may determine for himself what measure of credence is to be given to the matter reported.

The News Faker shares the infamy of the Market Rigger. The growth of press associations has almost put out of business the "piker" type of News Faker who in other days preyed upon individual newspapers. His practice was to "localize" events. For example: a tramp might be killed in a railroad switching yard within the territory of the Faker. The Faker would send telegrams to the newspapers of perhaps a dozen cities at a safe distance, reading something like this: "Traveling man believed from papers found on him to be from your city killed by train when alighting here. How much?" (Meaning, how long a dispatch do you order?)

A reasonable number could be expected to order the details and pay accordingly. Women's colleges were occasionally exploited. Newspapers would receive a message like this: "Eight girls

at Blank College face expulsion as result midnight escapade. Authorities making desperate effort to hush up matter but reported two of girls belong prominent families your city. How much?" If details were ordered, the Faker drew upon his imagination to picture the "escapade" and buttressed his story by adding that a "diplomatic denial" of the "facts" might be expected.

Some years ago Wellesley College was made the scene of fictitious events that continued for several months, until the Faker was frightened off by means adopted to identify him.

Nowadays, when a newspaper receives a suspicious offering—and they come occasionally—the editor refers the matter to his press association and the latter, through its nearest regional office, usually can determine quickly the truth or falsity of the story for sale.

However, misinformation is still circulated in the guise of news, and the dishonest reporter operating on a big scale is a greater menace to society than ever before. The very efficiency of the co-operative effort of newspapers in gathering news has caused the Faker to resort to gross exaggeration or absolute fiction in order to make his wares attractive. For obvious reasons he prefers to operate in fields foreign to his market.

On December 18, 1923, the French dirigible *Dixmude* left her airdrome near Toulon for a three days' flight to Insalah, a town of the Algerian Sahara, and return. At 2:28 A.M. of the 21st—as was later definitely established by official inquiry—the airship was struck by lightning when off the coast of Southern Sicily. The wreckage fell into the Mediterranean and the crew of fifty-two officers and men was lost. For a week after the dirigible had sunk in the sea, but before her fate was known, there were daily reports from widely separated points that she had been sighted. On December 23d she was said to be drifting helplessly in a violent gale over the Gulf of Gabes on the North Coast of Africa; on the 24th she sailed for hours

over Tunis apparently in a fruitless search for a landing place, and at six o'clock that night she was "sighted" in the Tatahouin region, her headlights lit and the craft apparently under control. On the 27th Insalah reported that the *Dixmude* had passed over Insalah, heading south.

All of these reports, which were circulated in this country as unconfirmed rumors, for what they might be worth, may be charged up to honest mistakes due to a confusion of lights seen in the sky and cases of "nerves" on the part of anxious watchers; but the limit of credulity was reached when the imagination of one news artist described the landing of the *Dixmude* in the desert and Arabs prostrating themselves in worship before what they mistook for a strange god from the heavens!

The threatened diphtheria epidemic at Nome, Alaska, developed a good deal of dramatic news, and one dispatch that caused much amusement in newspaper offices. To appreciate it one must understand that there is a settlement in Alaska named Old Woman. It consists of a roadhouse and a few cabins and is approximately the halfway point on the Alaskan ninety-mile trail from Unalaklik to Kaltag. Old Woman got on the news page by reason of the fact that it was on the trail of Seppala and his famous dog team which carried a supply of antitoxin from Anchorage to Nome. The spectacular race was followed with much interest, and on January 31st a dispatch to The Associated Press from Anchorage said:

The last report received placed Seppala at Old Woman near Norton Sound, which is an arm of the Behring Sea, with his dogs in full run.

Soon afterwards this version of his progress, purporting to come from Anchorage, was circulated by another agency:

Last word of Seppala received to-day by radio told of an aged Eskimo woman who had seen Seppala on the trail near Unalakleet.



"It was Seppala, the Finn," she said. "I knew him. But he did not stop. He was going like wind."

It would appear that Old Woman suddenly had become animated and in the character of an "aged Eskimo woman" permitted itself to be interviewed.

On May 1st a privately owned news agency caused to be widely printed in America a cablegram dated London and saying that according to her London agent, Betty Blythe, film star, had been kidnaped by Bedouins in Palestine. According to this yarn, two of the actress's companions were severely wounded in a fight with the Bedouins and she was carried away. The agent had applied to American and British authorities to rescue the actress and it was reported that troops had been despatched to the scene. Unfortunately for the accuracy of the story, Miss Blythe was located the same night quite safe at Mount Carmel and the authorities at the scene received their news of the terrible happening from London.

There remains the Professional Propagandist. Be prepared for surprises. There is an erroneous impression in the minds of many that the Church, Big Business, and the Government exercise a sinister influence on the press. After many years in journalistic posts of some responsibility, I am happy to be able to say that I never have been approached on the ground of religious prejudice, that I never have been made aware of an opportunity through my profession to make a dollar dishonestly, and that I never have felt the menace of the official fist. So much for a popular bugaboo! I have been, however, occasionally entreated, abused, and threatened by high-minded people who had only—to them—unselfish ends in view.

One of the recognized types of Propagandist is the harmless sort who wishes to promote himself or some good cause, perhaps. This fellow invites his would-be accomplices to a feast. I do not know whether it is because he thinks that news-

paper men do not have enough to eat at home, but he always launches his attack at a luncheon. He invites the managing editors and gets cub reporters. After a desultory conversation in which the reporters betray their ignorance of the antecedents of the host, the latter, concealing his disappointment, decides to make the best of his audience, dismisses the waiter who is hovering about with a fresh box of cigars, and begins, "Gentlemen of the Press, It is a great pleasure to have you here . . ."

Some Propagandists seem to feel that the end justifies the means. There is a clergyman whom I much admire. He is a man of conscience and a splendid preacher and, if there ever was a hard worker in the vineyard, he is one. One night in distress he telephoned me at my home. He was at one of our offices, where he had submitted an interesting piece of news only to be told by the night editor that it could not be carried in the form in which it was presented. "He objects to the introductory paragraph," he said. I asked him to read me what he had prepared. It began like this:

Announcement was made to-night that John Jones had given \$500,000 to Blank College. The trustees have indicated that they will accept the gift and propose to use it for the construction of long-needed buildings.

"Anything wrong with that?" he asked.

"Not yet," I replied; "but read on."

He continued, and way down near the end of the story I recognized the stumbling block in the way of editorial approval. It was this:

It is expected that other friends will rally to the aid of the college and provide an equal amount in accordance with the conditions of the gift.

I pointed out that his story as prepared would be a fraud on headline writers and careless readers inasmuch as the opening paragraph gave the impression that an outright gift of half a million dollars had been made and accepted,

whereas in fact the gift was conditional and the trustees might never be in position to receive it.

"But," he protested, "that is the way the Bishop wrote it!"

An especially dangerous type of Propagandist is the organized mouthpiece of a society which exists primarily so that he can air his views on some subject in which he is interested. He exploits the editorial habit of treating as privileged that which is "officially" promulgated. This man might talk his head off on the street corner and no one would pay the least attention to him. So he organizes a society, has himself elected president or chairman of the executive committee, gets a letterhead bearing all the impressive names that he can borrow and, lo! he speaks with authority for the International Society for the Uplift of a Downfallen Race. He means well, but the point is that he attempts to obtain newspaper space under false pretenses. Speaking ostensibly for many in high places, he is actually speaking only for himself.

I used to have as a caller the secretary of a society interested in the welfare of a certain class of citizens whenever anything regarding these citizens appeared in print. The society "resolved" on the slightest provocation. One day he appeared within an hour after the newspapers containing the sort of story for which he always was looking were put on sale. He had a set of resolutions all ready for the wires. "Why," said I, "have you had a meeting of the society since the afternoon papers were out?" "Oh, no," said he, "that's not necessary. As secretary I am authorized to issue resolutions at any time!"

This set me to thinking about the real news value of these occasional pronouncements and the obligation of the newspapers properly to assess them. The thing was still on my mind when one day in came another regular customer. He, too, was a secretary and salaried publicity representative of a society, but a

society interested in world politics and of some influence, I believe, among the peoples of every civilized land. The roll of its officers, vice-presidents, and committee members makes up a company as distinguished as you could wish to meet. During our conversation I casually inquired whether it was not a bit difficult to bring so many men of so many minds into accord when the attitude of the society on any current issue was to be defined.

"Oh," he replied, with that ingratiating smile that has helped so much to make his path smooth, "we do not try to do that. The executive committee has the authority. When I think that something ought to be said I prepare a statement. Then I call up the chairman, Doctor Blank, and tell him what I think we should do, and if he agrees, as he usually does, I call up the other members of the committee and generally the thing is done. In fact,"—this sotto voce—"Doctor Blank is the executive committee."

Thus spoke the individual in the name of the many and his voice was heard in the chancelleries of Europe!

The struggle between the honest editor on the one hand and the would-be exploiters of the press on the other is never-ending. To-day, as you read these words, men at newspaper copy desks all over the country are blue-penciling page after page of speculation, half-truth, propaganda, and falsehood foisted upon them in the guise of news. Sometimes, with the terrific odds against them of instantaneous communication and rapid printing, they slip. Theirs is a tough job at best, and they are not infallible. But in the main they are successful in their daily effort to assess the importance of what comes to them, to isolate rumors, defeat News Fakers, and propagandists, and present to you the honest facts you must have if your picture of the world in which you live is to be truthful and complete.





# THE WORST CRIME IN THE WORLD

A STORY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

FATHER BROWN was wandering through a picture gallery with an expression which suggested that he had not come there to look at the pictures. Indeed, he did not want to look at the pictures though he liked pictures well enough. Not that there was anything immoral or improper about those highly modern pictorial designs. He would indeed be of an inflammable temperament who was stirred to any of the more pagan passions by the display of interrupted spirals, inverted cones, and broken cylinders with which the art of the future inspired or menaced mankind. The truth is that Father Brown was looking for a young friend who had appointed that somewhat incongruous meeting place, being herself of a more futuristic turn. The young friend was also a young relative—one of the few relatives that he had. Her name was Elizabeth Fane, simplified into Betty, and she was the child of a sister who had married into a race of refined but impoverished squires. As the squire was dead as well as impoverished, Father Brown stood in the relation of a protector as well as a priest, and in some sense a guardian as well as an uncle. At the moment, however, he was blinking about at the groups in the gallery without catching sight of the familiar brown hair and bright face of his niece. Nevertheless, he saw some people he knew and a number of people he did not know, including some that, as a mere matter of taste, he did not much want to know.

Among the people the priest did not know and who yet aroused his interest was a lithe and alert young man, very beautifully dressed and looking rather like a foreigner, because while his beard was cut in a spade shape like an old Spaniard's, his dark hair was cropped so close as to look like a tight black skullcap. Among the people the priest did not particularly want to know was a very dominant-looking lady, sensationally clad in scarlet, with a mane of yellow hair too long to be called bobbed but too loose to be called anything else. She had a powerful and rather heavy face of a pale and rather unwholesome complexion, and when she looked at anybody she cultivated the fascinations of a basilisk. She towed in attendance behind her a short man with a big beard and a very broad face, with long sleepy slits of eyes. The expression of his face was beaming and benevolent, if only partially awake; but his bull neck, when seen from behind, looked a little brutal.

Father Brown gazed at the lady, feeling that the appearance and approach of his niece would be an agreeable contrast. Yet he continued to gaze, for some reason, until he reached the point of feeling that the appearance of anybody would be an agreeable contrast. It was therefore with a certain relief, though with a slight start as of awakening, that he turned at the sound of his name and saw another face which he knew.

It was the sharp but not unfriendly face of a lawyer, named Granby, whose

patches of gray hair might almost have been the powder from a wig, so incongruous were they with his youthful energy of movement; he was one of those men in the City who run about like schoolboys in and out of their offices. He could not run round the fashionable picture gallery quite in that fashion; but he looked as if he wanted to, and fretted as he glanced to left and right, seeking somebody he knew.

"I didn't know," said Father Brown smiling, "that you were a patron of the New Art."

"I didn't know that you were," retorted the other. "I came here to catch a man."

"I hope you will have good sport," answered the other. "I'm doing much the same."

"Said he was passing through to the Continent," snorted the solicitor, "and could I meet him in this cranky place." He ruminated a moment and said abruptly, "Look here, I know you can keep a secret. Do you know Sir John Musgrave?"

"No," answered the priest, "but I should hardly have thought he was a secret; though they say he does hide himself in a castle. Isn't he the old man they tell all those tales about—how he lives in a tower with a real portcullis and drawbridge and generally refuses to emerge from the Dark Ages? Is he one of your clients?"

"No," replied Granby shortly, "it's his son, Captain Musgrave, who has come to us. But the old man counts for a good deal in the affair, and I don't know him; that's the point. Look here, this is confidential, as I say, but I can confide in you." He dropped his voice and drew his friend apart into a side gallery containing representations of various real objects, which was comparatively empty.

"This young Musgrave," he said, "wants to raise a big sum from us on a *post-obit* on his old father in Northumberland. The old man's long past seventy and presumably will *obit* some

time or other; but what about the *post*, so to speak? What will happen afterwards to his cash and castles and portcullises and all the rest? It's a very fine old estate, and still worth a lot, but, strangely enough, it isn't entailed. So you see how we stand. The question is, as the man said in Dickens, is the old man friendly?"

"If he's friendly to his son you'll feel all the friendlier," observed Father Brown. "No, I'm afraid I can't help you. I never met Sir John Musgrave, and I understand very few people do meet him nowadays. But it seems obvious you have a right to an answer on that point before you lend the young gentleman your firm's money. Is he the sort that people cut off with a shilling?"

"I'm doubtful," answered the other. "He's very popular and brilliant and a great figure in society; but he's a great deal abroad, and he's been a journalist."

"Well," said Father Brown, "that's not a crime. At least, not always."

"Nonsense," said Granby curtly, "you know what I mean. He's rather a rolling stone, who's been a journalist and a lecturer and an actor and all sorts of things. I've got to know where I stand . . . why, there he is."

And the solicitor, who had been stamping impatiently about the emptier gallery, turned suddenly and darted at a run into the more crowded room. He was running towards the tall and well-dressed young man with the short hair and the foreign-looking beard.

The two walked away together, talking; and for some moments afterwards Father Brown followed them with his screwed short-sighted eyes. His gaze was shifted and recalled, however, by the breathless and even boisterous arrival of his niece Betty. Rather to the surprise of her uncle, she dragged him back into the emptier room and planted him on a seat which was like an island in that sea of floor.

"I've got something I must tell you," she said. "It's so silly that nobody else will understand it."



"You overwhelm me," said Father Brown. "Is it about this business your mother started telling me about? Engagements and all that; not, I hope, what the military historians call a general engagement."

"You know," she said, "that she wants me to be engaged to Captain Musgrave."

"I didn't," said Father Brown with resignation, "but Captain Musgrave seems to be quite a fashionable topic."

"Of course mother and I are very poor," she said, "and it's no good saying it makes no difference."

"Do you want to marry him?" asked Father Brown, looking at her through his half-closed eyes.

She frowned at the floor and answered in a lower tone:

"I thought I did. At least I think I thought I did. But I've just had rather a shock."

"Then tell us all about it."

"I heard him laugh," she said.

"It is an excellent social accomplishment," he replied.

"You don't understand," said the girl. "It wasn't social at all. That was just the point of it . . . that it wasn't social."

She paused a moment and then went on firmly, "I came here early, and saw him sitting quite alone in the middle of that gallery with the new pictures which was quite empty then. He had no idea I or anybody was near; he was sitting quite alone, and he laughed."

"Well, no wonder," said Father Brown. "I'm not an art critic myself, but as a general view of the pictures, taken as a whole—"

"Oh, you *won't* understand," she said almost angrily. "It wasn't a bit like that. He wasn't looking at the pictures. He was staring right up at the ceiling; but his eyes seemed to be turned inwards and he laughed so that my blood ran cold."

The priest had risen and was pacing the room with his hands behind him. "You mustn't be hasty in a case of

this sort," he began. "There are two kinds of men . . . but we can hardly discuss him just now, for here he is."

Captain Musgrave entered the room swiftly and swept it with a smile. Granby the lawyer was just behind him and his legal face bore a new expression of relief and satisfaction.

"I must apologize for everything I said about the Captain," he said to the priest, as they drifted together towards the door. "He's a thoroughly sensible fellow and quite sees my point. He asked me himself why I didn't go north and see his old father; I could hear from the old man's own lips how it stood about the inheritance. Well, he couldn't say fairer than that, could he? But he's so anxious to get the thing settled that he offered to take me up in his own car to Musgrave Moss. That's the name of the estate. I suggested that, if he was so kind, we might go at once; and we're starting to-morrow morning."

As they spoke Betty and the Captain came through the doorway together, making in that framework, at least, a sort of picture which some would be sentimental enough to prefer to cones and cylinders. Whatever their other affinities, they were both very good-looking; and the lawyer was moved to a remark on the fact, when the picture abruptly altered.

Captain James Musgrave looked out into the main gallery, and his laughing and triumphant eyes were riveted on something that seemed to change him from head to foot. Father Brown looked round, as under an advancing shadow of premonition, and he saw the lowering almost livid face of the large woman in scarlet under its leonine yellow hair. She always stood with a slight stoop, like a bull lowering its horns; and the expression of her pale pasty face was so oppressive and hypnotic that they hardly saw the little man with the large beard standing beside her.

Musgrave advanced into the center of the room towards her almost like a

beautifully dressed waxwork wound up to walk. He said a few words to her that could not be heard. She did not answer; but they turned away together, walking down the long gallery as if in debate, the short bull-necked man with the beard bringing up the rear like some grotesque goblin page.

"Heaven help us!" muttered Father Brown, frowning after them. "Who in the world is that woman?"

"No pal of mine, I'm happy to say," replied Granby with grim flippancy. "Looks as if a little flirtation with her might end fatally, doesn't it?"

"I don't think he's flirting with her," said Father Brown.

Even as he spoke, the group in question turned at the end of the gallery and broke up, and Captain Musgrave came back to them in hasty strides.

"Look here," he cried, speaking naturally enough, though they fancied his color was changed. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Granby, but I find I can't come north with you to-morrow. Of course you will take the car all the same. Please do; I shan't want it; I—I have to be in London for some days. Take a friend with you, if you like."

"My friend, Father Brown," began the lawyer.

"If Captain Musgrave is really so kind," said Father Brown gravely, "I may explain that I have some status in Mr. Granby's inquiry; and it would be a great relief to my mind if I could go myself."

This was how it came about that a very elegant car, with an equally elegant chauffeur, shot north the next day over the Yorkshire moors, bearing the incongruous burden of a priest who looked rather like a black bundle and a lawyer who had the habit of running about on his feet instead of racing on somebody else's wheels.

They broke their journey very agreeably in one of the great dales of the West Riding, dining and sleeping at a comfortable inn and, starting early next morning,

began to run along the Northumbrian coast till they reached a country that was a maze of sand dunes and rank sea-meadows, somewhere in the heart of which lay the old Border castle which had remained unique and yet so secretive a monument of the old Border wars. They found it at last by following a path running beside a long arm of the sea that ran inland and turned eventually into a sort of rude canal ending in the moat of the castle. The castle really was a castle, of the square embattled plan that the Normans built everywhere from Galilee to the Grampians. It did really and truly have a portcullis and a drawbridge; and they were very realistically reminded of the fact by an accident that delayed their entrance.

They waded amid long coarse grass and thistle to the bank of the moat, which ran in a ribbon of black with dead leaves and scum upon it, like ebony inlaid with a pattern of gold. Barely a yard or two beyond the black ribbon was the other green bank and the big stone pillars of the gateway; but so little, it would seem, had this lonely fastness been approached from outside that, when the impatient Granby hallooed across to the dim figures behind the portcullis, they seemed to have considerable difficulty even in lowering the great rusty drawbridge. It started on its way, turning over like a great falling tower above them and then stuck, sticking out in midair at a threatening angle.

The impatient Granby, dancing upon the bank, called out to his companion:

"Oh, I can't stand these stick-in-the-mud ways! Why, it'd be less trouble to jump."

And with characteristic impetuosity he did jump, landing with a slight stagger in safety on the inner shore. Father Brown's short legs were not adapted to jumping. But his temper was more adapted than most people's to falling with a splash into very muddy water. By the promptitude of his companion, he escaped falling in very far; but as he was being hauled up the green slimy



bank, he stopped with bent head, peering at a particular point upon the grassy slope.

"Are you botanizing?" asked Granby irritably. "We've got no time for you to collect rare plants after your last attempt as a diver among the wonders of the deep. Come on, muddy or no, we've got to present ourselves before the baronet."

When they had penetrated into the castle they were received courteously enough by an old servant, the only one in sight; and after indicating their business, were shown into a long oak-paneled room with latticed windows of antiquated pattern. Weapons of many different centuries hung in balanced patterns on the dark walls and a complete suit of fourteenth-century armor stood like a sentinel beside the large fireplace. In another long room beyond could be seen through the half-open door the dark colors of the rows of family portraits.

"I feel as if I'd got into a novel instead of a house," said the lawyer. "I'd no idea anybody did really keep up the *Mysteries of Udolpho* in this fashion."

"Yes; the old gentleman certainly carries out his historical craze consistently," answered the priest, "and these things are not fakes either. It's not done by somebody who thinks all medieval people lived at the same time. Sometimes they make up suits of armor out of different bits; but that suit all covered one man, and covered him very completely; you see it's the late sort of tilting-armor."

"I think he's a late sort of host if it comes to that," grumbled Granby. "He's keeping us waiting the devil of a time."

"You must expect everything to go slowly in a place like this," said Father Brown. "I think it's very decent of him to see us at all: two total strangers come to ask him highly personal questions."

And, indeed, when the master of the house appeared they had no reason to complain of their reception, but rather became conscious of something genuine

in the traditions of breeding and behavior that could retain their native dignity without difficulty in that barbarous solitude and after those long years of rustication and moping. The baronet did not seem either surprised or embarrassed at the rare visitation; though they suspected that he had not had a stranger in his house for a quarter of a lifetime, he behaved as if he had been bowing out duchesses a moment before. He showed neither shyness nor impatience when they touched on the very private matter of their errand; after a little leisurely reflection, he seemed to recognize their curiosity as justified under the circumstances. He was a thin, keen-looking old gentleman, with black eyebrows and a long chin; and though the carefully curled hair he wore was undoubtedly a wig, he had the wisdom to wear the gray wig of an elderly man.

"As regards the question that immediately concerns you," he said, "the answer is very simple indeed. I do most certainly propose to hand on the whole of my property to my son, as my father handed it on to me; and nothing—I say advisedly nothing—would induce me to take any other course."

"I am most profoundly grateful for the information," answered the lawyer. "But your kindness encourages me to say that you are putting it very strongly. I would not suggest that it is in the least likely that your son would do anything to make you doubt his fitness for the charge; still he might—"

"Exactly," said Sir John Musgrave dryly. "He might. It is rather an under-statement to say that he might. Will you be good enough to step into the next room with me for a moment?"

He led them into the farther gallery, of which they had already caught a glimpse, and gravely paused before a row of the blackened and lowering portraits.

"This is Sir Roger Musgrave," he said, pointing to a long-faced person in a black periwig. "He was one of the lowest liars and rascals in the rascally time of William of Orange, a traitor to

two kings and something like the murderer of two wives. That is his father, Sir Robert, a perfectly honest old Cavalier. That is his son, Sir James, one of the noblest of the Jacobite martyrs and one of the first men to attempt some reparation to the Church and the poor. Does it matter that the House of Musgrave—the power, the honor, the authority—descended from one good man to another good man through the interval of a bad one? Edward the First governed England well. Edward the Third covered England with glory. And yet the second glory came from the first glory through the infamy and imbecility of Edward the Second, who fawned upon Gaveston and ran away from Bruce. Believe me, Mr. Granby, the greatness of a great house and history is something more than these accidental individuals who carry it on even though they do not grace it. From father to son our heritage has come down, and from father to son it shall continue. You may assure yourselves, gentlemen, and you may assure my son that I shall not leave my money to a home for lost cats. Musgrave shall leave it to Musgrave till the heavens fall.”

“Yes,” said Father Brown thoughtfully, “I see what you mean.”

“And we shall be only too glad,” said the solicitor, “to convey such a happy assurance to your son.”

“You may convey the assurance,” said their host gravely. “He is secure in any event of having the castle, the title, the land, and the money. There is only a small and merely private addition to that arrangement. Under no circumstances whatever will I ever see or speak to him as long as I live.”

The lawyer remained in the same respectful attitude but he was now respectfully staring.

“Why, what on earth has he—”

“I am a private gentleman,” said Musgrave, “as well as the custodian of a great inheritance. And my son did something so horrible that he has ceased to be, I will not say a gentleman, but

even a human being. It is the worst crime in the world. Do you remember what Douglas said when Marmion his guest offered to shake hands with him?”

“Yes,” said Father Brown.

“‘My castles are my King’s alone, from turret to foundation stone,’” said Musgrave. “‘The hand of Douglas is his own.’”

He turned towards the other room and showed his rather dazed visitors back into it.

“I hope you will take some refreshment,” he said in the same equable fashion. “If you have any doubt about your movements, I should be delighted to offer you the hospitality of the castle for the night.”

“Thank you, Sir John,” said the priest in a dull voice, “but I think we had better go.”

“I will have the bridge lowered at once,” said their host; and in a few moments the creaking of that huge and absurdly antiquated apparatus filled the castle like the grinding of a mill. Rusty as it was, however, it worked successfully this time, and they found themselves standing once more on the grassy bank beyond the moat.

Granby was suddenly shaken by a shudder.

“What in Hell was it that his son did?” he cried.

Father Brown made no answer; but when they had driven off again in their car and pursued their journey to a village not far off, called Graystones, where they alighted at the inn of the Seven Stars, the lawyer learned with a little mild surprise that the priest did not propose to travel much farther: in other words that he had apparently every intention of remaining in the neighborhood.

“I cannot bring myself to leave it like this,” he said gravely. “I will send back the car and you, of course, may very naturally want to go with it. Your question is answered: it is simply whether your firm can afford to lend money on young Musgrave’s prospects. But my



question isn't answered; it is whether he is a fit husband for Betty. I must try to discover whether he's really done something dreadful or whether it's the delusion of an old lunatic."

"But," objected the lawyer, "if you want to find out about him why don't you go after him? Why should you hang about in this desolate hole where he hardly ever comes?"

"What would be the use of my going after him?" asked the other. "There's no sense in going up to a fashionable young man in Bond Street and saying, 'Excuse me, but have you committed a crime too horrible for a human being?' If he's bad enough to do it, he's certainly bad enough to deny it. And we don't even know what it is. No, there's only one man that knows, and *may* tell, in some further outburst of dignified eccentricity. I'm going to keep near him for the present."

And in truth Father Brown did keep near the eccentric baronet, and did actually meet him on more than one occasion, with the utmost politeness on both sides. For the baronet, in spite of his years, was very vigorous and a great walker and could often be seen stumping through the village and along the country lanes. Only the day after their arrival Father Brown, coming out of the inn on to the cobbled market place, saw the dark and distinguished figure stride past in the direction of the post office. He was very quietly dressed in black, but his strong face was even more arresting in the strong sunlight; with his silver hair, swarthy eyebrows, and long chin, he had something of a reminiscence of Henry Irving or some other famous actor. In spite of his hoary hair, his figure as well as his face suggested strength, and he carried his stick more like a cudgel than a crutch. He saluted the priest and spoke with that same air of coming fearlessly to the point which had marked his revelations of yesterday.

"If you are still interested in my son," he said, using the term with an icy in-

difference, "you will not see very much of him. He has just left the country. Between ourselves, I might say fled the country."

"Indeed," said Father Brown with a grave stare.

"Some people I never heard of called Grunov have been pestering me, of all people, about his whereabouts," said Sir John, "and I've just come in to send off a wire to tell them that, so far as I know, he's living in the *Poste Restante*, Riga. Even that has been a nuisance; I came in yesterday to do it but was five minutes too late for the post office. Are you staying long? I hope you will pay me another visit."

When the priest recounted to the lawyer his little interview with old Musgrave in the village, the lawyer was both puzzled and interested.

"Why has the Captain bolted?" he asked. "Who are the other people who want him? Who on earth is Grunov?"

"For the first, I don't know," replied Brown. "Possibly his mysterious sin has come to light. I should rather guess that the other people are blackmailing him about it. For the third, I think I do know. That horrible fat woman with yellow hair is called Madame Grunov and that little man passes as her husband."

The next day Father Brown came in rather wearily and threw down his black bundle of an umbrella with the air of a pilgrim laying down his staff. He had an air of some depression. But it was, as it was so often in his criminal investigations, not the depression of failure, but the depression of success.

"It's rather a shock," he said in a dull voice, "but I ought to have guessed it. I ought to have guessed it when I first went in and saw the thing standing there."

"When you saw what?" asked Granby.

"When I saw there was only one suit of armor," answered Father Brown.

There was a silence during which the lawyer only stared at his friend and then the friend resumed:

"Only the other day I was just going

to tell my niece that there are two types of men who can laugh when they are alone. One might almost say the man who does it is either very good or very bad. You see he is either confiding the joke to God or confiding it to the devil. But anyhow he has an inner life. Well, there really is a kind of man who confides the joke to the devil. He does not mind if nobody sees the joke; if nobody can safely be allowed even to know the joke. The joke is enough in itself if it is sufficiently sinister and malignant."

"But what are you talking about?" demanded Granby. "Whom are you talking about? Which of them, I mean? Who is this person who is having a sinister joke with his Satanic Majesty?"

Father Brown looked across at him with a ghastly smile.

"Ah," he said, "that's the joke."

There was another silence; but this time the silence seemed to be rather full and oppressive than merely empty; it seemed to settle down on them like the twilight that was gradually turning from dusk to dark. Father Brown went on speaking in a level voice, sitting stolidly with his elbows on the table.

"I've been looking up the Musgrave family," he said; "they're a vigorous and long-lived stock, and even in the ordinary way I should think you would wait a good time for your money."

"We're quite prepared for that," answered the solicitor, "but anyhow it can't last indefinitely. The old man is nearly eighty, though he still walks about and the people at the inn here laugh and say they don't believe he will ever die."

Father Brown jumped up with one of his rare but rapid movements, but remained with his hands on the table, leaning forward and looking his friend in the face.

"That's it," he cried in a low but excited voice. "That's the only problem. That's the only real difficulty. How will he die? How on earth is he to die?"

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Granby.

"I mean," came the voice of the priest out of the darkening room, "that I know the crime which James Musgrave committed."

His tones had such a chill in them that Granby could hardly repress a shiver; he murmured a further question.

"It was really the worst crime in the world," said Father Brown. "At least, many communities and civilizations have accounted it so. It was always from the earliest times marked out in tribe and village for tremendous punishment. But anyhow, I know now what young Musgrave really did and why he did it."

"And what did he do?" asked the lawyer.

"He killed his father," answered the priest.

The lawyer in his turn rose from his seat and gazed across the table with wrinkled brows.

"But his father is at the castle," he cried in sharp tones.

"His father is in the moat," said the priest, "and I was a fool not to have known it from the first when something bothered me about that suit of armor. Don't you remember the look of that room—how very carefully it was arranged and decorated? There were two crossed battleaxes hung on one side of the fireplace, two crossed battleaxes on the other. There was a round Scottish shield on one wall, a round Scottish shield on the other. And there was a stand of armor guarding one side of the hearth and an empty space on the other. Nothing will make me believe that a man who arranged all the rest of the room with that exaggerated symmetry left that one feature of it lopsided. There was almost certainly another man in armor. And what has become of him?"

He paused a moment and then went on in a more matter-of-fact tone.

"When you come to think of it, it's a very good plan for a murder and meets the permanent problem of the disposal of the body. The body could stand inside that complete tilting-armor for



hours or even days, while servants came and went until the murderer could simply drag it out in the dead of night and lower it into the moat, without even crossing the bridge. And then what a good chance he ran! As soon as the body was at all decayed in the stagnant water, there would sooner or later be nothing but a skeleton in fourteenth-century armor; a thing very likely to be found in the moat of an old Border castle. It was unlikely that anybody would look for anything there; but if they did, that would soon be all they would find. And I got some confirmation of that. That was when you said I was looking for a rare plant—it was a plant in a good many senses, if you'll excuse the jest. I saw the marks of two feet sunk so deep into the solid bank I was sure that the man was either very heavy or was carrying something very heavy. Also, by the way, there's another moral from that little incident, when I made my celebrated graceful and catlike leap."

"My brain is rather reeling," said Granby, "but I begin to have some notion of what all this nightmare is about. What about you and your catlike leap?"

"At the post office to-day," said Father Brown, "I casually confirmed the statement the baronet made to me yesterday, that he had been there just after closing-time on the day previous; that is, not only on the very day we arrived but at the very time we arrived. Don't you see what that means? It means that he was actually out when we called and came back while we were waiting; and that was why we had to wait so long. And when I saw that, I suddenly saw a picture which told the whole story."

"Well," asked the other impatiently, "and what about it?"

"An old man of eighty can walk," said Father Brown. "An old man can even walk a good deal, pottering about in country lanes. But an old man can't *jump*. He would be an even less graceful jumper than I was. Yet if the baronet came back while we were wait-

ing, he must have come in as we came in—by jumping the moat. For the bridge wasn't lowered till later; I rather guess he had hampered it himself to delay inconvenient visitors, to judge by the rapidity with which it was repaired. But that doesn't matter. When I saw that fancy picture of the black figure with the gray hair taking a flying leap across the moat, I knew instantly that it was a young man dressed up as an old man. And there you have the whole story."

"You mean," said Granby slowly, "that this pleasing youth killed his father, hid the corpse first in the armor and then in the moat, disguised himself, and so on?"

"They happened to be almost exactly alike," said the priest. "You could see from the family portraits how strong the likeness ran. And then you talk of his disguising himself. But in a sense everybody's dress is a disguise. The old man disguised himself in a wig and the young man in a foreign beard. When he shaved and put the wig on his cropped head and with a little make-up he was exactly like his father. Of course you understand now why he was so very polite about getting you to come up next day here by car. It was because he himself was coming up that night by train. He got in front of you, committed his crime, assumed his disguise, and was ready for the legal negotiations."

"Ah," said Granby thoughtfully, "the legal negotiations. You mean, of course, that the real old baronet would have negotiated very differently."

"He would have told you plainly that the Captain would never get a penny," said Father Brown. "The plot, queer as it sounds, was really the only way of preventing his telling you so. But I want you to appreciate the cunning of what the fellow did tell you. His plan answered several purposes at once. He was being blackmailed by these Russians for some villainy; I suspect for treason during the war. He escaped from them at a stroke and probably sent them

chasing off to Riga after him. But the most beautiful refinement of all was that theory he enunciated about recognizing his son as an heir but not as a human being. Don't you see that, while it secured the *post-obit*, it also provided an answer to what would soon be the greatest difficulty of all?"

"I see several difficulties," said Granby "which one do you mean?"

"I mean that if the son was not even disinherited it would look rather odd that the father and son never met. The theory of a private repudiation answered that. So there remained only one difficulty, as I say, which is probably perplexing the gentleman now—how the devil is the old man to die?"

"I know how he ought to die," said Granby.

Father Brown seemed to be a little bemused and went on in a more abstracted fashion.

"And yet there is something more in it than that," he said. "There was something about that theory which he liked in a way that is more—well, more

theoretical. It gave him an insane intellectual pleasure to tell you in one character that he had committed a crime in another character—when he really had. That is what I mean by the infernal irony; by the joke shared with the devil. Shall I tell you something that sounds like what they call a paradox? Sometimes it is the joy in the very heart of hell to tell the truth. And above all to tell it so that everybody misunderstands it. That is why he liked that antic of pretending to be somebody else and then painting himself as black—as he was. And that was why my niece heard him laughing to himself all alone in the picture gallery."

Granby gave a slight start, like a person brought back to common things with a bump.

"Your niece," he cried—"didn't her mother want her to marry Musgrave? A question of wealth and position, I suppose."

"Yes," said Father Brown dryly, "her mother was all in favor of a prudent marriage."

## FOLIE DE MINUIT

BY AMY LOWELL

**N**O WORD, no word, O Lord God!  
 Hanging above the shivering pillars  
 Like thunder over a brazen city.

*Pity? Is there pity?  
 Does pity pour from the multiform points  
 Of snow crystals?  
 If the throats of the organ pipes  
 Are numb with cold,  
 Can the boldest bellow's blast  
 Melt their now dumb hosannas?*



*No word, august and brooding God!  
No shrivelled specter of an aching tone  
Can pierce those banners  
Which hide your face, your hands,  
Your feet at whose slight tread  
Frore water curds to freckled sands  
Seaweed incrusted.  
The organ loft is draughty with faint voices  
Weeping,  
Which are not mine, nor would be.  
I purposed anthems, copper-red and golden,  
Thrusting to the hearts of Babylonian Kings,  
Bowed down before Judea and its Highest,  
That God of Hosts who screens himself with banners.  
My finger-tips are cast in a shard of silence;  
The wormy lips of these great narrow tunnels, the pipes,  
Are choked with silence;  
The banners, the banners, are brittle with decay  
And rusted out of color.*

*The candles gutter in their sconces,  
Curling long welts of evil-smelling smoke about my head.  
The organ's voice is dead,  
Or is it mine?  
The banners flap  
Like palls upon a bier  
On windy midnight burials  
Where torches flare a glittering imposture  
About the loneliness of violated sod  
Gashed open for a grave.*

*Pity me, then,  
Who cry with wingless psalms,  
Spellbound in midnight and chill organ pipes.  
Above my eyes the banners bleed  
Their dripping dust-specks,  
Proclaiming the gaunt glories of successful battles.  
It would enchant me to see you afloat behind them,  
Blown for a moment to an eye-catch.  
But who are you to come for frozen hallelujahs!*

*And yet I go on silently playing.*



# WHITE MAGIC AND BLACK

THE JUNGLE SCIENCE OF DUTCH GUIANA

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

**T**HE Dutch colony of Suriname, on the north shore of South America, is the El Dorado of old legend. For five hundred years there have come from the tangle of its forests rumors, and sometimes glittering proofs, that here is a region richer in gold than the dreams of Spain. Thousands of men have sought it. But those few who have come away leave empty handed, angry, and afraid. The jungle has guarded its riches well. It will never give them up.

Along the shore of one of the forest rivers of Suriname stands a railway locomotive, left but a few short years ago by a group of men from the North who wanted gold but went away. They were courageous and clever men. They recognized the strength of the forest and sought to conquer it with the strength of steel. But they were driven out. And now the jungle has taken their monster and destroyed it. Vines that have grown around its belly of iron have cracked it like a nut. The rain and sun have crumpled the steel and given it to the wind to scatter away. When a few more relentless years have passed you will be able to find no faint trace of that once splendid thing.

Our science in the North has made us masters of our world. But it is worthless in the forests around the belt of the globe. The jungle does not want it. Build a fine road in the forest—but do not leave it. When you return you will find only the unhindered monotony of the trees. Their life will have sprung with double strength from the decay of

your work. That is the forest way. It is always destroying that it may live. For all your tools and your crafts and your learning it cares not at all. The jungle has been master for ten thousand unchecked years. White men from the top of the world will never defeat that mastery.

But there are a people in Suriname who know the jungle and survive there. They are the Bushnegroes, descendants of rebellious African slaves who many years ago went back into the bush and there, in an environment much like that their ancestors had left behind, recreated the strange crafts of survival in the forest. The almost forgotten gods came back. The wise men found their old lost wisdom. Magic became real again.

Magic is the great reality of the jungle. We northern races, when we think of magic, see a vaudeville performer with a pack of marked cards. Magic is trickery, sleight of hand, legerdemain. It is serio-comic foolery. Magic to us is the thinnest stuff in the world—the semblance of empty illusion.

We must forget all that in the tropic forests. There magic is the vital craft of survival. In a land where a locomotive turns to dust, where all the science of Europe is empty and will avail nothing against the powers of the jungle, magic, developed through a thousand, thousand years has taught the Negro how to live, how to meet the terrors of the manifold deaths that lurk always amid the immutable silence of the trees. It is the most serious, most important



thing in the black man's world. It is never stained with trickery. There is no place for the charlatan of skillful fingers and the patter of the stage.

Jungle magic is never for effect. It is purposeful, studied. When famines, pestilences, and evils come upon the forest people, it is magic that wards them off. It deals with things—with medicines, potions, and ideas—which, in the forest, are more real than steel and far more dangerous. Magic saves. Then it is white. Magic kills. Then it is black. It is the science of the jungle.

The Bushnegro witch-doctor is the jungle scientist. His craft deals with materials, with causes and effects. Witchcraft is not priestcraft. It is never religious. It takes two ways—the way of Obeah, or white, good magic, and the *wissi*, or Voodoo way, the black way.

## II

A few days before we started from Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana, for our first expedition into the bush, I was asked—"Have you had snake-cut yet?"

I had turned the conversation to snakes. The prospect of journeying into unknown regions of the tropic forests had aspects which were far from reassuring. A lean scientific gentleman had informed us that if one knew just where to look one could find fifty more or less deadly reptiles in any hundred square yards. All agreed that although in practice the traveler rarely encounters snakes in the Guiana forests, they do offer one of the real problems of survival. Then the question—"Have you had snake-cut yet?"

The gentleman explained. "It's a thing the Bushnegroes make. They call it magic." He laughed. "No one knows exactly how it's done. But everyone uses it. Snakes won't bother you if you take it. If you have a really good dose a snake will become helpless when you go near it. No one around here would think of going back into the bush without it."

I was fresh from the North. I subsequently asked questions. I found no two who agreed as to the exact extent to which this snake-cut is effective. But all assented it offers perfect protection against snakes.

Snake-cut, I learned among the Bushnegroes of the interior, has the form of a black, finely granulated, crystalline powder. It is made under secret conditions by wise men especially skilled in the lore of the jungle. The head and tail of a *labaria* (Guiana rattle-snake) are cut off and cooked for many hours over a slow fire—some say in a human skull. Into this are put certain herbs and the cooking continues until the entire potion is reduced to its final form.

It may be administered in two ways. The first and best method—the one used universally by the Bushnegroes themselves—is to rub a small quantity of the powder into the blood stream through an incision made in a vein in the arm or leg. Foreign travelers are usually content to drink it in water. But this is less satisfactory, witch-men assured me.

Snake-cuts vary. Some witch-doctors make a more satisfactory blend than others. It is for sale when there is more available than is wanted for the immediate needs of the village. At its best snake-cut has extraordinary qualities. The person who has been recently treated is always the first of a party to see a snake—a feat, in the matted shadows of the bush, far more remarkable than one might think. He may approach even the most vicious reptile with perfect impunity. When he is within a yard or so of the snake it becomes stiff and helpless. And some smaller kinds are stricken with sudden death. The state of rigid paralysis lasts for several hours after the person treated with snake-cut has gone his way.

That is the story—one which you hear in various forms from every side.

Even if you are so unlucky as not to have been recently dosed with snake-

cut and your bad luck continues until a venomous reptile sinks its fangs into your flesh, you may yet live if a supply of the precious powder is close at hand and you have a friend among the Bushnegroes who will rub a little of it into the black poison pits in your flesh. It is the only antidote in any land which is always efficacious.

I cannot explain snake-cut. It has been chemically analyzed at a careful European laboratory and come back with its ingredients set down in exact detail up to within a dozen per cent of the whole. This remainder the baffled chemists were forced to dismiss with "Constituents Unknown."

Blackamoni, our old canoe man, one steaming day on the river told me with a smile and a shake of his head that even should he learn to love me greatly and should in addition greatly forget the faith of his fathers, he *might* tell me just how the snake-cut is made. But what would that avail me? I might make it just as he told me, but still I should be bitten and die if I met a bushmaster. For it would not be magic. I, the super-inquisitive "Americaa baa-kaa," the outlander, could not learn magic. No man can learn magic unless he have a thousand years of jungle memories burned in his soul by the sun—unless he has heard always in his ears the echoes of the jungle night.

A friend in Paramaribo suggested that snake-cut produces an exhalation in the perspiration which is vividly perceptible to snakes, although it escapes human nostrils—that this exhalation produces the violent effect upon the snake's nervous system that has been noted. This seems a very intelligent suggestion. But I confess it does not interest me. . . . I have heard the baboons howl their echoing tune in the forest night; seen the moon come palely down the canyon of the trees on the river; heard the Bushnegro tom-tom far away talk to men and beasts and gods. . . . Somehow I am prepared to believe everything but an explanation.

### III

The Suriname Bushnegroes are not a hunting people. They rely chiefly for food upon the feeble crops which they can trick from the ever-jealous forest. Yet they have hunting dogs, poor mongrel mutts, that as game procurers have no equals anywhere.

Imagine a dog that will take the scent of a hare on Monday morning, overtake it Tuesday night, and arrive with it at your feet on Wednesday evening! The Bushnegro dogs do that. It is Bushnegro magic.

*Dressi-von-dago*, it is called—this treatment that will turn a mongrel into a paragon of hunters. It is the business of the witch-men. The treatment, which must begin at the first phase of the waxing of the moon, lasts from six weeks to three months. It is throughout accompanied by secret, lonely ceremony in some clearing remote from the village. The treatment is always specifically for the hunting of one sort of animal—such as the savannah red deer, the bush hare, or that deformity among mammals, the tapir.

At dawn each day the witch-doctor washes the dog selected, feeds it secret herbs, and doses it with snake-cut as a protection in the bush. Then it is forced to eat in its food a brew made from a part of the animal which it is being trained to hunt—the gall and bladder of the hare or the lymph of the tapir or deer, for instance. The same mixture is rubbed over the dog's nose and body. And always there are incantations against *winti*, the destructive, evil demons of the bush that lie in wait for dog or man who ventures beyond the village clearing into the living silence, the mystery, the vengeful quiet chaos of the forest.

In Paramaribo I met a white man who had lived for some time on the outskirts of the bush, superintending a timber concession. He had learned in detail the lore of the *dressi-von-dago* and experimented upon a dog of his own. And



the dog would at the end venture not a pace beyond the clearing.

I have never heard of a failure when the treatment has been administered by a witch-man. Something was missing in the white man's ritual. The Bush-negro knows. The white man did not know, the white man can never know the magic of the jungle.

#### IV

These are white magic—the wise science of meeting the situation. They are the eminently practical aspects of the magic craft. We can mumble feebly hypothetical explanations that do not explain. But there are other, stranger things.

In former years there was an occasional custom among the Suriname Bush-negroes of sending in time of social calamity some offering down river to *Mamma Snaki*, the powerful, beneficent spirit of the bush that dwells in the great boa constrictor among the tree tops. In late years the custom has fallen into disuse, perhaps because there have for many years been no floods or famines or foreign pestilences to spread general tragedy among the jungle people. But the memory of the custom is fresh. Frobie, the ancient *granman*, chief of the village of Biri-Pudu-Madu, a hundred miles back country in the forests, remembered the custom well.

Frobie had at that time just taken unto himself a wife, so, he judged, all this must have taken place more than four hundred moons ago. It was a terrible time. The cassava crop all along the upper river had failed utterly. Some tiny red lice had appeared and eaten all the roots away. Babies that were born were born only to die, their bellies withered and their eyes staring. Men who went into the forest for game never came back. Even the dogs forgot their villages and their howling was heard no more. The jungle *winti* were everywhere. The good spirits, strangely angered, had fled to farther towns. It

was kill, kill, kill. Starved corpses grew inert. Souls were everywhere but were too weak, too hungry to aid their families.

So the *granmans* and witch-men of all the villages met in long palaver. *Mamma Snaki* was far away. She must come back. *Mamma Snaki*, more strong than the evillest *witti*, would come back and help the jungle people if they sent her gifts worthy of her power. Downriver there was no famine. *Mamma Snaki* had gone with the floods of the big rainy season downriver and forgotten the people of the inland towns. The gifts must be very fine.

The cleverest makers of *corials* in all the region were set at work hewing out a great cedar log to make a canoe worthy of *Mamma Snaki*. Others gathered what precious food they could find . . . withered yams, some bunches of green plantain, a basket of fresh river fish and a red deer caught with a noose of vine by a clever huntsman. One very, very rich *granman* even contributed a liter of white rum, last among the villages.

Soon all was ready. All the witch-men of all the towns, regal in clinking *papa-muni* shells, their bodies ghastly with the smeared whiting of the *pimpatototi* stone, made final preparation. The yams, the plantains, the fresh-killed deer, the fish, and last and most reverently, the liter of white rum were loaded into the new *corial*, made lovely with the purple and white of passion flowers. The witch-men and *granmans*, each in his own canoe, then escorted the loaded *corial* to midstream and, while all the bush people watched, sent the splendid gift downstream to *Mamma Snaki*. Unescorted, but watched by the eyes and followed by the hopes of a people, it disappeared around a bend in the majestic stream.

It was never seen again. *Mamma Snaki* received it, was glad, and came back to help the people of the upper river. The red lice went away and the cassava grew again. Babies that were born grew round of belly and laughed

at their mothers. The *winti* went away defeated and the kindly spirits all returned.

That was the story of Frobie, the *granman* of Biri-Pudu-Madu. *Mamma Snaki* received the *corial* filled with gifts. In short, the loaded cedar canoe disappeared from the face of the earth. No one ever saw it again. There is record of a government bushranger who knew the exact time such a ceremony would take place and was curious. He waited in his canoe on the river a mile or so below the point where the *corial* was embarked. He waited all day, watching diligently. And nothing ever came—save only floating vines torn from the shore, dead branches fallen from the trees—the usual garbage of the forest stream. None has ever come.

No Bushnegro had tampered with it. Of that one may be as sure as of the sun. A gift for *Mamma Snaki* is more sacred, more inviolate than the oldest crucifix in Rome. No one will meddle with the fate of his people.

A *corial* may, in a fierce rapid, turn turtle. But it *cannot* sink. Yet it never came. *Mamma Snaki* received it, Frobie the *granman* says. Jungle magic—white magic—another forest mystery.

## V

Sometimes among the Bushnegroes a man dies. His soul strides alone down the shadowed forest path, leaving his black body limp and quiet, and does not return. All the Bushnegroes know that only the very old soul, who is weary, goes away of its own accord. When a strong man dies it is the evil doing of an enemy. The family of the soul that has gone away must find out the enemy's name and take revenge. The dead man will tell. They will ask him.

The body is placed upon a plank carried on the heads of two men. All his family gather round and the witch-doctor, important with ceremony, sets out to find the name of the tribe that has committed the murder. The corpse

bearers stand facing the witch-doctor. Before them, to the left and right, are two leaves upon the ground. One leaf represents Truth, the other Untruth. Only two men, those who have gone into the bush and selected the leaves, know the meaning each carries. They sit apart as umpires.

The witch-doctor begins his questioning.

"Did the family of Cracoe do this?"

"The people of the *granman* of the village of Kadjoe?"

The corpse upon the board, aided by the forward bearer, nods or shakes its head in reply. And, as the questioning goes on, the body upon its plank is slowly borne toward one leaf or the other—the soul of the dead man directing. For the truth of the dead must be proven. Sometimes it moves toward the Leaf of Untruth, and the witch-doctor knows he will not get the answer he seeks from the body. The spirit, perhaps, may be in frivolous mood, or be afraid—for the moment in dread of spirits stronger than itself.

In that case the two men who have selected the leaves stop the proceedings and the body is set down until the following day. Then two other men make choice of leaves and the ceremony is repeated. The Leaf of Untruth has never been selected a second time, all bear witness. And the nod of affirmation comes from the corpse invariably when, and only when, the true culprit is named. There is no trickery. Death and revenge are serious things. This is sacred magic. The Bushnegro knows no marked cards.

The true culprit, for, curious—to outlanders—though it is, a man or woman very, very rarely dies a natural death among the Bushnegroes except from a suddenly epidemic disease or from the calm decay of age. When an expert canoe man is upset one day in his *corial* and drowns in a rapid he has crossed a thousand times; when an able hunter is torn by an angry jaguar and devoured in the forest; or when a vigorous man or



woman simply sits down before the doorway of the hut and the soul quietly leaves forevermore, it is rarely accident or fate or the common misfortune of mortality which we in the North expect. It is the work of an enemy.

The way of an enemy is never direct. The mysterious ways of jungle death are the only ways down which death comes. Sometimes a Bushnegro, out of jealousy, anger, or fear, wishes another dead. So he sets his fetishes against his enemy, invokes the *winti* of the bush to set upon and destroy him. It is dangerous business, for the murderer knows that in time he will himself be almost inevitably destroyed. But there are stronger passions even than fear.

The spirits of evil are set in action. The one against whom they are working learns of his mortal danger. He attempts propitiation, seeks to make his protective fetishes stronger than the destructive fetishes of his enemy. But almost surely, soon or late, he dies, and his family know that he has been murdered. That is the forest way.

On one occasion, a few years ago, the headman of an upper-river village had been slightly ill, but was rapidly recovering. Some relatives of the man called upon a government bushranger who was in the district and were told to take home with them the message that he hoped the chief was faring well and would soon recover. Unfortunately, the bushranger opened the talk with the phrase "Is he still living?" and nothing he said after that was remembered. The words were taken to mean that the bushranger intended the man's death and was interested to learn if his destructive fetishes had yet taken effect.

The messengers returned to their village to find the headman flourishing. He had almost forgotten he had ever been ill. Then they delivered their garbled account of the official's words. That night the headman lay down to rest upon the floor of his house and never woke again. His protective fetishes had fled.

The bushranger was safe from revenge. Because he knows the Bushnegroes and because he is representative of the Dutch government he is inviolate. Only a greater power than he can reach him with injury. And the great chiefs of the Bushnegroes live many, many days journey back in the bush.

But let him who is not great above his fellows beware of the revenge that will destroy him if he has destroyed another. The Bushnegro has developed a system of revengeful magic which acts as a more powerful deterrent against crime than all the ten thousand musty law books of our own over-systematized civilization. It is *Kunu*—the blood revenge.

*Kunu* is a spirit. It is a destructive force. It is an individual. It is an indwelling spirit of destruction which inhabits the body of one member of each family. *Kunu* is fickle and sometimes leaves one man to possess and rule his brother, or his father, or his son. Where *Kunu* dwells and rules there is no other law. The *Kunu* man is above magic and above responsibility. It is the business of *Kunu* to revenge injuries against the family. If my family, or any member of my family, does any member of your family an injury which results in death, and you discover, by questioning the spirit of the dead, who has committed the sin, the *Kunu* of your people sets to work to destroy my people. We know who is destroying us—who causes our young men to die in the rapids, our women to die in childbirth. It is not the general revenge of your family against mine. It is the revenge spirit—*Kunu*—that possesses the soul of your brother who does this. And we are powerless to resist.

Long ago, in 1837, a *granman* of one of the Bushnegro towns was dismissed by the Dutch government. *Therefore* he died. It was a time of disgrace and unrest. In that time the son of the dead man took over his stick of office and made himself headman, disobeying the ancient laws of succession. Father

and son are of different families. Inheritance is always through the female line among the Bushnegroes. *Because* the son took the stick of office from his dead father's hand he had murdered his father. This was a crime of family against family which must be wiped out in blood. The *Kunu* of the dead *gran-man's* tribe began its work. The people of the interloper's family were powerless to resist. For many years the bloody, silent work went on. At last no single survivor of the son's family was left.

To-day the site of their village is a tangled mass of vines and monster trees, rising up two hundred feet to the sunlight and the wind high overhead. About the roots, lost forever in the rot of decay and ever-striving forest life, lie some broken shards and the crumbled rust of guns—all that remains to mark the passing of a people who sinned against the jungle law. And no hand was ever raised against another. All transpired in jungle silence, with the invincible, quiet tread of jungle mystery.

## VI

Not without exception is the murderer's reliance upon ways of the spirit. Certain witch-doctors among the Bushnegroes are masters of the old craft of poisoning. Poisons are everywhere in the forest. The juice of the cassava plant is always the most ready, for cassava is the staple of life. Before cassava flour is available for food its natural deadly juices must be squeezed away. Common tapioca is nothing more than this virulent poison of the cassava simmered down. The raw juice fed to an unwary dog will produce death in a few minutes. But these are obvious things—unworthy of the craft of the man of magic.

No one in Suriname seemed able to tell me very much that is definite about this poison craft. It exists, it is highly specialized, it is rarely practiced. It is utterly mysterious.

Sometimes a man starts down river

with a raft of timbers, bound for Paramaribo, the metropolis. He is blooming with health. A week later he arrives and shows a curious tendency to fall into sudden profound sleeps. Soon such a sleep continues into a state of comatose unconsciousness. He is taken to the excellently equipped Military Hospital in Paramaribo, conducted by the Dutch government. There, in spite of every effort on the part of the physicians, he dies. The doctors, baffled by his malady, suspect poison and perform an autopsy. They perform a very careful and able autopsy indeed. It reveals absolutely nothing whatever. Different poisons manifest themselves in different ways. All are common in one particular—they are undetectable by any means modern science knows.

And—sometimes—from far, far back in the vast jungles toward French Guiana and the Brazilian frontier, which explorers have never reached, comes an occasional hint of remote tribes of Bushnegroes to whom magic is a still more living thing. There are hinted legends of great witch-doctors who know the jungle and its ancient lore so well they can, with a thought and a sign, transcend space and time and the binding, material things and in a flash, change from man-shape into snake rise with a howl from the vanishing coil of scales in the form of a tiger, then, in a burst of sound fly zrumming away into the skies on the wings of the black carrion.

I have felt the power of the jungle, known the still menace of its greatness and its wisdom. I know the jungle itself is mystery, its defeats and its victories are, in their very fact, magic, black or white.

Magic belongs in the jungle. It is eternally old yet it is perpetually going forward. The black man's mind never rests. It is always seeking, trying always to find new answers to the titanic mysteries of the bush. He must learn them or he will die. Magic is the old, old craft of life.



# *Religion and Life*

## RELIGION AS AN ADVENTURE

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A LETTER lies before me from a man who never has united with the Christian church. He cannot believe one of the highly philosophical doctrines on which he understands the churches to insist. He is reverent, spiritually minded, essentially religious, but he thinks that he must stay outside the church. To be sure, Jesus never mentioned the doctrine which constitutes his difficulty. It did not even emerge in the form which my correspondent finds indigestible until centuries after Jesus lived. Nevertheless, wanting to join the fellowship of Christian people, where his sympathies are naturally at home, he remains outside the church.

This case, typical of more people than one likes to think, illustrates the peril which vital religion faces in the very organizations that at first were intended to express it. Religion at its source is personal adventure on a way of living. A new idea of life's spiritual meaning, incarnate in a leader, summons men, and they cut loose from old entanglements and try the challenging adventure. By the time religion has been thoroughly organized, however, it often loses that daring quality and becomes instead a stereotyped system of doctrine and institution to be passively accepted and believed.

This tendency, illustrated wherever religion exists, is unmistakable in Christianity. Christianity began in a great adventure. Discipleship to Jesus, in those first days when the Master was

presenting his way of living to the acceptance of those who had vision and courage enough to try it, was a costly spiritual exploit. In the New Testament it never loses that quality. The life to which Jesus summoned men required insight and bravery to undertake and fortitude to continue. In those days who could have dreamed that it ever would become in the eyes of multitudes a stiff and finished system to be passively received?

This development in historic Christianity from vitality to rigidity is clearly reflected in the changed meanings of the word "faith." Faith in the New Testament was a matter of personal venture-someness. It involved self-committal, devotion, loyalty, courage. If one arranges the New Testament in the chronological order of its documents and thus enters the book by way of some of Paul's epistles, he feels a thrilling quality in the movement which there had gotten under weigh. It was the most influential uprush of spiritual power in human history, and all the participants in it would have ascribed their inspiration to their faith. But it was not faith in formal creeds, for no creeds had yet been written; it was not faith in the New Testament, for the New Testament was not yet in existence; it was not faith in the church, for the church was as yet inchoate and unorganized. That primary faith which launched the Christian movement antedated creeds, Book, and church. It was a personal relationship with Christ and

what he stood for. It had not yet been formalized. It was vital and dynamic.

How different are the meanings that "faith" soon acquired in Christianity! It ceased being primarily a daring thing—a mountain-mover, as Jesus said, or the victory that overcomes the world, as John called it. It was increasingly drained of its more vital elements, it was stereotyped and systematized until it tended to mean the acceptance of creedal and institutional finalities long worked out and awaiting only the credence of the faithful. The climate sadly changed between the New Testament and the classic formulations of the church's doctrine. Who can imagine Jesus facing a formula like this about himself: "Consubstantial with the Father according to the Godhead and consubstantial with us according to the Manhood . . . only begotten to be acknowledged in two natures, inconfusedly, unchangeably, invisibly, inseparably; the distinction of natures being by no means taken away by the union, but rather the property of each nature being preserved and concurring in one Person and one Substance?"

ONE does not mean that any one is consciously to blame for thus systematizing and organizing life's experiences, squeezing the adventure out of them, translating them into formulas, and leaving them dessicated and unreal. This is the fate of every lovely thing that human life creates. Music, too, has its Beckmessers who, if they could, would let no Walther sing the Prize Song. Art suffers as religion does, and even courtesy can be imprisoned in a stately mannerism and need to be delivered like a sleeping princess from her castle.

One does mean, however, that when this fate befalls spiritual values indispensable to man's wellbeing, the time for reformation has arrived. And this fate has befallen religion in America to-day. Organized, institutionalized, creedalized, ritualized—religion has become for multitudes a stuffy and uninteresting affair. The Beckmessers are ruining it by the

very means they take to preserve it. They are hiding from this new generation the arresting fact that religion is the most thrilling adventure that life offers.

The one utter heresy in Christianity is thus to believe that we have reached finality and can settle down with a completed system. That is the essential denial of the living God, who cannot have said his last word on any subject or have landed his last hammer-blow on any task. It is strange that in religion we so desperately cling to static, settled, authoritative finality as though that were our safety and our strength. In no other realm should we dream of such an attitude. Says Froude, the historian, "If medicine had been regulated three hundred years ago by Act of Parliament; if there had been thirty-nine Articles of Physic, and every licensed practitioner had been compelled under pains and penalties to compound his drugs by the prescriptions of Henry VIII's physician, Dr. Butts, it is easy to conjecture in what state of health the people of this country would at present be found."

Why should we suppose that the fortunes of religion in the mind and experience of man are under a different set of psychological laws than the fortunes of medicine or art or music? In all realms, religion included, human life is creative. It spontaneously wells up into new insights and endeavors. It outgrows its old formulations as a child its early clothes. The continuity in any realm of human interest is not to be found in its formulations but in its abiding life. Health is a permanent problem and medicine goes on. Beauty is a deathless interest and art abides. The spiritual life of man in its relationship with the Eternal is an unescapable human interest and religion is indestructible. But it is an adventure both of life and thought. All its formulas, summarizing experience up to date, are sign posts, not boundary lines; and when Christianity forgets that, becomes preservative instead of creative, rests in assumed finalities instead of daring new sallies of the



spirit, retreats into supposed citadels instead of taking the open road, it not only is false to its historic origin in Christ, who did the very opposite, but by psychological necessity it dooms itself to stagnation and decay.

SO far is this from being disturbing, that only through a clear apprehension of it are we likely to regain anything resembling the thrill and liveliness and ardor of apostolic Christianity which so daringly struck its tents and ventured into new kinds of thought and action. Certainly, it is the lack of this which in part causes the dangerous alienation of the younger generation from organized Christianity. Many a young man and woman to-day who is not a Christian would like to be one. But often the churches do not help them. Preachers have a way of thinking of Christianity as a whole, of taking it en bloc. They treat it as a carefully articulated system of beliefs and practices. They present it as it has stiffened into settled finalities. They come to youth with this sum total of Christianity and plead that men accept this system of thought and practice and become Christians. Some preachers even say explicitly that the whole complex affair stands or falls together and that one must take it all or have nothing.

Many a youth, however, who may wistfully desire to be a Christian, finds such an approach impossible. He cannot start with wholesale acceptance of a finished system. He cannot begin by believing what he does not yet perceive the truth of. It is as psychologically absurd to expect a youth as precedent to to becoming a Christian to accept this institutionalized and creedalized bloc called Christianity as it would be to demand credence of the whole curriculum before a boy could become a Freshman.

Jesus' first followers were called disciples, learners; and a learner begins where he is. When Jesus met a man like Zacchaeus he did not foist on him a system of theology and institutionalism, both because he did not have one and

because Zacchaeus would not have understood it if he had. He dealt with men one at a time. Nicodemus, the woman of Samaria, the rich young ruler, Peter, James, John—to no two of them did he give the same prescription. He had no predetermined mold into which he tried to run them all. He had no system to which all had to subscribe before they could follow him. He invited each, starting where each was, to begin a spiritual adventure in a hitherto untried way of living.

The first disciples started with a life lived under the mastership of Jesus and came to a theory afterward based on their experience. We often go at the matter from the opposite end. We call on men to believe some orthodox interpretation of Jesus, insist that only in holding this philosophy concerning Jesus is there salvation or motive power for Christian living. That whole method of approach is psychologically false. It asks men first to accept a formula instead of summoning them to undertake a life. It has led to endless unreality and hypocrisy. It is responsible for multitudes of people holding a theory and mistakenly supposing that thereby they have achieved a life. It has issued even in some who insist that all bona fide goodness springs from holding their theory and is dependent on it, whereas any one can see that plenty of people who hold another theory altogether or, it may be, none at all, have more sweetness and light in their characters, more high-mindedness, integrity, usefulness, and essential Christianity than the strict theorists have touched the fringes of.

As one who himself holds a high interpretation of Jesus and sympathetically understands Nicene fathers' victorious cry that "true God of true God" has come to us in him, I should like to hear more Christian preachers addressing the youth of to-day somewhat as follows:

We want you to be genuinely Christian. But as precedent to that it would not occur to us to demand that you

should believe even about Christ what we believe. What we see in Christ is not the question. The question is, What do you see in Christ? Surely, you do not mean that you see nothing to challenge your conscience, rebuke your life, summon your devotion! Will you start with that, follow that as far as it carries you and then go on if you see more? Interpose no objections based on your disbelief in this theological theory or that. No one is asking you just now to believe them. Start where you are and follow what you do see. Christianity is an adventure. Like friendship it is capable of being intellectually formulated, but primarily it is an experiment in living to be tried. If the Master himself saw you perceiving in him no more than you do perceive but wanting to try the venture of following him and applying his principles to life, he would rise on you like the sun in his encouragement, saying, Start where you are.

ALL experiences, when they have been tried out, explored, enjoyed, tend to get themselves expressed in formulas. We precipitate a living thing into the shorthand of an abstract statement. Even love has its creeds, although, happily, they have been expressed in poetry. Read the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and see. But a man need not postpone love until he can subscribe to that finished expression of perfected experience. He never will subscribe to it with vital understanding if he does postpone the experiment itself. Love is an adventure.

So is prayer, loving one's enemies, being sincere. So is discovering spiritual resources which we can tap and thus be "strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inward man." So is repentance, forgiveness, restitution, and inward moral conquest. So is practical working faith in God and love for all sorts and conditions of men. So is the application of the principles of Jesus to racial, industrial, and international prob-

lems. Christianity is a stirring and costly adventure in personal character and social relationships. Theological theories can help. They can justify, clarify, direct, and extend the adventure. But they do not come first; they come last. They are the intellectual formulations of the adventure, not its primary cause, and whenever they grow stiff and intractable, become obsolete and deterrent, no longer help the ventures of the spirit, but hinder and confuse, they must give way to other forms of thought that will illumine and guide. For at all hazards the adventure of spiritual living must go on. That is indispensable to man's real life. That is genuine religion. And the tragedy of organized religion is that so often this adventure has to face, not only natural enemies in human carnality and skepticism, but artificial enemies in the petrified expressions of religion itself. Like a river dammed by its own ice, religion is held back by its congealed formulations.

This is the *raison d'être* of that movement in Christianity to-day which is seeking an "inclusive church." We are not careless of intellectual statements of faith. We suspect that soon enough—perhaps all too soon—we are likely to get formulations of religion in modern terms which our children, to use Phillips Brooks' figure, will have to beat back again like crust into the batter. Our formulations will be no more final than our fathers'. But in the meantime our churches ought to welcome all who have faith enough to try the spiritual adventure of Christian living. The exclusive features of the denominations, almost altogether non-spiritual as they are and remote from any influence on moral character, are a burden on the religious life of the nation. It never can be altogether well until they are gone and the churches become once more the natural home of all those in the community who in the spirit of Jesus wish to treat life seriously in terms of spiritual vision and valor.





## BLUE MURDER

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

**A**T Mill Crossing it was already past sunset. The rays, redder for what autumn leaves were left, still laid fire along the woods crowning the stony slopes of Jim Bluedge's pastures; but then the line of the dusk began and from that level it filled the valley, washing with transparent blue the buildings scattered about the bridge, Jim's house and horse-sheds and hay-barns, Frank's store, and Camden's blacksmith shop.

The mill had been gone fifty years, but the falls which had turned its wheel still poured in the bottom of the valley, and when the wind came from the Foot-stool way their mist wet the smithy, built of the old stone on the old foundations, and their pouring drowned the clink of Camden's hammer.

Just now they couldn't drown Camden's hammer, for he wasn't in the smithy; he was at his brother's farm. Standing inside the smaller of the horse paddocks behind the sheds he drove in stakes, one after another, cut green from saplings, and so disposed as to cover the more glaring of the weaknesses in the five-foot fence. From time to time, when one was done and another to do, he rested the head of his sledge in the pocket of his leather apron (he was never without it; it was as though it had grown on him, lumpy with odds and ends of his trade—bolts and nails and rusty pliers and old horseshoes) and, standing so, he mopped the sweat from his face and looked up at the mountain.

Of the three brothers he was the dumb one. He seldom had anything to say.

It was providential (folks said) that of the three enterprises at the Crossing one was a smithy; for while he was a strong, big, hungry-muscled fellow, he never would have had the shrewdness to run the store or the farm. He was better at pounding—pounding while the fire red-dened and the sparks flew, and thinking, and letting other people wonder what he was thinking of.

Blossom Bluedge, his brother's wife, sat perched on the top bar of the paddock gate, holding her skirts around her ankles with a trifle too much care to be quite unconscious, and watched him work. When he looked at the mountain he was looking at the mares, half a mile up the slope, grazing in a line as straight as soldiers, their heads all one way. But Blossom thought it was the receding light he was thinking of, and her own sense of misgiving returned and deepened.

"You'd have thought Jim would be home before this, wouldn't you, Cam?"

Her brother-in-law said nothing.

"Cam, look at me!"

It was nervousness, but it wasn't all nervousness—she was the prettiest girl in the valley; a small part of it was mingled coquetry and pique.

The smith began to drive another stake, swinging the hammer from high overhead, his muscles playing in fine big rhythmical convulsions under the skin of his arms and chest, covered with short blond down. Studying him cornerwise, Blossom muttered, "Well, *don't* look at me then!"

He was too dumb for any use. He was as dumb as this: when all three of the Bluedge boys were after her a year ago, Frank, the storekeeper, had brought her candy: chocolates wrapped in silver foil in a two-pound Boston box. Jim had laid before her the Bluedge farm and with it the dominance of the valley. And Camden! To the daughter of Ed Beck, the apple grower, Camden had brought *a box of apples!*—and been bewildered too, when, for all she could help it, she had had to clap a hand over her mouth and run into the house to have her giggle.

A little more than just bewildered, perhaps. Had she, or any of them, ever speculated about that? . . . He had been dumb enough before; but that was when he had started being as dumb as he was now.

Well, if he wanted to be dumb let him be dumb. Pouting her pretty lips and arching her fine brows, she forgot the unimaginative fellow and turned to the ridge again. And now, seeing the sun was quite gone, all the day's vague worries and dreads—held off by this and that—could not be held off longer. For weeks there had been so much talk, so much gossip and speculation and doubt.

"Camden," she reverted suddenly. "Tell me one thing; did you hear—"

She stopped there. Some people were coming into the kitchen yard, dark forms in the growing darkness. Most of them lingered at the porch, sitting on the steps and lighting their pipes. The one that came out was Frank, the second of her brothers-in-law. She was glad. Frank wasn't like Camden; he would talk. Turning and taking care of her skirts, she gave him a bright and sisterly smile.

"Well, Frankie, what's the crowd?"

Far from avoiding the smile, as Camden's habit was, the storekeeper returned it with a brotherly wink for good measure. "Oh, they're tired of waiting down the road, so they come up here to see the grand arrival." He was something of a man of the world; in his calling he

had acquired a fine turn for skepticism. "Don't want to miss being on hand to see what flaws they can pick in 'Jim's five hundred dollars' wuth of experiment'."

"Frank, ain't you the least bit worried over Jim? So late?"

"Don't see why."

"All the same, I wish either you or Cam could've gone with him."

"Don't see why. Had all the men from Perry's stable there in Twinshead to help him get the animal off the freight, and he took an extra rope and the log-chain and the heavy wagon, so I guess no matter how wild and woolly the devil is he'll scarcely be climbing in over the tailboard. Besides, them Western horses ain't such a big breed; even a stallion."

"All the same—(look the other way, Frankie)—" Flipping her ankles over the rail, Blossom jumped down beside him. "Listen, Frank, tell me something; did you hear—did you hear the reason Jim's getting him cheap was because he killed a man out West there, what's-its-name, Wyoming?"

Frank was taking off his sleeve protectors, the pins in his mouth. It was Camden, at the bars, speaking in his sudden deep rough way, "Who the hell told you that?"

Frank got the pins out of his mouth. "I guess what it is, Blossie, what's mixed you up is his having that name 'Blue Murder'."

"No sir! I got some sense and some ears. You don't go fooling me."

Frank laughed indulgently and struck her shoulder with a light hand.

"Don't you worry. Between two horsemen like Jim and Cam—"

"Don't *Cam* me! He's none of *my* horse. I told Jim once—" Breaking off, Camden hoisted his weight over the fence and stood outside, his feet spread and his hammer in both hands, an attitude that would have looked a little ludicrous had anyone been watching him.

Jim had arrived. With a clatter of hoofs and a rattle of wheels he was in



the yard and come to a standstill, calling aloud as he threw the lines over the team, "Well, friends, here we are."

The curious began to edge around, closing a cautious circle. The dusk had deepened so that it was hard to make anything at any distance of Jim's "experiment" but a blurry silhouette anchored at the wagon's tail. The farmer put an end to it, crying from his eminence, "Now, now, clear out and don't worry him; give him some peace to-night, for Lord's sake! Git!" He jumped to the ground and began to whack his arms, chilled with driving, only to have them pinioned by Blossom's without warning.

"Oh, Jim, I'm so glad you come. I been so worried; gi' me a kiss!"

The farmer reddened, eying the cloud of witnesses. He felt awkward and wished she could have waited. "Get along, didn't I tell you fellows?" he cried with a trace of the Bluedge temper. "Go wait in the kitchen then; I'll tell you all about everything soon's I come in. . . . Well now—wife—"

"What's the matter?" she laughed, an eye over her shoulder. "Nobody's looking that matters. I'm sure Frank don't mind. And as for Camden—"

Camden wasn't looking at them. Still standing with his hammer two-fisted and his legs spread, his chin down and his thoughts to himself (the dumb-head) he was looking at Blue Murder, staring at that other dumbhead, which, raised high on the motionless column of the stallion's neck, seemed hearkening with an exile's doubt to the sounds of this new universe, tasting with wide nostrils the taint in the wind of equine strangers, and studying with eyes accustomed to far horizons these dark pastures that went up in the air.

Whatever the smith's cogitations, presently he let the hammer down and said aloud, "So you're him, eh?"

Jim had put Blossom aside, saying, "Got supper ready? I'm hungry!" Excited by the act of kissing and the sense of witnesses to it, she fussed her

hair and started kitchenwards as he turned to his brothers.

"Well, what do you make of him?"

"Five hundred dollars," said Frank. "However, it's your money."

Camden was shorter. "Better put him in."

"All right; let them bars down while I and Frank lead him around."

"No thanks!" The storekeeper kept his hands in his pockets. "I just cleaned up, thanks. Cam's the boy for horses."

"He's none o' my horses!" Camden wet his lips, shook his shoulders, and scowled. "Be damned, no!" He never had the right words, and it made him mad. Hadn't he told Jim from the beginning that he washed his hands of this fool Agricultural College squandering, "and a man-killer to the bargain?"

"Unless," Frank put in slyly, "unless Cam's scared."

"Oh, is Cam scared?"

"Scared?" And still, to the brothers' enduring wonder, the big dense fellow would rise to that boyhood bait. "Scared? The hell I'm scared of any horse ever wore a shoe! Come on, I'll show you! I'll show you!"

"Well, be gentle with him, boys; he may be brittle." As Frank sauntered off around the shed he whistled the latest tune.

In the warmth and light of the kitchen he began to fool with his pretty sister-in-law, feigning princely impatience and growling with a wink at the assembled neighbors, "When do we eat?"

But she protested, "Land, I had everything ready since five, ain't I? And now if it ain't you it's them to wait for. I declare for men!"

At last one of the gossips got in a word.

"What you make of Jim's purchase, Frank?"

"Well, it's Jim's money, Darred. If I had the running of this farm—" Frank began drawing up chairs noisily, leaving it at that.

Darred persisted. "Don't look to me

much like an animal for women and children to handle, not yet awhile."

"Cowboys han'les 'em, pa." That was Darred's ten-year-old, big-eyed.

Blossom put the kettle back, protesting, "Leave off, or you'll get me worried to death; all your talk . . . I declare, where *are* those bad boys?" Opening the door she called into the dark, "Jim! Cam! Land's sake!"

Subdued by distance and the intervening sheds, she could hear them at their business—sounds muffled and fragmentary, soft thunder of hoofs, snorts, puffings, and the short words of men in action: "Aw, leave him be in the paddock to-night." . . . "With them mares there, you damn fool?" . . . "Damn fool, eh? Try getting him in at that door and see who's the damn fool!" . . . "Come on, don't be so scared." . . . "Scared, eh? Scared?" . . .

Why was it she always felt that curious tightening of all her powers of attention when Camden Bluedge spoke? Probably because he spoke so rarely, and then so roughly, as if his own thickness made him mad. Never mind.

"Last call for supper in the dining-car, boys!" she called and closed the door. Turning back to the stove she was about to replace the tea water for the third time when, straightening up, she said, "What's that?"

No one else had heard anything. They looked at one another.

"Frank, go—go see what—go tell the boys to come in."

Frank hesitated, feeling foolish, then went to the door.

Then everyone in the room was out of his chair.

There were three sounds. The first was human and incoherent. The second was incoherent too, but it wasn't human. The third was a crash, a ripping and splintering of wood.

When they got to the paddock they found Camden crawling from beneath the wreckage of the fence where a gap was opened on the pasture side. He must have received a blow on the head,

for he seemed dazed. He didn't seem to know they were there. At a precarious balance—one hand at the back of his neck—he stood facing up the hill, gaping after the diminuendo of floundering hoofs, invisible above.

So seconds passed. Again the beast gave tongue, a high wild horning note, and on the black of the stony hill to the right of it a faint shower of sparks blew like fireflies where the herding mares wheeled. It seemed to awaken the dazed smith. He opened his mouth "*Almighty God!*" Swinging, he flung his arms toward the shed. "*There! There!*"

At last someone brought a lantern. They found Jim Bluedge lying on his back in the corner of the paddock near the door to the shed. In the lantern light, and still better in the kitchen when they had carried him in, they read the record of the thing which Camden, dumb in good earnest now, seemed unable to tell them with anything but his strange unfocused stare.

The bloody offense to the skull would have been enough to kill the man, but it was the second, full on the chest above the heart, that told the tale. On the caved grating of the ribs, already turning blue under the yellowish down, the iron shoe had left its mark; and when, laying back the rag of shirt, they saw that the toe of the shoe was upward and the cutting calk-ends down they knew all they wanted to know of that swift, black, crushing episode.

No outlash here of heels in fright. Here was a forefoot. An attack aimed and frontal; an onslaught reared, erect; beast turned biped; red eyes mad to white eyes aghast. . . . And only afterwards, when it was done, the blood-fright that serves the horses for conscience; the blind rush across the inclosure; the fence gone down. . . .

No one had much to say. No one seemed to know what to do.

As for Camden, he was no help. He simply stood propped on top of his logs of legs where someone had left him.



From the instant when with his "*Almighty God!*" he had been brought back to memory, instead of easing its hold as the minutes passed, the event to which he remained the only living human witness seemed minute by minute to tighten its grip. It set its sweat-beaded stamp on his face, distorted his eyes, and tied his tongue. He was no good to anyone.

As for Blossom, even now—perhaps more than ever now—her dependence on physical touch was the thing that ruled her. Down on her knees beside the lamp they had set on the floor, she plucked at one of the dead man's shoes monotonously, and as it were idly swaying the toe like an inverted pendulum from side to side. That was all. Not a word. And when Frank, the only one of the three with any sense, got her up finally and led her away to her room, she clung to *him*.

It was lucky that Frank was a man of affairs. His brother was dead, and frightfully dead, but there was tomorrow for grief. Just now there were many things to do. There were people to be gotten rid of. With short words and angry gestures he cleared them out, all but Darred and a man named White, and to these he said, "Now first thing, Jim can't stay here." He ran and got a blanket from a closet. "Give me a hand and we'll lay him in the ice-house over night. Don't sound good, but it's best, poor fellow. Cam, come along!"

He waited a moment, and as he studied the wooden fool the blood poured back into his face. "Wake up, Cam! You great big scared stiff, you!"

Camden brought his eyes out of nothingness and looked at his brother. A twinge passed over his face, convulsing the mouth muscles. "Scared?"

"Yes, you're scared!" Frank's lip lifted, showing the tips of his teeth. "And I'll warrant you something: if you wasn't the scared stiff you was, this hellish damn thing wouldn't have happened, maybe. Scared! you a blacksmith! Scared of a horse!"

"*Horse!*" Again that convulsion of the mouth muscles, something between irony and an idiot craft. "Why don't you go catch 'im?"

"Hush it! Don't waste time by going loony now, for God's sake. Come!"

"My advice to anybody—" Camden looked crazier than ever, knotting his brows. "My advice to anybody is to let somebody else go catch that—that—" Opening the door he faced out into the night, his head sunk between his shoulders and the fingers working at the ends of his hanging arms; and before they knew it he began to swear. They could hardly hear because his teeth were locked and his breath soft. There were all the vile words he had ever heard in his life, curses and threats and abominations, vindictive, violent, obscene. He stopped only when at a sharp word from Frank he was made aware that Blossom had come back into the room. Even then he didn't seem to comprehend her return but stood blinking at her, and at the rifle she carried, with his distraught bloodshot eyes.

Frank comprehended. Hysteria had followed the girl's blankness. Stepping between her and the body on the floor, he spoke in a persuasive, unhurried way. "What you doing with that gun, Blossie? Now, now, you don't want that gun, you know you don't."

It worked. Her rigidity lessened appreciably. Confusion gained.

"Well, but—Oh, Frank—well, but when we going to shoot him?"

"Yes, yes, Blossie—now, yes—only you best give me that gun; that's the girlie." When he had got the weapon he put an arm around her shoulders. "Yes, yes, course we're going to shoot him; what you think? Don't want an animal like that running round. Now first thing in the morning—"

Hysteria returned. With its strength she resisted his leading.

"No, now! *Now!* He's gone and killed Jim! Killed my husband! I won't have him left alive another min-

ute! I won't! *Now!* No sir, I'm going myself, I am! Frank, I am! *Cam!*"

At his name, appealed to in that queer screeching way, the man in the doorway shivered all over, wet his lips, and walked out into the dark.

"There, you see?" Frank was quick to capitalize anything. "Cam's gone to do it. Cam's gone, Blossie! . . . Here, one of you—Darred, take this gun and run give it to Camden, that's the boy."

"You sure he'll kill him, Frank? You *sure?*"

"Sure as daylight. Now you come along back to your room like a good girl and get some rest. Come, I'll go with you."

When Frank returned to the kitchen ten minutes later, Darred was back.

"Well, now, let's get at it and carry out poor Jim; he can't lay here. . . . Where's Cam gone *now*, damn him!"

"Cam? Why, he's gone and went."

"Went where?"

"Up the pasture, like you said."

"Like I—" Frank went an odd color. He walked to the door. Between the light on the sill and the beginnings of the stars where the woods crowned the mountain was all one blackness. One stillness too. He turned on Darred. "But look, you never gave him that gun, even."

"He didn't want it."

"Lord's sake; what did he say?"

"Said nothing. He'd got the log-chain out of the wagon and when I caught him he was up hunting his hammer innunder that wreck at the fence. Once he found it he started off up. 'Cam,' says I, 'here's a gun; want it?' He seem not to. Just went on walking on up."

"How'd he look?"

"Look same's you seen him looking. Sick."

"The damned fool!" . . .

Poor dead Jim! Poor fool Camden! As the storekeeper went about his business and afterwards when, the ice-house door closed on its tragic tenant

and White and Darred had gone off home, he roamed the yard, driven here and there, soft-footed, waiting, hearkening—his mind was for a time not his own property but the plaything of thoughts diverse and wayward. Jim, his brother, so suddenly and so violently gone. The stallion. That beast that had kicked him to death. With anger and hate and pitiless impatience of time he thought of the morrow, when they would catch him and take their revenge with guns and clubs. Behind these speculations, covering the background of his consciousness and stringing his nerves to endless vigil, spread the wall of the mountain: silent from instant to instant but devising under its black silence (who-could-know-what instant to come) a neigh, a yell, a spark-line of iron hoofs on rolling flints, a groan. And still behind that and deeper into the borders of the unconscious, the storekeeper thought of the farm that had lost its master, the rich bottoms, the broad well-stocked pastures, the fat barns, and the comfortable house whose chimneys and gable-ends fell into changing shapes of perspective against the stars as he wandered here and there. . . .

Jim gone. . . . And Camden, at any moment . . .

His face grew hot. An impulse carried him a dozen steps. "I ought to go up. Ought to take the gun and go up." But there shrewd sanity put on the brakes. "Where's the use? Couldn't find him in this dark. Besides, I oughtn't to leave Blossom here alone."

With that he went around toward the kitchen, thinking to go in. But the sight of the lantern, left burning out near the sheds, sent his ideas off on another course. At any rate it would give his muscles and nerves something to work on. Taking the lantern and entering the paddock, he fell to patching the gap into the pasture, using broken boards from the wreck. As he worked his eyes chanced to fall on footprints in the dung-mixed earth—Camden's footprints, leading away beyond the little



ring of light. And beside them, taking off from the landing-place of that prodigious leap, he discerned the trail of the stallion. After a moment he got down on his knees where the earth was softest, holding the lantern so that its light fell full.

He gave over his fence-building. Returning to the house his gait was no longer that of the roamer; his face, caught by the periodic flare of the swinging lantern, was the face of another man. In its expression there was a kind of fright and a kind of calculating eagerness. He looked at the clock on the kitchen shelf, shook it, and read it again. He went to the telephone and fumbled at the receiver. He waited till his hand quit shaking, then removed it from the hook.

"Listen, Darred," he said, when he had got the farmer at last, "get White and whatever others you can and come over first thing it's light. Come a-riding and bring your guns. No, Cam ain't back."

He heard Blossom calling. Outside her door he passed one hand down over his face, as he might have passed a wash-rag, to wipe off what was there. Then he went in.

"What's the matter with Blossie? Can't sleep?"

"No, I can't sleep. Can't think. Can't sleep. Oh, Frankie!"

He sat down beside the bed.

"Oh, Frankie, Frankie, *hold my hand!*"

She looked almost homely, her face bleached out and her hair in a mess on the pillow. But she would get over that. And the short sleeve of the nightgown on the arm he held was edged with pretty lace.

"Got your watch here?" he asked. She gave it to him from under the pillow. This too he shook as if he couldn't believe it was going.

Pretty Blossom Beck. Here for a wonder he sat in her bedroom and held her hand. One brother was dead and the other was on the mountain.

But little by little, as he sat and dreamed so, nightmare crept over his brain. He had to arouse and shake himself. He had to set his thoughts resolutely in other roads. . . . Perhaps there would be even the smithy. The smithy, the store, the farm. Complete. The farm, the farmhouse, the room in the farmhouse, the bed in the room, the wife in the bed. Complete beyond belief. If . . . Worth dodging horror for. If . . .

"Frank, has Cam come back?"

"Cam? Don't you worry about Cam. . . . Where's that watch again? . . .

Far from rounding up their quarry in the early hours after dawn, it took the riders, five of them, till almost noon simply to make certain that he wasn't to be found—not in any of the pastures. Then when they discovered the hole in the fence far up in the woods beyond the crest where Blue Murder had led the mares in a break for the open country of hills and ravines to the south, they were only at the beginning.

The farmers had left their work undone at home and, as the afternoon lengthened and with it the shadows in the hollow places, they began to eye one another behind their leader's back. Yet they couldn't say it; there was something in the storekeeper's air to-day, something zealous and pitiless and fanatical, that shut them up and pulled them plodding on.

Frank did the trailing. Hopeless of getting anywhere before sundown in that unkempt wilderness of a hundred square miles of scrub, his companions slouched in their saddles and rode more and more mechanically, knee to knee, and it was he who made the casts to recover the lost trail and, dismounting to read the dust, cried back, "He's still with 'em," and with gestures of imperious excitement beckoned them on.

"Which you mean?" Darred asked him once. "Cam, or the horse?"

Frank wheeled his beast and spurred back at the speaker. It was extraordi-

nary. "You don't know what you're talking about!" he cried, with a causelessness and a disordered vehemence which set them first staring, then speculating. "Come on, you dumbheads; don't talk—*ride!*"

By the following day, when it was being told in all the farmhouses, the story might vary in details and more and more as the tellings multiplied, but in its fundamentals it remained the same. In one thing they certainly all agreed: they used the same expression—"It was like Frank was drove. Drove in a race against something, and no sparing the whip."

They were a good six miles to the south of the fence. Already the road back home would have to be followed three parts in the dark.

Darred was the spokesman. "Frank, I'm going to call it a day."

The others reined up with him but the man ahead rode on. He didn't seem to hear. Darred lifted his voice. "Come on, call it a day, Frank. To-morrow, maybe. But you see we've run it out and they're not here."

"Wait," said Frank over his shoulder, still riding on into the pocket.

White's mount—a mare—laid back her ears, shied, and stood trembling. After a moment she whinnied.

It was as if she had whinnied for a dozen. A crashing in the woods above them to the left and the avalanche came—down-streaming, erupting, wheeling, wheeling away with volleying snorts, a dark rout.

Darred, reining his horse, began to shout, "Here they go this way, Frank!" But Frank was yelling, "Up here, boys! This way, quick!"

It was the same note, excited, feverish, disordered, breaking like a child's. When they neared him they saw he was off his horse, rifle in hand, and down on his knees to study the ground where the woods began. By the time they reached his animal the impetuous fellow had started up into the cover, his voice trailing, "Come on; spread out and come on!"

One of the farmers got down. When he saw the other three keeping their saddles he swung up again.

White spoke this time. "Be darned if I do!" He lifted a protesting hail, "Come back here, Frank! You're crazy! It's getting dark!"

It was Frank's own fault. They told him plainly to come back and he wouldn't listen.

For a while they could hear his crackle in the mounting underbrush. Then that stopped, whether he had gone too far for their ears or whether he had come to a halt to give his own ears a chance. . . . Once, off to his right, a little higher up under the low ceiling of the trees that darkened moment by moment with the rush of night, they heard another movement, another restlessness of leaves and stones. Then that was still, and everything was still.

Darred ran a sleeve over his face and swung down. "God alive, boys!"

It was the silence. All agreed there—the silence and the deepening dusk.

The first they heard was the shot. No voice. Just the one report. Then after five breaths of another silence a crashing of growth, a charge in the darkness under the withered scrub, continuous and diminishing.

They shouted, "Frank!" No answer. They called, "*Frank Bluedge!*"

Now, since they had to, they did. Keeping contact by word, and guided partly by directional memory (and mostly in the end by luck), after a time they found the storekeeper in a brake of ferns, lying across his gun.

They got him down to the open, watching behind them all the while. Only then, by the flares of successive matches, under the noses of the snorting horses, did they look for the damage done.

They remembered the stillness and the gloom; it must have been quite black in there. The attack had come from behind—equine and pantherine at once, and planned and cunning. A deliberate lunge with a forefoot again: the shoe which had crushed the backbone be-



tween the shoulder blades was a fore-shoe; that much they saw by the match flares in the red wreck.

They took no longer getting home than they had to, but it was longer than they would have wished. With Frank across his own saddle, walking their horses and with one or another ahead to pick the road (it was going to rain, and even the stars were lost), they made no more than a creeping speed.

None of them had much to say on the journey. Finding the break in the boundary fence and feeling through the last of the woods, the lights of their farms began to show in the pool of blackness below, and Darred uttered a part of what had lain in the minds of them all during the return:

"Well, that leaves Cam."

None followed it up. None cared to go any closer than he was to the real question. Something new, alien, menacing and pitiless had come into the valley of their lives with that beast they had never really seen; they felt its oppression, every one, and kept the real question back in their minds: "*Does it leave Cam?*"

It answered itself. Camden was at home when they got there.

He had come in a little before them, empty-handed. Empty-headed too. When Blossom, who had waited all day, part of the time with neighbor women who had come in and part of the time alone to the point of going mad—when she saw him coming down the pasture, his feet stumbling and his shoulders dejected, her first feeling was relief. Her first words, however, were, "Did you get him, Cam?" And all he would answer was, "Gi'me something to eat, can't you? Gi'me a few hours' sleep, can't you? Then wait!"

He looked as if he would need more than a few hours' sleep. Propped on his elbows over his plate, it seemed as though his eyes would close before his mouth would open.

His skin was scored by thorns and his shirt was in ribbons under the straps of

his iron-sagged apron; but it was not by these marks that his twenty-odd hours showed: it was by his face. While yet his eyes were open and his wits still half awake, his face surrendered. The flesh relaxed into lines of stupor, a putty-formed, putty-colored mask of sleep.

Once he let himself be aroused. This was when, to an abstracted query as to Frank's whereabouts, Blossom told him Frank had been out with four others since dawn. He heaved clear of the table and opened his eyes at her, showing the red around the rims.

He spoke with the thick tongue of a drunkard. "If anybody but me lays hand on that stallion I'll kill him. I'll wring his neck."

Then he relapsed into his stupidity, and not even the arrival of the party bringing his brother's body seemed able to shake him so far clear of it again.

At first, when they had laid Frank on the floor where on the night before they had laid Jim, he seemed hardly to comprehend.

"What's wrong with Frank?"

"Some more of Jim's 'expiriment'."

"Frank see him? He's scared, Frank is. Look at his face there."

"He's dead, Cam."

"Dead, you say? Frank dead? Dead of fright; is that it?"

Even when, rolling the body over they showed him what was what, he appeared incapable of comprehension, of amazement, of passion, or of any added grief. He looked at them all with a kind of befuddled protest. Returning to his chair and his plate, he grumbled, "Le'me eat first, can't you? Can't you gi'me a little time to sleep?"

"Well, you wouldn't do much to-night anyway, I guess."

At White's words Blossom opened her mouth for the first time.

"No, nothing to-night, Cam. Cam! Camden! Say! Promise!"

"And then to-morrow, Cam, what we'll do is to get every last man in the valley, and we'll go at this right. We'll lay hand on that devil—"

Camden swallowed his mouthful of cold steak with difficulty. His obsession touched, he showed them the rims of his eyes again.

"You do and I'll wring your necks. The man that touches that animal before I do gets his neck wrang. That's all you need to remember."

"Yes, yes—no—that is—" Poor Blossom. "Yes, Mr. White, thanks; no, Cam's not going out to-night. . . . No, Cam, nobody's going to interfere—nor nothing. Don't you worry there. . . ."

Again poor Blossom! Disaster piled too swiftly on disaster; no discipline but instinct left. Caught in fire and flood and earthquake and not knowing what to come, and no creed but "save him who can!"—by hook or crook of wile or smile. With the valley of her life emptied out, and its emptiness repeopled monstrously and pressing down black on the roof under which (now that Frank was gone to the icehouse too and the farmers back home) one brother was left of three—she would tread softly, she would talk or she would be dumb, as her sidelong glimpses of the awake-asleep man's face above the table told her was the instant's need; or if he would eat, she would magic out of nothing something, anything; or if he would sleep, he could sleep, so long as he slept in that house where she could know he was sleeping.

Only one thing. If she could touch him. If she could touch and cling.

Lightning filled the windows. After a moment the thunder came avalanching down the pasture and brought up against the clapboards of the house. At this she was behind his chair. She put out a hand. She touched his shoulder. The shoulder was bare, the shirt ripped away; it was caked with sweat and with the blackening smears of scratches, but for all its exhaustion and dirt it was flesh alive—a living man to touch.

Camden blundered up. "What the hell!" He started off two steps and wheeled on her. "Why don't you get off to bed, for Goll sake!"

"Yes, Cam, yes—right off, yes."

"Well, I'm going, I can tell you. For Goll sake, I need some sleep!"

"Yes, that's right, yes, Cam, good-night, Cam—only—only you promise—promise you won't go out—nowheres."

"Go out? Not likely I won't! Not likely! Get along."

It took her no time to get along then—quick and quiet as a mouse.

Camden lingered to stand at one of the windows where the lightning came again, throwing the black barns and paddocks at him from the white sweep of the pastures crowned by woods.

As it had taken her no time to go, it took Blossom no time to undress and get in bed. When Camden was on his way to his room he heard her calling, "Cam! Just a second, Cam!"

In the dark outside her door he drew one hand down over his face, wiping off whatever might be there. Then he entered.

"Yes? What?"

"Cam, set by me a minute, won't you? And Cam, oh Cam, hold my hand."

As he slouched down, his fist inclosing her fingers, thoughts awakened and ran and fastened on things. They fastened, tentatively at first, upon the farm. Jim gone. Frank gone. The smithy, the store, and the farm. The whole of Mill Crossing. The trinity. The three in one. . . .

"Tight, Cam, for pity's sake! Hold it tight!"

His eyes, falling to his fist, strayed up along the arm it held. The sleeve, rumpled near the shoulder, was trimmed with pretty lace. . . .

"Tighter, Cam!"

A box of apples. That memory hidden away in the cellar of his mind. Hidden away, clamped down in the dark, till the noxious vapors, the murderous vapors of its rotting had filled the shut-up house he was. . . . A box of red apples for the apple-grower's girl. . . . the girl who sniggered and ran away from him to laugh at him. . . .

And here, by the unfolding of a devi-



ous destiny, he sat in that girl's bedroom, holding that girl's hand. Jim who had got her, Frank who had wanted her lay side by side out there in the icehouse under the lightning. While he, the "dumb one"—the last to be thought of with anything but amusement and the last to be feared—his big hot fist inclosing her imprecating hand now, and his eyes on the pretty lace at her shoulder—He jumped up with a gulp and a clatter of iron.

"What the—" He flung her hand away. "What the—hell!" He swallowed. "Damn you, Blossie Beck!" He stared at her with repugnance and mortal fright. "Why, you—you—you—"

He moderated his voice with an effort, wiping his brow, "Good-night. You must excuse me, Blossie; I wasn't meaning—I mean—I hope you sleep good. I shall. . . . Good-night!"

In his own brain was the one word "Hurry!"

She lay and listened to his boots going along the hall and heard the closing of his door. She ought to have put out the lamp. But even with the shades drawn, the lightning around the edges of the window unnerved her; in the dark alone it would have been more than she could bear.

She lay so till she felt herself nearing exhaustion from the sustained rigidity of her limbs. Rain came and with the rain, wind. Around the eaves it neighed like wild stallions; down the chimneys it moaned like men.

Slipping out of bed and pulling on a bathrobe she ran from her room, barefooted, and along the hall to Camden's door.

"Cam!" she called. "Oh, Cam!" she begged. "Please, please!"

And now he wouldn't answer her.

New lightning, diffused through all the sky by the blown rain, ran at her along the corridor. She pushed the door open. The lamp was burning on the bureau but the room was empty and the bed untouched.

Taking the lamp she skittered down to the kitchen. No one there. . . .

"Hurry!"

Camden had reached the woods when the rain came. Lighting the lantern he had brought, he made his way on to the boundary fence. There, about a mile to the east of the path the others had taken that day, he pulled the rails down and tumbled the stones together in a pile. Then he proceeded another hundred yards, holding the lantern high and peering through the streaming crystals of the rain.

Blue Murder was there. Neither the chain nor the sapling had given way. The lantern and, better than the lantern, a globe of lightning, showed the tethered stallion glistening and quivering, his eyes all whites at the man's approach.

"Gentle, boy; steady, boy!" Talking all the while in the way he had with horses, Camden put a hand on the taut chain and bore with a gradually progressive weight, bringing the dark head nearer. "Steady, boy; gentle there, damn you; gentle!"

Was he afraid of horses? Who was it said he was afraid of horses?

The beast's head was against the man's chest, held there by an arm thrown over the bowed neck. As he smoothed the forehead and fingered the nose with false caresses, Camden's "horse talk" ran on—the cadence one thing, the words another.

"Steady, Goll damn you; you're going to get yours. Cheer up, cheer up, the worst is yet to come. Come now! Come easy! Come along!"

When he had unloosed the chain, he felt for and found with his free hand his hammer hidden behind the tree. Throwing the lantern into the brush, where it flared for an instant before dying, he led the stallion back as far as the break he had made in the fence. Taking a turn with the chain around the animal's nose, like an improvised hackamore, he swung from the stone pile to the slippery back. A moment's shying, a sliding caracole of

amazement and distrust, a crushing of knees, a lash of the chain-end, and that was all there was to that. Blue Murder had been ridden before. . . .

In the smithy, chambered in the roaring of the falls and the swish and shock of the storm, Camden sang as he pumped his bellows, filling the cave beneath the rafters with red. The air was nothing, the words were mumbo-jumbo, but they swelled his chest. His eyes, cast from time to time at his wheeling prisoner, had lost their look of helplessness and surly distraction.

Scared? He? No, no, no! Now that he wasn't any longer afraid of time, he wasn't afraid of anything on earth.

"Shy, you devil!" He wagged his exalted head. "Whicker, you hellion! Whicker all you want to, stud horse! To-morrow they're going to get you, the numb fools! To-morrow they can have you. *I got you to-night!*"

He was more than other men; he was enormous. Fishing an iron shoe from that inseparable apron pocket of his, he thrust it into the coals and blew and blew. He tried it and it was burning red. He tried it again and it was searing white. Taking it out on the anvil he began to beat it, swinging his hammer one-handed, gigantic. So in the crimson light, irradiating iron sparks, he was at his greatest. Pounding, pounding. A man in the dark of night with a hammer about him can do wonders; with a horseshoe about him he can cover up a sin. And if the dark of night in a paddock won't hold it, then the dark of undergrowth on a mountainside will. . . .

Pounding, pounding; thinking, thinking, in a great halo of hot stars. Feeding his hungry, his insatiable muscles.

"Steady now, you blue bastard! Steady, boy!"

What he did not realize in his feverish exaltation was that his muscles were not insatiable. In the thirty-odd hours past they had had a feast spread before them and they had had their fill. . . . More than their fill.

As with the scorching iron in his tongs he approached the stallion, he had to step over the nail-box he had stepped over five thousand times in the routine of every day.

A box of apples, eh? Apples to snigger at, eh? But whose girl are you now? . . . Scared, eh?

His foot was heavier of a sudden than it should have been. This five thousand and first time, by the drag of the tenth of an inch, the heel caught the lip of the nail-box.

He tried to save himself from stumbling. At the same time, instinctively, he held the iron flame in his tongs away.

There was a scream out of a horse's throat; a whiff of hair and burnt flesh.

There was a lash of something in the red shadows. There was another sound and another wisp of stench. . . .

When, guided by the stallion's whinnying, they found the smith next day, they saw by the cant of his head that his neck was broken, and they perceived that he too had on him the mark of a shoe. It lay up one side of his throat and the broad of a cheek. It wasn't blue this time, however—it was red. It took them some instants in the sunshine pouring through the wide door to comprehend this phenomenon. It wasn't sunk in by a blow this time; it was burned in, a brand.

Darred called them to look at the stallion, chained behind the forge.

"Almighty God!" The words sounded funny in his mouth. They sounded the funnier in that they were the same ones the blundering smith had uttered when, staring uphill from his clever wreckage of the paddock fence, he had seen the mares striking sparks from the stones where the stallion struck none. And he, of all men, a smith!

"Almighty God!" called Darred. "What you make of these here feet?"

One fore-hoof was freshly pared for shoeing; the other three hoofs were as virgin as any yearling's on the plains. Blue Murder had never been shod. . . .





# PARENTS WHO HAVEN'T GROWN UP

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WHEN is a parent not a parent? If you have ever tried to help straighten out a family difficulty you will not find the question hard to answer. A parent is not a parent when he still remains a child. No adult is more mature than his emotions. If, in spite of years and experience, a parent persists in dealing with life in the emotional ways of his childhood, he is an adult only in bulk. The savage knew this and treated men of this type as "boys not yet made men." That we have parents who refuse to grow up is one of the recent discoveries of psychology and sociology. Of course there have always been such parents; the difference is that now we are beginning to understand what their difficulty is.

Men and women in their emotional life find growing up hard. Like Peter Pan, they don't want to grow up, at least not in that part of their life where wishes start and feelings are free. Adulthood means discipline, self-control, judgment, responsibility, and justice. These are all irksome to human nature, they make such demands upon it and challenge so frequently the desires upon which the heart is set. In his wishes and passions and his moods the immature adult behaves very much as he did when he was a child. When feeling runs strongly and throws aside for the moment caution and sanity, he falls back into the tantrum and emotional exploitation of his early years.

Jealous because of the attention shown his wife at a dance to which he has escorted her, he sneaks home early, throws

himself on his bed without undressing, and refuses to speak or move when his perturbed spouse rushes in, expecting to find that he has fallen suddenly ill; all night he keeps his pose of rigidity and for the next two or three days cannot be inveigled into saying a word while within the doors of his own house; finally he blurts forth his tale of woe and tries to make his wife promise never to go to another dance. If she gives in to this, he will use similar methods to coerce her into playing up in other ways to his inflamed sense of self-esteem.

If the immature member of the marriage partnership happens to be the wife, tears and headaches, with frequent vituperation, are perhaps her commonest substitutes for the name-calling and sulking of the cry-baby moods she has carried over from childhood.

Of course all of us are childish at times in our fumbling attempts to do what we set ourselves to do. In the grip of anger, fear, jealousy, or hate our reactions are not very different from those of the child mastered by the same emotions. Experience provides a cloak with which we conceal somewhat our emotional immaturity, but the covering is thin and the deception works chiefly with ourselves.

Have you ever known intimately any adult who never takes an excursion back into the magic and freedom of infantile emotional reactions? The infantile type of adult is not satisfied to indulge in an occasional visit to the land of emotional abandonment; if he possibly can, he refuses to leave it at all, and clings to his self-centered and irresponsible ways of

dealing with people and situations. He knows what children do not and does what children can not, but if you lay bare his emotional life you find him still a child.

The adult with immature emotions is much too canny not to try to hide his childishness. He knows that he is expected to grow up, that society frowns upon emotional immaturity. His fault, however, defeats his efforts to cover up his weakness.

This emotional arrest which characterizes the adult who holds fast to infantile tendencies shows itself most clearly in the business of parenthood. The defect of the parent permeates the life of the growing child at every point and becomes an obstruction to wholesome development. In his struggle to free himself from his entanglements, the child frequently goes through a conflict whose scars he will always carry.

The parent who is himself a child storms and bosses, praises extravagantly, and in the same measure scolds, teases, hugs, spansks, and ignores his offspring in whirlwind pace, until the only thing the youngster is sure of is he never knows what is coming next, but that there will be plenty of it. Exaggeration and briefness of mood characterize youth, but they are practically harmless there: joined to the strength and authority of age in its contacts with youth they are harmful enough; driven by the immature parent's desire to perpetuate a relationship which gives him so much opportunity for the indulgence of his emotional caprices, they do more harm than can be gauged.

The rapidly advancing science of conduct, therefore, has been forced to recognize as one of the perils of young life the emotional immaturity of the parent. Three sciences particularly have been gathering innumerable illustrations of the hazard the child faces in his attempt to unravel the mysteries of human behavior when one or both of his parents are emotionally immature. Psychology with its modern effort to understand human conduct, psychiatry with its

practical problems of re-education for those who think themselves mentally sick, and sociology, in so far as it deals with concrete human situations—these sciences find again and again that human development is hurt and the weakness of one generation is transmitted through contact and suggestion to some form of weakness in the next, because of the infantile character of parents. In fiction this has never been better portrayed than in Butler's *Way of All Flesh*, whose theme represents a tragedy concerning which science is now getting detailed knowledge.

In our large cities we have habit clinics for young children. The parent who finds his child too much for him can bring the troublesome offspring to a clinic specialist and get counsel that will make the family life once again endurable. These habit clinics are really more for the parents than for the children, since it is usually discovered that it is the parents who must first be given new attitudes and new understanding or the child problem will remain hopeless.

The fact that the clinic must stress the child-side of its function shows the way adult emotions must be catered to, for a sensible parent would take for granted his share of responsibility for a child problem. Many of the parents most likely to need help would not visit the clinic at all if it were known as a habit clinic for children *and* parents. The intelligent parent realizes that at times every parent and child needs disinterested counsel, which can best be obtained from the experienced scientist.

One of the most common problems uncovered in the parent at the clinic is that of emotional immaturity, and the task of the specialist is to find a way to develop the parent by using the opportunity presented by the difficulty which the parent is having with his child. No diplomat has greater need of tact, shrewdness, and insight into human nature than the family adviser who is forced to deal with a childish parent who, through his own failings, has created a family situa-



tion so serious that assistance has to be sought. This is because the parent disguises his immature emotions by all sorts of reasons that at least hide from him his own failure. This is the familiar process of rationalization, which the practical psychologist and sociologist are forced to recognize in almost every difficulty of adjustment. Human nature is forever trying to get its emotional satisfactions with a clear conscience, and so it dresses up its unworthy motives in a fiction of good purposes.

No one has so great a chance to nourish self-deceit as the parent. The child has to take what is meted out to him, and if the parent does the unwise thing for his own gratification he can cover up his motives by insisting that he is doing it for the good of the child. To see this working in concrete cases would be most amusing were it not such a desperately serious thing for the persons concerned, especially for the child.

The adjustment of mother and daughter in a family came to my attention repeatedly. Sometimes the daughter asked for counsel, sometimes the mother, and once or twice they both came together—this in itself being somewhat extraordinary. This young student persisted in unusual infantile habits that constantly showed in her college career, especially in her fraternity life, to the discomfort and even disgust of her comrades, as when she whined in a near-to-tears voice over the minor difficulties of life, or cried over a misplaced slipper as she was dressing for a dance. Her childish lack of self-control in trifles of this sort was no secret, but was widely known on the campus. The least annoyance, and she began to weep or indulged in an emotional outburst in no way different from that of a six-year-old child. Yet this young woman was intellectually alert and efficient. Physically well made, with a face of strong features and a clear, penetrating voice, she made a favorable first impression.

After graduation from college, against the will of her mother, the daughter took

a position that carried her away from close contact with home. This step met with great opposition from the mother, who came to me to enlist my support for her plan to keep the daughter at home. It was necessary to explain with some frankness the risk the mother ran of losing the daughter's sympathies altogether by the course she persisted in following. Confronted by the probability that if she hampered her daughter too much she might lose all control, the mother reluctantly withdrew her objections. Then came the inevitable marriage engagement, with an intense family upheaval. Again the mother was made to see the selfish and childish character of her hostility and its serious danger of becoming a permanent basis of separation.

I was not surprised, several months after the marriage, to have a visit from both the daughter and the mother. The daughter came first with a tale of woe which showed that her infantile habits were beginning to make trouble between her and her husband. The young woman had considerable self-knowledge and, recognizing her problem, she was eager to have counsel as to how she could help herself. A few days later the mother appeared at my office. She hardly knew what she wanted. First, she expressed her regret that her daughter had ever married; her child was the kind that ought never to have married, and it was clear that her marriage was a failure. The mother could suggest nothing that could be done to save the situation. When she was asked to tell frankly whether she was hoping the marriage would be a failure and what she thought she could gain if it so turned out, she found herself face to face with a great moral crisis. Of course she wanted her daughter to be happy. It was hard to think that she could be happy in an attachment with another human being. This was plain jealousy, childish jealousy, and the mother had to be told again that this was the flaring up of the same menacing attitude which she had shown for so many years. She also had to be told

clearly that, if she used her influence in any way to perpetuate the difficulty of the two young people, the daughter would surely turn against her as the despoiler of her happiness. She had sense enough to see that this was true; and, keeping her hands off, she was amazed at the rapid progress the new family made in adjusting itself to the requirements of marriage happiness.

The mischief is that parenthood, since it has the best opportunity to affect young life, provides the most dangerous conditions for the child when a parent maintains childish emotions. The child is so open to the influence of the parent, so ill-prepared to discriminate between the best and the worst of the parent's attitudes, that his life is warped in the early years before he has the contacts with the outside world that would otherwise show him his parent's weakness.

Family life is so intimate that it provides a freedom of expression which can be found nowhere else. The parent still a child, therefore, finds in the home an opportunity for the expression of emotional reactions that he would not dare show elsewhere. Indeed, the exigencies of life have frequently forced maturity in the other relationships, but at home one can be oneself, which often means that one can be one's childish self, knowing full well that there can be no serious criticism, as there certainly is in business and professional relationships if one gives way constantly to childish motives.

If the outside public recognizes that there is something wrong with the family, the blame is more likely to fall upon the child than upon the parents, for it is taken for granted that the parents wish the happiness of their children. This is a great fallacy, at least if it is assumed to be true of all parents. Many parents wish the happiness of their children only as long as that happiness is in agreement with their own purposes. The child represents an outlet for their emotional immaturity, which they by no means wish to lose. If the child goes their way, all is good; if he goes his own way—

which not infrequently is far the better way since it is more in harmony with his real needs for growth—nothing is good. A struggle ensues, in which parental authority is used with drastic force, until the child is driven into conduct that seems to prove his evil make-up, which the indiscriminating outside world has taken for granted all through the contest.

This explains why children brought up in supposedly excellent homes sometimes do not turn out as expected. Such homes often have good habits and strict discipline, to which the children conform. They obey, however, only because they are forced to; they follow the line of least resistance. Their conformity is merely from the outside. Along with their habit of action grows an increasing inner hostility to the regime which they have to follow. As a result, they also have an emotional habit of protest, altogether different from their outward behavior. What the observer sees is but the shell; the substance is out of all sympathy with the home conditions. Naturally, at the first opportunity, the child revolts, throws aside all his training, both good and bad. Then those who are acquainted with his manner of life in early childhood wonder how so bad a character can come from so good a home, and express skepticism with reference to the influence of home life, saying, perhaps, "Some children are inherently bad; it makes little difference what you do. X is a good illustration. No child was more properly brought up, and see what has become of him."

One of the common forms of emotional arrest is a father or mother fixation. The child dependent upon the parent is carried over into adulthood without ever accepting self-responsibility. He is always talking about his parent, allowing the parent's ideas to dominate his life. Usually the son is fixed upon his mother, the daughter upon her father. This form of emotional immaturity is forever causing jealousy and friction in the home.

A business friend once invited me to



stay at his home when I was speaking in his neighborhood. I knew him slightly and had heard that his business career had been disappointing. When I entered his home the reason for his lack of success was not difficult to discover. His wife, who had just recovered from one of her intermittent attacks of neurasthenia, began talking of her father and comparing others with him, to their disadvantage. Her husband was of course included in the comparison. She intimated her desire that her husband should be more like her father. If her persistent father-wishes irritated the casual visitor, it was clear what their effect would be on members of her household. Husband, mother-in-law, and children were cowed by her constant father-eulogy. The purpose of the husband in inviting me was soon confessed. He wanted me to use my lecture to reveal to his wife her selfish and childish attitude. The wife was apparently suspicious of his desire and gave one excuse after another for not going to the lecture. Finally she accidentally cut her finger with a kitchen knife—with what the Freudians would have called a subconscious determination. Even this, however, did not allow her to escape, for opportunity was found for me to talk with her in private, later, and to give her as much unwelcome insight as she appeared likely to tolerate and profit from. Whether this helped or not I do not know, but speaking to her husband strengthened his determination to harden himself against the expression of his wife's tyranny.

I have known adults who have made it their life purpose to prevent the growing up of a child. In such cases the adult's selfishness is itself built upon an unwillingness to face life with maturity and sincerity. Some twenty-five years ago a young girl only eighteen took over the management of a large family upon the death of her mother. Lonely as a result of the household responsibilities she assumed with her sacrifice for family loyalty, she was easily exploited by a male friend of her father's, and gave

birth to an illegitimate child which soon died, whereupon her emotions fixed themselves upon her youngest brother. After a time these two were left together, all the other members of the family having died or left home. For the last three or four years there has been constant difficulty between the brother and sister, the sister having an emotional upset of a very serious character if the brother pays any attention at all to other women. She regards even the thought of marriage on his part as treason and a contemptuous disregard of her sacrifice. As Fra Lippo Lippi found that he had sworn his life away for a taste of bread when he was a hungry lad, so it appears that when the brother in his helpless childhood accepted his sister's help he was supposedly making a contract to remain always a child, or from her viewpoint become a traitor in affection. The contract he simply cannot fulfill. He is too honest to conceal this fact. As a result his sister plays constantly upon his sympathies and by upbraiding him, shedding tears, and becoming sick tries to drive him back to childhood and a complete subserviency to her emotions.

We are all familiar with the common tendency of human nature when angry with someone from whom the emotion must be concealed to take it out on somebody else. It is not strange that children are often the victims of parents who immoderately scold or punish their offspring as a means of venting the anger or dissatisfaction they cannot safely show to the employer, customer, or rival who roused it. This situation is so commonplace that everybody knows it and takes it for granted. On the other hand, it is not so widely recognized that this same mechanism works with reference to other emotions. For example, anyone suffering from chronic feelings of inferiority will seek opportunities to show power just as one suffering a secret anger finds some substitute for an immediate expression of feeling.

The strict discipline of a parent who wants to show his authority in the home

in order to gain relief from his inner sense of inferiority is not for the good of the child, but entirely for the parent's own personal satisfaction. Instead of benefiting from such discipline, the child reacts to it with antagonism because he is keen enough to interpret the real basis of his forced obedience.

Recently a young man came for advice with reference to an adjustment problem. His father had been a business man in a small way, and for some reason apparently had always had a strong feeling of social inequality. Meek on the outside, he had been a perfect tyrant at home. His two children have been brought up with exceptional severity; all their natural desires for self-expression have been thwarted. The father has dominated the home at every point and constantly intruded his authority into the affairs of his children. Under this home influence the son also has developed an excessive feeling of social inferiority. It was this that was making for him his problem of adjustment. As soon as the subject of his father came up, he gave way to an emotional upheaval that showed the nature of his difficulty. I had never before come in contact with such intense hatred of a parent. The young man frankly said that if the father died it would give him great pleasure. To quote his own words, "If father died to-night, my only feeling would be one of intense relief. I would do nothing to bring about the event, but I should be most happy to have it happen."

The more one has to do with problems of family life, the more one is impressed by the fact that so many difficulties are the result, not of lack of good will, or deliberate malice, but lack of understanding. This does not seem so strange when one remembers how little attention is given to the preparing of human beings for parenthood. If an intelligent person starts even to keep hens, he usually buys some book to give him information. It is surely not easier to keep children than hens, but many a parent

would feel you were criticizing him if you suggested that he needed to get information regarding the raising of children.

Fortunately it has become common for parents of an intelligent type to realize that they at least need books of instruction regarding the physical welfare of their very young children. This is an advantage to the children and makes for better parenthood. Excellent books have been provided by medical authorities, and they are widely sold and carefully read. But the child is not all body; the other side of his personality is no easier to handle than his physical needs. The value of books on child training is not only that they give important information, but also that they stimulate the thought of the parent and sharpen his attention with reference to the personality difficulties of the child.

In talking over child problems with parents I have found it effective when they have had experience with dogs to use the puppy as an illustration. Anyone who has tried to train a dog realizes the significance of early happenings and how easily the animal can be hurt. It is well understood that any expression of anger, for example, may quickly spoil the puppy's disposition and ruin his training. When it is pointed out that this is equally true in the training of children, the comparison has force. Indeed, judging by the display of books on the training of dogs in the book-stores, there is a greater demand for books on the care of dogs than for books on child training. Apparently, a great many parents have greater confidence in their skill in dealing with their children than in their ability to train puppies. Actually, the child is a much more difficult proposition and can be more seriously hurt. Probably many parents believe that intuition—and by this they mean instinct—is a thoroughly satisfactory guide. Yet such instincts as we possess can have little real value in dealing with the complex problems that a modern parent has to face.

Other parents simply try to follow the



methods of their own parents, or in some cases they feel that their parents have greatly failed with them and they follow the opposite course. Either program runs the risk of not being at all adapted to the child in question. Social conditions have never so radically changed as they have during the last generation.

Consider how efficiently we furnish, heat, and light our homes as compared with thirty years ago. Even the cooking has changed as a result of better food preservation, standard preparations, quicker transportation of fruits and vegetables, and greater knowledge of diet needs. The home in its inner life has changed fully as much as these externals, but tender memories of our childhood home experience cling to us, and the home as we construct it emotionally remains as it once was. We know changes are taking place—they are so obvious everyone realizes them—but we are apt to neglect them in dealing with home problems. And yet these changes cannot be ignored, for they are providing the actual home conditions which our children experience and to which they must adjust themselves.

The farmer's son to-day hurries through his work, jumps into the family car—or his own jazz contraption of cast-off parts—and scoots with his chum to a dance in the town or city anywhere from fifteen to fifty miles distant. Some sixteen-year-old boys and girls, in country or town, drive their own high-powered cars or have the parents' car always at their disposal, since the youths may be the only members of their respective families able and willing to drive.

The movies eat up the leisure, not only of the city children, but of those who live in once-lonely hamlets, far from village and railroad: if the city youngsters spend many hours a week idly watching the pictures that move, their cousins in the country spend a great deal of time talking and thinking of the pictures they have seen at the nearest movie-house, and traveling back and forth over the

road from the farm to this outpost of modern city life.

Last year a New York City theatrical management broadcasted the announcement that positions were open for a number of chorus girls, previous experience and training entirely unnecessary. Girls of sixteen and seventeen, in city and hamlet, thrilled at this news, and a multitude of them applied for the places. Like the moving picture and the automobile, the radio has speeded up city life as it affects children and has done away with many of the differences between country and city environment.

The increasing number of mothers who work outside the home, the lack of space for outdoor play, and the cramped quarters within doors in the ever more popular flat tend to make the childhood experiences of the growing boy and girl to-day very unlike the activities of Dad and Mother when they were young. This means of course, as everybody recognizes, that if we are to adapt ourselves to actual present conditions, we must have a home life which is different from that of our parents and very different from that of our grandparents.

Clearly as some see this with reference to most things, they fail utterly to realize that it is particularly true of the task of parenthood. Children are living in the world that now is and they must adjust themselves to it; the privilege of the parent is to help them make this necessary adjustment. To attempt to deal with them as children were dealt with a generation ago is a hopeless undertaking, likely to bring disaster to the family. The wholesome parent has no choice: he must change his attention from his own childhood experiences to those his child is receiving.

No emotions are harder to control or mature than those that distort the facts of everyday life by clinging to childhood experience. It is this that makes sentiment so treacherous, especially in the parent who can see his child only through lenses colored by an emotional recollection of his own early years. No amount

of sentimental interpretation of the distant childhood provides the insight needed for dealing with the child of to-day.

Recently one of my students, a high-school teacher, investigated the attitudes of four classes of boys regarding the youth conditions of their fathers. This group, apparently representative of American youth, had absolutely no interest or sympathy with the conditions under which their fathers were reared. Only four boys stated that they had any desire to do at all as their fathers did.

Doubtless these fathers often attempt to strengthen an argument with their boys or enforce advice by a reference to their own childhood experiences; they take it for granted that their sons share their feeling of reverence for those golden days. This appeal is the weakest possible, for the children are too busy dealing with the exacting present to have any real interest in conditions that seem as distant and stupid—shocking as it may seem to some parents, stupid exactly expresses the reaction of their youth—as the ox team.

In spite of the help the parent receives from such institutions as the church, the school, and other social-service organizations that have taken over responsibilities which once belonged exclusively to him, the parent's task is more difficult rather than easier. The demands placed upon the child have multiplied and his opportunities of failing have thereby increased. On the other hand, the quantity of responsibility that falls upon the parent has been lessened, while the significance of the influence that still remains to the home has to the same degree grown larger.

Psychology and sociology are constantly showing the social menace of parents who are emotionally immature and refuse to grow up, and are therefore utterly unfit to exercise the present responsibilities of parents. It is not surprising that some of the specialists—the social worker, the school official, and the church leader—are expressing a practical

skepticism in regard to the possibility of developing wholesome parenthood and at every opening are trying to encroach on what was once parental responsibility.

If the modern parent is emotionally incapable of seeing his need of training, or if he is so selfish that he will not make the sacrifice and effort to train himself for his parenthood task, the trend of society will be unmistakably toward a smaller and smaller family responsibility, until the home, for all practical purposes, will be little more than a breeding place. Some are so doubtful even of the family's doing wisely under these circumstances that they hopefully look forward to the time when science will be able to propagate human life artificially and do away with the family altogether. It is hardly fair, however, to say that parents cannot be socially efficient until a genuine effort is made to help them meet their opportunities.

Those who have lost confidence in the family as a socially progressive institution and hold it to be at best but a necessary evil, whose mistakes other institutions must counteract, may well consider that parents are not the only adults who fail to grow up emotionally. Teachers and social workers, and even court judges have been known to reveal infantile failings.

If the closeness of the family, its familiarity, and its freedom of emotional expression are the sources of its faults, here also is the explanation of its power. It is the most human of our institutions and, therefore, the best anchored in man's nature. What we need is better homes, rather than more or better substitutes for the home.

Better homes depend on better parents. It will prove more profitable for those interested in social progress to attempt to train parents to meet their obligations than to build up organizations to tempt parents to farm out still more of their old functions. If little effort is now being made to train parents, it is not because such training is unnecessary or impossible to obtain. Training



for parenthood may sound new but it is perhaps older than history itself. At least we know that the savage, handicapped by his meagreness of knowledge, tried to give this training. Religion has usually included some degree of parenthood training in its program.

It is scientific training that parents have hitherto lacked, and that is just the training that can most help parents. We could not build a modern house without using constantly the findings of applied science. Why should we expect to establish a modern home on tradition rather than on science? What we need now is a wide understanding that parenthood has special difficulties because it permits adults to conceal infantile emotions which no other human relationship will allow. We must also admit the need of every parent's having the preparation for his life-task that science and only science can give.

Science has its morality and it is prepared to draw up for parents a code of conduct that will square the parents' influence with the child's needs:

*Don't show off your child.* It is not the duty of the child to feed a parent's vanity, but the parent's task to forget self-pride in dealing with his child.

*Don't hurry your child.* Adulthood is not a station toward which the child should be rushed, but a product of growth, and the growing process is the important thing. You can't mold children: they have to grow.

*Don't use your child as a means of rid-*

*ding yourself of emotions that you dare not express to equals.*

*Don't expect commands to function in place of fellowship.* Children can be led but not driven in these days.

*Don't lie to your child or permit anyone else to do so.* Your real opinions and beliefs may be far enough from the child's later judgment, but your deceit will be hopelessly distant. Sentiment easily leads to false statements.

*Don't use fear as a whip.* Fear can only succeed by making slaves, and slaves, even when obedient, are poor substitutes for full human beings.

*Don't stress the weaknesses of your child.* He may take seriously what you point out to him and develop feelings of inferiority or he may glue his attention on your own weaknesses and lose respect for you as a harping hypocrite.

*Don't tell your child that he cannot reason.* He can and will if you have the wit to help him.

*Don't let your home crowd out your child: put the child first and adjust home life to his needs.*

*Don't be a tyrant to your child even if you have power.* Children are helpless and long suffering and usually generous in their judgment of parents. Nevertheless, a parent who drives his child from sheer love of dominance runs risk of soon losing the child's love. The child will some time be free, but the parent lonely.

*The gist of it all is: Don't be emotionally childish if you desire manly and womanly children.*



## THE WASHINGTON EXPRESS

BY H. G. DWIGHT

IT was not, genteel reader, the Congressional Limited. In the first place, I am poor. In the second place, I smoke too much. In the third place, I never have, in compartments set aside for the privacies of men, those happy encounters which furnish so much copy for my livelier contemporaries. On the black-leather lounge I invariably find myself next to a gentleman who asks me what line I am in. Disturbing question! If I lie I am sure to get caught. And if I tell the truth my interlocutor gulps, looks for the brass vessel of uncleanness, briefly inspects the scenery, and relapses into a doze. I therefore prefer the smoking car of an ordinary train, where one is freer and where the society is at once more varied and less exacting.

On this occasion, however, the society was rather more numerous than I had foreseen. In fact there was no free seat. And I was a little irritated to perceive that a woman had not only invaded the sanctity of the smoker but had reversed the back of a seat in order that she and her husband might each preempt a window. They were a rather fussy pair whom in the half light I took to be immigrants—although the native daughter has latterly been observed to find her way into my part of the train. I installed myself, with my mumbled apology, with my week-end bag, with my book, and not without my air of slightly offended dignity, next the man, who faced the direction in which the train was about to start.

Before it started a fourth member squeezed himself, by no means jubilantly, into our none too hospitable

party. This was a glum-looking man, neither tall nor emaciated, with grizzled hair and a receding forehead and chin, who carried a brief-case. He looked as if he might be a tout for an uplift organization, carrying statistics down to Washington to confound Congressmen withal. The only flaw in this hypothesis was that uplift touts rarely patronize smoking cars and usually travel by limited trains. However, he immediately began to refresh his memory of his statistics.

The lights of the platform slowly began to recede, we glided into an area of sunken daylight, dived into darkness under the Hudson. This proceeding seemed to interest the two by the windows, who exchanged remarks in Italian. So that guess was right! We emerged upon the Hackensack Meadows and went through the usual tedious performance at Manhattan Transfer. That done, I waited only to glance, before running through Newark, at the river with its curve, its factories, its black piles, its rotting hulks, which, to my unending amazement, etchers steadfastly refuse to etch. Then I opened my new copy of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, the last page of which I would probably reach around Baltimore.

My calculation, as my calculations usually do, proved inexact. We were still in the devastated region of New Jersey, so much more sinister and disheartening than those of Picardy, Aisne, or Champagne, when I fell into conversation with the Italians. It happened because the conductor tried to turn the



woman out—not rudely, really, but because he was a man of his generation and because she was a foreigner who probably did not understand the rules of the game. She did not—even when he explained that there was a free seat in the car behind. She appealed to her husband, they examined their tickets, inquired whether this were not the Philadelphia train, said something about First and Second Class. That, of course, at once got everybody into deep water. I accordingly took a hand, telling the conductor not to bother about the woman and explaining to her and her husband that in America we had a little convention. We carefully avoided the terms First Class, Second Class, Third Class, etc., in order to give ourselves the pleasure of believing that we had only one. But on certain trains, as on this, there were wagons where by payment of additional sums one might enjoy a little more space, slightly stuffer cushions, and the attentions at the end of the journey of a dark-skinned gentleman in a peaked cap.

Our little convention interested the Italians, who remarked on its similarity to one which used to prevail on the Hungarian steamers running between Fiume and Venice, where the *Prima Classe* was less luxurious than the *Classe di Lusso*. Still, during their three weeks in America they had noted that we had other little conventions. And of course by that time I had found out that my first guess would have to be revised a bit. For although not members of the great world, perhaps, they turned out not to be immigrants by any means. In fact the man's English was far more correct and fluent than my Italian. It was his wife who was the more at sea among us. She could, and did, read Vitman and Poé (strongly accented on the second syllable), but conversing with their fellow countrymen she found more complicated. Italian, for instance, was pronounced as it was written; whereas English—! The English of New York, too, she found more mystifying than the English of

London. And to a foreigner some of our conventions really did seem a trifle abstruse.

It lasted all the way to Philadelphia—whither my companions were bound, I learned, in order to satisfy a whim of the lady's to get a glimpse of *le foreste splendide d'America*. I patriotically assured her that they existed, the splendid forests of America; that some of them, though not the most splendid, even existed within a few hours' run of New York, if not on the way to Philadelphia. She was greatly disappointed. She had suffered, it appeared, disappointments and surprises not a few: the expense of living and getting about; the difficulty of finding a decent meal at a decent price, and something decent to sip with it; the manner of their welcome to New York, the immigration authorities, the scant courtesy with which they had often been treated—having no great sums to spend—in hotels, shops, street cars, theaters; the affair of getting one's shoes cleaned; the lack of facilities for diverting oneself, as she put it, easily, simply, quietly. And the devastation of the country through which we rolled, especially in the vicinity of the towns, obviously surprised and distressed her. We rolled swiftly and smoothly, it was true, and the train was gigantic in comparison to a little Italian *rapido* or *diretto*. Still, it struck her that the four of us would have been better, less crowded, perhaps more private, in a compartment.

"You should take a night journey," I said, "in order to try one of our sleeping cars. Gigantic as you please, but without a place to dress or undress in except lying flat on your back in a box, with men and women piled helter-skelter all around you!"

"We have something like that between Rome and Palermo," she replied, "in the Second Class. But what would you? It is in truth a New World—without cypresses, without olives, without stone pines, without nightingales. No walls, no wine, no balconies, no places

to sit before dinner or in the evening—on the sidewalk, under an awning or a grapevine. You don't sing or play guitars in the street, you don't kiss, you don't stab! What do you do? That is what I must find out!"

As for the man, he was plainly not enchanted; but he was as plainly interested, if perhaps less outspoken than his wife. He found our post office, the history of registering a letter or sending a parcel, our arrangements for checking and delivering baggage infinitely simpler, more convenient, and less exasperating than in Italy or France. We abounded in practical and ingenious devices for saving time and labor. Yet, of course, we did have those little conventions. What interested him not least was our convention about liberty. In Italy one still had a king, to be sure. One also had Mussolini! But after all one was allowed to wear a hat of a mark different from the next man's hat, to swallow a quarter of a liter in peace. He was a professor in a university (which interested him the more in the ass-eared towers of Princeton, discovered on their up-tilted sky line and so described by his wife) and latterly he had been a Deputy in Parliament. Having had something to do with questions of emigration, he had wished to see for himself. Well, he saw! He saw for instance that while an American in Italy might quietly be smiled at, had even given rise to a noun which describes anything bizarre, eccentric, fantastic, extravagant, exaggerated—an *americanata*—he was, nevertheless, by way of being a personage. For he frequented the first hotels, and he was an appreciable source of revenue. Whereas an Italian in America might also be a source of revenue. Otherwise his services would hardly be so much in demand. But because he was generally poor and seldom frequented the first hotels, he and his fellow countrymen seemed to be regarded as persons of no consequence whatever, whose rights and feelings it did not appear necessary to consider.

Yet the *Deputato* did not see so much

but what he asked me whether there were official languages for the Parliament at Washington, or whether each Deputy spoke in his own—English, Italian, German, Norwegian, Armenian, Polish, Yiddish, Greek, as the case might be. Indeed, he was extremely surprised when I told him that English alone was the official language of our Parliament and that, so far as I knew, no Deputy had ever addressed it in any other. He had seen, he said, papers on the newsstands in every imaginable language and alphabet. Even Arabic.

We parted regretfully at Philadelphia, having formed imperishable ties, having also exchanged cards, addresses, auguries of future meetings. But the glum-looking man, I observed with regret, did not disappear as well. Nor did he, as any right-minded uplift tout would have done, readjust the back of his seat, sit down with his own back to me, and continue to refresh his memory with regard to the contents of his brief-case. On the contrary, he merely shoved along toward the window and proceeded to eye me without shame or admiration.

"Do you find that even reading about Henry James bores you?" he presently inquired, seizing a lax moment when I was watching for such water glimpses as the vicinity of Philadelphia affords.

"Well," I replied not too encouragingly, "I haven't had much chance yet. But reading Henry James himself doesn't bore me, if that's what you mean."

"Oh! Really?" he remarked. "You at least have the courage of your convictions."

"I don't see," I let out with a certain irritation, "that it takes any courage to say what you like or don't like. Of course I know it's the fashion to knock the man. It has been ever since I first came across him—which was in the day of Robert Louis Stevenson, Richard Harding Davis, and Jack London. But the kind of thing he wrote about I knew something about from my own experience. And it struck me that he was



more grown up, however long-winded and roundabout he might be, than Jack London or Richard Harding Davis, or a few other people I might mention."

"Well, there's something in that," conceded the glum-looking man. "*De gustibus*, and so forth. But it strikes me that he missed getting on the band-wagon. And whatever wagon he did get on to, he was certainly roundabout and long-winded enough, as you say, in telling what he saw."

"What of it?" I demanded. "There's more than one way to dress a hare. Personally, I like to try different people's ways. Nor do I see why his way is so impossible as they make out. At any rate there are all sorts of queer and upsetting little dramas that go on in people's heads, under the rough and ready surface of life, and once in a while it amuses me to see how he ferrets them out. In doing it he certainly didn't use the language of the telegraph office. I fancy there may have been something in the fact that he never wrote poetry and didn't greatly care for music. That must have meant that his ear for the sound and cadence of words was in one way less keen than some people's. But he had an ear for sounds, and the meaning of them, like an Indian's—or a chauffeur's. He heard and saw things which the rest of us never notice."

The glum-looking man didn't object to that. But neither did he assent to it. He merely continued to eye me—without shame and without admiration.

"As for band-wagons," I went on, getting up steam, "you rather remind me of a prize-story competition that once made quite a splash in New York. The jury consisted of a publisher, a newspaper editor, and a politician who had written a little, not too ungrammatically, in a historical vein—which was as if for the jury of a portrait show they had picked out a dealer in miscellaneous art objects, a sign painter, and a modeler of patriotic figurines. Anyhow they made a report rejoicing over the fact that so many of the stories submitted

were American, that so few had to be thrown out because they strayed beyond our frontiers. And they gave the prize to a story about a negro in the Philippines—the negro being in the American army and the Islands having recently come under the American flag. One hundred per cent American, you see! I suppose they would have argued that Mérimée was not on the French band-wagon because he wrote *Carmen*, that Flaubert was not on the band-wagon because of *Salammbô*, that Stendhal and the *Chartreuse de Parme*, or Anatole France and *Thaïs* were not on the band-wagon. Kipling, of course, was band-wagon pure and simple, through the happy accident of India being a part of the British Empire. But Conrad, poor wretch—where was his band-wagon?

"However, band-wagons were pretty dubious articles here when Henry James appeared on the scene—in the forties, fifties, sixties, and seventies, to say nothing of the eighties, when taste and common sense reached in this country a depth of degradation which Heaven help us from ever coming in sight of again. Would you have preferred, for example, that he should mount the band-wagon of General Grant and the Reconstruction-Mansard-Roof period? Mark Twain and Whitman, it is true, more or less escaped that and found a band-wagon which suited them, which suits us even better than it did our fathers. But why should you complain that Henry James didn't get aboard of it too? He couldn't help the fact that he was born well-to-do instead of poor, that he had a queer philosophical unstandardized father who didn't want his boys to grow up in American streets, that he was dragged from Albany to New York, from New York to Boston, from Boston to Newport, from America to Europe and back again, without ever getting a chance to strike root; that he had an unappeasable taste for decent houses, and landscapes that didn't look like the mouth of a mine, and people with civilized manners. Where on earth

was he to find them? Certainly not in New York, in 1870. No, sir! And to waste time, breath, or temper over the fact that at the end of a long life, in circumstances of peculiar disturbance, he chose to cast in his lot with the half of our race among whom he had found a home, or over the fact that he was not what he was not, is simply to skip the whole point of him.

"The point is that he, and in his time he alone, portrayed a certain American predicament of which he was agonizingly conscious but Whitman and Mark Twain weren't, the predicament evoked for us by those Italians who were sitting here a little while ago—of a transplanted European (for that is what we Americans really are) with all the tastes, instincts, and traditions of a civilized race, confronted by all the ugliness, meanness, and barrenness of New York and Boston in the Brown Stone Age. It isn't nearly so bad now; but then it must have been unspeakable—for a certain type of person sensitive to the look and connotations of things, and aware, as Whitman and Mark Twain were not, of what such things are in other countries. All that scale of contrasts Henry James recorded as no one else ever did or ever can—for it is no longer so sharp as it used to be.

"And he did another thing. His scale of contrasts wasn't visual only. It was psychological too. I can't think of anybody else who has understood Americans so well, for instance, as to find the way to portray a certain type we propagate—of great simplicity, loyalty, genuineness, good faith, in high relief against the rich, the colored, the complicated, the sophisticated, not to say cynical or occasionally sinister background of an older and harder world. And I notice that some of our contemporaries appear either to have had similar perceptions or to have read their maligned predecessor with profit. There is no Adam Verver or Milly Theale in *The Tattooed Countess*; but that book is Henry James cut down and done over in words of one

syllable, *ad usum Delphini*. I even have suspicions of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, who, however, is more crafty in that his background of contrast isn't visible and he uses words of two syllables."

This time the glum-looking man favored me with a reply, although with an inadequate one:

"There is probably something in what you say. I don't know much about these things. But of course no man is responsible for the time of his birth, the circumstances of his bringing up, or the particular slant on life which he inherited or had pounded into him—any more than he is for the color of his eyes or the shape of his nose."

I regarded the glum-looking man's nose. It was not handsome, to be charitable to it. But as he showed no inclination to pursue the subject farther, I opened Van Wyck Brooks again, who certainly would not be finished by Baltimore—or Washington either. However, I got in a chapter or two before the brakeman interrupted me by bawling "Wil-ming-ton! Wil-ming-ton!" Then I had an interval of peace before the next and more welcome interruption of the hollow roar we made in rattling across the Susquehanna. I looked out, as I always do, for that long narrow woody island. Rivers are admirable, but islands are perfect.

"Do you know Joachim du Bellay?" suddenly asked the glum-looking man.

"Not too well," I confessed. I hadn't suspected the glum-looking man of that!

"This river, because it has nothing to do with the case, I suppose, always reminds me of a thing he wrote when he came back from Rome. My accent isn't very good, but it goes something like this:

*'Plus que le marbre dur me plaît l'ardoise fine,*

*Plus mon Loyre gaulois que le Tybre latin,*

*Plus mon petit Lyré que le mont palatin,*

*Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine.'*"



His accent, as a matter of fact, was not bad.

"Yes," I said, "but how about the châteaux? With those to come back to he could afford to forswear hard marble for pointed slate and the Tiber for the Loire."

"Never mind. They will come," said the glum-looking man. "In fact they are on the way already—just as some of them were on the Loire when du Bellay came home from Rome."

He said it with such conviction, eyeing me anew, that I resigned myself to the inevitable. I put a cigarette into Van Wyck Brooks for a book mark.

"You see I happened to be born a generation later than Henry James, which got me out of the Grant era by the time I was ready to grow up. I also happened to be born on the other side, which got me out of being dragged there as a boy. The places I was dragged to were New York and Boston. To me, therefore, they were the novelty—not London and Paris."

So we were in for the chapter of confidences! At any rate we were in Maryland, and humming for Gunpowder Creek.

"Paris!" went on the glum-looking man. "Paris excites me about as much as your mother-in-law. I admit that it's an interesting and well laid out city. But why on earth people go so crazy about it beats me. It isn't as if they knew beans about its history, or language, or literature, or collections, or architecture. If they did they would know that ten times better houses are being built in New York or Kansas City to-day than in Paris. All they know is that it's a more amusing town to get divorced in than Reno, that food on the whole is better for the money than over here, that you can get soused there without breaking the law or poisoning yourself, that women's clothes and gimcracks are likely to be good if expensive, that there is no Anti-Vice Society to interfere with your recreations, that Montmartre is packed with dives where every-

thing goes and where you meet an agreeable society composed not of French people, to be sure, but of all the scum of North and South America, and that there's no place in the world where it's so easy to pick up or to get picked up by mistresses and lovers of the more ephemeral sort. That's all there is to Paris, so far as Americans are concerned."

It was my turn to eye the glum-looking man, without shame and—without admiration? But he wasn't through with me.

"I suppose one thing about it was that as an infant the greatest rarity in the world for me, and the most desirable, was another American infant to scuffle with. I never quite got over that. Nor could I ever quite fathom what so many Americans were up to over there, among dark queer oily-eyed people who for me hadn't a particle of charm or mystery. And afterwards, when I went back to make out what I could about it, all I could make out was that I would never let myself become one of those Americans if I could help it, always mooning about France and Italy, always exciting shrugs and winks among the natives, never really at home there or anywhere else.

"And then, you know, there was another thing—as you say. I happened to be on hand when, at the beginning of the century, something happened to New York. I was perhaps the better able to watch what happened because I sat in a small room high in a tower—the Hispano-Mauresque tower on top of which St. Gaudens' Diana drew her long bow. There was no Metropolitan Tower then to overshadow her. And when I went there that big jolly red-headed Stanford White, who had so much to do with what happened to New York, was still sitting in his studio between Diana and me. I forget whether Peter Cooper Hewitt and his unearthly green lights were above or below Stanford White. However, the Flatiron was new, the old Fifth Avenue Hotel flourished on its corner, Tiffany's, Altman's, Maillard's, and the publishing houses were all down town. Part of what is now the lawn of Grace Church

was a Vienna Bakery with a trellised court in front of it, where I often took my coffee of a morning. There was a Greenwich Village, but not the expensive class-conscious Greenwich Village of to-day. It was merely a sort of slum, more red brick than brown stone and more accessible than Corlear's Hook, Sutton Place, or Hell's Kitchen, where rents were within reach of people like Jules Guérin and Willa Cather. Later on I tried it myself for a while—before moving to a sailors' hotel in South Street. But Times Square had yet to be invented. It was Longacre then. And I was one of the Four Million for whom it was invented.

"I saw the Times Building go up, what was then the Knickerbocker Hotel, the Astor, the Belmont, half the inns and theaters in the place. I also saw several acres of little red-brick houses disappear between Seventh and Ninth Avenues and uncover a fabulous cavern in the rock, out of which slowly rose the steel and granite of the Pennsylvania Station. I saw other acres, all over town, of brown stone, melt away, metamorphose themselves into white limestone and Joachim du Bellay's hard marble. I rode in the first subway, on the first day it was opened to traffic—from South Ferry and Brooklyn Bridge to the Grand Central, and then under Forty-Second Street to Times Square and up Broadway. I saw Broadway fade and go out—though to the country at large it is still, not altogether unjustly, the symbol of all that is most brilliant and most sophisticated in New York. I saw the Fifth Avenue, as Mr. James calls it, transform itself from one of the ugliest streets in the world into one of the most splendid. I followed every detail of the Library as it grew up on the site of that hideous old reservoir in Bryant Park, and watched the workmen in the dead of winter pile one brick of the Hippodrome on another, melting the snow and ice with a steam hose as they went along, and marked how Park Avenue, especially around the

rebuilt Grand Central Station, made reality out of those fanciful old engravings of cyclopean architecture. I saw bridge after bridge slung across the East River, above the one which was there alone when you and I were born.

"Those were days when the New York sky was scaled every morning by taller, steeper, wilder pinnacles, fired every evening by constellations as commercial as you please but every evening newer, stranger, more audacious, more magical, in the ripple and glitter of their sidereal jewelry. And those were sights to see. Paris can't beat them. No doubt they have been and will be surpassed. No doubt many mistakes were made, many follies committed, many horrors perpetrated, many charms and memories destroyed. Nevertheless, there was in it something epic to catch a young man's imagination. I count myself fortunate to have been alive at that time, in that place. I am not ashamed to belong to that race and generation. No other had seen that not a corner or two of Manhattan Island but the whole of it, from the Battery to Inwood Hill, was destined to be the heart of its city. It went far to atone for the parochial shortsightedness and washerwoman's taste of Gouverneur Morris, Simon De Witt, and John Ruthertford, who a century earlier, in 1811, knew no better than to lay out the New York from which Henry James fled, martyred it upon an inept gridiron, threw away its water front, and otherwise did their worst to ruin forever one of the most magnificent sites in the world."

I stared at the glum-looking man with some astonishment. He certainly had a line!

"It was a crime," I agreed feebly. "Even Brooklyn is better, appalling as it is, because half a dozen gridirons are there, flung down at random and creating a little irregularity by the necessity of tying up their loose ends."

But the glum-looking man wasn't thinking about Brooklyn—or Manhattan either.

"Westward the star of empire—" he



began to quote. "Wasn't it Addison who got off some blurb like that? Empires aren't so fashionable as they were in Addison's day. Still, there is a pendulum that swings in history. There are places, here and there, now and then, where something flares up for a while. Well, I have a notion that something may be getting ready to flare up here. Of course, we are often a century or a season behind Europe, in ideas, in fashions. How should it be otherwise? We haven't been going long enough. Time and again have I come home from London, or even from Dresden, wearing in all innocence a tie or a hat which made people nudge one another on the street—only to see the same hat or tie the rage of my neighbors by the time mine was worn out. I remember reading *Jean Christophe*, Pearsall Smith's *Trivia*, Artsibashev's *Sanin* on the other side, years before anybody but James Huneker had heard of them over here. But I notice that the interval is shorter than it used to be. Marcel Proust crossed the ocean much more quickly.

"And I notice other things. This country used to be a region of myth and mist out of which poured into better lighted parts of the world an unceasing stream of rather unsympathetic tourists and into which, by some invisible process of suction, disappeared a counter stream of 'antiques' and *articles de Paris*. It never occurred to anybody to find out what had happened to them. England was thinking about that ticklish empire of hers, France was meditating on *la revanche* and *la gloire*, Germany was up to God knows what. To be sure, they turned a spyglass on us once in a while. Washington interested them a moment. Monroe made them put their hand to their ear and say 'Eh?' Grant and Lee brought out a '*Voilà!*' McKinley and Roosevelt caused them to ejaculate '*Tiens!*' And Wilson—then they began, under their breath, to mutter 'H'm!'" It had never come into their heads before to look into the phenomenon of the two streams. Who knows?

Either of those streams, or both of them, might some day slacken—or even cease altogether."

"Close all the windows!" interrupted the brakeman again. "Windows closed for the Baltimore tunnels!" But he didn't interrupt the glum-looking man.

"Anyhow, the German War was the end of an era. It definitely revealed the fact that the United States, however inadequately, exists. In 1918 it was discovered by some that we could fight—as cheerfully and nastily as anybody. It was discovered by others that we had certain notions, which might be as foolish as the next man's but which had to be taken just as seriously. Above all, it was discovered that we were in a position to go on making ourselves heard and felt, partly because of the uncomfortable narrowing of the world, partly because we were so fantastically well off. We had not really changed, or suddenly grown more formidable. It was merely that we turned out to come surprisingly near filling the popular specifications of a *grand seigneur*. Emotions always have to be paid for, and we are not immune from that disagreeable law: witness the Civil War. But we don't have to pay so heavily for our emotions of 1917 and 1918 as some other people have to pay for theirs. Hence the wide acceptance of the fact that we are now somebody. . . . And after this the tide of travel across the Atlantic won't be in one direction only.

"Look at your Italians. Ten or twenty years ago who ever heard of an obscure Tuscan professor or member of Parliament, probably with a smaller income than yours or mine, spending his hard-earned *lire* to come to wild America, simply to see what it was like? If he was famous and could get money out of us, that was another thing. But those people get out of us nothing but amusement and discomfort and, I am afraid, a good deal of impoliteness. Still, they may some day come back and get more. Or if they don't, other professors and

members of Parliament, rich idlers, poor scholars, all sorts of people, will come too—in larger and larger numbers. Some of them will come merely to amuse themselves. Others will come because for political reasons it is important to find out what kind of animals we really are. More and more will come because in order to find out something about Chinese and Japanese art, or Egyptian antiquities, or certain European painters, or early editions of English, French, German, and Italian books, it has become necessary to study our collections.

"The Old World used to teach the New. Now it is beginning to be suspected that the New World may have something to teach the Old. For quite a while the fine art of filling teeth was the only one which foreigners deigned to learn from us. Other arts like plumbing, steel construction, flying, jazz music, and the new kind of dancing which goes with it, followed. It gradually came out, too, that we were not bad at sports—even at such essentially British ones as golf, tennis, polo, rowing, sailing, boxing. Where we lagged behind was in science and the finer arts. Which is as it should be. Life comes before learning and art, if the cart is not to precede the horse. Still, certain little mechanical and electrical tricks of ours have enjoyed quite a vogue in more civilized countries where it is known as well that, after others had given it up as a bad job, we contrived a short cut from the Atlantic to the Pacific

and found a way to make Panama as salubrious as Communipaw. Moreover, three of our painters once reigned in London, two of our poets have ruled over Paris, there have even been other answers to the famous question about an American book. An abrupt and silent young man who paddled the Merrimac River, climbed Mount Katahdin, and camped by Walden Pond while all sorts of terrifying monstrosities were being built and admired in Boston, New York, and Washington, could tell you something about that. So could your friend Henry James. And his brother could tell you something about books of a more scientific sort. In fact, I hear the interesting news that there are now more foreigners in American universities than Americans studying abroad. Just you wait. When—"

"Bal-ti-more!" bawled the brakeman (which is by no means the way in which the inhabitants pronounce the name of that agreeable town). "All out for Baltimore! The next stop is Washington!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the glum-looking man. "Are we here already? Going on? Well, I'm afraid I haven't helped you on much with your book. But you'll have at least an hour to yourself. So long."

He and his brief-case disappeared. I took my cigarette out of Van Wyck Brooks. Then it occurred to me that I hadn't exchanged cards with the glum-looking man.





# THUNDER ON THE LEFT

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART II

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*Summary of Part One.*—On Martin's birthday (he is ten years old) he and his younger sister Bunny invite some other children for a small party. The parents of all these children are having tea on the adjoining verandah; observation of the adults causes the children to discuss whether Grown Ups really have a good time. When the candles on the birthday cake are blown out, Martin makes a wish: it is not stated what this is, but the suggestion is plain that he wishes to go, unsuspected, as a spy in the world of adults; to come among them, unrecognized, to see what their life is really like.

The story, after this prologue, is immediately projected twenty-one years into the future. The scene is unchanged: it is the same house, near the sea. The reader divines that some of the characters are the children of the birthday party, now grown. Phyllis (Mrs. Granville) now has children of her own; she and her husband George (who did not appear in the prologue) have taken the old house for the summer, after it had stood vacant a long time. Phyllis finds a strange man in the garden, whom she takes to be an eccentric artist. This, of course, is Martin, transformed outwardly into a man of thirty-one, but inwardly still the boy of ten.

It is a moment of suspense at which Martin appears. Mr. and Mrs. Granville are making preparation for a picnic, at which there are to be three guests (Mr. and Mrs. Brook and Miss Clyde) who are the Ben, Ruth, and Joyce of the prologue. Phyllis invites Martin to join them. But his presence seems to act as a precipitating agent; the queer childlike candor of his personality has a dangerously explosive effect. Emotional tensions that have been held in uncertain balance now grow too strong for concealment. Martin, a kind of symbol of the unspoiled essence of life, is entirely unaware of sex, which is the lightning surcharged in the clouds that overhang the scene. Phyllis, only half-conscious of the crisis in which her husband is struggling, is strangely moved by Martin and seems to find in him some unguessed answer to her secret questionings. She is about to declare herself to Martin, but finds that he has run down to the beach with the children. Meanwhile George has gone to repair a broken bed in the room which Ben and Ruth are to occupy.—*The Editors.*

**G**EORGE was fixing the beds and making an extra-special crashing and clanging about it for Phyllis's benefit so she would realize how irritating a job it was. I wonder (he was thinking) if any other man ever had to move furniture about so much. Phyllis has a passion for shifting beds. These springs don't fit the frames. The result is that every time anyone turns over there's a loud bang, the corner of the spring comes down clank on the iron side-bar. I fixed it—not perfectly, but well enough—with a pad of newspaper

and a length of clothes-line, when we moved in. Good enough for the children. But of course for Ben and Ruth. . . These can't be the right springs for these beds. It stands to reason no manufacturer would be fool enough to send out a bed that couldn't possibly be put together. There must be some trick of arrangement. Human reason can figure out anything if concentrated on the problem. Now let's see. This goes here and this here. Think of having to fiddle over these picayune trifles when the whole of life and destiny is thrilling in the balance.

He was lying under the bed now, among curly gray rolls of dust, holding up the spring with one hand while the other reached for the hammer. Phyllis came in, to empty some of the bureau drawers for Ben and Ruth. She was taking away neat armfuls of the children's crisp clean garments. The whole room was full of their innocent little affairs. There, in the corner, was the collapsible doll-house he had made last Christmas and which had to go everywhere with them. Sitting against the door of the doll-house was a tiny china puppet, with a face of perpetual simper and that attitude of pelvic dislocation peculiar to small china dolls. Around the house was a careful pattern of shells, diligently brought from the beach. Why did all this make his heart ache? He remembered one evening, when he had been working late, he passed gently by the children's door about midnight and heard a quiet little cough. Janet was awake. That small sound had suddenly, appallingly, reminded him that these poor creatures too were human. She must be lying there, thinking. What does a child think alone at night? He went in, in the darkness, put his arms round the surprised child and whispered encouragements to her. "Jay," he said, "Daddy's own smallest duckling frog, Daddy loves you, don't ever forget Daddy loves you." The little figure sat up in bed, threw her arms round his neck, and gripped him wildly in furious affection. "I won't forget, Daddy," cried her soft voice in the warm dark room. Though she was only eight years old, her accent was strangely mature: the eternal voice of woman calling man back from agonies and follies to her savage and pitying breast.

Mother love? Pooh (he thought, in a glow of bitterness) what was mother love! A form of selfishness most of the time. Of course they love their children, having borne them, suffered for them. Children are their biological passport, their excuse for not having minds. But for fathers to love their children—the poor accidental urchins that come be-

tween them and the work they love—that really means something!

He gave the bed-frame several resounding bangs with the hammer, quite uselessly, merely to express his sense of irritation at seeing Phyllis's pretty ankles and the hem of her green dress moving so purposefully about the room. Then, looking out angrily from under the bed, he saw her picking up the shells. Instead of bending over from the hips, as a man would, she was crouching on her heels, deliciously folded down upon her haunches. This annoyed him. And how heartless, to clear away the shells that had been laboriously arranged in a border round the doll-house.

"Why don't you leave them there?" he shouted. Then he realized how impossible it would be to explain his feeling about the shells. They represented innocence, poetry, the hopeful imaginings of childhood.

Phyllis scooped them up relentlessly.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "You wanted these people here for the Picnic, didn't you? All right, we have to make the room decent."

He felt that, as usual, he had picked up the argument by the wrong end. Arguments are like cats: if you take them up by the tail they twist and scratch you.

"And another thing," she added, "you simply must mend that broken railing on the sleeping porch. If the children are going to be out there it isn't safe."

"I can't fix *both* these beds," he growled. "There's a bolt missing. Tell me which one Ben will sleep in, I'll fix that. Ruth's won't matter, she's a skinny little thing, doesn't weigh much more than Janet."

I shouldn't mind so much fixing Ruth's bed, he was thinking; there'd be a kind of vague satisfaction in that. I rather like to think of her lying there, she's rather attractive even if she is such a numbskull. But Ben, that solid meaty citizen . . . he probably snores. . . .



I'll tell Ben to take this one; this is the one most likely to come down.

"How do I know which will take which?" she said. "They'll arrange that to suit themselves, no matter what we say."

He had carefully lashed the spring to the frame, six weeks before. But it had worked loose and now must be done all over again. The deuce of a job: the spring was precariously balanced at one end only; he was holding the loose end with one hand, trying to rewind the cord with the other. The thought of doing all this for Ben was too silly. No, let Ruth have this one and he would try to make a good job of it. Perspiration rolled from him. He supported the spring with his left elbow, so that he could take the end of the cord with his left hand while tightening it with his right. A fuzz of dust was sticking to his moist cheek. This was too insanely comic: grunting under a bed on a hot electrical afternoon. He could see Phyl's feet standing motionless by the window. How lovely she was, how he wanted her, wanted to slough away all these senseless tensions and stupidities. . . . She was always right because she merely acted on instinct; he, usually wrong because he tried to think things out and act reasonably . . . if she knew how heroic he really was would she understand? He *must* get her to understand before it was too late. For this—this crisis that was hanging over them was his deliberately desired trial of strength. And now, if they weren't careful, they would fritter away all their stamina in preliminary scuffle and nonsense; and when the moment came . . . soon, appallingly soon . . . there would be no vitality left to meet it.

He was terrified. He had planned all this grimly; now things were moving too fast for him. A long soft murmur of thunder jarred across the sky. Would the storm pass over without breaking? No, by God, it *must* break, if they were ever to find peace. He must send up a kite, like old Ben Franklin (that first of

modern advertising men) to bring down a sample of lightning. He must find out whether lightning was the kind of thing you can live with. Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? He must tell her why he was terrified. He must tell her quickly. These were the last moments they would have together before . . . already the color of the light had changed. Here, on the side of the house away from the water, there was a darkening sparkle in the air.

Her feet were ominously still. She must be thinking, and this always worried him. Suppose she too became aware of this secret insolubility of life? It was only her divine certainty about little things that kept him going. What business have biological units thinking about things? Let them obey their laws and not question.

Shifting the weight of the spring to his shoulder, he turned over and put his head out from under the foot of the bed.

"Phyl," he said, "why don't you go and lie down a bit, have a rest before the folks get here?"

She looked down at him. Even in the warm listless dream that seemed to have mastered her, she was touched by the foolish appeal in his red dust-streaked face. Where the light caught the turn of his jaw shone a coppery stubble.

"You need a shave," she said and then regretted her insistent tidying instinct. She was holding three large shabby dolls, unconsciously pressing them against her like an armful of real babies. One flopped forward over her arm, uttering an absurd bleating squawk, *Maaa-maa!*

"The children," she exclaimed breathlessly. "The storm's coming. Hurry up with those beds, get the children back from the beach."

"They're all right," he said sulkily. "Mr. Martin'll take care of 'em."

His large flushed face, mouth open, gazed up from the floor. He looked pitifully silly, like a frightened dog. He was

thinking: All I want to tell her is that I love her; no matter what happens I love her. But how can I say it? If she weren't my wife I suppose it would be so much easier. Why do we always show our worst side to the people we love?

She was thinking: The absurd idiot, writhing about under that bed like a roach, telling me to go and lie down when there are a hundred things to be done, beds to be made, towels and linen got out, silver counted, instructions to Lizzie. . . . Certainly she had tried to warn him. . . .

"Damn Mr. Martin!" she cried. "Don't trust him. You fool, you fool. Can't you see he's crazy? We're all crazy. Stop sprawling there like a mud-turtle, *do something*."

"Listen, Phyl," he said heavily. "I want to tell you something. Now listen, you've got to help me."

With a pang of alarm he knew that now it was too late to go back. He had begun to speak. Now he must try to explain the pillar of smoke and fire that had moved so long before the lonely track of his mind. Greatly as he feared her rigid inflexible spirit, he must divide the weight of this heavy fragile burden, like a crystal globe that might contain either ecstasy or horror. He could not know which until it lay broken about him in shining scraps and curves. But oh, why was she so difficult to tell things to?

"Don't laugh," he mumbled. "It's terribly—"

He wriggled forward earnestly. The other end of the metal spring slid from its joist, the head and foot of the bed toppled inward. With a clanking brassy crash the whole thing collapsed about him.

He lay there, covered with bed, in a furious silence which was merely the final expression of his disgust. For an instant, in the stillness following that ridiculous clamor, she thought he was hurt. She bent down, dropping the dolls, and one of these again shrilled its

whining protest. His angry face reassured her, and she burst into a peal of laughter.

He crawled out from under the wreck. He was thinking savagely, yet with relief also, how close he had been to telling her. But that was his fate: Even noble tragedy, if it came near him, would be marred by titters. He didn't blame her for laughing. Even in an agony he could never be more than grotesque.

"I was just thinking," she said, "how awful if the bed did that when Ben's in it."

"Don't worry. It probably will."

Sultry blue air pressed close about the house, air heavy with uncertain energies. He knew now how frail are carpentered walls and doors, how brittle a box to guard and fortify weak things he held dear. A poor cardboard doll-house, and his own schemes just a ring of shells about it. Here, in a home not even his own, among alien furnitures, he must meet the sorceries of life, treacheries both without and within. Strong walls, strong walls, defend this rebel heart! he whispered to himself—startled and shamed to find himself so poetical. Strange, he thought (hastily re-edifying the bed) that people spend such anguish on decisions that don't really matter. But in this house he was at a disadvantage. He had no memories in it. For Phyllis it had old associations and meanings. It went back into her childhood, into that strange time when he had never known her, when she must have been so cunningly caught unawares and machined into rigidity. So even the house was against him. In that charged air one spark surely would sheet all heaven with flame. It would be queer to split open the world's old shingled roofs and rusty-screened windows, scatter the million people with little pig-eyes of suspicion, explode love and merriment over the land. God help us, he thought, people can't even sin without finding dusty little moral justifications for it. This is what civilization has brought us to!—But what a way for



a man to be thinking, with a half-written booklet on Summer Tranquillity lying on his desk.

He stepped onto the sleeping porch, where two cots had been put for Janet and Sylvia, to look at the broken railing. Projecting above the verandah, it overlooked the garden and the pale sickle of beach, distinct in glassy light. He could see Martin and the children, tiny figures frolicking on the sand. The sky was piled steeply with swollen bales of storm, scrolls of gentian-colored vapor. But it looked now as though the gust would pass overhead. Phyllis was busy at the linen closet by the corner of the passage, getting out clean towels and napkins. He envied her the sedative trifles that keep wives sane. And after all, perhaps the well-drilled discipline of human beings would get them past this eddy. People—and especially guests—know so well what can be done and what can't. They know how to "behave." The world, brave prudent old world, is so sagely adjusted to avert or ignore any casual expression of what men really feel: terror and mockery, pity and desire. Oh, surely, by careful management, they could all shuffle through a couple of days without committing themselves, and then safely relapse into the customary drugged routine. Ben and Ruth, accomplished students of petty demeanor, would be a great help. Even Joyce, poor bewitched rebel with frightened eyes, even Joyce must have some powers of concealment. But he would not think of Joyce for a little while.

"I think maybe the storm'll blow over," he called. He felt he must speak to Phyllis again, to calm his own nervousness.

There was no answer. Going to the end of the passage he saw her standing at the big bay window in the spare room. She was looking down toward the beach, one hand nervously plucking at a strip of wallpaper that had come loose along the frame of the window. He crossed the room quietly and kissed the back of her neck, with a vague idea that this

would help to keep her from thinking. It was so enormously important that she should be calm and humorous just now.

He was prepared for silent indifference, or even an outburst of anger, but not for what happened. She turned silently and flung her arms madly about his neck. "Love me, love me, love me," she cried. "Love me before it's too late."

He was horrified. "There, there," he said embarrassed. "Go and rest a while, little frog."

## VIII

The beach was a different world. Under the plum-glossed wall of storm the bay was level, dusky and still, crumbling in low parallels of surf. The waves collapsed in short flat crashes. The children flashed in the warm dull water: they wore three tight little green bathing suits, their legs so tanned it seemed as though long brown stockings were snugly drawn above their polished knees. They tumbled with the soft clumsy grace of young animals and were happy without knowing it. Janet could swim; Sylvia still used water-wings to buoy her up; Rose preferred not to go beyond knee-depth and squatted in the curl of the small breakers. When the backwash scoured the sand from under her insteps, leaving a hard mound beneath her tickling heels, she squeaked with ecstatic fright. "The ocean's pulling me!" she cried and splattered to safety. Sylvia, paddling splashily a little farther out, with a white rubber cap and the bulbous wings behind her shoulders, was like a lame butterfly that had dropped from the dunes above. She put a foot down and couldn't touch bottom. This alarmed her and she hastily flapped herself shoreward. A wave broke on her nape, shot her sprawling into the creamy shallows. The wings spilled off, she rolled sideways and under with legs flying, her nose rubbed along soft ridges of sand. Her face emerging was a comic

medallion of anxious surprise. Another spread of lacy green water slid round her chin. She was relieved to find herself laughing.

"A wave went right over me and I didn't mind," she exclaimed. "I'm a little laughing girl, and laughing girls are different."

It was all different. In this width of sky and sea and sand nothing was reproached. Nounou was off for the afternoon and could not forbid them to play with the stranger. Farther along the bay were other cottages, other children; but here they were alone. "Do you see those houses?" said four-year-old Rose to Martin, pointing to the bungalows that stood on a bluff, sharp upon naked air. "People live there, with beds and food."

Yet they did not even know they were alone. Merely they existed, they were. They were part of the ocean, which does not think but only fulfils its laws. Tides curve and bubble in, earth receives them, earth lets them ebb. Soft shells pulverize, hard shells polish, sand-hills slither, seaweeds dry and blacken; the bay takes the sea in its great arms and is content; and inland the farmyard dogs, those spotted moralists, are scandalized by the moon—the moon, chaste herself, bright persuasion of unchastity in others. For life is all one piece, of endless pattern. No stitch in the vast fabric can be unravelled without risking the whole tapestry. It is the garment woven without seams.

Here was beauty; and they, not knowing it, were part of it unawares. Here was no thinking, merely the great rhythm of ordered accident, gulls' wings white against thunder, the electric circuits of law broken by the clear crystal of fancy. And the sea, the silly sea, meaningless, prolific, greatest of lovers, brawling over the cold pumice reefs of dead volcanoes, groping tenderly up slants of thirsty sand. The sea that breeds life and the land that breeds thought, destined lovers and enemies, made to meet and destroy, to mingle

and deny, marking earth with strangeness wherever they embrace. The sea, the bitter sea, that makes man suspect he is homeless and has no roof but dreams.

Janet, who was big enough to go beyond the low surf and grapple the White Whale in his own element, liked Mr. Martin because he did not talk much and understood the game at once. When she harpooned him he rolled and thrashed in foam, churning with his flukes as a wounded whale should; and came floating in so they could haul him to land and cut him up for blubber. This, she explained, is the flensing stage, marking out a flat area of moist sand. Then they burned the blubber in a great bonfire, a beacon that glared tawnily in the night, to guide the relief ship to their perilous coast. Martin found it ticklish to be flensed, so they lay and made tunnels. The tide was going, the flat belt of wet beach was like a mirror, reflecting the rich sword-blade color of the west.

But Martin was a little puzzled.

"What did you say your names are?" he asked again.

"Janet and Sylvia and Rose," they said, delighted at his stupidity. For it is always thrilling to tell people your name: it proves that you too belong to this important world.

Still, this didn't account for the other, the fourth one. He had seen her watching from the beach, and then she had been playing with them in the tumbling water. He had thought the children just a little bit rude not to greet her when she joined them. She was not as brown as they, so perhaps she was a stranger who had newly arrived. But now, when that heavy thunder rolled like wagon wheels across a dark bridge of clouds, and the other three ran off to the bathhouse to dress, she was sitting there beside him.

She was older, but he knew her now. Her face was wet; but of course, for she had been wriggling in the surf like a mermaid. He felt a trifle angry with her: she had got ahead of him, then.



He was opening his mouth to speak when she asked him exactly the same thing:

"How did *you* get here?"

He must be careful: if he told her too much she might give him away. She never could keep a secret.

"I've always been here," he said. "It isn't fair for you to tag along. Go home."

Then he realized it was no use to talk to her like that. Why, she seemed older than he: she had even begun to get soft and bulgy, like ladies. But she looked so frightened he took her hand.

"We can't both do it," he said. "They'll find out. Bunny, you're not playing fair."

"I am, I am!" she cried. "I'm not playing at all. *You* go away. You'll be sorry."

It was awful to see her look so anxious.

"You used to be a laughing girl," he said, "and laughing girls are different. What's happened to you anyway?"

She gazed at him strangely, with so much love in her face he felt she must be ill.

"This is no place for you," he said firmly, "here among strangers. You'll be lonely. *I* can't look after you."

"They aren't strangers. Oh, please go back before you find out."

This was all senseless and annoying; yet he was sorry for her too. I know what's the matter with her, he thought. He accused her of it.

"No, no!" she said piteously. "No, Martin. Not that. I nearly did, but not really."

"I dare say it wasn't your fault," he said, and then, remembering a useful phrase, "You'll have to excuse me now." He saw Mr. Granville approaching down the sandy ravine. "Here's one of them coming."

"Tell me," she said quickly. "Do you like them?"

"Why, yes, they're nice. They're a bit queer. They seem to worry about things. They like *me*," he added, proudly.

He could see Mr. Granville waving to them to take shelter in the cabin. The bay was already scarred with the onset of the squall.

"Hurry!" Martin said. "Come on, we'll wait in the bathhouse until the storm's over." They ran together, stumbling up the heavy sand, she lightly, not dragging behind as she usually did. When he reached the door, pulling it open against the first volley of the rain, it was not her hand that he held, but a cold smooth shell.

## IX

One drawback about Pullmans (Ruth was thinking) is that the separate chairs make it difficult to talk. And she was getting restless: if she didn't say something pretty soon she would begin to feel uncertain of herself. The long melancholy howl of the engine, the gritty boxed-up air (still smelling of the vaults under the Grand Central Station), the hot plushy feel of the cushion prickling under her knees, the roll and swing of the car, the dark ridges of hills—everything was depressing and tedious. Ben was still absorbed in the morning paper—already stale, she thought, for the afternoon sheets were out by now. She had skimmed the magazines, a little irritated by the pictures of interiors of wealthy country houses. She wished that such articles would include also photographs of the number of servants necessary to keep things so perfect. Of course it was easy enough for people like that to have a Home in Good Taste: they just call in a decorator and he fixes everything. But you yourself—how are you going to know what is really Good Taste? Styles change so. As for the fiction, it sounded as though it was written by people with adenoids. You could hear the author biting his nails and snuffling. She had cleaned out her vanity-box, thrown away some old clippings and a dusty peppermint and stubs of theater tickets. And still Ben was lurking behind a screen of

print. Certainly he was the most stay-put of men: place him anywhere and there he would remain until it was time for the next thing to happen.

She began filing briskly at her nails. Presently the newspaper rustled uneasily. She leaned forward and rasped sharply, her soft hand moving as capably as a violinist's. The little sickening buzz continued, and Ben folded the paper lengthwise and looked round it like a man at a half-open door. His brown eyes were large and clear behind tortoise-shell glasses. His eyebrows were delicately poised, ready to rise, like guests preparing to get up from their chairs. In his waistcoat pocket were two fountain pens, one black and one with silver filigree on it. He looked faintly annoyed. Whatever he looked, he always looked it faintly: dimly, sluggishly, somewhat. He was a little bit stout, a little bit bald, a little bit tired, a little bit prosperous. *Littlebit* had been his nickname when she fell in love with him and thought him such a passionate fellow. She used to like the word, but had put it out of her mind when she found it too true. Everything about him was rather, except only his eyes. They were quite. In them, sometimes, you saw a far-off defiance—something that had always retreated, slipped behind corners, stood warily at half-open doors, but by caution and prudence, not by timidity; something that went while the going was good.

"Ben," she said. "Did you see that girl sitting at the next table in the diner? The one in the black hat. She came in just before we left."

He thought a moment. "No," he said. "I was looking at the bill."

"She went through here a while ago. She's in the day coaches, I guess, because this is the last of the Pullmans."

No, thought Ben, this isn't the last of the Pullmans, there's another one ahead of it. I noticed it specially when we got on: it's called *Godiva* and reminded me to ask Ruth if she'd brought her bathing suit. . . . But he refrained

from correcting her, waiting patiently to hear what was coming.

"Of course I'm not sure, it's so long since I've seen her, ages and ages, but I think it was Joyce Clyde."

Ben made a polite murmur of interested surprise, allowing his eyebrows to stretch themselves a little and pursing his lips gently to show attention. But the name meant nothing to him.

"I shouldn't wonder if she's on her way to the Island too. You remember, she was there one summer when we were all children. I shouldn't have known her, but I saw her picture in a magazine a while ago. She's some kind of artist I think. She always was a queer kid."

Ben's recollection of old days on the Island was mostly limited to a strip of yellow shore. He remembered catboats and knife-edged grasses, a dock with barnacled piles, learning to make a half-hitch in wet ropes, and the freckled gap-toothed faces of some other small boys. He remembered splintery plank walks among masses of poison ivy, the puckered white feet of a man who had been drowned, the sour stink of his aquarium of hermit crabs, dead because he forgot to change their water. He remembered an older boy who taught the small fry obscene rhymes. The cheerful disgusting hazards of being young were now safely over, thank goodness. The orderly exacting routine of business was enough to keep a man amused. Twenty-one years is a long time; yet turning the focus of memory a little more sharply he caught an unexpected glimpse of a friendly fat waitress at the old wooden hotel who used to bring him bowls of clam chowder; and some of the grown-ups were still visible. But the small girls seemed to have evaporated, fogged out. Even Ruth herself. He could only recall a distant shrilling of hide-and-seek played after dusk among the sand-hills, the running flutter of pink cotton dresses. Why don't little girls wear pink nowadays, he wondered.



"Did she wear a pink dress?"

"Gracious, I don't know. She had green eyes and was awfully shy. If that *was* her, she's turned out more attractive than I should have thought. Funny, she hasn't bobbed her hair; I thought all artists were supposed to do that."

Ben wasn't greatly interested. His private conviction was that the party would be a bore anyhow; but he couldn't very well return to the newspaper while Ruth was talking. He took off his glasses and polished them.

"What does her husband do?"

"Her husband? She hasn't got one. I suppose she's wedded to her art. I don't think she's the type that's attractive to men."

Ruth regretted this when she had said it, because obviously a little deduction on Ben's part would have led him to her real thread of thought. But he showed no sign of animation, patted her knee in a soothing proprietary way, and settled his coat round him like a dog coiling for another nap.

"We'll soon be there," he said.

"I hope so. I'd forgotten it was such a long ride. It'll be queer to see the Island again. Phyllis usually takes the children to Lake Champlain, George has some kind of graft on a railroad up there. It was just an accident, his getting hold of the old Richmond place. It's been empty a long time, the family never went back to it after the little girl (what was her name?) died."

As though plunging into a tunnel the train drummed into a squall. Gray slants of rain thrashed the windows, there were heavy explosions of sound. Ruth was usually afraid of storms, but this one seemed to make the long green car comfortable. The smooth hum of the train softened the jagged edges of thunder. She would have liked a woman there to talk to about Joyce. She had been cheerful in the certainty that her own hat was the smartest on the train until Joyce (for certainly it was she) entered the dining car. That curly black felt, with what an air she carried

it. There was something gipsyish about her: something finely unconscious in her way of enjoying her lunch while every other woman was watching her. Women run in a pack and hasten to ally themselves against any other who seems to have secret funds of certainty. Those who live from hand to mouth are always indignant at a private income. Ruth knew Joyce at once as one of the lonely kind. Apparently idle and half asleep, she had turned her chair to command the aisle and was waiting intently to see her come back through their car.

The delicious resentment that some women at once rouse in others! By some deep specialized instinct every woman in the car looked up as the girl went by. Sitting there for several hours, they had tacitly constituted themselves a microcosm of Society and now with professional shrewdness took stock of the alien. No sculptor, no practised sensualist, could have itemized her more fiercely. She was not "pretty," but in some strangely dangerous way she was foreign to their comfortable cowardice. She was still untamed, unbroken. It was not fair, thought the plumper ladies (though unaware they were thinking it) that a woman of nubile age should still combine nymphlike grace with the gay insouciance of a boy. She was carrying her hat in her hand, and the dark twist of her uncropped hair annoyed them as much as, not long before, it would have annoyed them to see it short. They marked the flexile straightness of her figure, the hang and stuff of the skirt, the bend of foot and ankle; exactly appraised, by the small visible slope of stocking, the upper curves unseen. They noted the unbroken fall of her dark suit from armpit to hem as she was swung sideways by a swerve of the train and threw up one elbow to keep her balance. The ruddy young brakeman, meeting her just then, steadied her politely with his hand. She smiled frankly. She didn't even seem humiliated, Ruth thought, at having to pass through all these Pullmans on her way to the day coaches.

But there was something deeper than that—something she couldn't profitably discuss with Ben. With the clairvoyance of woman she saw, and resented, a creature somehow more detached and more determined than herself. In a vague way, for which no words were possible, she recognized a spirit not more happy but more finely unhappy; a spirit concerned with those impassioned curiosities of life which Ruth knew existed and yet knew not how to approach. She felt the shamed envy and anger that some bitter listener in the audience always feels toward the performer. There was something in that dark childish face and alert reckless figure that made Ruth feel soft and frilly and powdered with sugar. The girl was possessed by some essence, had some fatal current passing through her—something which, if generally admitted, would demand extensive revision of the comfortable world. That was it, perhaps: she looked as though she knew that things which most women had agreed to regard as important didn't really matter. The Pullman microcosm resented this, as an anthology of prose would resent a poem that got into it by mistake. The only satisfaction it could have, and the explanation of its pitiless appraisal, was the knowledge that this poor creature too was mocked and fettered with a body, subject also to the dear horrors of flesh.

With a sense of weariness and self-pity Ruth turned to the window and saw, far off, the hard blue line of sea. They were emerging from the storm, the train hummed and rocketed over marshes and beside reedy lagoons still prickled by the rain. On that horizon lay the memory of childhood to which she was now returning. The chief satisfaction of revisiting juvenile surroundings is to feel superior to that pitiable era: to appear, before one's old companions, more prosperous, circumstantial, handsome, and enviable than they might have expected. But now even her gay little woollen sports hat seemed to have

lost its assurance. What right had a mere illustrator (and riding in a day coach) with something proud and eager in her face, to start all these troublesome thoughts? She remembered that even as a child Joyce never really joined in their games but watched apart with a shy unwillingness—a shyness which if rubbed too hard could turn into bewildered rebellion. Ruth was always so intensely conscious of the existence of other people that a merely random speculation as to what her friends were doing could prevent her all day long from concentrating on her own affairs. Others were more real to her than herself. Now she was painfully haunted by that look of conviction and fulfilment on the girl's face. Joyce looked unhappy (she consoled herself a little with that); but it was a thrilling kind of unhappiness: an unhappiness scarcely to be distinguished from ecstasy.

She pondered about this, wondering if *she* had ever looked like that. One of her secret anxieties was that she herself was not passionate. Was that, she sometimes wondered, why she and Ben had never had children? In her absorption she practised an expression on her face . . . "rapt" was the word that occurred to her to describe it. Ben, reappearing from behind the paper, was alarmed by her appearance and offered her a soda-mint tablet from the little bottle in his waistcoat pocket.

The dense air of the car began to be alive. After the barrens of pinewood and long upgrades over stony pasture, now the train careered gloriously in the salty northern air, along beaches crusted with stale foam. It cried aloud its savage despairing chord, as though the fierce engine knew that after all its furious burning labors, the flashing uproar of its toil, its human employers would descend at their destinations unfreed, unaltered, facing there as elsewhere the clumsy comedies of life. Angrily it exulted along the bright dwindle of rails which spread wide under the great wheels and narrowed again before and



behind. The telegraph poles came racing toward it, leaping up like tall threatening men; one by one they were struck down and fled away. With swift elbowing pistons and jets of silver steam the engine roared, glorious in its task, glorious in its blind fidelity and passion, caring nothing that all must be retraced in the opposite direction to-morrow.

Joyce was standing in the vestibule of *Godiva*, smoking a cigarette. She had been there a great part of the journey; fast trains always made her mind too busy for sitting still. She had pacified the at first disapproving young brakeman by getting out her sketchbook and making a quick cartoon of him.

Not for many weeks had she been so unconsideringly happy. She never thought of trains as hurrying toward something, but rather fleeing wildly from. Those great eloquent machines (she hated to have to board a train without seeing the engine first) crouched ready for flight like huge beasts breathing panic. They were symbols of the universal terror; she trembled with excitement to feel the thrill of escape—escape from anything. Escape, for the moment, from time and space. She wondered how anyone could ever sleep or be bored in a train. You'd think their faces would be transfigured when they got out. She hummed to herself as she stood alone in the vestibule. Life seemed to be beginning all over again; her mind was freshly sensitized to the oddity of human faces, to the color and vitality of the country, the strong swelling curves of the hills. I am flying, flying, she chanted; I am flying from a dream. I am a little mad. My mind is fuller than it'll hold: all sorts of thoughts are slopping over the brim, getting lost because there isn't room for them. I must let them flow faster so I can be aware of them all. What happens to the thoughts that get spilled before you can quite seize them? I must ask George. . . . I wonder which George it will be.

Once she had startled him by giving

him a book she found in a secondhand store, *The Four Georges*. For it amused her to insist that there were four of him: George the Husband, George the Father, George the Publicity Man, and then George the Fourth—her George, the troubled and groping dreamer, framed in an open window. . . .

Go and see Granville, said the Advertising Agent to her. He's getting up a booklet for the L or somebody. He might be able to use some of these drawings of yours. And because it was urgent he had given her the address. Her knees were quivery as she turned the bend in the corridor, looking for his number.

It was a sultry day, the door of the little office was open. There was a window, high up at the back of the old building, looking over the Brooklyn Bridge. He was leaning on the sill, the smoke of his pipe drifted outward into that hot tawny light that hangs over the East River on summer afternoons. At first he did not seem to hear her tap on the glass panel; then he turned, glanced at her steadily and without surprise. As he had no idea she was coming, she thought perhaps he had mistaken her for someone he knew.

"Look here," he said, "I want to show you something."

She put down her folder of drawings and crossed to the sill. He leaned there in his shirt sleeves, pointing with the stem of his pipe, as easily as though they were old friends.

"See those tall lance-headed openings in the piers of the Bridge? Did you ever notice they look just like cathedral windows? And that pearl-blue light hanging in them, better than any stained glass."

She was too surprised, too anxious about showing him her drawings, to do more than murmur assent.

"I can tell you about it," he said, "because I don't know you. It isn't safe to tell people you know about beautiful things. Those are the windows of my private cathedral."

How often she had lived again that first encounter: the ring of feet along the paved corridors, the blunt slam of elevator gates, the steady tick of a typewriter in an adjoining office, telephones trilling here and there in the big building like birds in an aviary, the murmur of the streets rising up to them through warm heavy air. Always, in that city, she was a little mad. Where such steep terraces cut stairways on sky, where every tread falls upon some broken beauty poets are too hurried to pick up, how can one be quite sane? God pity the man (he said once) who has none of that madness in his heart.

I have a cathedral too, I have a cathedral too, she was repeating to herself, but too excited to say it. With bungling fingers she untied the portfolio, rummaged through the drawings, found the one of an aisle of trees in Central Park where the wintry branches lace themselves into an oriel.

He went through all the pictures. He spoke only twice.

"Who did these? You?" and then presently, "Here, this isn't fair. You've been trespassing in *my* city."

Then suddenly he paused, flushed, and became embarrassed. He became—as she would have said afterward—George the Third. He spoke of the Elevated Railroad's limited appropriation for promotion, of the peculiar problems of transportation publicity, asked what was her usual price for art work, took her name and address. . . . Perhaps George the Fourth would have died then and there, perished of cholera infantum at the age of half an hour, never been heard of again except on a tablet in the imaginary cathedral on Brooklyn Bridge . . . but as she left the office she shook so with purely nervous elation she had to stop by the brass-rimmed letter-chute in the hall. She was wishing she had the courage to go back and ask him how soon the check could come through (will he mail it here? oh, blessed chute!) . . . and then

he came hurrying round the corner after her.

"Look here," he said, with pink-browed uncertainty, "I can't let you go away like this. The family's off in the country, I'm devilish lonely. Will you have dinner with me and we can talk about New York?"

She was too amused and exultant to answer promptly. But George the Fourth, looking anxiously from his basinet, need not have been so afraid she was going to refuse. Do artists who have just made their first real sale decline a square meal?

"We'll ride uptown in the L, to celebrate," he pleaded. "There's a bit where it turns right into the sunset for a few blocks, if you stand on the front platform it's corking. And I know a place where we can get a bottle of *asti spumante*. . . ."

The lighted candles of the Italian basement where they dined. At first his shyness had come back upon him: he seemed to feel that taking anyone but Phyllis out to dinner was an incredible truancy. Then, as they looked anxiously at each other, some element in the blood broke free. His mind came running to her like a child, like a boy lost in a world of tall stone buildings and clamoring typewriters. His poor shivered ideas just fitted into the fractured edges of her own. He had been well drilled, but there was in him a little platoon that had broken away from the draft and enlisted in the Foreign Legion.

"You know," he said, "I never talked like this to anyone before. What is there about you that makes one say what he really thinks? My mind feels as though someone had stolen its clothes while it was in bathing. How will it be able to go back to work to-morrow?"

Warm golden candlelight and cold golden wine: the little table in the corner was a yellow island in a sea of cigarette smoke, a sunny silence in the comforting hum of other people's chatter. In her own loneliness she saw his



mind like the naked footprint on Crusoe's beach.

There must have been another footprint there too—the footprint of a mischievous godling who runs the beaches of the world as naked as Man Friday.

"The ideas I folded neatly and hid under a stone" (she could still hear him saying it, there was something delightfully heavy in his way of saying *stone*) "the ideas I thought you have to leave behind when you go bathing in the river of life, I think maybe I shall go back and look under that stone for them and see if they aren't the most important of all. I thought they were just clothes. Maybe they were my bathing suit."

The figure of speech wasn't quite limpid. There was perhaps a little *asti spumante* in it, and a few gassy bubbles of exaggeration. But she understood what he meant. Ten, eleven years older than she, how young he seemed.

He paused a while, getting younger every moment. He waved away a drift of smoke.

"You must meet Phyllis," he said.

Then he had found, later, that it wasn't necessary, for she had known Phyllis as a child. "How small the world is," he said sadly. "Phyllis and I were small, too," she replied.

She wondered if there were four Phyllises also?

"Ten minutes to Dark Harbor," said *Godiva's* porter, coming into the vestibule with his whisk brush. She hardly noticed him dusting her, she was thinking of George the Fourth, the perplexing phantom she had accidentally startled into life. She felt for him a strange almost maternal tenderness, an amusement at some of his scruples, and admiration at the natural grace of his mind when he allowed himself to be imaginative. But behind these, a kind of fear, for George the Fourth had grown gigantic in her dreams; sometimes, in panic, she realized how much she thought about him. He was so completely hers because he was hidden in the securest

of hiding places—inside a person who belonged to someone else. So she couldn't resist the invitation to go down to the Island, to renew memories of childhood . . . and the most interesting of those ghostly children, she thought, would be George the Fourth, only twelve months old. She had had to remind herself, sometimes, that the first three Georges did belong to others . . . but if you have to keep reminding yourself of a thing, perhaps it isn't so. For the amazement had been mutual. She had awakened George the Fourth, but he had awakened something too. . . . And frightened by some of these thoughts (it had been her lonely pride to stand so securely on her own feet), she was flying from the dream of George to George himself—and Phyllis.

Over the wide sea-meadows the train sounded its deep bluster of warning: a voice of triumph, a voice of pain, announcing reunions that cannot unite, separations that cannot divide. And George Granville—all four of him, at that moment—driving over the long trestle to the mainland, heard it from afar, and in sheer bravado echoed the cry with his horn.

## X

In the bathtub Phyllis wondered, for the first time in her life, whether she was "literary." She sat soaping her knees and reveling in coolness that came about her waist in a perfection of liquid embrace. She found herself—perhaps because her eye had fallen on the volume in the den, while she and George were bickering—thinking about Shakespeare. Now, in an intimate understanding that many an erudite scholar has never attained, she perceived what the man with a beard was driving at. The plays, which she had always politely respected as well-bred women do respect serious institutions, were something more than gusts of fantastic tinsel interspersed with foul jokes—jokes she knew were foul without understanding them. They

were parables of the High Cost of Living—the cost to brain and heart and spirit of this wildly embarrassing barter called life. The tormented obstreperous behavior of his people was genuine, after all: they were creatures in a dream, like herself—a dream more true than reality. She could have walked on in any of the plays and taken a part without sense of incongruity. She felt as if she were a phantom in one of the pieces, a creature in the mind of some unguessable dramatist who had mysteriously decided to make a change in the plot. She thought how she and her friends had sometimes sat through Shakespeare matinées, subconsciously comforting themselves with the notion that real people don't behave that way.

Why, Bill, you poor old devil (she said to him) how you must have suffered to be able to write like that! It made her feel quite tranquil by comparison. But of course her own particular absurdities had special kinks in them that were unique; even He would have been surprised. But he would have understood.

A soft flow of air had begun to move after the storm. The big maple tree, just outside the bathroom window, was gold-plated in the dropping sun. The window was above the bath and the ripple of those gilded leaves reflected a gentle shimmer into the porcelain tub. Her shiny knees were glossed with pale-green light. Shakespeare would have liked that. She fished for the soap, which slipped round behind her like a young thought.

I suppose that as long as I was 99 and 44/100 pure I never could appreciate him. But I don't know whether I altogether enjoy people who understand so well. That's the trouble about George: he's getting weirdly acute, poor soul. Now Mr. Martin, he looks divinely sympathetic, but I don't think he quite . . . People wonder why one always confides in those who don't understand. But of course! To confide in people who *do* is too terrible. Giving yourself away

—yes, exactly: you no longer are keeper of your own gruesome self. That's why the Catholic notion is so sound: confession to God is nothing at all; you know He doesn't care. But to confess to a priest . . . golly, that must take courage.

She lay down for one last lustral wallow, closing her eyes with a calm sensation of new dignity and refreshment. The cool water held her in peaceful lightness, lifting away whatever was agitated and strange. For a moment body and spirit were harmoniously one, floating in a pure eddy of Time. I feel like a nun, she thought. She rose, trickling, threw the big towel round her shoulders and studied herself in the long mirror. Really, I'm not much more than a child, she mused happily, admiring the slender short-haired figure in the glass. Or perhaps I feel like a harlot . . . a courtesan, nicer-sounding word. Discarding the towel, she struck a humorous parody of the Venus Aphrodite attitude, and then felt a little shocked. She could feel her cheeks warming. She remembered George's coarse remark when they saw the statue. "It's no use," he said. "Two hands can't do it. Anyone as timid as that needs three." She sang a little refrain, trying different tunes for it. She couldn't remember whether she had heard it, or just made it up:

"What did Mrs. Shakespeare do  
When William went away?"

The soft flutter of maple leaves outside the window was like a soothing whisper. From the other side of the house she could hear the click of croquet mallets and balls. Time for the children to have their supper or they won't be finished before the others get here. Thank goodness it was cooler, Lizzie wouldn't be so harassed. Wrapping her silk kimono round her, she looked out of the window. Lizzie's flag was still flying. With a rough delicacy of her own, the cook did not like to run out her private washing on the family line, so



she had strung a cord from the kitchen door to a branch of the maple tree. There, floating like a hoist of signal buntings, were Lizzie's *personalia*, all the more conspicuous for her mistaken modesty. They were indeed (it was George who had said it) like a string of code flags: a blue apron, a yellow shirt, a pair of appalling red breeches. George always wanted to know to whom Lizzie might be signalling with these homely pennants. They *are* a kind of signal, Phyllis thought. A signal that life goes on, notifying any other household within eyeshot that here too the humble routine of kitchen and washtub and ironing board, of roof and meat and sleep, triumphs in the end over the wildest poet's dream. Shakespeare would have relished them and been pleased to see these bright ensigns hoisted so frankly in the yellow air.

Dressed in a gauzy drift of white and silver, she paused at the cushioned bay windows by the head of the stair. Her body enjoyed that mixed feeling of snug enclosure and airy freedom which is the triumph of feminine costume. Even her inward self shared something of this sensation: within the softly sparkling raiment of thought she was aware of her compact kernel of identity—tranquil for the moment, but privately apprehensive and alert. On the oval grassplot Martin was playing croquet with the children. Janet, nicely adjusting two tangent balls with a bare brown foot, gave them a well-aimed swipe. Phyllis heard the sharp wooden impact and Martin's cry of goodhumored dismay as his globe went spinning across the turf, leaving a darker stripe on the wet lawn. It bounded over the gravel and into the bushes, by the corner where she had first seen him. She watched him chase it, lay it on the edge of the turf, and drive it back. How graceful he was! He raised his head with a little unconscious lift of satisfaction as he watched the ball roll where he wanted it to lie.

A film seemed to have been skimmed

from her eyes. Perhaps it was that level stream of evening light—the figures moved in a godlike element of luster: every motion was perfect, expressed the loveliness for which life was intended, was unconscious and exact as the movements of animals. They were immersed in their game as though there were no past, no future; she felt she could watch them forever. Martin's face, gravely intent, bent over his ball. She saw the straight slope of his back against the screen of shrubs. The mallet clicked, there was a sharp tinkle as the ball went through the middle hoop, touching the little bell that hung there. How can anyone look so adorable and yet be so hard to talk to?

Through the scooped hollow of the dunes, catching tawny sparks from the sand, violet dazzles from the sea, the cleansed radiance of sunset came pouring in. The children's bare legs splashed in brightness as though they were paddling; honey-colored light parted and closed again about their ankles, the wet shadows dripped and trailed under their feet. The house, growing dusky, was a dyke stemmed in the onset of that pure flood. It caught and held as much darkness as it could; the rest went whirling out. As if in answer to the little croquet bell, the old clock in the hall whirled and jangled six hoarse clanking strokes. They eddied a moment and then were whiffed away by the strong impalpable current that seemed to be sweeping through. You could tell, by the dull sound, that the gong was rusty. No wonder, a house by the seashore, empty so long.

After the cough of the clock silence came up the shaft of the stairway. Not themselves alone, but the house too had its part in everything. She could feel its whole fabric attentive and watchful and wondered how she could have been heedless of this before. A house of ugly pattern, with yellow wainscots and fret-sawed mantels and panes of gaudy glass; but she guessed now—what one can only learn under strange roofs—how precious houses are. And how wary

they have to be, fortresses against fierce powers, sunshine, darkness, gale. Life has flowed through them: clocks have chimed, logs crumbled, stairs creaked under happy feet. These whispers are all they have to treasure; if you leave them alone too long they get morbid, full of sullen fancies. She remembered herself, visiting that house as a child, once seated at this same window, watching others play croquet . . . *was* it memory, or only the trick of the mind that splits the passing instant and makes one live it twice?

"Come, children!" she called from the window. "Time for your supper."

She went slowly down the stairs. Be calm, be calm, she said to herself; this too will pass; this isn't Shakespeare but only the children's supper time. But the flow of her blood warmed and quickened as water grows hot while you wait with your hand under the bathroom faucet. On the landing, where a shot of sunlight came arrowing through from the sitting-room window, she waited to adjust a slipper. She could hear them on the gravel outside. If he came in now he would find her just so, gilded and silvered like a Christmas card. But their voices remained on the verandah, where the children's meal was laid. She could not afford to wait long. Now, now, were a few precious moments. This was a dream; and dreams must be recorded at once or they vanish forever.

She heard one of them sneeze. It was Janet; she knew all their sneezes and coughs by ear. Yes, they probably *have* caught cold, bathing in that storm. And they have to sleep outdoors to-night, too, on the porch, because of this infernal Picnic. It's much colder, the thermometer must have dropped twenty degrees. She hurried to get the sweaters from the cupboard under the stairs.

They were sitting at the verandah table, with milk and bread and jam. Mr. Martin was in the fourth chair. He looked as though he too was ready for supper.

"Well, chickabiddies, did you have a

good bathe? I hope you didn't catch cold. Here, put on your sweaters."

They looked up at her gaily. Their upper lips were wet and whitish.

"How pretty you look!" exclaimed Janet.

She had meant to toss him a brief clear, friendly little gaze—an orderly hostess-to-pleasant-guest regard—but this from Janet startled her. She could see that he was holding her in his eye, meditating the accuracy of Janet's comment. She did not feel ready to face him.

"Thank you," she said lightly, and added, "wipe your mouths after drinking."

"He says that's a milk-mustache," cried Rose, gesturing to the visitor. "It makes you healthy."

Phyllis made a clucking reproach with her tongue.

"You mustn't point. It's not polite to say *he*. Say 'Mr. Martin.' Jay dear, after supper run and put away the mallets. I've told you, I don't know how often, not to leave them lying on the lawn. . . . Oh, not *you*, Mr. Martin. Janet'll do it after her supper."

But he was up already and gone to get them. I suppose this perpetual correcting sounds silly to him, she thought. But how can I help it? George never disciplines them.

"It makes him hungry to watch us eat," said Sylvia. "He wants some supper."

"He's joking with you. We'll have ours by and by."

She followed him into the garden. As she put her crisp silver slipper on the tread of the verandah steps she saw how the foot widened slightly to carry her weight. How terribly I'm noticing things. Something flickered at the corner of her eye: she suspected it was Lizzie, at the pantry window, trying to attract her attention. A throng of trifles jostled at the door of her mind, tapping for admission. Probably the ice has given out after such heat. Well then, they'll have to do without cock-



tails. I can fix the sandwiches to-night when everyone's in bed. If it turns chilly there won't be enough blankets. Nounou won't be back until late, I must get the children started to bed before. . . . I *won't* think of these things.

He had put away the croquet implements.

"Thank you. We've just time for a little stroll before the others get here. I hope you'll like Mr. and Mrs. Brook. They're extremely nice, really, but a bit heavy."

"Perhaps they eat too much." He said it with the air of one courteously offering a helpful suggestion.

She had wanted, wanted so to be alone with him: she had a desperate feeling that there were urgent things to be said, and now she could utter nothing. Her mind ran zigzagging beside her, like a questing dog, while she tried to steer their talk into some channel of reality. Her thoughts kept crowding massively under her uneasy words, pushing them out before they were ready, cutting into her speech like italics in a page of swarthy Roman type.

"We all eat too much in hot weather, I dare say." *Oh, if I could only write him a letter I could make him understand. He's so sophisticated, I suppose the quaint things he says are his way of making fun of me. Why did I suggest our walking like this? You can't see a person's face when you're walking side by side. And if we go round the path again, Lizzie will get me from the pantry. "Let's sit down on the bench."*

"It's wet, it'll spoil your pretty skirt."

Skirt! . . . what a word for this mist of silvery tissue she had put on specially for him. . . .

"So it is. Well, let's see what the storm has done to the roses."

The little walk under the trellis was flaked with wet petals.

"Poor darlings, there's not much left of them now." *If Shakespeare was here I should feel the same way. Speechless. Why, he's like a god: lovely to think about, impossible to talk to. He doesn't give*

*anything, just absorbs you; you feel like a drop of ink on a blotter. "I have a horrid suspicion that the ice has given out, you mustn't mind if your cocktail is warm."*

He kept looking at her in brief glances. Each time she met them it was like getting a letter in some familiar handwriting but stamped with a strange postmark.

"Are they better cold?"

*I give up, I give up. It's no use. I can't even think. There's some sort of veil, mist, between us. He is a kind of god. He's brightness, beauty. Every movement he makes is a revelation and a question. How can I speak to him when all I want is to love him? There's nothing earthy, nothing gross about this. It's lovelier than anything I ever dreamed of. And if I tried to tell anyone it would sound like tawdry farce. . . .*

Dimly she divined what lay between them, what always lies between men and gods, making them such embarrassed companions—the whole of life, the actual functions of living; the sense of absurdity (enemy of all tender beauty); trained necessities for silence, that darken the intuitions of the soul.

*It's as impossible as—as the New Testament. I feel like Christmas Eve: there's a new Me being born. You can't have a Nativity without pangs. And not even anyone to bring me frankincense and myrrh. . . .*

She stopped, picked one of the late rosebuds, and put it in his lapel. She checked a frightened impulse to tell him that she named the baby Rose because it was her favorite flower and she looked so like a rosebud when she was born. This was courage, because to say it would have carried on the doomed conversation one paragraph farther in safety. To anyone else she would have said it. But now she spoke shakenly, from far within.

"You're not easy to talk to—Martin."

His face changed, he looked less anxious. He took her hand. She found herself not surprised: it seemed entirely

natural. She felt his fingers lace into hers. Just as Janet does, she thought.

"I get frightened when people talk to me," he said.

She looked at him, adoring. The bad spell was broken. Instantly she felt they could communicate. He was frightened too—the precious! Over his shoulder she caught sight of the little old-fashioned weather-vane on the stable, a gilded galloping horse with flowing tail. Always racing in blue emptiness and never getting anywhere. Like Time itself, like this marvellous instant, so agonizingly reached, that could never come again. No one who knew her in her daily rote would quite have recognized her then as she looked into his eyes. She was completely herself, born again in innocence, in the instinctive yearning for what she knew was good. The unknown ripeness of woman woke for an instant from its long drug of peevish days, small decisions, goaded nothings. Humbled, purified, bewildered, she saw the dark face of Love, the god too errant for heaven and who suffers on earth like a man.

"Martin, I love you."

"I love you too," he said politely.

Beyond the stable she heard the sound of the car.

## XI

"It was just adorable of you to come."

Ruth was getting out of the car. They kissed.

"Why, Phyllis! How sweet you look! Gracious, I thought this was a Picnic, and here you are in a dance frock. For Heaven's sake lead me to hot water. Those awful Pullmans; I'm simply speckled with cinders. I feel gritty all over."

That, of course, must be Miss Clyde on the front seat.

"How do you do! After all these years! I don't suppose we'd have known each other. But we ought to, George admires your work so much."

They shook hands. It was a hard capable little hand, calloused like a boy's. Phyllis knew now that she remembered the gray-green eyes: agates, gold flecked, with light behind them; eyes softly shadowed underneath, as though from too much eagerness to understand; eyes dipped in darkness. The small shy child of long ago, who stood apart from games.

George was getting out the suitcases. He was afraid to watch Phyllis and Joyce greet. When a finely adjusted balance hovers in equilibrium you don't breathe on the scales.

"We were on the same train," cried Ruth, "and never recognized each other."

Ben felt the twinge of anxiety common to the husband who hears his wife tell an unnecessary fib. Ruth had said this once before already, in the car, so perhaps it was important. Her allusion to Pullmans, also, was based (he suspected) on the erroneous notion that Miss Clyde had ridden in a day coach. But he liked to back Ruth up, if he knew what she was heading for.

"I guess we've all changed," he said mildly. "The old house hasn't, it looks just the same."

"Miss Clyde's brought her paint box," George said. "She's going to do a picture."

"Oh, yes, and we have another—why that's fine, Miss Clyde—we have another artist here too, Mr. Martin. You must all come in and meet him."

She stood holding the screen-door aside, welcoming them in. George, coming last, saw how her cheerful smile faded to expressionless blank when the guests had passed. She had relapsed into automatic Hostess. How lonely she must be to look like that. I wish it was over, he thought. His mind felt like a spider that has caught several large flies at once: the delicate web was in danger of breaking.

They entered the hall.

"It isn't changed a bit!" Ruth said. "Exactly as I remember it—except it



seems smaller. That old table, for instance, that used to be just enormous. Well, hot water first. I can sentimentalize much better when I'm clean."

George was thinking: Ruth's probably the kind of woman who always twists the toothpaste-tube crooked, but her babble will help us around corners.

"I hope Miss Clyde won't mind being in the little sitting room downstairs; you see we're just camping out here, you must all make yourselves at home."

Joyce tried to frame some appropriate reply to Phyllis's clear faintly hostile voice. She was in the tranced uneasiness of revisit. Coming from the station she had been trying to realize the Island again: her mind was startled by the permanence of the physical world. Things she had not thought of for so long—things that she had apparently been carrying, unawares, in memory—were still there, unaltered, reproaching her own instability: the planks of the station platform, the old scow rotting in the mud, the road of crushed oyster shells, the same vacancy of sand and sky.

In the car she and George were both achingly mute. There seemed to be a sheet of glass between them. The Brooks emitted cheerful chatter from the back seat, George replied with bustling geniality, his only mask. How wonderful if they could just have made this ride in silence; she had a feeling that all sorts of lovely meanings were escaping her. There was the old notch of blue light where the road slipped over a prickling horizon of pines. How just right were the slopes of the puppy-colored sand-hills, the tasselled trees against the pure lazy air, the colored veining of the fields. Now, now; here, here; I'm here and now, she had to remind herself. It's God's world, whatever that can mean. Golly, you must be careful how you make fun of religion; it's a form of art. She imagined a painting of that aisle of sandy road, climbing through the tall resinous grove. *Religion* would be a good name for it. . . . George had never seemed so far away as now when she sat beside

him. Would it always be like that? Oh, teach yourself not to love things, she thought. Be indifferent. It's love that causes suffering, it's tenderness that weighs heavy on the heart. How ridiculous to say that God loves the world! He doesn't give a damn about it, really. That's why He's so cheerful . . . such a competent artist. His hand doesn't shake. Still, I don't think I want to meet Him. It's a mistake to meet artists you admire; they're always disappointing.

"I shouldn't have come here," she said. "I love it too much. Those trees. They look so surprised. I have a guilty passion for pine trees."

Driving the faithful car had strengthened George. Even the paltriest has an encouraged sense of competence with that steady tattoo underneath his feet. The artist that lay printed like a fossil in George's close-packed heart—the artist that only Joyce had ever relished—always responded to the drum of the engine. He adored the car; when he drove alone to the Island (sending the family by train) he sang to her most of the way. This was *his* guilty passion. Now it was the car's rhyming vitality that came to his rescue. He broke the glass. He cut himself but he got through.

"Any kind of love is too much," he said.

Then he was grieved to find himself uttering such a cheap oracle; but it comforted Joyce because she saw it was a symptom. It showed that he was trying to tell the truth. She did not dare look at him: she was too conscious of the others behind them, who seemed as massively attentive as an audience in a theater. Then, in a wave of annoyance, Surely I have a right to look where I want? She did so. She could see the confidential tilt of his eyebrow so plainly, she knew he was hers for the taking. Nothing but themselves could stand between them.

"How queer, that's just what I was thinking," she told the eyebrow.

"Oh, do you believe in telepathy?" chirped Ruth. "Ben sometimes knows exactly what I'm thinking without my saying a word."

It can't happen often, George thought.

"What were you laughing at?" he found time to ask her as the others were descending from the car.

"I was just thinking, there's not much danger of my meeting God because I'm not pure in heart."

"Oh, I shall be perfectly comfortable anywhere," she said.

The single swathe of sunshine carved the hall, dividing it into two dusks as the word *Now* divides one's mind. All, all unchanged: the series of hemispherical bronze gongs at the dining-room door, the wakeful asthma of the tall clock, the wide banistered stairway with its air of waiting to creak. The soft gold-sliced shadow trembled with small sounds, and light voices of children drifted down from above. If this was still real, then what was her life of today? Why pretend any longer to make the world seem reasonable? It was all a delightful ironic farce with an audience applauding the wrong moments and the Author gritting his teeth in the wings. What use was Time if it availed so little?

The broad stream of sunlight flowed through the house like a steady ripple of Lethe, washing away the sandy shelves of trivial Now, dissolving little edges of past and future into its current, drawing all Time together in one clear onward sluice. What are we waiting for? she wondered. What is everyone waiting for, always? She was painfully aware of George standing near her. It was not silence that sundered them but their grotesque desire to speak.

"George," Phyllis was saying, "you give Ben a drink or something while I take the ladies—"

In the shadow beyond the table there was a clicking sound. Through the wide opening of the dining-room double doors two figures crawled, on all fours,

with a toy train. Janet was in her pajamas, ready for bed. Martin's hand moved the engine across the floor. They came into the stripe of sunset.

"Wait a minute!" cried Janet. "Here's one of the passengers."

"Put him in," said Martin. "And then the train goes round a sharp curve and smashes into a lot of people, bing!"

"Quick, I'll telephone for a nambulance. You adbreitized Perfect Safety on this railroad. It said so in your booklet."

"Well, if people will sit down for a Picnic right on the main line—"

"Goodness, what a nasinine thing to do."

"They were using the hot rails to fry their bacon on."

"Here's the doctor. Are there any children hurt?"

"Children all safe," said Martin, looking carefully through the wreckage. "A lot of grown-ups badly damaged."

"Here's the pistol. Put them out of their misery."

"Bang-bang-bang!"

"They didn't suffer much. I'll go for the wrecking train."

"Janet!" exclaimed Phyllis. "What are you *doing*, running about the house in your pajamas? And you've got sniffles already."

The two players looked up; but they could see nothing outside their tunnel of brightness. The voice seemed like imagination.

"Of course the railroad company will have to pay money for those valuable lives," said Martin regretfully.

"I'll get the blocks, we can build a norphan asylum for the surveyors."

"Not surveyors, survivors."

"Janet! Say good-night to Mr. Martin and run upstairs."

This time the command was unmistakable. Janet became aware of tall ominous figures emerging from the surrounding dusk.

"Good-night!" she cried hastily, and ran.

"I'm afraid Janet's manners are



terrible," Phyllis said. "She ought to have shaken hands, but I don't like to call her back now, she'll catch more cold."

Two other forms appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Is to-morrow the Picnic?" they called anxiously.

Martin was still sitting on the floor, musing over the disaster. Janet halted half-way up and shouted, "He says you said Damn the Picnic."

Sylvia and Rose burst into snivels. There was a moment of difficult pause. Martin realized that something was happening and began collecting the train.

"You *promised* the Picnic for to-morrow," he said, looking up from where he was kneeling.

"Yes, yes, to-morrow, don't worry," George shouted to the children.

"Mr. Martin's been awfully kind at keeping them amused," said Phyllis. "Mr. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Brook, Miss Clyde,—George turn on the light, Mr. Martin can't *see* us."

The button clicked, the bulbs jumped to attention, mere loops of pale wire beside the orange shaft of sun. Martin scrambled suddenly to his feet.

"How do you do," he said.

"What stunning towels," Ruth remarked as Phyllis was pointing out the hot-water tap. The embroidery of Phyllis's maiden initials was luxuriously illegible, in some sort of Old High German character. "Surely those didn't come with the house?"

"No; they're mine; all that's left of my trousseau. What George calls my pre-war towels."

But Ruth was too busy in her own thoughts to pursue little jokes.

"Your artist-man is rather extraordinary," she said. "Why should anyone so attractive need to be so bashful?"

"He's not really bashful.—There, I think you'll find everything you need."

The light twinkled on a tray of yellowish glasses on the sideboard.

George unlocked the cupboard, took out a bottle, and split open a new box of cigarettes with his thumbnail. There's a consolation in having these small things to do, he thought. Meanwhile what am I really thinking of? I suppose she's washing her hands. It's awkward having her downstairs. She'll want to change. . . . I don't believe she's got a mirror in there. We can hardly expect her to use the bookcase panes.

"Excuse me a moment," he said. "Ben, pour the tonic. It's good stuff." Mr. Martin was still standing by the door uncertainly, holding the toy engine. Heavens, does the fellow have to be moved round like a chessman? He's so difficult to talk to, somehow. George made a cordial gesture, indicating that Mr. Martin might as well join Ben at the sideboard. Martin crossed the room obediently.

The anxious host glanced into the sitting room. Yes; Phyllis, with her usual skill, had turned the desk into a dressing table: there was a fresh doily on it, a vase of flowers, and the mirror from his own bureau upstairs. Already, though she hadn't entered it yet, the room was no longer his but Joyce's. It had become private, precious, and strange. Here, in the very center of his own muddled affairs, was suddenly a kernel of unattainable magic. Why, in God's name, had Phyllis put her in his room? It was too savagely ironic. In my heart, in my mind, in my very bed, and I can't even speak to her. It's too farcical. If I didn't have to keep it secret we could all laugh about it. Secrecy is the only poison.

He carried in Joyce's suitcase and paint-box, put them on the couch, and fled.

"Well, Ben, I saved my last bottle for this party. It'll help us live through the Picnic. Mr. Martin, aren't you drinking?"

"What is it?" asked Martin.

"Try it and see. You don't need to worry. It's real."

Ben held up his glass, prolonging

anticipation. The fine vatted aroma of the rye cheered his nostrils. Here at least was one trifle which helps assuage the immense tedium of life.

"Funny to see the old place again," he said. "How well I remember those colored panes. Well . . ."

"Never drink without a sentiment," said George.

"All right: stained-glass windows."

"Good enough. Stained-glass windows."

"Is this your first visit," Ben began politely; but the other guest was still coughing and gagging. His eyes were full of tears.

Not used to good stuff, George thought. You don't get much of this genuine rye nowadays. He and Ben waited, rather embarrassed, until the other had stopped patting his chest. Ben lighted a cigarette and blew a ring.

Martin's face brightened. He put out his finger and hooked the floating twirl.

"That's lovely!" he said. "How do you do it?"

Ben was pleased at this tribute to his only social accomplishment.

"Why, it's quite easy. Get a big mouthful of smoke, purse your lips in a circle, like the hole in a doughnut, and raise your tongue suddenly to push the smoke out."

"Do it again."

Ben looked so comic, shaping his mouth, Martin couldn't help laughing.

"You look like a catfish. Can you do it too?"

"Not so well as Ben. Gosh, didn't you ever see anyone blow smoke-rings before?"

"No. My father doesn't smoke."

Ben looked a little perplexed. He had an uneasy feeling that perhaps the artist was making fun of them in some obscure way.

Phyllis called from the stairs. "George, will you come up and speak to the children? They want to be reassured about the Picnic."

"Do I have to finish this medicine?" Martin asked.

George grinned at him, rather tickled by this drollery.

"You must do as you think best. Make yourselves at home, you fellows. I'll be back in a minute."

"Don't you like it?" said Ben.

"No."

"Well, I can help you."

"It was nice of you to blow a smoke-ring to amuse me."

There was silence, which Ben concluded by taking the other glass of whiskey.

"Happy days," he said.

"To-morrow will be a happy day," Martin said. "We're going to be reassured by a Picnic."

"Have a cigarette," was all that Ben could think of.

"Who were the ladies you brought with you?"

"Well, one of them's my wife."

"Which, the pretty one?"

Ben poured himself another slug. He felt he needed it. He had a strong desire to laugh, but there was sincere inquiry in Mr. Martin's eyes. He really wanted to know.

"Ask *them*," he said.

Phyllis came into the room.

"It'll soon be dinner time. You people all ready?"

Martin held out his arms. It was so nearly the substance of her dream, she moved forward to enter his embrace. Ben's face of surprise checked her in time. She took Martin's hands.

"Mr. Martin is my guest of honor," she explained lightly.

"He seems to be," said Ben, and finished his glass.

They stood a moment. Then Martin said, "You didn't look at them."

"At what?"

"My hands. I mean, are they clean enough?"

Janet and Sylvia were already in the two cots on the balcony; but their eyes



were waiting for George, with that look of entreating expectancy worn by those who look upward from bed. In the lustrous garden air crickets were beginning to wheedle. The rickety old porch seemed an alcove of simpleness divided from the absurd tangled emotions of the house. But even here was passion: the little white-trousered figures sprang up, their strenuous arms clutched him, their eyes were dark with anxiety. With horror he saw how they appealed to him as omnipotent all-arranging arbiter. Him, the poor futile bungler! They crushed him with the impossible burden of their faith.

"Yes, we'll have the Picnic to-morrow. Now you go to sleep and get a good rest."

"Mother forgot to hear our prayers."

He stood impatient as they lengthily rehearsed, one after the other, their confident innocent petitions. The clear voices chirruped, but he shut their words from his mind, as regardless as God. Would they never finish? To hear these dear meaningless desiderations was too tender a torment. He tried to think of other things—of anything—of the sea; of washing his hands and putting on a clean collar; of the striped brown-and-silver tie that he intended to wear to-morrow (Joyce had never seen it); and what on earth are we going to do to amuse these people after dinner?

"And Mother and Daddy and all friends kind and dear; and let to-morrow be a nice day for the Picnic. . ."

Poor little devils, he thought; they seem as far away from me as if they were kittens or puppies. People pretend that children are just human beings of a smaller size, but I think they're something quite different. They live in a world with only three dimensions, a physical world immersed in the moment, a reasonable world, a world without that awful sorcery of a fourth measurement that makes us ill at ease. What is it their world lacks? Is it self-consciousness, is it beauty, is it sex? (Three

names for the same thing, perhaps.) Little Sylvia with her full wet eyes, what torments of desire she would arouse some day in some deluded stripling!

Strange world of theirs: a world that has no awareness of good and evil; a world merely pretty, whereas ours is beautiful. A world that knows what it wants; whereas we are never quite sure. . . .

He looked at them with amazement. Where did they come from, how did they get there? They were more genuine than himself, they would still be in this incredible life long after he had been shovelled out of it. How soon would they begin to see through the furious pettiness of parents? See that we do everything we punish them for attempting, that we torture them for our own weakness, set their teeth on edge for the taste of our own green grapes?

He tucked them in, gave each rounded hill of blanket a consoling pat, and left them. Joyce was standing in the passage. She had changed her clothes and was wearing a plain gray linen dress. He wanted to tell her that she was one of the unbelievably rare women who never have a pink strap of ribbon running loose across one shoulder. There must be *some* solution of that problem? A man would have abolished it long ago. But she's on her way to the bathroom, I suppose; it'll be more polite if I just stand aside and let her pass without saying anything. Besides, we can't talk here, right outside Ruth's door.

But she did not move. Evidently she had been watching his little scene with the children. In a flicker of the mind he wondered whether his part in it had looked creditable. He was afraid it had. For now, to her at any rate, he hankered to be known as the troubled imbecile he really was.

"And you wonder why I envy you," she said.

He didn't answer. He was busy reminding himself that that was what her eyes were like. It is only a few times

that any man has the chance or the will to search the innermost bravery of other human faces. He had thought much about her eyes, had imagined the fine glory of telling them about themselves. Foreigners, he would call them; bright aliens not quite at home in the daily disasters of earth's commonplace. Foreigners—but he was on the pier waiting for them. They seemed to know that life is a precious thing and that we are always in danger of marring it. He imagined them as they would be if their shadow of questioning were skimmed away; if they were flooded with the light of complete surrender, of reckless trust. But how can these things be said? There is no code, he thought: so perhaps the wise presently abandon attempt to communicate. The gulf surrounds us all; only here and there on the horizon a reversed ensign shows where some stout spirit founders in silence. Or now and then, in the casual palaver of the day, slips out some fantastic phrase to show how man rises from clay to potter, can even applaud the nice malice of his own comedy.

He had got beyond the point where he could talk to her in trivialities. He must say all or nothing.

"Lucky children," she said. "I wish I had someone to hear my prayers.—If I had, I might say some."

"I *didn't* hear them. I wasn't listening; I couldn't. Oh Joyce, Joyce, there's so much I want to say, and your eyes keep interrupting me."

He thrilled a little at himself and felt better. For he had his Moments: unforeseen felicities when he said the humorous and necessary word; and when his Moments came he could not help gloating over them. She gloated too, for she relished that innocent glee when he congratulated his own mind; when himself was his own guest of honor, and he stood genially at the front door.

So she smiled. What other woman could ever reward a lucky phrase with such magic of wistful applause.

"I apologize for them. They didn't mean to be rude."

She was so young and straight in her plain frock, so blessedly unconscious of herself. He thought of her fine strong body, the ungiven body that was so much her own, near him again after all the miracles of life that divide flesh from flesh and then bring it again within grasp; her sweet uncommanded beauty, irrelevant perhaps, yet so thrillingly a symbol of her essence. The noble body, poor blasphemed perfection, worshipped in the dead husks of statue and painting and yet so feared in its reality. He had to remind himself that it *was* irrelevant. How could any man with a full quota of biology help dream of mastering that cool unroused detachment?

Ah, he had already had all of her that was imperishable: her dreams, her thoughts, her poor secret honesties. She had given him these, and nothing could spoil them. He had agreed with himself that his love was merely for her mind. (Distressing thought!) It was only the ridiculous need of keeping this passion to themselves that darkened and inflamed it. If it could be announced it would instantly become the purest thing on earth. It would be robbed of its sting. He imagined an engraved card:

*Mr. and Mrs. George Granville  
have the honor to announce  
the betrothal of Mr. Granville's mind  
to that of Miss Joyce Clyde  
Nothing Carnal*

*"Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments."*

But this would satisfy no one. Perhaps not even themselves. And people don't like things to be pure: it casts a rebuke on their own secrets.

"Joyce, let's make our announcement at this party."

"What announcement?" She looked startled.

"Why, that our minds are engaged."

Her hand, in his, tightened a little, reproachfully.



"George, before you go down. Who is this Mr. Martin?"

"I don't really know; some friend of Phyl's. I never saw him before. She says he's going to do a portrait of her. I think he's kidding her."

He turned toward the stairs, and then called her back. "Listen," he said softly. "When I say something, after dinner, about putting the car away, that's your cue. Slip away and come with me. I want to show you something."

TO BE CONTINUED

## GRIEF AND SORROW

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

**W**HEN Grief comes like a stormy night,  
Beating my door with strength unspent,  
I will retire and quench the light,  
Keeping aloof and reticent.

When Sorrow's austere harbinger  
Taps on the wintry window pane,  
I will arise and welcome her,  
For the clasp of lock and bolt is vain.

Loud and violently whimpers Grief,  
Rending her robe in the market place,  
Avowing anguish past belief  
With tears and wild, distorted face;

Then tires of mourning in a day,  
And dons a gown of brilliant weave,  
And dances down the primrose way—  
The courtesan of Make-believe.

But there is One who comes the while  
With lips of silence, heart of ice,  
Whose only comment is a smile  
That chills the blooms of Paradise.

Serenely beautiful and cold,  
She lingers not in public marts,  
But seeks the cloister's chilly fold,  
Abiding long in quiet hearts;

Where wandering, lone and comfortless,  
Her slow feet wake a rustling sigh  
From withered stems of happiness  
That still in faded gardens lie.



# THE STEPFATHER OF THE UNITED STATES

PORTRAIT OF H. M. KING GEORGE III

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

IT was a cold February night in 1820; and from the black meadows by Eton they could see lights moving in the Castle. From the park, where the trumpeters stood in the darkness, the dismal note of horns rose on the night mist; and the Yeomen of the Guard, all in black, loomed "like black giants" through the half light of a room all hung with black. In a room beyond, the King of England lay dead; and anxious heralds were forming up a long procession of solemn gentlemen by candle light. The King was dead; and in the darkness at Windsor they were burying the poor mad old man who, for nearly twenty years, had been King Lear without Goneril, without Regan, without Cordelia. The long round of imaginary ceremonials, of unreal reviews passed with royal dignity, of illusory Parliaments opened with royal affability, was over at last; and this strange replica of one of Blake's long-bearded allegories was still. The conqueror, the captor of Napoleon; the father of the arts and sciences; the royal person of whom the most sonorous of his subjects observed, after a conversation in the library at the Queen's House in St. James's Park, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen"; the master of Lord Chatham, of Lord North, of Mr. Pitt; the pupil of Lord Bute; the sovereign of Garrick and Siddons and Sir Joshua and Mr. Wesley and Mr. Burke; all this and more lay in the silent room beyond the tall Yeomen in their black. For on that winter night

in 1820 they were burying the Eighteenth Century.

It all seemed so far away. The sun shone in St. James's and Sir Robert Walpole was minister when the Prince was born in a great house at the corner of the Square. Gin was the leading recreation and Captain Macheath the favorite character of the people of England; the sad, tinkling melodies of Miss Lockit and Miss Peachum were barely five years old, and the Italian singers had driven Handel into bankruptcy. Young Mr. Walpole was making the most of the Grand Tour, "very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists"; and little Mr. Pope was exasperating his contemporaries, whilst the outraged delicacy of Mr. Hogarth retorted in emphatic caricature. At Norfolk House the Princess of Wales lay beside a rather puny infant in the morning light. Someone rode off to the King with the news; and outside in the square the tiny lake gleamed in the June sunshine of 1738.

With a kind provision for its soul's welfare and a sad feeling of its approaching end, they baptized the little creature before night. But it survived them all, survived the century, even survived itself. That hurried morning and that sudden baptism were the strange opening of George's eighty years. A bishop called the next day and gave him a string of royal names; the Poet Laureate, visited by his punctual Muse, improved the occasion in a smooth copy of heroic couplets, which contained a happy,



though hardly an unexpected, allusion to Ascanius; and the infant in St. James's Square was fairly launched upon his long career of royalty. The surroundings, it must be confessed, were not inspiring. A house in a London square without even a sentry at the door may be an apt school of simplicity. But for the other graces there was a sad dearth of instructors. The happy father, absorbed in the rather clumsy frolics to which the House of Hanover is lamentably apt in its deviations from propriety, was a rare visitor in the nursery, although he once took the child to a concert at the Foundling Hospital. Yet this dismal figure, whose heavy eyes stare aimlessly out of history, was strangely popular. Nothing endears their rulers to the people of England so much as the extremes of raffishness and respectability; and Frederick's claims under the former head were singularly high. Alike by the scale of his debts and the range of his affections he stormed the popular heart. But possibly his absence from his son may be counted for a gain to George, since Frederick was unlikely to form the young mind; although he once composed an ode in French and cherished an obscure ambition to become Chancellor of Cambridge University on the strength, perhaps, of a silver cup which he had offered to be rowed for in a boat race. But before the boy had turned thirteen his father was removed. A fickle nation observed, without discomposure, that it was "only Fred"; and graduates of either University pursued him to the sky with dirges in all the learned languages. His royal grandfather was little beyond a distant vision of an alarming old gentleman with staring eyes and a large wig, who interrupted the child with boisterous noises at an investiture of the Garter and quite frightened out of his head the little speech which he had got by heart. Nothing remained for George to lean on but the "quiet sense" which his mother had brought from Saxe-Gotha to St. James's Square. She was a patient lady who had endured without complaint her introduction into a family which ex-

hibited most of the filial imperfections of the Atreidæ without their more pleasing features.

Two earls, two bishops, and two gentlemen of mathematical attainments were enlisted to perfect the young intelligence, but with uneven success. The bishops did their work *à merveille* and produced a sound young Churchman. The earls imparted whatever of peculiar attainment is in earls. But the two scholars were a lamentable failure; and in his education George hardly reached the modest standard of a squire's son at a country grammar school. His ignorance even became noticeable to himself in later years; and his tastes, in an age of taste, were non-existent. To this meager curriculum his mother made two contributions, a distaste for society and the third Earl of Bute. Perhaps the first was almost natural in her. The poor lady had small cause to love the world; and she taught her son to avoid the bright and crowded assemblies, where he might, perhaps, have learned by candle light many lessons upon the management of men. So he remained always queer and a little lonely.

But Lord Bute was a more considerable ingredient in George's education. This accomplished person drifts into English history in a shower of rain, which stopped a cricket match near Richmond and drove the Prince's father to the dismal expedient of whist in a tent. Bute made a fourth at the card table. His manners pleased; he called at Kew; and when he came to Court, he was attached to Frederick's Household. The Fates propelled the dreadful tennis-ball; and his master died, as he had lived, with bad French on his lips. But Bute remained beside the widow; and when her son was training to be King of England, she turned often to the graceful Scotchman. He was a man of taste; he had a leg, collected drawings, and patronized the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. His proximity to the bereaved Princess invited scandal; but he had the sense to face it. He was no fool, but

merely (by race and by conviction) a Tory. Slow to convince, the Scotch are still slower to abandon a conviction which they have once reached by the painful processes of logic; and having absorbed with difficulty the royal doctrines of the Seventeenth Century, they still adhered to the creed in 1745. Perhaps the Prince's training owed a tinge of absolutism to Bute's direction. The comforting logic with which Jacobite writers excused the errors of the Stuarts could be adapted without undue strain to the House of Hanover; and it is not surprising that a startled bishop once came upon the boy reading a Jesuit's vindication of King James II. Such studies were unlikely to incline him to resign the throne in favor of Charles Edward (since even Princes are human); but they might prove a useful repertory of ideas, should he incline to revive the glories of the royal prerogative. This tendency owed something also to his mother's guidance. Reared in a German Court where royalty had its weight, she was pardonably shocked by the British system which confined the Lord's anointed to making stiff bows at a *Levéé*, whilst the nation was administered by unconsecrated Whigs. This feeling, with a mother's pride, insisted that her son should "be a King"; and there can be small doubt that Bute showed the way.

So the boy grew up, whilst the young men hunted Sir Robert Walpole out of office and Mr. Pitt propelled his cheering countrymen through the great round of victories. He was a trifle solitary, "shut up in a room" playing at Comet (but for diminutive stakes) with the family, or living among his mother's plants at Kew. These mild pursuits exasperated his virile grandfather. The hero of Dettingen learned with disgust of a royal visit to a tapestry factory. "Damn," he exclaimed, "dat tapestry—I shall have de Princes made women of." A repetition of the offence evoked reprisals: he had "oder dings to show dem dan needles and dreads," and promptly took off a small Princess to a military

review in Hyde Park. He was irked by the rather Methodist virtues of his heir, who seemed "good for nothing but to read the Bible to his mother." But when he proposed to the Prince of Wales a marriage of the usual pattern with a princess from Brunswick, the mild young man refused; and Mr. Walpole was in transports over his reluctance to be "*bewolfe-buttled*—a word which I do not pretend to understand, as it is not in Mr. Johnson's new *Dictionary*." George's prejudice was personal rather than patriotic, since it appeared that he had no objection to the daughter of a German prince, upon whose territory "some frow" as Mr. Walpole said, "may have emptied her pail and drowned his dominions." For he boldly made application for the portrait of a rival beauty, who resided in the more favored region of Saxe-Gotha. Perhaps his mother, who valued her own position as "the Lady Dowager Prudence," discouraged the Brunswick match. Perhaps (who knows?) he had a will of his own. No one could say, since the world knew little of him.

And how little he knew of the world. His travels, in the age of the Grand Tour, took him no farther than Cheltenham, with one wild excursion (in delicious *incognito*) to the south of Scotland. His studies kindled little beyond a mild taste for agriculture; although he betrayed that faint inclination towards mechanics which often haunts those fortunates whose livelihood is not dependent upon their handicraft. He once designed a watch of tiny proportions, "rather less than a silver twopence"; but the execution was wisely left in other hands, his own mechanical achievements being almost entirely confined to turning upon a lathe, with which he was positively believed to have made a button. As a little boy he had walked through the town at night with his father

To look at garters black and white  
On legs of female rabble.

But in spite of this initiation he never figured in the raffish world, where it was



the lofty ambition of young gentlemen

To run a horse, to make a match,  
To revel deep, to roar a catch;  
To knock a tottering watchman down,  
To sweat a woman of the town.

Indeed, he was scarcely seen in those more elegant quarters where Mr. Selwyn paraded his wit and the hackney chairs lined up outside assemblies.

If not to be a bad man is to be a good man, George was a good man. Indeed, the private virtues consist so largely of abstention that, on the private side, his negative equipment suffices to render him quite blameless. He was a dutiful son, a faithful husband, and a devoted parent, "revered" in the pleasant terms applied to another squire, "by his family, honoured by his tenants, and awful to his domestics." But such innocuous epitaphs rarely suffice for kings. Public figures are judged by more exacting tests; and in the sphere of politics George owed his failure (for he failed) to those more positive qualities which he did not possess.

At twenty-two, this paragon of somewhat negative virtues became King of England. The season, in 1760, was singularly apt for his accession; and his subjects seemed to demand of him precisely what the mild young man could offer. The Cabinet had replaced the throne; and the sovereign, at the death of George II, had become a costly (if not particularly decorative) dignitary with purely ceremonial functions. The Birthday, the Levée, the Drawing-room were his occasions; and he was expected to perform these exacting duties, moving with due solemnity through a respectful forest of white wands and gold sticks. He might even add a military touch from time to time with a review or so, or give a bright example of royal condescension with an occasional act of charity in the more benevolent modern taste. But his main, his foremost duty was to smile and, at the appropriate moment, to incline his head. The King, in a word, had dwindled into royalty.

But some unhappy prompting set him a larger task. His project was almost the sole fruit of his meager education. He had learned no law from Blackstone; but Lord Bute and the Jacobite pamphlets taught him a stranger lesson. George learned that he should be a King: it was his tragedy that no one taught him how to be one. His furtive study of high Stuart doctrine impressed the slow mind: ill-equipped persons are frequently consoled for their inadequacy by a belief in their sacred mission. If King James had been right (and his early reading taught George to think so), the Lord's anointed must surely be something more than a graceful gesture in a gilt chair, or an obliging signature on official sheepskins.

Personal government depends for its success upon two factors, the person and the governed. The King's experiment was sadly deficient in both elements. Viewed as a candidate for autocracy, George was singularly unimpressive; even Bolingbroke, one feels, would have been discouraged by the spectacle of his *Patriot King* in action. The patient, punctual creature, minuting his correspondence with the hour of despatch; directing at "2 min. pt. 11 A.M." the march of some cavalry from Henley to Hounslow; consenting at "53 min. pt. 5 P.M." to the appointment of a Mr. Fountayne to the living of Worplesdon; complaining at "12 min. pt. 10 P.M." that if James Adam is appointed Surveyor General to the Board of Works, he "shall certainly think it hard on Chambers, and shall in that case only think he must not be passed by"; insisting at "57 min. pt. 11 A.M." that the new prebendary of Durham must "continue to attend the young Chancellor"; this plodding figure, stooping over his green box in the candle light and holding the papers close to his face before he traced the big G.R., seems so remote from the high dream of kingship. "The common father of his people . . ." and a light burning late in the Queen's House, where an angry man was writing little hints to the Common Council for unseating Mr. Alder-

man Wilkes. "The most popular man in his country . . ." noting gentlemen of the House of Commons to receive a frown at the Levée for an injudicious vote. "A patriot king at the head of a united people . . ." pelting a driven Minister with little punctual notes. How far they seem—those busy, irritable little figures—below that imagined monarch who was to sit enthroned above the clouds of party and bathed in the pure sunlight of autocracy.

George governed England with an odd blend of force and persuasion; and his subjects seemed curiously content to acquiesce. He had made peace; and great liberties are permitted to statesmen who make peace. He had unseated Mr. Pitt; but Mr. Pitt had made his name grotesque with a peerage. He challenged democracy—but democracy, in 1765, stood for little beyond the mob. Men had died for Hampden; but it would be fantastic to die for Mr. Wilkes. It almost seemed, at home, that it was possible to govern an empire with the arts of a Chief Whip. But one section of his people presented a queer, unyielding obstacle. Three thousand miles from the Levée, six weeks away from Lord North's significant smile, the Americans still persisted in their tedious debate. The ripe intelligence of Mr. Grenville had devised some taxes for them. Taxes, it seemed, were the common lot of victorious nations. So that imperial mind, which added the Isle of Man to the British Empire, sent stamps to Boston. They inspired a strange repugnance. Mr. Grenville was frankly baffled. He had drawn the scheme (and he was at home in the schedule of a revenue Bill), because the neat device of stamps appealed irresistibly to that orderly mind. He had looked up the law (and he was a fair lawyer) and discovered the helpful precedent of the Channel Islands. Yet it was odd that mobs paraded in the clear American light and local orators abounded in deep-chested sentiments about liberty: perhaps the color of the stamps was wrong.

Then the grave leaders of the Whig groups faced the strange problem (and even Mr. Walpole began to notice that it was a "thorny point"). Mr. Grenville had thought of stamps; they thought of tea; few men in England thought of a larger issue. Then the Whigs subsided; and the King (with him, Lord North) resumed control of his bewildered empire. That he grasped the American issue is improbable. It was enough for that determined, angry man that the law of England had been defied on British territory. Wilkites in Southwark or Sons of Liberty in King Street, Boston, were the same to him: the troops must do their duty. Men who had ridden out the wild storm of the Middlesex election were not likely to parley with a mob; and at a distance of three thousand miles the solemn ratiocinations of a Boston town-meeting were indistinguishable from the Brentford rabble. Even if he reflected, it was unlikely that the King would side with the colonists. Had he not learned the sanctity of authority in a stiff Jacobite school? Passive obedience was the first duty of a loyal subject. Admirable in Great Britain, this virtue was yet more essential in America, since colonies (it was the lesson of his master Bolingbroke) were "like so many farms of the mother country." George was a farmer; and the strange claim of one of his farms to be consulted about its cultivation was clearly inadmissible.

The angry voices rose higher in the deepening tumult; and as the scattered shots rang out down the long road to Concord on a spring day in 1775, the argument drifted into civil war. The King was firm. Indeed, he had already fortified his resolution with the advice of the sagacious Gage. The conversation of military men upon political topics is a rare stimulant for civilians; and that warrior had persuaded his sovereign that the Americans "will be lyons whilst we are lambs; but, if we take the resolute part, they will undoubtedly prove very meek." In this hopeful mood he flogged the Boston Port Act through Parliament



and hallooed Lord North to hunt the Opposition through the lobbies. He was still "well convinced they will soon submit," as Israel Putnam drove his sheep to Boston and Colonel Washington insisted warily that it was "a folly to attempt more than we can execute." The issue looked so simple in St. James's; and as the American tone hardened the King could only ejaculate, "The dye is now cast, the colonies must either submit or triumph." But his mood was not one of blind repression. Like all Englishmen on the verge of a practical concession, he insisted firmly on his technical rights: "I do not wish to come to severer measures, but we must not retreat; by coolness and an unremitted pursuit of the measures that have been adopted I trust they will come to submit; I have no objection afterwards to their seeing that there is no inclination for the present to lay fresh taxes on them, but I am clear there must always be one tax to keep up the right, and as such I approve of the Tea Duty." So the student of Blackstone pressed his point of law, seeking little more than an admission which might cover his retreat. How many solicitors have been instructed to threaten actions in that confident tone. Unhappily he knew too little of men to measure the result of his threat. The lonely boy had become a lonely man; and his solitude was increased by the still lonelier elevation of a throne. He saw his fellow-creatures down the warped perspective of a king. But some instinct might have told him that Englishmen, in Boston or in Westminster Hall, willing enough to make all practical concessions, rarely give up a point of law. That, in essence, was his own attitude in the argument; and he lacked the wit to see that other men might feel the same. He knew so little of other men; and these incalculable creatures in America remained a mystery upon the far horizon of the world.

But when his challenge was accepted, when the expected lambs declined to play their part, he entered with gusto upon the detail of the war. Provisions for the

army, the loan of infantry from Hanover, a purchase of recruits in Hesse-Cassel, sea strategy, dates of embarkation, biscuit and flour, the beating orders for enlisting Campbells, Gordons, and Macdonalds, plans of campaign, and news of privateers passed rapidly under the busy pen at Kew or the Queen's House. He watched the war like an eager parent, sailed the crowded troop-ships in imagination from Hamburg to Sandy Hook, and followed his redcoats as the winding line of bayonets vanished into the darkness of the great trees. Dimly he saw that personal government had met the fatal challenge of an unconsenting people. He seemed to feel that he was fighting for the throne of England; because if England thought with the unhappy rebels, "I should not esteem my situation in this country as a very dignified one, for the islands would soon cast off all obedience." It was (he saw the issue now) the decisive struggle of authority against all the dark forces which had ever opposed him, against the Whigs, against the mob, against the grinning mask of Wilkes and the sonorous tutorship of Chatham, against Mr. Burke and his heresies and the insidious logic of Dr. Franklin. George saw all his enemies gathered into the head of a single rebellion, and struck hard. The swelling strength of the Opposition alarmed Lord North; but the King's nerve was steady. "Whilst any ten men in the kingdom will stand by me, I will not give myself up into bondage. My dear Lord, I will rather risk my crown"—the sprawling hand wrote firmly on—"than do what I think personally disgraceful; and whilst I have no wish but for the good and prosperity of my country, it is impossible that the nation shall not stand by me; if they will not, they shall have another king, for I will never put my hand to what would make me miserable to the last hour of my life." The French guns chimed in, as Versailles discovered a pleasing coincidence of romantic impulse with national interest; and for a moment he seemed almost to face the cer-

tainty of surrender in the revolted colonies. But "I will never consent that in any treaty that may be concluded a single word be mentioned concerning Canada, Nova Scotia, or the Floridas, which are colonies belonging to this country . . . for it is by them we are to keep a certain awe over the abandoned colonies."

The issue had traveled far beyond taxation. In Europe it was now a war of existence with an ancient enemy; and in America it raised the vital problem of secession. That question was to haunt the continent for ninety years, and George stated it in terms which strangely anticipate the American echoes of a century later: "If Lord North can see with the same degree of enthusiasm I do the beauty, excellence, and perfection of the British constitution as by law established, and consider that, if any one branch of the empire is allowed to cast off its dependency, that the others will infallibly follow the example,"—how odd to find the thought of Lincoln in the mind of George III—"that consequently, though an arduous struggle, that is worth going through any difficulty to preserve to latest posterity what the wisdom of our ancestors have carefully transmitted to us, he will not allow despondency to find a place in his breast, but resolve not merely out of duty to fill his post, but will resolve with vigour to meet every obstacle that may arise, he shall meet with most cordial support from me; but the times require vigour, or the state will be ruined." That cry, half strangled by the long, tortuous sentence, is not ignoble. The tenacious man, who stumbled into war in blind resentment of disorder, had a wider vision.

The King could see the issue now; and, granted the fatal difference between autocracy and Republic, he saw it almost with the eyes of 1861: "I owne that, let any war be ever so successful, if persons will sit down and weigh the expences, they will find, as in the last, that it has impoverished the state, enriched individuals, and perhaps raised

the name only of the conquerors; but this is only weighing such events in the scale of a tradesman behind his counter; it is necessary for those in the station it has pleased Divine Providence to place me, to weigh whether expences, though very great, are not sometimes necessary to prevent what might be more ruinous to a country than the loss of money. The present contest with America I cannot help seeing as the most serious in which any country was ever engaged; it contains such a train of consequences that they must be examined to feel its real weight. Whether the laying of a tax was deserving all the evils that have arisen from it, I should suppose no man could alledge that without being more fit for Bedlam than a seat in the Senate; but step by step the demands of America have arisen; independence is their object; that certainly is one which every man not willing to sacrifice every object to a *momentary* and inglorious peace must concur with me in thinking that this country can never submit to: should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow them . . . Ireland would soon follow the same plan and be a separate state; then this island would be reduced to itself, and soon would be a poor island indeed . . ." The harassed man at Kew wrote on; and three thousand miles away the guns were booming in the summer sunshine of 1779. His courage held; he searched himself with "frequent and severe self-examination." When the news was good, he prepared to show America "that the parent's heart is still affectionate to the penitent child." When it was bad, he reflected that "in this world it is not right alone to view evils, but to consider whether they can be avoided, and what means are the most efficacious." In this sturdy temper he held on, defying the Opposition, heartening the pardonably despondent North. On a July day in 1781, he was still insisting that "this long contest will end as it ought, by the colonies returning to the mother country and I confess I will never put my hand to any other conclu-



sion of this business." But in those hot summer weeks a tired army was trailing about Virginia behind Cornwallis. At the fall of the year they stood behind a line of battered earthworks by the York River. The French lay off the coast; and in the sloping fields beyond the little town the parallels crept slowly nearer. There was a steady roll of musketry. Then the British guns fell silent, and the war was ended.

Four years later, on a dark winter afternoon, Miss Burney was mildly startled by a visitor. They were playing Christmas games after dinner in Mrs. Delany's little drawing-room at Windsor, when the door opened quietly. It closed again behind "a large man in deep mourning," whom no one except Miss Burney seemed to notice. He said nothing; but as that sharp little eye traveled down the black suit, it encountered, heavens! the glitter of a star. Then one of the young ladies turned round on him, stifled a scream, and called out "The King!—Aunt, the King!" The little company backed uneasily into the corners of the room; and presently there was a loud royal whisper of "Is that Miss Burney?" Her sovereign bowed politely; and the talk ran upon the whooping-cough, which prevailed in the royal nursery, and James's Powders, which Princess Elizabeth found so beneficial. Then he rained little questions on her; how she came to write *Evelina*, how to publish, how to print without a word to her father. Urged by the royal *What!* she said with a simper that she had "thought it would look very well in print." The awkward questioning went on until a rap at the door announced the Queen, and someone slid out for candles to light the ugly little lady in.

Another day the royal mind was easier. The children were off to Kew for a change of air, and James's miraculous powders had done their work; so the talk ran on books. Voltaire was "a monster—I own it fairly." Rousseau was thought of "with more favour, though by no means with approbation." And Shakespeare—

"was there ever such stuff as great part of Shakespeare?" Miss Burney tempered. But her sovereign enjoyed his little heresy and laughed. "Oh! I know it is not to be said! but it's true. Only it's Shakespeare, and nobody dare abuse him." So the arch monarch developed his wicked theme and shocked the bookish lady.

The "fatal day" had come, bringing an end to the strange experiment of personal government. At home he dwindled by slow degrees into an almost constitutional monarch; and overseas Mr. Jay read with some surprise that when Mr. Adams made his bow as ambassador, the King stifled all resentment in a graceful confession—"I will be very frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power." This pleasant, aging, stoutish man, with his odd, jerky questions and his staring eyes, slowly became a ceremonial monarch of the standard Hanoverian pattern, displaying, on the appropriate occasions, a becoming versatility of martial and civilian accomplishments; strolling in the evening light on the Terrace at Windsor, surrounded by a family that was a Court in itself; admiring Miss Burney in the famous lilac tabby which the Queen gave her; pressing the remedial virtues of barley water upon an exhausted colonel after a hard day in the hunting field; trotting, gnawed by the incurable inquisitiveness of royalty, into half the shops in Windsor; taking, after a more than usually incompetent attempt on his life, "his accustomed doze" at the theater; peering, smiling, bowing. This amiable, domestic, elderly person with his little jokes and the quick, questioning *What?—what?* forms a queer postscript to the high adventure of the young, friendless King who set out to govern England and lost America. It all seemed so far away now. Mr. Wilkes had faded, Mr. Pitt had died

in that theatrical way of his; Lord North was still living somewhere, but he was quite blind now. The King lived on, before all else a father and a husband, the Georgian head of an oddly Victorian court.

But he had still, had always, his courage. It had not failed him on "Black Wednesday," when at the height of the war the mob ran wild for "No Popery" and Lord George Gordon. The streets were alight with the disordered worship of this singular idol, whose evangelical quest for a form of Christianity uncorrupted by Popish additions finally led him, by the fatal logic of a Scotsman or a lunatic, into a clear air where it was uncontaminated even by a Saviour. London passed sleepless nights and crept about behind its shutters. But the King informed his council that if the Riot Act was to be read before the troops could fire into the crowds, one magistrate at least would do his duty and then would take command of his Guards in person. The same even temper bore him up when a mad woman thrust a knife at him one afternoon outside the garden door at St. James's. He steadied the crowd, went in to hold his Levée, and then drove down to Windsor to show himself to the Queen. Three royal persons and two ladies-in-waiting mingled their tears. But the careful King inquired, "Has she cut my waistcoat? Look! for I have had no time to examine." His courage barely failed beneath the slow, dreadful gathering of a darker cloud which hung above him. That he saw its coming is almost certain. Little doubt is left by his choking exclamation, "I wish to God I may die, for I am going to be mad." Then, staring with pitiable eyes at the ebbing tide of reason, he faded into insanity.

Once he returned; and for ten years he presided over the State where he had reigned. The Whigs were out; but England was ruled by a minister again, and Mr. Pitt—there was a new Mr. Pitt now, whose "damned long ugly face" was al-

most as trying as Chatham's eye—sat in his father's seat. The *Patriot King* had declined into dogeship, although there was a faint flicker of the old authority when the minister roused his sovereign's Churchmanship with some nonsense about equality for Irish Papists. He rode; he played piquet; he bathed in the loyal waves of Weymouth. There was a pleasant jingle of Light Dragoons on the little Esplanade; the bathing-women all wore "God save the King" on ample girdles round their waists; and as the royal person plunged, that pious invocation burst from the muffled fiddlers in a bathing machine. He strolled again upon the Terrace at Windsor. But this time his airing was a martial exercise. For the French guns were speaking across Europe, and George called for the band to play "Britons, strike home." So the old man (he was rising seventy now) confronted Buonaparte. He grasped, one feels, as little of the strange forces which opposed him as of the American tangle. He did little more than clench an English fist and shake it in the face of France. But whilst he struggled to retain the last remains of sight, his watchful frigates kept the sea; his guns rang out where the Spanish hills dip to Trafalgar, and his redcoats stared at the cactus along the dusty roads of Portugal. Then, once again, a cloud swung over the sun and his sky darkened. The war went on; there was a steady thunder of guns in Europe, until at the last they stood smoking in the fields by Waterloo. But the King sat muttering in a closed room at Windsor. He was far away in a pleasant world, where he gave interminable audiences to dead ministers. For hours, for days, for years, he talked with them; and sometimes he made himself a little music on an old spinet, which had been silent since Queen Anne. Then he faded out of life; and on a winter night in 1820 Mr. Croker watched the mourners marshaling and heard the dismal note of horns from the Great Park.





## WHY PICK ON DAYTON?

BY W. O. MCGEEHAN

PICKING on the small towns has become the most popular and profitable sport of our current American novelists. The episode at Dayton, Tennessee, where a well-known statesman, stripped to his pongee shirt, and a great lawyer, belted with lavender galuses, debated over the authenticity of Jonah's whale before a judge who wore suspenders of a more conservative type and who prayed for guidance as he listened, seemed to confirm the hypothesis of the current novelists. Newspaper readers concurred in the Main Street School theory that the small town is the home of the moron.

It was agreed that this trial of the People of Tennessee versus John Thomas Scopes or—to put it more generally—the case of Jonah's whale versus science, could not have occurred anywhere except in a small town composed almost entirely of two thoroughfares called Main and Market streets. I hold that the case might just as easily have been tried at Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York, Kearny and Market streets, San Francisco, or on Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

Of course I cannot summon the vital statistics to my aid, for there are no reliable statistics to fit the case. But I am ready to maintain that the percentage of moronism in Dayton, Tennessee, is no higher than it is in New York City or in any other city of the first, second, or third class, down to, and including, the town of Soddy, Tennessee, which is eighteen miles as the Ford rattles from Dayton. The center of moronism in the United States is the exact dead cen-

ter of the population with a slight inclination toward Hollywood, California.

Having broken corn bread and having eaten roast pork with the men of Dayton at the time when the world was looking derisively at the little town, I feel moved to rise to the defense of Dayton despite the fact that its hospitality induced acute indigestion. If I were fishing for morons I should throw my dragnet at Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York, rather than at Main and Market streets, Dayton.

The case of the whale of Jonah versus science started in the Tennessee state legislature and not in Robinson's drug store as advertised. John Washington Butler, farmer-solon, drafted the law. John Washington Butler subscribed to a religious weekly in which he read that there was a growing skepticism as to the whale and as to other points in the Old Testament. John went before the voters of his assembly district on the issue of the whale and was elected. The Tennessee legislature did the rest.

Again I maintain that the passage of this statute cannot be taken as evidence that the aggregate intelligence of the Tennessee legislature is any lower than that of the legislature of—say New York or California. I have listened at Albany and at Sacramento. An Albany legislature is quite capable of passing a statute providing a penitentiary sentence for anybody questioning the authenticity of George Washington's cherry tree, and a California legislature one of these days may declare an extra session to provide a suitable punishment for the heretic who expresses open skepticism

as to the pies thrown by Mr. Charles Chaplin.

The bill of John Washington Butler was passed in due time and the Governor of Tennessee, believing that he was interpreting the drawling voice of his people, signed it. I am not so sure that the Governor of Tennessee interpreted his people's dialect correctly. He is not the first governor who listened in and, getting an earful of static, acted on it.

Then the scene shifted to Robinson's drug store on Main Street, Dayton, where John Thomas Scopes, the twenty-four-year-old teacher of biology and athletic instructor of the Central High School was drinking lemon phosphates with George Rappleyea, agent for the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company, and Robinson, the druggist and chairman of the Rhea County school-book committee. Young Scopes gaily offered to become the martyr of this modern heresy trial. In open defiance of the law of John Washington Butler he resolved to reenter the Rhea County High School and to review the nebular hypothesis as set down in Hunter's *Civic Biology*, a book that was iniquitous according to John Washington Butler's bill.

Before I went to Dayton I was convinced that all of this was a cunning bid for publicity on the part of a Chamber of Commerce or a business men's association of some sort. It looked like a duplicate of Mr. Tex Rickard's scheme of staging a prizefight at Goldfield, Nevada, to draw customers for mining stock. It seemed to have the earmarks of Mayor Jim Johnson's plan to draw oil stock investors to Shelby, Montana, by bidding three hundred thousand dollars for the services of Mr. Jack Dempsey, the heavy-weight champion.

But I absolve the people of Dayton from any such sordid commercialism. They could have profiteered upon the hordes of correspondents and the casual visitors but they did not. They had nothing to sell. They were indifferent to the visitors' opinions as to their climate, their green hills, and their ways of living.

As one who has suffered from the importunities of boosters in big and little cities, I want to set it down here that the people of Dayton, Tennessee, instinctively are the best-bred people in this regard whom I ever encountered.

They did want something though. I found that out later. The pitiful part of it is that they did not get what they thought the trial would bring them. The people of Dayton wanted something to which the people of the big cities are indifferent. They wanted knowledge, and of this they were cheated.

They fondly believed that they would hear some of the greatest scientists in the country on the stand at the Rhea County Courthouse. Citizens of Rhea County fought to get on that jury. One clergyman who had denounced Darwin from his pulpit only a week before declared under oath that he would be able to hear the case with an unbiased mind. He was curious and he said he was unconvinced.

Let us compare the intellectual tastes of New York City and Dayton, Tennessee. Obviously New York City's notion of the greatest show on earth is the Follies with Mr. Will Rogers, Mr. William C. Fields, and girlhood glorified by Mr. Ziegfeld. The notion of Dayton as to the greatest intellectual treat was the summoning of the scientists to testify to the finish as to all theories of creation. On this showing which is the moron city?

Riding over the Cumberland ridges through the night into Dayton, I questioned the man who drove the Ford. "What do the people of Dayton expect to get out of this?" I demanded. "Rental for rooms? Advertising for coal mines or crops?"

"Don't you see the scheme," he countered. "They are going to have some of the greatest scientists and the greatest speakers of the world there for the trial. It is a smart scheme. They are going to get a college education for nothing."

And that really was all that Dayton wanted. The people of Dayton were so eager for knowledge that they were will-



ing to face the ridicule of the world, including two thousand words of cable daily filed by London correspondents to call upon all of the United Kingdom to witness that the inmates of the United States were incomprehensible—which, after all, was no news in the United Kingdom. Was this naïveté on the part of the people of Dayton or was it deep cunning as the driver of the Ford suspected? Whatever it was, I cannot see how it can be accepted as a symptom of acute moronism.

I fear that it will go hard with John T. Raulston, the County Judge who, after seeking daily guidance in prayer, decided upon the inadmissibility of the scientific testimony. He faces an election this fall. Of course he acted in accordance with the mundane guidance of the law in this ruling but he spoiled Dayton's great show. He barred further information concerning mammals, protoplasms, and other strange subjects touched upon only with tantalizing brevity and then under violent objection on the part of the Attorney General of the State of Tennessee.

Half an hour after the jury had found John Thomas Scopes guilty of teaching the young of Rhea County, Tennessee, out of the iniquitous Hunter's *Civic Biology* which contained salacious details concerning protoplasms and mammals, the foreman, Captain Jack Thompson, dropped in to fraternize with the correspondents.

Captain Jack was a fine up-standing old gentleman affecting the gray goatee which is indigenous to the old South of fiction and the moving pictures. He had been United States Marshal under all Democratic administrations and had about him the air and dignity that is part of the more or less habitual United States Marshal.

"Of course the verdict had to be guilty," said Captain Jack in that musical dialect that can be caught only by a phonograph. "But it was hard on the jury, not being able to hear any of the scientific testimony and it was particu-

larly hard on us not being able to hear the speeches. They say that some of the jurors listened in on the loud speaker. That is not true. I was in charge and I was a United States Marshal under the late President Wilson.

"What the higher court will do, we do not know. But Scopes taught evolution, and that is against the law. Now if you all can spare the time I would like to have you all come out to my farm and spend a few days. Of course, it isn't much but you certainly would be welcome. Being busy on the jury prevented me from welcoming you all to our country. Could you find time to fix me up a list of books on evolution?"

Everywhere in Dayton there was this touching curiosity. Robinson's drugstore sold out the complete stock of Hunter's *Civic Biology*. The place was swamped with orders for forbidden literature concerning evolution. When the New York City Board of Theatrical Censors put certain plays on the dubious list the ticket speculators made small fortunes on those plays. Books on evolution being placed under the ban in Tennessee, there was a rush for the forbidden literature. New York scrambles for plays suspected of being salacious. Dayton scrambles for books suspected of being informative. Which is to be taken as evidence of moronry?

The English correspondents were utterly bewildered by it. They were struck first by the entirely obvious. It was a shirtsleeve court. His Honor, Judge Raulston, was stripped to his conservative galluses. Mr. Clarence Darrow appeared in lavender suspenders. Even Mr. Dudley Field Malone peeled off his coat when he prepared to make the speech that was heard for the length and breadth of Rhea County.

Why should not Justice dress comfortably? We are a coatless nation when we are ourselves and when coats are superfluous. The Spanish-American War was fought by young men in their shirtsleeves because they felt more comfortable and natural without the regulation

blouses. In Tennessee it is not indecorous to appear before the ladies, or even at Meeting, in one's galluses. But the English correspondents never will understand that. To them the revealed galluses will always be symbols of revealed barbarity. No English judge would have found John Thomas Scopes guilty while the judicial braces were even slightly exposed to the elements and to the gaze of the vulgar.

I was particularly impressed with the dignity shown all through by the young defendant, John Thomas Scopes, who came from Paducah, Kentucky, the birthplace of Irvin S. Cobb. Consider the forces that strove to afflict young John Thomas, the unmartyred martyr of our most spectacular heresy trial, with the prevalent and infectious ailment known as the swelled head.

I am not particularly quick at figures, but I gathered from young Mr. Scopes as he gossiped with us on the back porch over Morgan's hardware store that he had declined something like twenty thousand dollars' worth of moving-picture and newspaper offers.

Who of our young men made famous overnight would have this strength of mind? Mr. Jack Dempsey and Mr. Babe Ruth rushed into literature and into the silent drama with much slighter provocation. John Thomas Scopes entered this controversy a poor young teacher and he emerged from it a poor young ex-teacher. There is a young man of character with a sense of humor and a sense of the fitness of things rare in his day and generation.

Many a leader of other causes has been deflected by the lure of the easy money of the moving-picture industry and the easy money of easy literature. The future of Tennessee and of the South is safe in the hands of young men of the caliber of young John Thomas Scopes, the boy whose head refused to swell and who smiled quietly at his serio-comic martyrdom. Give a twenty-four-year-old of the city a chance like that at the moving pictures and the Sunday supple-

ments and there will be trouble in supplying him with sufficient celluloid and news-print paper.

Young John Thomas Scopes was certain of himself. It was not cocksureness either. He treated the members of the prosecution with a grave courtesy. It was the kindly tolerance of wise youth for the set intolerance of age, and it was beautiful—and ominous.

There was little Howard Morgan, aged fourteen, a pupil of this heretic from Paducah, Kentucky. He was the first exhibit of the prosecution to show the terrible effects of the iniquitous Hunter's *Civic Biology*, as taught by John Thomas Scopes, upon the youth of Rhea County, Tennessee.

Of course the first witness called had to be a Morgan. Most of the voters of Rhea County are Morgans. The McKenzies are fairly numerous but the Morgans are the indigenous family.

Under questioning by the Attorney General of Tennessee, little Howard Morgan told how he had been taught the nebular hypothesis after the teaching of that iniquity had been made illegal in Tennessee. Also, he had been taught about mammals. He delivered this damning testimony in low tones because Howard Morgan worshipped John Thomas Scopes. All of the pupils worshipped him.

Under cross-examination by Mr. Clarence Darrow, Howard volunteered the information that he had not known that the whale was a mammal.

"Well, you do know now," said Mr. Darrow. "It has not done you any harm, has it?"

"No, sir," replied Howard Morgan.

"It is for the mother of this boy to say what harm this diabolical business has done him," thundered a member of the prosecution. Mr. Darrow only twiddled his galluses.

That night one of the more enterprising correspondents interviewed the mother of young Howard Morgan. She said that the morals of her boy had been unimpaired by the course in Hunter's



*Civic Biology*. He was a good boy and a bright boy. She was proud of him. She wanted him to learn more about evolution and everything else. He was as keen a Bible student as he was a student of biology. This testimony, of course, did not go to the jury.

It is not at all unlikely that one of these days young Howard Morgan may be Governor of the State of Tennessee or Attorney General. Tennessee's future is in the hands of such as Howard. All of our states are in the hands of such as these, who are taught at an early age that whales are mammals and whose imaginations are stimulated by such intriguing works as Hunter's *Civic Biology*—which leads me to believe that the future of the whole country is safe and sane.

The world-wide conflict between youth and settled maturity was being waged in Dayton, and youth was winning as youth is winning all over the world. Age remained resentful and bitter.

On our last night in Dayton the correspondents domiciled with the Morgans staged as gay a party as was possible away from the metropolitan accessories for such an affair. There was a dance and all were invited. The correspondents wanted to express their gratitude for the admirable restraint exercised by the Boosters' Club—if any—for the duration of the trial.

The lavender galluses of Mr. Clarence Darrow were to be presented to the correspondents by Mr. Dudley Field Malone. Mr. Darrow in turn was to present in turn the silk shirt worn by Mr. Dudley Field Malone. The Morgans especially were invited. Everybody had forgiven everybody when the case was concluded.

As the hour drew near for the merri-

ment John Morgan, the patriarch of the Morgan family, was seen emerging from the hall of revelry with his Bible under his arm.

"Won't you stay for the party?" he was asked.

The Patriarch of the Morgans frowned "No, sir," he said, gripping his Bible more firmly. "I am going to Meeting. But make yourselves at home."

All of the other Morgans, the sons, the grandsons, and the nephews attended, including Buckshot Morgan, Tighteye Morgan, Spiller Morgan, and many other Morgans and McKenzies. It was a gala night and the Mason and Dixon line was erased completely for the evening. Youth had lost a technical decision but still had cause to celebrate the future, which is youth's, while the patriarch went to Meeting.

Dayton is a small town with a Main Street but I found there beauty, courtesy, and intelligence. Also I found indigestion; but in spite of that I left there with a better understanding of the United States as I saw it in miniature. In spite of the ravages of the persistent pork and pop my heart sang with a better understanding and a deeper affection, "My country, 'tis of thee."

And some day I hope to return to Dayton to walk with Mr. Buckshot among the everlasting hills and the equally everlasting stills of the Cumberland.

In the meantime I will leave any proposition affecting myself or the world in general to a jury picked from Main Street, Dayton, provided there are no restrictions placed upon the evidence to be presented. Dayton, Tennessee, is a long way from Moronia.

## The Lion's Mouth



### MY OWN FINANCIAL SURVEY

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

LAST night was a pretty important night, speaking from a financial point of view. My wife and I held our monthly bout with our bank statements and emerged victorious after an hour and forty minutes of the sharpest sort of figuring. Our monthly bout, did I say? Well, not exactly that. Theoretically, we go over the bank statements once a month; but as a matter of brutal fact when we got them out last night we found we had been running wild for three whole months.

It was a successful session, however. Not only did we finally pare down our arithmetical errors to ten cents—which indicates that the quarter has been a remarkable one for arithmetic—but we came out fifty dollars to the good, owing to a check which in a burst of enthusiasm we had recorded twice on the stubs. So there we were, clean as a whistle and fifty dollars richer than we thought we were. In fact, the whole transaction was so impressive that it seems only right that in the light of this business triumph I should give the public a sort of survey of our financial year, in order that we may all be in a position to do better next year. What is needed, I feel, is something in the style of the *Wall Street Journal*: what the boys who write the financial pages for the newspapers call a broad-gauge analysis of business

conditions, taking all the factors into account and using past experience as a guide to sound business judgment in the future.

GENERAL BUSINESS CONDITIONS. Let us begin with a few words about general business conditions, including such significant factors as pig-iron, car-loadings, bank-clearings, the trend of seventy-four selected industrials, and the annual report of the Steel Corporation. None of these things, I beg to report, touched us very closely during the year. We had nothing to do with pig iron at all, at least in large quantities, although there were times when I suspected its presence in small amounts in the chicken salad we serve for cold suppers. We had lots and lots of car-loadings; in fact, when we moved most of our furniture from Scarsdale to New Canaan the flivver was loaded down to an unprecedented degree, and the result was pronounced activity in the rubber market due to two blowouts; but, generally speaking, the flivver is used to this sort of thing, and I fail to note any development of major importance to the investor. Whatever trend there may have been in bank-clearings remained quite unobserved by us, and although I made a valiant effort to read the report of the Steel Corporation when I saw it in the morning paper on the train, I could make nothing of it, and had just closed my eyes to say to myself, "Now let me think—is the reserve an asset or a liability?" when I woke up with a start and found myself in the Grand Central Station and it was time to be up and doing. The only other thing I might report under this head is that I got a raise in August. In short, general business conditions continued firm, with every prospect for op-



timism concerning developments in the new year.

**THE STOCK MARKET.** The stock market was spotty. Early in the year I thought of selling my U. S. Hot Water Bottle Preferred and taking on some strong public utility stock such as Niagara Power and Glory or United Light and Darkness, but was advised not to; and I may say the advice was excellent. It saved me a loss that has been conservatively estimated at anywhere from seventy-five cents to twenty-nine and a half dollars. My only stock transaction of the year was when I became agitated by unfavorable reports in the Street on the condition of the cold cereal market and impulsively sold all my holdings in American Cornflakes Common, amounting to a total of two shares. As it turned out, the reports were inspired by the hot cereal interests, and the cornflakes market was being depressed by a pool formed by the oatmeal people; it subsequently rallied sharply and there was profit-taking all along the line, some of it at my expense. On the other hand, all our stocks paid nice dividends in long envelopes, some of the checks being green and others blue, so you can't properly go any farther than to call it a spotty year.

**THE BOND MARKET.** The bond market remained normal. During the year we disposed of our Liberty Bonds in view of the fact that we couldn't understand how to figure our Federal Income tax on them and couldn't stand the thought of going again through the nervous strain of looking them up to see whether or not they were 3rd tax free 4¼s maturing in 1929 and withheld at the source. Our other bond—one of the San Francisco, Toledo, and Palm Beach Street Railway 5% Gold Mortgage bonds maturing in 1938—stayed right in our own box at the bank, and twice during the year I went down into the vault and signed my name in the book of gold, and cut off my coupon with the little T-square with the sharp edge that some fellow invented as a substitute for

scissors which would be less of a temptation to bond-holding housewives with a taste for pattern-cutting and petty thievery. The outstanding fact about the bond market was that I learned once for all whether to file my coupon with a white slip (Form 1001) or a yellow slip (Form 1002), and made a note of my findings somewhere where I thought I'd be sure to find it next year when the feast of coupons comes round. I think it's in the back of my check book but I'm not sure. Anyway, if I don't find it I can ask the man at the bank to look it up in the encyclopædia for me as he has for the past ten years.

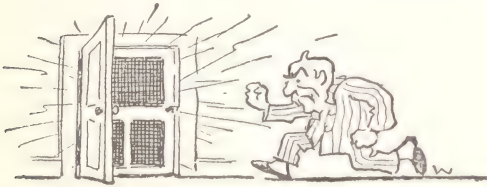
**TEXTILES.** I feel I should say something about textiles. Well, then, after a slump early in the year, textiles looked up when I bought a four-piece suit—coat, waistcoat, long trousers, and knickerbockers. The advantage of a four-piece suit is that you can wear the long trousers to the office and the knickerbockers over the week ends, and if you fall down and tear one pair of trousers you're still all right, whereas under the old system you had to go to bed till the tailor had made up a new suit from your measurements. All of which would seem to indicate a commendable foresight on the part of the textile interests, which ought to be rewarded in the new year by large profits and extra dividends.

**WHEAT.** It must have been a bad year for wheat, especially in the shredded form, for we moved to New Canaan and began taking the 7.32 train for New York each morning, which left us too little time to eat anything so combative as shredded wheat and necessitated a change to puffed rice. Under these circumstances there was much dissatisfaction among the farmers of the country and a widespread demand in the Northwest for a dirt farmer as Secretary of Agriculture. What the solution of the problem will be, it is hard to say, but let us all hope the burden on the taxpayers of the country will not be increased, particularly the burden of making out

what the instructions on the income-tax blank really mean.

MONEY. There was less of this than we might have wished, and several times we had to borrow carfare to get home.

GENERAL SUMMARY: From the foregoing it should be apparent to the investor that we may reasonably forecast for 1926 a rising market, with generally favorable conditions, except perhaps in the banana and pineapple trades, and prevailing westerly winds accompanied by snow in the extreme northern portions.



### THE SCREEN-DOOR

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

IT was her custom to walk, every summer evening, in the woods that surround the farmhouse. When supper was over and the lamps were lighted the house became a prison. She knew every corner of it; the patterns of rugs and linoleum, the positions of chairs and tables, the doors open, ajar, or closed, were all familiar to her, and this familiarity became stifling. After walking up and down for a little while she pushed open the screen-door and went out into the large darkness filled with small twinklings of light and rhythmic with the shrill clamor of tree-toads.

The charm of the night was its mystery, which awakened mysterious responses in herself. She walked noiselessly through the dewy grass, under lighter and darker shadows of sky and trees. The grass and the shrubs were alive with an aliveness that was not theirs in the daytime. Every blossom and twig was full of a meaning which could not be grasped, which exhaled from it as intangibly as its scent released by the dew.

It seemed that a little farther on she

would find what she was seeking. And often, as she went, she turned quickly, as though it might be quite close, as though perhaps by turning quickly she might catch it. Had anyone been watching her, that person might have thought that she sought to capture a shadow, her own shadow, which no one is ever quick enough to catch unaware. But she did not know what she sought, and perhaps indeed it was the dissatisfaction of the seeking that she wanted.

One night, reluctantly, she returned to the farmhouse far later than usual. Darkness filled the house, a dense and lifeless darkness unstirred by the ticking of the clock on the wall. A tiny rattle of hook in socket responded to her effort to open the screen-door. She was locked out of the house, and inside the house everyone slept.

She called, at first softly, then more imperatively. The house remained silent. Only Nero, the Airedale who slept on the porch, rose, yawned, and looked amiably at her through the screen. His wag said that he would have let her in if he could. Then he lay down again and, placing his chin so comfortably on his paw, he relaxed with a sigh to sleep.

The sight of Nero, thus relaxed and at peace in the peace and security of the house, aroused in her something like fury. The night became to her thin and eerie, a vastness without solidity. Only the small house was reality, a reality she could not reach. Safe in its comfort others slept, indifferent to her. She raised her voice again in impatience that was partly anger and partly panic and shook the screen door. No voice or movement answered her.

She walked around the house, stopping at every window and door. Through them she could see the shapes of chairs and tables, of doors open, ajar, or closed. Between her and the secure familiarity of these things were the screens, transparent and impassable. Still her calls brought no one to the doors. She must have awakened at least one of the sleep-



ers, who with incredible obstinacy ignored her plight. The family perhaps wished to teach her, by their indifference to her frantic appeals, not to prolong those evening walks with which they had so little sympathy.

The safety of the house had now become her only desire. She raged against the screens that kept her from everything she wanted, and her determination to get into that house was such that nothing could have withstood its desperation.

Under the kitchen eaves there was a rain barrel. Perched trembling on its rim, above the circle of water that reflected starlight, she looked up at the edge of the roof. She could not touch it, but she could grip the rain-spout and climb. Beyond treacherous slopes of roofs and gutters was a small porch and a door that might not be fastened.

When she reached it it was hooked. She flattened herself against it, hurling through it such furious demands and complaints that Nero, once more awakened, added his clamor to hers. Feet stumbled across the floor at last, and the door's hook clicked. She walked haughtily, unappeased, past the grumbling rescuer.

In a moment the house was quiet again. The familiar walls enclosed her, the familiar sights and scents were there. For a little while she walked up and down, her nose twitching to the little breezes that came from the large mysterious night outside the screen-door. The reason for screen-doors was so far beyond her understanding that she could not even grapple with the problem of their existence, but she perceived that every screen-door has two sides, and that to be on one side is not to be on the other. And suddenly, with a wail, she rushed to the screen-door, she dashed up the inside of it, and clinging to it, shaking it with claws thrust through its wires, she yowled a long rebellious yowl.

A human voice raged in the darkness, "Why doesn't that damn cat know what she wants?"



## ON BEING WRITTEN DOWN AN ASS

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

**Y**ES, write me down an ass for these eight things . . .

Stay; you may write me down for all of nine:

Thinking clipt Fancy might regain her wings;

Thinking contentment ever could be mine;  
Nursing a secret, sickly hope of fame;

For failures buried, but remembered yet;  
For lack of nerve to play throughout the game;

For duties I delay—disown—forget!

For lauding right and doing still the wrong;  
Deserting Captive Good for Captain Ill—  
O what's the use of singing out the song?

Nine, did I say? There are nine-and-ninety still,

And if I swear these follies shall be mine no more,

Write me down twice the arrant ass you did before.



## IF I WERE IN YOUR PLACE—

BY CAROLINE E. VOSE

**"SAVED!"** I murmured. I was alone in the hall. Furtively, quietly I reached for the door-knob.

"Oh, just a minute, Eliza. Here are your ten tickets." The chairman of the Ticket Committee clutched me by the arm and pressed some slips of cardboard, neatly held together by a rubberband, into my resistless fingers. "If you need more, just call me up. But be sure to sell the ten anyway," she said.

I did not answer. I could not, but I tried to summon a feeble smile, which proved to be the proverbial sickly grin.

Selling tickets—in fact selling anything from the kind of articles found at church fairs and rummage sales to ideas—is an utter impossibility for me. I can't do it. How I envy the people who can! I marvel at those who can persuade me that I actually want to pay out good money to hear an over-dressed, raucous-voiced woman give directions for the development of a pleasing personality, or to listen to a secondhand poet read his unprinted verses, or to be a subscriber to a Fund in memory of the mules who took no part in the Great War, or to join a club composed of former vice-presidents of college classes. I regard such wheedling, compelling folk with wonder and fascination. More than that, I valiantly strive to imitate them, but—always and ever I fail, humiliatingly and ignominiously fail.

After a conference with enthusiastic women who consider it mere child's play to raise a million—or ten million—for their, and my, Alma Mater, I start forth bravely, even confidently perhaps, to interview possible donors who are "sure to give if you 'approach' them properly. So much depends upon the right approach, you know." Everything apparently depends upon that elusive approach—which approach I unfortunately never am able to make.

When wealthy Mr. Blair, a bachelor, courteously explains to me as he taps on his desk with his neatly manicured nails that his own university is out for a drive, too, and he has just given money to that, and then goes on to tell me he has never known anyone who attended my particular college and, furthermore, that he never hopes or expects to, that he doesn't approve of the higher education of women anyway, and that he is vitally interested in a municipal golf course and a public stadium and is contributing generously to those projects, and don't I think they are especially worthy of support?—I find myself

secretly admiring his splendid physique and nodding my head as I declare, "I see your point of view perfectly. I don't blame you at all. Of course there's no earthly reason why you should be interested in Wellsyoke College. If I were in your place I should feel just as you do."

There it is, naked, exposed—my fatal weakness, my habit of thought and speech: If I were in your place I should no doubt do as you are doing.

Why can't I conquer this weakness! Why can't I be firm and strong! Why can't I convince Mr. Blair or affluent Mrs. Wiggam of the crying needs of Wellsyoke College, of the privilege of contributing to it, of the valuable returns to them personally and to the world in general which would result from their financial assistance! It's all on account of that persistent, clinging notion, "If I were in their places I should see things as they see them."

I can't even induce a luke-warm Wellsyoke alumna herself to help in our college campaign because I can always believe she needs her time and money for other purposes—for the Home for Indigent Cigarette Smokers, for the League of Men Voters, for a Fund to preserve and refurnish our first Police Station, or for some other highly commendable cause.

But let *me*, for instance, chance to be interested in the preservation of some historic building and go about to solicit money for it, and I'm certain to run into somebody like Mr. Nippin who exclaims oratorically, "It's wicked to expend energy and money on the restoration and upkeep of some old house when little children are undernourished and ignorant and men and women are sick and starving. Do for the poor and needy, I say! Look at these appeals."—He points dramatically with his gold fountain pen to a pile of letters and pamphlets on his desk—"These all came to me in this morning's mail—in one mail, mind you, and every one is a worthy appeal. Not a penny from me for Sulticello Manor. I am going to try to relieve human sickness and woe!"



Almost involuntarily I am about to wave my hand and shout "Hear, Hear!" when I realize Mr. Nippin is sternly eyeing me as if he held me personally responsible for all poverty and pain, and I meekly murmur instead, "I think you are absolutely right. If I were you I should feel exactly the same."

Then those dreadful tickets for amateur theatricals! I start blithely out, after a rehearsal where I know and like all the members of the cast, with my bits of pasteboard. Past experience fades away. I am sanguine, optimistic as I wait in Mrs. Boone's living room and gaze at her beautiful out-of-season flowers and watch the antics of two or three Angora cats who are teasing a beribboned Pekinese dog.

"Oh, I am so sorry, my dear," gushes Mrs. Boone, "but I'm not interested in amateur performances. Frightful bores. Mr. Boone agrees with me, too. When we go to theater we like to see things artistically done. We always spend a month in New York every winter and take in every good play in town. This year we saw the best musical comedies. There are the cutest dancers in 'Tillie, Maggie, and Jane,' and the leading man in 'Bettina's Boudoir' is simply wonderful, my dear. He—"

Forgetting my manners I venture to interrupt, "The proceeds from our play are to be given to the Near East Relief work. You may want to buy tickets even if you don't care to—"

"I wish I could afford to, my dear, but I simply can't. Mr. Boone and I are giving a good deal just now to the Animal Cemetery. It's the sweetest place. You must motor out to see it some day. It seems cruel, doesn't it, to think of poor little helpless animals not having a decent burial? Why, when my darling Petie passed away we had a regular casket and—" Mrs. Boone's voice choked.

I remember the grief in our household over the death of our almost-human Jose and, unmindful of common sense, of amateur plays, and of the Near or

Far East, I engage eagerly with Mrs. Boone in an exchange of reminiscences about family pets.

I can't discipline young children. I understand perfectly why they like to hurl toys and balls at the heads of stupid grown-ups, why they enjoy sitting up late at night, why they hate nourishing, sensible food and prefer ice-cream and candy instead, why they want to talk out loud and scream in church, why they do a hundred and one things that are not wrong in their estimation but appear natural and normal acts. I see *their* point of view, but I haven't the power to make them see *mine*.

I am no good in an argument. I am always conscious there is another side to the question, and I realize if I were the other person with his background, temperament, and experience I should probably argue as he does.

If I talk with parents who want son John to go into his father's business of training fleas, prize fighting, or studying the uses of Chaucer's final e's, or what-not I appreciate fully their desire to have the father's noble work continued. I say, "I quite agree with you. If I were in your places I should want John to carry on the family tradition."

Then I converse with John himself and I immediately grasp his point of view and sympathize with his desire to break away, to do something different, something big, to be, for example, a world-champion motorcyclist. I become thrilled and wide-eyed at John's glowing pictures of the motorcycling industry, and I don't blame him for longing to enter it. I exclaim, "If I were you I should certainly motorcycle or die!"

So I might go on and on giving innumerable instances of my weakness and lack of character, but I am due at a committee meeting to discuss plans for a membership drive our Non-professional and Unbusinesslike League is launching. However, if I were situated as you are I most assuredly should not join the League.



## Editor's Easy Chair



### IN EXTENUATION OF THE INCREDIBLE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

"THE impression I get," said Colophon, "is that some people sometimes cure in some people almost any disease that there is. I don't find myself in agreement with the boundaries you doctors put to the diseases that can be cured by mental or spiritual means."

"They can't cure cancer," said Dimity. "I know about Cancer. I deal with him in my business. You've got to cut him out, and do it root and branch. There is no other way. When you've done it a healer may help the cure perhaps, if they really do help anything, but they can't cure cancer."

"Oh, well; of course, Bill, I don't know cancer as you do. Pathologically—if that's the word—I don't know anything about it. All I know is what I read in the papers and what comes in the mail. Those are my great sources of information, to be supplemented on occasion, as now, by talk with the knowledgeable. For observe, that the things you ought most to talk about are the things you know least about—contrary to prevalent supposition—because so talking you may get information."

"Yes, you may, but you ain't very apt to, and that's maybe why people usually feel about talk that the Bible's right and it is better to give than to receive. But of course, Colly, when you get a chance to talk cancer to an expert like me who *knows* about it, you're lucky."

"Knows about it! Go long! Say 'Knows *something* about it': that's about

as much as anyone can say of anything. You know cancer? No! All you know is how to cut 'em out. I don't doubt you know that, and if I had one I'd employ you. But here are newspapers, letters, pamphlets, periodicals, and books providing mountains of testimony that cancer is being cured all the time by saints, healers, Christian Scientists, marvel-workers, Unity practitioners working from Kansas City, and Heaven know who else."

"But, Colly, you don't really believe all that trash, do you? Surely you don't believe the stories you read in the papers about cures!"

"Some of them! Some of them! At least I contemplate them and keep them in mind for reflection and further reference, and to see what turns up that seems to have a bearing on them."

"Do you believe the testimonials that go with the patent-medicine advertisements?"

"I don't bother with them: The proportion of lies that one must expect in them is too high. But these Unity, Christian Science, healer, saints-shrine and other religious cures are a little different. Even patent-medicine is medicine, but those mental and spiritual cures are something else, and something with an extended historical background behind it. The tradition of cures by these various immaterial means is about as old as anything in human record."

"Oh, yes! there are these cases, of course, but not cancer."



"Perhaps not cancer. I don't remember any case of a lost limb made to grow again. Possibly cancer is like that. But I don't understand it so. I think of it as something that bites and grows and must be reached and killed or removed in some way. And of course what you say about it is practically right and the thing you ought to say. But what we are really talking about isn't cancer at all, but how much you know. You see, I can't imagine a really first-class marvel-worker turning away from cancer as something too much for him as easily as I can imagine a limit to your knowledge of the means to check disease in the body. You don't think everything is known yet about the body and how to deal with it, do you?"

"Lord, no! In medicine, and most thingelse, the surface has been scratched; that's all. The more any doctor learns, the more aware he must become of the regions his knowledge does not reach. But still, we know a lot more than we did even thirty years ago, and the new knowledge seems to come faster and faster, and certainly comes in very handy."

"Sure! Now you've said all I ask of you. You admit you know comparatively little, and when you say cancer can't be cured by mental or spiritual means, it means that in your present state of knowledge you cannot conceive of such cures. Now you understand a knife. You know how to use it and what can be done with it. But do you think you understand the means by which mental and spiritual cures are effected?"

"Oh, well, in a way one understands suggestion. No good doctor nowadays ignores the power of the mind over the body! But it won't cure cancer."

"I suppose not. To cure cancer you must have, I should say, an agent that will penetrate tissue like X rays or radium, and destroy cells, and extirpate whatever you call the creatures which do the mischief. You need something that will do what a knife or radium will do, and much more. This agent must

be usable by some will which under right conditions can send it on its errand and make it do its job. By means of such an agent it seems to me—a very ignorant man and liable to be mistaken—that cancer might be cured."

"Possibly! Possibly! Why deny that the impossible may not be achieved by the unimaginable? But do you think, Colly, that such a force as you describe exists and can be handled?"

"I suspect it does exist, and that now and then someone comes along who is able to handle it. Sir Oliver Lodge defines it in a way when in writing of Doctor Geley, who lately died, he says Geley had in mind "a dynamic power of the mental and spiritual regions competent to control, guide and rearrange atoms of matter." I am so constituted, and so impressed by what I have read or heard, as to believe that most of the Bible stories of miracles, both Old Testament and New, are true, and that they constitute a record which shows us what is possible. The cures in the two Testaments are of much the same sort. Leprosy was cured both by Elisha and by Christ. I don't know what leprosy is and how it compares with cancer; but it has usually beaten the doctors, though one reads that our medical men have lately got a line on it in the Philippines. And for that matter one reads of a new line on cancer disclosed in England, but pirated, the latest rumor says, from Germany. So of bringing the dead, or apparently dead, to life. Elijah brought back the widow's son, and Elisha, the child of the Shunamite; Christ raised Lazarus. I don't remember cures in the Old Testament of expulsion of devils and restoration of crazy people to sanity, but outside of cures there is a likeness between the exploit of the widow's inexhaustible cruse and barrel of meal and the multiplication of bread and fishes in the feeding of the multitudes. I have read that this multiplication of food is done now in the East but that men who can do it are of a sort that does not advertise, and that they do not disclose

their accomplishment except on very special occasions. Then there's levitation of one kind or another, and, oh, do you remember the story of a man who lost his ax-head into the Jordan, which Elisha kindly made float for him? How do you suppose he did that?"

"You may search me! Gosh! Colly, do you believe all that, and go about without an attendant and have a license to drive motor cars? Isn't it easier for you to believe that the boy lied than that Elisha made iron float?"

"No, bless you! No! It doesn't seem to me much of a stunt for a party with the powers of Elisha to make iron float. Why should you feel it to be so much more incredible than Miss Tarbell's story of how Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary accomplished the flotation of the Steel Trust? Now there was really a big job in constraining metals to float. And accomplished, how? Simply by the action of the human mind. No force employed; no knock down or drag out; but simply mental forces—imagination, strength of will; not precisely the forces by which the so-called miracles are done, but something very close to them. Did you read how Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary finally constrained John Gates to take what they offered him? Beautiful! Like a poker story!"

"Fine story! oh, yes! but not the same kind of story as of the ax-head that swam."

"Oh, well, the main difference is that you don't know enough to understand the ax-head story, whereas the John Gates story comes within scope of your knowledge. If you knew more, I dare say you'd think Miss Tarbell's story was the greater wonder of the two."

"I think, Colly, you're just another Fundamentalist like Bryan. You seem ready to believe all these Bible stories."

"Sure! I do believe most of them; not merely because they are in the Bible, but because I think they are probably true, or at least based on substantial truth. As far as belief goes, I don't think Bryan could have bettered me

much, but to me the Bible is a great stimulant to research, whereas Bryan seemed inclined to use it as a limitation on research. It makes me want to know, and whereas Bryan seemed always fearful that someone would find out something which didn't match with something the Bible said, that never worries me at all. I like to know what the Bible is and how it was compounded, and I do not understand how a man so clever in certain ways as Bryan was should have taken the view that it was a kind of coffer-dam, with the walls of which it was not safe to meddle for fear they would spring a leak and let all their contents out. Somehow you got him scared—you fellows, Bill, you doctors and scientists. Knowing what he did and believing what he did, and feeling the importance of his belief in what he did believe, he could see where you fell down; but, because either of the limitations of his mind or of his knowledge, he could not avoid that impossible position about the Bible. Still, I think, his show-down was better than Darrow's. Don't you?"

"I'd hardly say that. I wasn't rapturous about Darrow, but still he had understanding of a lot of things that Bryan didn't understand at all."

"Oh, yes, but he showed a total lack of understanding of a lot of things that Bryan did understand, and which were more important than the others. Bryan was out of date in some of his notions about the Bible and in his feeling that if one admitted that anywhere in it there was a flaw in inspiration or a deviation from fact, the divine authority of the whole book would be destroyed and faith in the religion it stands for would go to grass. That is not so, and it was surprisingly simple of him to feel about it as he did, though millions of people in this country see it about as he did, and make these views of his the basis of acclaiming him as a defender of the Faith—which must make the angels reach for their pocket handkerchiefs. But Darrow proclaimed himself agnostic, with-



out settled convictions about religion, or even about what is commonly called immortality, meaning the survival of personality after the body dies. Bryan at least appeared in court in a suit of clothes, though you may not like the cut of it, but Darrow was in rags, and seemed to feel they did him credit."

"He gave greater evidence of intelligence than Bryan did. He made a holy show of Bryan with the questions he asked of him."

"It isn't a sign of intelligence to believe nothing. It's a sign of defect. You don't send agnostics to hospitals to be cured of their disability because hospitals can't cure them but, if they could, a good many of them might apply to be sent, for there are plenty of agnostics who dislike their own state. To believe in man but not in immortality is like believing in fishes but not in water. Mr. Darrow is probably not over pleased to be in that condition. The theory of evolution is part of a study of processes. Bryan was agnostic as to that theory, but Darrow was agnostic about the results of the evolution he defended. He admitted his uncertainty whether anything of importance had been evolved. If man blows out for good when his wick separates from his tallow, evolution, if it is true, is of no tremendous concern for us, though it may serve a turn in providing entertainment to our Creator; but if life, begun or continued on earth, proceeds elsewhere in the invisible, to more or less advantage according as time has been well or ill used, evolution seems more important.

"We have to live a good deal in the imagination to get along at all. Bryan must have lived so. If Darrow doesn't, he is a loser. But probably he does, for even he is intelligent. And it should be remembered that his errand at Dayton was not to upset belief, but to hinder

impediments from being put in the way of the pursuit of truth. I would rather have had that errand in the keeping of someone who had a conscious vision of more truth than Darrow had. Malone was better about that. He had belief enough.

"For belief, Bill, which is Faith, so much commended for its power to move things—is an enormous asset, even when it includes confidence in some things that are not so. Indeed, in every one who has it, it must include such imperfections, because our knowledge is so limited. We believe what we can get of what has come through in our time, and our spiritual beliefs are more or less affected by the achievements of the searchers of our day in the departments of physical knowledge. The torchbearers get wonderful things by intuition, inspiration, or spiritual means of one sort or another, but their news is apt to lag in general acceptance until what we know as scientific knowledge gets far enough along to make it credible. It took a hundred years or so for the theories of Copernicus and Galileo to become respectable. At the start the pious and the powerful rejected them and put Galileo in jail. That is a regular process with great innovations of theory. But in these times things move faster, and new knowledge is not so easily squelched.

"Moreover the wonderful acceleration of discovery in the physical realm is bound to help us to a fuller understanding of the spiritual department. Wireless and radio and all such things; electricity, electrons, the last new thing and the next one, extend our powers of belief. And that is a good thing, for most people will agree that vastly more things are so than we think are so, and that limitless crops of truth stand waiting to be gathered from fields still uncut."



## Personal and Otherwise



**F**IVE years women have had the vote. What have they done with it? We were told they were going to bring a new idealism into politics—where is it? Have women had any effect on the situation except to double the helpless and boss-controlled electorate? *Emily Newell Blair*, of Joplin, Missouri, answers these questions in the opening article of the month. She speaks with authority, for she used to be a suffrage leader and is now Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. During the war she served on the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

*Ludwig Lewisohn*, whose touching story, "The Holy Land," follows Mrs. Blair's article, came to this country from Germany at the age of eight. He graduated from the College of Charleston, South Carolina, spent a few years in editorial work and writing, took up the teaching of German, became an assistant professor at Ohio State University and the translator of Hauptmann and other German authors, and joined the editorial staff of *The Nation* in 1919. He is perhaps most widely known as the author of *Upstream*. Last spring he wrote for us an article on "The Art of Being a Jew." At present he is living abroad.

Nobody could be better fitted than *Edward McKernon* to write on the machinations of market-riggers, propagandists, and news-fakers, for it is the highest ambition of these gentlemen to catch The Associated Press napping; and as Boston correspondent of that organization, and later Superintendent of its Eastern Division, Mr. McKernon has become well acquainted with their devious ways. Incidentally we might mention that on July 31 last—after Mr. McKernon had completed his article—occurred what was apparently a perfect example of the market-rigger's work. In the early afternoon of that day Wall Street was full of rumors apparently

designed to depress the market—one of them a report that President Coolidge had been assassinated. It traveled fast: within a few minutes the New York office of the Associated Press received five inquiries about it—two from New York papers, one from Yonkers, one from New Jersey, and one from Chicago. Receiving assurances from White Court that all was well there, the A. P. branded the rumor as false. So far as we know, it never got into the papers. The only foundation which could be found for it was the fact that that morning an anarchist who was said to have plotted against the President had been arrested in Tampa, Florida!

The detective-priest, Father Brown, and his versatile creator, *G. K. Chesterton*, need no introduction to HARPER readers.

One may account as one pleases for the jungle miracles reported by *John W. Vandercook*, but one must admit that they furnish a fresh and fascinating field for speculation. Mr. Vandercook is a new contributor. He spent a year at Yale (from which, he tells us, he gained "nothing but an unalterably low opinion of education in general and American universities in particular"), tried for two years to be an actor, held a variety of editorial positions on magazines and newspapers, and last winter—as the result of a chance meeting with a Suriname business man on a West Indian steamer—spent several months in Dutch Guiana, which led to the writing of "White Magic and Black." Another equally unusual article by Mr. Vandercook on racial destiny in the tropics will appear in an early issue.

By the time this issue of the Magazine appears, *Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick* will have left for Europe and the Near East for a year's leave of absence preceding his active service as pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church. Throughout his year abroad, how-



ever, he will write each month for HARPER'S MAGAZINE on the fundamental religious problems of every-day life.

When *Wilbur Daniel Steele* is at his best, no other American short-story writer can excel him. In 1921 the O. Henry Award Committee gave him a special prize for maintaining the highest level of distinction among American short-story writers over a period of three years. Last spring he won first prize in the fourth competition in our Short Story Contest—the only competition he entered. Last month we published his extraordinary tale, "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven." In "Blue Murder," which he sends us from Westport, Connecticut, he is once more at his best.

As professor of social science at Boston University, *Ernest R. Groves* is frequently consulted by parents about "difficult" children, and has found that the difficulty usually begins with the parents. We recommend his article to all fathers and mothers who are not completely convinced of their own infallibility.

Nearly ten years ago a young man named *H. G. Dwight*, who had spent much of his life in Turkey and Persia, wrote a volume of stories called *Stamboul Nights*, so delightful and distinguished that it became something of a classic. Then came the war. After it the author of *Stamboul Nights* took a position in the State Department. For five years he wrote nothing but state papers and confidential reports; for in the Department, popular impressions to the contrary notwithstanding, not everybody is overburdened with leisure. Now he has returned to the field of letters, and in "The Washington Express" he reveals once more the delicate humor and cosmopolitan wisdom which his discriminating admirers have so long enjoyed. We are happy to announce that "The Washington Express" will be followed by other papers commenting on the American scene and especially on the horrors and felicities of Washington.

Twenty-five pages is an unusual space to give to a single feature, but not too much to allow *Christopher Morley* for the second installment of "Thunder on the Left." Mr. Morley was for many years a newspaper columnist, first on the Philadelphia *Evening*

*Public Ledger* and later on the New York *Evening Post*. Of his many books the most widely known is *Where the Blue Begins*.

*Philip Guedalla*, the brilliant author of *The Second Empire* and other volumes of history and biography, adds this month another sketch to his HARPER gallery of Revolutionary portraits: a likeness of that amiable ogre of American history, King George the Third. His previous subjects have been George Washington, Louis XVI, and Lord North.

The Scopes trial had so many points of resemblance to a sporting event that the New York *Herald-Tribune* was inspired to commission its very able sports editor, *W. O. McGeehan*, to cover it. Mr. McGeehan's dispatches made hilarious reading. Talking with him shortly afterwards, we found that he had come away from Dayton with an opinion of small-town folk quite different from that of most sophisticated readers. We asked him to speak his mind plainly in HARPER'S, and this he has done. We suspect that he is right.

The verse of the month is by *W. H. Davies*, who was apprenticed in his youth to a picture-frame maker, spent the next six years as a tramp in America (with ventures in fruit-picking and working on cattle-boats), turned pedlar of laces, pins, and needles—and during the past twenty years has become one of the best-known poets in England; *Amy Lowell*, whose lamented death shortly after the appearance of her life of Keats gives a tragic significance to our publication of one of the last poems she wrote; and *Granville Paul Smith*, of New York, a new contributor.

The contributors to the Lion's Mouth include *Frederick L. Allen* of the editorial staff of HARPER'S; *Caroline E. Vose*, of Portland, Maine, a new contributor; *George Meason Whicher*, of Amherst, Massachusetts; and *Rose Wilder Lane*, author of *He Was A Man*, who is planning to live in Albania, the country she so brilliantly described in *The Peaks of Shala*.

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The frontispiece is reproduced from a recent painting (not yet exhibited) by *Robert Henri*, one of the foremost American artists. Born in Cincinnati in 1865, Mr.

Henri received his training first at the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia and later in France, Spain, and Italy. His work is represented in most of the principal art museums of this country, and he has won an imposing series of honors. Last February we reproduced on the cover of HARPER'S MAGAZINE his painting of a little Irish girl, Mary O'Malley.



The storm of protest at Mrs. Gerould's article on Reno has been followed by a storm of equal intensity induced by her paper in the July issue, entitled "New Mexico and the Backwash of Spain." The Santa Fé Chamber of Commerce, we understand, has been up in arms, and we have received a flood of letters ranging from jocular to abusive. The abusive letters, we are bound to say, surprised us; living, as we are forced to by the exigencies of livelihood, in a community denounced every other day as a sink of iniquity and banditry, where hundreds of murders go undetected and unpunished each year, and where prominent citizens are frequently branded with impunity as thieves and robbers, we had not realized that temperate comments such as Mrs. Gerould's could arouse anywhere such a frenzy of antagonism.

The most frequent criticisms of Mrs. Gerould's article deal with her remarks about lawlessness, especially in Sandoval County. Says one resident of the County, "For daily thrills and terrors we quiet inhabitants of New Mexico take an apartment in New York or Los Angeles and get our fill of them." A correspondent who lived in New Mexico from 1898 until 1920 says, "I remember two real hold-ups and perhaps three 'killings,' in twenty years (page Philadelphia and New York, please)," and expresses astonishment that he was not murdered in a country where "life is cheap," for "in our ignorance we kept our silver openly on the sideboard, money in unlocked drawers, and brooches on the pin-cushions. And the keys to most of the doors were lost!"

Several letters criticize Mrs. Gerould for mentioning what one of them calls the

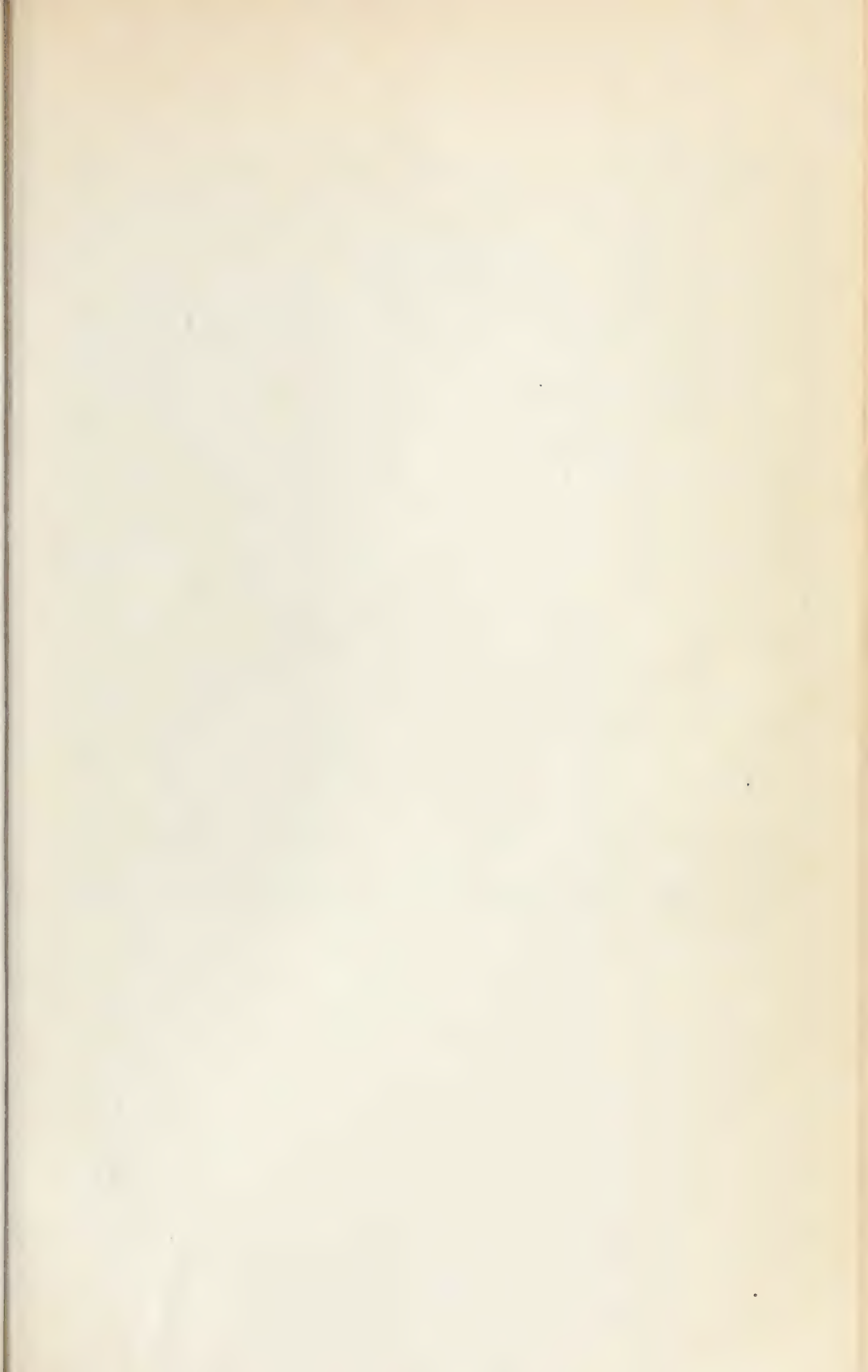
"monstrous absurdity" of the story that baby-sacrifice is still practiced by the people of one of the obscurer pueblos. It should be emphasized that Mrs. Gerould mentioned this not as fact but as gossip which "may or may not be true" but is currently believed by American residents in Albuquerque.

We wish we had space to print in full a masterly broadside delivered by the Kiwanis Club of Santa Fé congratulating HARPER'S on "the improved character of its fiction, as evidenced by the article in the July issue by Katharine Fullerton Gerould on 'New Mexico and the Backwash of Spain.'" Referring to the article as "a remarkable piece of imaginative writing," the Kiwanis Club finds "that the unique advertising in your magazine has already started an influx of additional tourists eager to see our thousands of murderers, bandits, thugs, outlaws, cut-throats, bull-fighters and -throwers, and the vast landed estates of the Castilian grandees. In the lack of these, we will endeavor to show them our vast uncivilized wastes, peopled only by Ford cars, barbarous New York golfers in knickers, savage general merchants, insurance agents, real estaters, hardware dealers, grocery salesmen, man-eating railroad conductors, lawyers, jurists, and gory politicians."



For the new cover design and the typographical changes inaugurated in our September issue we are indebted to William A. Dwiggins, of Boston, one of the ablest typographical experts in the country. The decorations at the head of the articles and departments—familiarily known in the HARPER office as "dingbats"—were designed by him especially for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and the new type titles, the design of the opening page, and the general layout were determined upon in consultation with him. As this department goes to press, the September issue has not yet appeared, but we should like to anticipate the comments and inquiries which are bound to come to us from HARPER readers by giving due credit to the artistic skill and taste of Mr. Dwiggins.







THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

By Charles Webster Hawthorne

*Courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries*





# Harpers *Magazine*

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## LAW MAKING AND LAW ENFORCEMENT

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

*President Emeritus, Yale University*

**W**HO enforces the laws? The first impulse of most people would be to answer, "The police and the sheriffs, with occasional assistance from the army in emergencies." But if we stop to think about the matter we shall see that this is a very superficial view of things and that only a small fraction of our law enforcement is secured or needs to be secured in this way. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred obedience to the law is quite voluntary. The people at large do not have to be compelled by the police to obey the laws against murder or burglary or the various regulations for the convenience of the public. They do it of themselves, either as a matter of conscience or in deference to public opinion. And the fact that they do it of themselves is the thing which makes civilized society possible. It enables the police to concentrate their attention on the work of protecting the public against a relatively small number of habitual lawbreakers who do not recognize their moral obligations to themselves or to

society. Conscience and public opinion enforce the laws; the police suppress the exceptions.

What is this public opinion and how is it formed?

Man, as Aristotle well says, is a political animal. He has the impulse to make himself part of a social group; to accept the habits and the standards approved by the group and to follow the traditional rules of conduct which it has adopted. In the early stages of society these standards and rules are imposed by the church and formulated by the priests. Public action is ordered by religious precepts; disobedience to those precepts is checked by the fear of the gods. As civilization advances, other institutions beside the church take their share in setting social standards. The school and the theater, the platform and the press serve as agencies for shaping public sentiment and public ideals. The desire for the approval of our fellow men takes its place side by side with the fear of God as a motive for conforming to the demands of society. A man who

habitually conforms to these demands without external compulsion is said to be law-abiding and public-spirited. When the great body of citizens is thus law-abiding and public-spirited the community is self-governing, in the true sense of the word. Its legislation and administration are founded on the principle set forth at the beginning of the Declaration of Independence that the powers of a just government are derived from the consent of the governed.

To maintain this ideal political condition two things are necessary. First, the great bulk of the members of society must be willing to go as far as public opinion demands without being compelled to do so by force; and second, the government authorities must be careful not to go beyond what public opinion demands in the laws which it makes or the acts which it requires. Every stable community has these two characteristics. The citizens are law-abiding; the officials are moderate in the exercise of their powers. Without the former we have anarchy; without the latter we have tyranny.

But someone will say, "This is obvious enough as far as a monarchy or aristocracy is concerned, where you have a ruler or ruling class on one side, trying to govern a people on the other. Such a community cannot be self-governing unless the king or nobles are strictly guided by public opinion. But how can democracy become a tyranny under any circumstances? Is not a democracy necessarily self-governing? Are not the acts of a democratic government, under certain prescribed rules which have been accepted as a constitution, necessarily expressions of what the majority of the people want?"

No. The citizens of a democracy are not necessarily self-governing. If we look at the history of different kinds of government, we shall find that officials elected by the people, whenever they have gained control of an army or police force large enough to carry out their mandates, have been just as frequently

guilty of class discrimination, arbitrary arrest, or punishment without proper trial, as any monarch or any group of aristocrats. The very fact that a man has been elected to office by popular vote may lead him to cast self-restraint aside, and think that he is representing the people collectively when he tyrannizes over them individually. "Virtue," says Halévy, "is more dangerous than vice, because its excesses are not subject to the restraints of conscience." Cromwell in England, Robespierre in France, Lenin in Russia, show how persistent is this danger in all races and conditions. Democracy has not meant self-government except when the rulers have shown self-restraint.

Nor are the acts of a democratic government necessarily expressions of the desire of the majority. No matter how democratic the franchise and the electoral machinery, the administration often gets into the hands of a clique or ring, concerned with its own interests rather than with the interests of the people. Still oftener are the actions of the legislature dominated by a well-organized group of voters which happens to hold the balance of power and which uses its position of vantage unscrupulously. Where a proposed law deals with a subject which has been made a definite issue between two parties at the last election—where, for instance, one party says that it wants a high tariff and the other that it wants a low tariff—the vote of the legislature will generally have the wish of a majority of the people behind it. But in the much larger number of matters that have not been made party issues the representative feels free to do what is most likely to secure his re-election. The temptation to yield to the wishes of a minority which knows what it wants and is prepared to penalize those who do not follow its bidding is very great indeed. The more we know of the actual process of legislation the less we shall think that the result necessarily represents the view of the majority.



And, apart from these frequent cases where a democratic government is controlled by other considerations than the will of the majority, there are occasional instances, chiefly in war time, where the majority itself, under the influence of strong emotion, is ready to override the conscience and ignore the traditional rights of large groups of law-abiding citizens, to such an extent that the enforcement of its wishes means a widespread supplanting of self-government by autocracy. A good constitution does much to prevent this; but no constitution-makers, however wise, can guard against unforeseen trends of popular emotion.

## II

One of the greatest dangers which now confronts us is the increasing demand for ill-considered legislation, and the increasing readiness of would-be reformers to rely on authority rather than on public sentiment for securing their ends. When the republic was first founded, we had more to fear from the law breakers than from the law makers, from the absence of authority than from its over-exercise. People believed in individual liberty and even sometimes inclined to carry that idea to extremes. But this love of liberty has gradually given place to a zeal for standardization. The new democracy, in the words of Lord Farrer, is passionately benevolent and passionately fond of power. To-day, it is from the law maker rather than from the law breaker that our American traditions of self-government have most to fear.

A century and a half ago our country was sparsely settled by men who prized personal liberty. The newborn nation was made up of separate commonwealths with distinct social and religious traditions, so that home rule was demanded as a matter of course. The constitution of the United States and its first ten amendments represented an effort to combine the needed minimum of centralized administration with the maximum

of freedom for different localities and individuals to act in their own ways. Regulatory legislation by Congress was disliked and avoided.

As the country grew older these conditions gradually changed. Increasing density of population of itself brought more occasions for law making. The garbage heap which a man can put where he pleases when he has no neighbors within miles becomes a menace to public comfort and health when the country about him is closely settled; and the same sort of thing holds true with moral nuisances as well as material ones. The growth of large factories and large organizations of capital gave this increasing population harder industrial problems to deal with than their fathers had faced. As railroad transportation developed, these problems of industrial control became national instead of local.

Meantime the character of our population was itself rapidly changing. The early settlers had been self-reliant men and women, ready to face a life of hardship for the sake of the liberty which they loved. The immigrants of a later date were chiefly people who came to better their industrial condition, and were ready to submit to almost any authority which allowed them to make a living; people whose idea of liberty had been not so much associated with freedom from interference as with equality of political rights. Regulatory legislation they accepted as a matter of course; they simply wanted to have a fair share in choosing the men who were to make and enforce the regulations.

All these things have given our legislative assemblies, and particularly our national Congress, more work to do than was imposed upon them in an earlier period. They are asked to pass a hundred times as many laws to-day as they were a century ago. The practical discussion by which these laws are put into shape has for the most part to be done in committee. The very mass of the work given them makes this course the only possible one. This leaves the representa-

tives relatively little time or strength for legislative debate in the old sense of the term; for speeches like those of Webster or Calhoun, by which public opinion was formed, outside of Congress as well as inside, and public action on important questions in considerable measure determined.

This change in the work of our legislatures has been attended with a corresponding change in our political ethics—in the standards to which we expect our representatives in the legislature to conform. At the time of the adoption of our Constitution it was assumed that Congress would be a deliberative body, which could subject to critical scrutiny the acts of the administration and the various lines of national policy proposed; and as a result of such deliberation would decide intelligently what was best for the people as a whole. I do not mean that Congress ever quite rose to this height. The unscrupulous politician we have had always with us, and he was just as unscrupulous in 1789 as he is in 1925—probably a little more so. But our ideals of what he ought to do were different from what they are to-day. The representative was supposed to be a trustee for the public interest, not an agent of those who sent him to Congress. He went to Washington to make up his mind as to what was best; and if, as the result of a debate, he had seen new light which his constituents did not have when they sent him to Congress, he would have scorned the idea of being bound by their instructions or their expressed wishes.

These ideals of public duty are no longer accepted by the average representative in Congress or in the state legislature. Instead of assuming the obligations of a trustee, he acts as an agent to carry out the views or promote the interests of those to whom he owes his election. He thinks of his duty to his district or to his own party group; or—too often—to the individuals or corporations in his own district who have given him their support.

It would be unfair to put the chief blame for this change of ideals upon the members of our legislative assemblies themselves. There has been a corresponding change in the demands of the people in the several districts. The number of men is very small indeed who will applaud a congressman for voting according to his personal convictions instead of for voting in the way that some of his constituents have demanded.

If Congress lets itself be dominated by what are called in a general way "the interests," it is because so large a part of the people are ready and desirous to use it for the promotion of their own interests and views. Our legislators are ready to pass acts prescribing what we shall eat or drink or what sort of things shall be taught in our schools because the people as a body are to-day more concerned with regulating the conduct of others than with preserving personal liberty; more concerned with enforcing their own special intolerances than with securing "peace at home, safety and consideration abroad." This is the fundamental reason why the country to-day has more to fear from the law makers than from the law breakers.

### III

What can we do to protect ourselves against this spirit of over-regulation which seeks to place under official control not only the organization of industry and commerce but the conduct and even the thought of the people themselves?

Some say that we should look to the courts. This is good advice as far as it goes. The courts can interpret the law so as to correct manifest absurdities of wording; they can set aside parts of the law when these parts are in clear conflict with legal traditions, especially where those traditions have been embedded in the constitution. But the extent of the protection which the courts can give is narrower than is often supposed. If a law does not violate a state or federal constitution the courts cannot interpret



it out of existence because its practical effects are inequitable, or because it is evaded by those whom it should control. Perhaps they could go a little farther in that direction than they now do, but it is not clear that this would be wise. It would involve perpetual danger of a kind of conflict between the courts and the legislature which is undesirable to the last degree. For anything like full protection in this matter the people must look to themselves and not to the courts.

They have in their own hands, if they wish to apply it, a simple though somewhat perilous remedy. If any considerable number of citizens who are habitually law-abiding think that some particular statute is bad enough in itself or dangerous enough in its indirect effects to make it worth while to block its enforcement, they can do so. This process of blocking the law by disobedience is known as nullification. The Fugitive Slave Law was thus nullified by the people of the North; the Reconstruction Acts were thus nullified by the people of the South. A large number of laws for the taxation of personal property have been and are still being nullified to-day. They are so framed as to be penalties on honesty rather than taxes on property; and neither the public nor the officials themselves are willing to attempt stringent enforcement of a law of this kind.\*

Most writers on political theory say that this kind of nullification is nothing less than revolution; that we have made some sort of agreement with some sort of a sovereign which gives him despotic authority to make any laws he pleases provided he proceeds under constitutional forms. This is a convenient theory for whoever claims to be sovereign—whether he be called king, consul, or boss—but it is very far from representing the facts in the case. The members of any civilized community actually use their judg-

ment a great deal in deciding how far they will obey laws which they regard as bad or even inconvenient for the community. They do not change their sovereign; they continue to obey him in all other fields except this one. There is no revolution and nothing like it. The officials charged with the enforcement of the law simply see that it is beyond their power to secure obedience to it. If those who passed the law or secured its passage are wise, they will acquiesce in this result. If the police look the other way when such a law is broken, its bad effects are avoided without much harm to anybody. Hundreds of statutes which the courts would try to enforce if violations were brought to their notice are made "dead letter" by general consent.

Some people go so far as to say that this nullification of statutes is wrong in practice as well as in theory; that the best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it. But the cost of trying to compel obedience to a law which violates the consciences of a considerable minority of the people or the traditional usages and privileges of anything like a majority is usually too great. The attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law converted the misunderstandings between North and South into public menaces. The attempt to enforce the Reconstruction Acts not only resulted in abject failure but left a legacy of bitterness behind it which lasted for many years. What has proved true in large matters like these has generally held good in small ones. The efforts to enforce legislation regarding Sunday amusements, for instance, have usually produced an amount of vexation and trouble far out of proportion to any tangible results that could be expected or achieved.

And in addition to the direct cost, the individual evil resulting from the successful enforcement of a law restricting the traditional liberties of the citizen is usually very great. The appetite for tyranny grows with its excesses. If the autocrat is allowed to use the army to enforce one such act, he tries to use it

\*I have purposely confined my illustrations to matters of past history, where the evidence is all in and the public has given its verdict. It would confuse rather than clear the issues to discuss the effect of laws like the Volstead Act, when the evidence is not yet all in, and the public is far from having reached the judicial frame of mind necessary for a verdict.

for others. Charles the First went on with progressive encroachments on the traditional liberties of the English people until John Hampden set the example of nullification by not paying ship money. From that day the King's power began to wane; at first imperceptibly, then rapidly. The courts adjudged Hampden wrong and punished him; but the verdict of posterity is different. It praises Hampden for having taken the only way to save England from the fate which befell France or even Spain; it condemns Charles for persisting in a course which led inevitably to civil war and to personal disaster.

#### IV

Nullification, as I have said, is not revolution. It is the safety valve which helps a self-governing community avoid the alternative between tyranny and revolution. It reduces the tension; it gives a warning to those in authority which they disregard at their own peril. For the story of Charles the First and John Hampden is not an isolated one. The same story and the same consequence have been too often repeated to leave any doubt that the major responsibility for civil strife lies on the law maker rather than the law breaker.

But while nullification is an obvious remedy, and sometimes the only available remedy, for unwise legislation, it is at best an unsatisfactory one. For if a good man breaks a bad law under pressure of necessity, it will encourage another man who is not so good to break several other laws which may not be bad at all. Defiance of the Reconstruction Acts was undoubtedly better, for the South and ultimately for the Nation, than compliance possibly could have been; but it left behind it a legacy of lawlessness and unrest from which the community is still suffering. And in the more serious cases it always involves a danger of civil war. The sovereign, or the group which regards itself as sovereign, may be unwise enough to mistake the mandate of the legislature for the mandate of the people

and precipitate a conflict disastrous not only to the monarch or group but to all concerned. To insure the safety of the commonwealth we must prevent the enactment of bad laws by the development of a sounder public opinion as to the nature of government and the functions of legislative assemblies.

To begin with, we must learn to distinguish more carefully between the government and the people. The people is a large body of individual men and women who live under a form of government established to maintain their freedom against invasion or control from outside, and against disturbance of public safety or convenience from within. For these purposes they have designated certain of their number for positions of trust in that government. Some of the men thus designated are charged with the difficult duty of determining, by judicial procedure or by legislative enactment, the exact claims, powers, and duties of different members or groups of members of the community; but in the exercise of these powers they are acting as trustees and not as sovereigns.

It is necessary to emphasize this point very carefully because our habit of personifying the government and calling it "the State," spelled with a capital "S," is one of those small errors of usage which leads to large errors of thinking. It is proper to spell State with a capital "S" when it means some particular state or group of states—State of New York, States of the Church—but in other cases "the State" spelt with a capital letter almost always means "the government pretending to be the people." The ancients understood and avoided this danger better than we do. The Latin word for the body politic was *res publica*, *the common wealth*—a term that emphasized the sense of trusteeship. If we say "the people" when we mean the people and say "the government" when we mean the government we shall unmask a large number of dangerous political fallacies.

Having once done this we can emphasize the fact that a modern civilized



government is not a sovereign in the absolute or oriental sense of the term, but a group of trustees whose purposes are defined and whose powers are limited, partly by an instrument known as a constitution and partly also by those habits and usages which underlie the public opinion and consent on which the government itself is founded, and which its officers disregard at their own peril.

What are these purposes for whose realization the government officers hold their positions in trust?

Primarily to get public business done honestly and efficiently. This involves the maintenance of a military force to protect the community from outside interference; the establishment of courts to determine the rights of different individuals under the usages and laws of the land, with an impartially managed police to carry these decisions into effect; the development of corporate agencies, public or private, for the promotion of public convenience, health, or intelligence; and the assessment, in an equitable manner, of the taxes necessary to defray the cost of performing all these duties.

Secondarily, to formulate public opinion and provide rules for its orderly enforcement, in cases where older usages and statutes, as interpreted by the courts, are inadequate to deal with new conditions. This process is known as legislation and has become in modern times an important function of representative assemblies.

In old days, when industrial progress was slow, very little general legislation of this sort was needed. Almost all that was necessary was taken care of by ecclesiastical authorities—the priests in Jerusalem, the prætors in Rome, the Lord Chancellors in Catholic England—who, when the forms and remedies of the old law became inadequate to carry out its underlying purpose, took upon themselves, as keepers of the public conscience, the power of developing new forms and new remedies. Even in states nominally democratic, like Athens, there was a general reluctance on the part of

the people to legislate on matters which could be regulated by religion or public opinion; and this reluctance was still more noticeable in bodies like the Roman Senate, which in the six hundred years of its ascendancy passed less than two hundred acts that deal with matters of private law.

Since the end of the fifteenth century several causes have united to produce a change. New inventions and discoveries have created rapid social and industrial progress and with it a demand for corresponding changes in the law. The Protestant Reformation has made the public less ready to leave the control of civil law in the hands of ecclesiastical authorities. The success of the English Parliament in its struggle with the King has given that body the chance, not only to widen its sphere of legislation, but to claim for its acts the same sort of sovereign authority which kings had claimed of old for theirs. In other words, it has come to regard itself as *making* the laws.

Our American constitutions have never accorded our representative assemblies the same unlimited authority which was asserted by Parliament. But in its own legislative sphere each has been encouraged, by the courts and by the people, to think itself sovereign; to believe that by its own *ipse dixit* it has created the laws which it frames and given them whatever authority they possess. You can of course define authority in such a way that this last statement is true; but when you make the statement without the definition it is misleading and dangerous. For if a law lacks the authority of conscience and public opinion, it lacks precisely the qualities which are necessary to make it effective in a self-governing commonwealth.

As far as state legislation is concerned, we have recognized the evils resulting from unrestricted activity of the representative assembly; and we have taken measures to protect ourselves against them—sometimes by the referendum, sometimes by putting into state con-

stitutions the more fundamental provisions of private as well as public law. But against Congress we have no such protection. All the more important is it to bring home to the members of Congress the fact that they hold their office as trustees, not as parts of a sovereign body. For nowhere is the recognition that public office is a public trust more needed than in the formulation of the laws of the land.

Guilty of breach of trust in large degree is the congressman whose vote on an important measure is swayed by any personal considerations whatever. Guilty in scarcely less degree are the men who use threats of punishment or hopes of reward, however veiled, as a means of influencing the congressman's vote. Nor can we wholly acquit of re-

sponsibility the publicists and the teachers who by their incautious use of language have encouraged the legislator to believe that he held a sovereign power, repugnant alike to his position as a trustee and to the spirit in which our government was founded. It is only by the acceptance of the principle of official trusteeship that the world, or any part of it, can be made safe for democracy. Until this result is reached there will continue to be occasions when the devoted lover of self-government—the true Christian who values the liberty of the Gospel higher than the bondage of the Law—will often have to choose between the danger of lawlessness which results from ignoring a statute and the danger of tyranny which is involved in passive obedience.







## MR. KEMPE

A STORY

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

IT WAS a mild, clammy evening and the swing-door of the tap-room stood wide open. The brass oil lamp suspended from the rafter had not yet been lighted; a small misty drizzle was drifting between the lime-washed walls and the overarching trees on the farther side of the lane; and from my stool at the counter I could meet, as often as I felt inclined, the wild white eye of the "Blue Boar" which fleered in at the window from the hanging sign.

Autumnal scents, failing day, rain so gentle and persistent—such influences have a slightly soporific effect on the human mind. It is as though the little busy foreground of consciousness first becomes blurred, then blotted out; and then—the slow steady sweep of the panorama of dream that never ceases its strange motioning. The experience is brief, I agree. The footlights, headlights, skylights brighten again: the panorama retires!

Excluding the landlady, who occasionally waddled in from her dusky retreat behind the bar, there were only three chance customers in the tap-room, now met together for the first time: myself; a smallish man with an unusually high crown to his head, and something engagingly monkeylike in his face; and a barrel-shaped creature who sat humped up on a stool between us in an old shooting-jacket and leather leggings, his small eyes set close together on either side a red nose. The talk had been desultory, suppressed, until some chance word of mine had edged on to the question of

another world, a life renewed, the survival of this.

"And what is *your* view, then," I inquired of the little man.

He fortified himself with a sip of gin and water from his thick dumpy glass, and the dark-eyed wizened face lighted up once more with its curiously engaging smile. "Well, you see, I was once a schoolmaster—in a small way; and from an official point of view it was part of my job. To find answers, I mean. But, as you'll agree, we temporize; we compromise. On the other hand, I once met quite by chance, as we call it, a man who had spent, I should guess, a good many years on that last problem. All by himself, too. You might almost describe it as a kind of pilgrimage—though I'm not anxious to repeat it. It was, I suppose, my turn for a lesson.

"I was walking at the time along the northern coast, covering unfamiliar ground, and had managed to misread my map. My aim had been to strike into a cliff path that runs more or less parallel with the coast; but I had taken the wrong turn at the crossroads. Once astray, it had seemed better manners to keep on. How can you tell what Chance may have secreted in her sleeve? Anyhow, I found myself at last on the outskirts of a straggling village with but one little beershop in it about half the size of this tap-room. I persuaded an old lady to give me tea at one of the cottages and asked my way. Visitors were rare events, it seemed. At first she advised me to turn back—I couldn't do

better than that. But after further questioning she told me at last of a lower cliff track or path, some miles apparently this side of the one I had in view. She marked it out for me with a crooked rheumatically forefinger on the tablecloth. Follow this path far enough, I gathered, it would lead me into my right road again.

"Not that she suggested my making the attempt. By no means. It was a matter of seven miles or more. And neither the natives of the village nor even chance visitors, it seemed, were tempted to make much use of this particular route."

"Why not?" inquired the man in leg-gings and immediately coughed as if he had thought better of it.

"That's what I am coming to," replied the schoolmaster as though he had been lying in wait for the question. "You see my old lady had volunteered her last piece of information with a queerish look in her eyes—like some shy animal slipping into cover. She was telling me the truth, but not, I fancied, the whole truth. Naturally I asked what was wrong with the path, and was there anything of interest on the way or at the end of it—worth such a journey? Once more she took a long slow look at me, as if my catechism were rather more pressing than the occasion warranted. There *was* a something marked on the map, she had been given to understand—'just an old, ancient building, like.'"

"Sure enough there was, I found. 'And what is that other building near by' said I, 'the Rectory?'"

"O that, sir, that's not nearly so old, sir, you will understand.' She had another long queer look at me. 'That's where Mr. Kempe lives,' she added at last.

"It was easier sailing now that we had come to Mr. Kempe. The land, it appeared, including the foreshore, but apart from the chapel, had been in his family since the beginning of time. Mr. Kempe himself had formerly been in the Church—conformist or otherwise—

had been something of a traveler, but had returned home with an invalid wife many years before.

"Mrs. Kempe was dead now. And there had been no children, 'none, at least, as you could say grew up to what might be called living.' Mr. Kempe himself too had been ailing for some little time. It was as likely as not, for all my informant knew apparently, that he also was dead. Anyhow, she couldn't tell; nobody ever went that way now, so far as she was aware. There was the new road up above.

"It was already latish afternoon; and in that windless summer weather walking had been a rather arduous form of amusement. I was tired. A snowy low-pitched upper room overlooking the sea was at my disposal if I wanted it for a night or two. And yet even while I was following this good soul up her narrow staircase I had already decided to push on in the direction of Mr. Kempe. If need be, I would come back that evening. The contours, I had noticed, on the map were unusual. And, Mr. Kempe was not less likely to be interesting company because he was a recluse!

"I put down five shillings on account for my room, and the kindly old creature laid them aside in an ornament on her mantelpiece. There they lie still, for all I know. I have never reclaimed them."

"And did you find Mr. Kempe?" I inquired.

The schoolmaster smiled, looking more like a philanthropic monkey than ever. "I set out at once, watched until out of sight by the old lady from her porch. There was no mistaking the path—even though it led off over a stile through a patch of stinging-nettles and then past a boggy goose-pond. After a few hundred yards it began to dip towards the shore, keeping more or less level with the sea for a mile or so until it entered a neat and sandy cove—the refuge even in summer of all sorts of flotsam and sea rubbish; and a positive maelstrom, I should imagine, when the winter gales sweep in. Towards the neck of this cove



the wheelmarks in the thin turf faded out, and the path meandered on for a while beside a brook and under some fine ash trees, then turned abruptly to the right, and almost due north. The bleached bows of a derelict boat set up on end and full of stone, the *Orion*—was my last touch with civilization.

"It was a quiet evening, the leaves and grasses shone green and motionless, the flowers standing erect on their stalks under the blue sky, as if carved out of wax. The air was uncommonly sweet, with its tang of the sea. Taking things easy like this, it was well worth while being alive. I sat down and rested, chewing a grass-stalk and watching the friendly lapping sea. Then up and on.

"After about an hour's steady walking, the path began once more to ascend. Dense neglected woods rose on either side of me, and though wherever the sun could pierce in there were coverts in plenty, hardly a cry of insect or bird stirred the air. To all intents I might have been exploring virgin country. Now and again indeed the fallen bole of a tree or matted clumps of bramble, briony, and traveler's joy compelled me to make a widish detour. But I was still steadily ascending, and the view tended at length to become more and more open; with here and there a patch of bright green turf and a few scrub bushes of juniper or sprouting tamarisk. Even at this point it would have been flattery to call the track a path. The steeper its incline the more stony and precarious became one's footing. And then at last I rounded the first of a series of bluffs or headlands, commanding a spectacular view of the sea and of the coast behind me, though nothing of what lay in front.

"The tiny village had vanished. About a hundred and fifty feet beneath the steep on whose margin I was standing, with a flaming bush of gorse here and there, and an occasional dwarf oak as gray as silk in the evening light—the incoming tide gently mumbled its rocks, rocks of a peculiar patchy green and black.

"I took another look at my map, enjoyed a prolonged 'breather,' and went on. Steadily up and inward now and almost due north-northwest. And once more untended thickets rose dense on either side, and the air was oppressed with a fragrance as sickly as chloroform. Some infernal winter tempest or equinoctial gale must have lately played havoc here. Again and again I had to clamber over the boles or through the head-twigs of monster trees felled by the wind, and still studded with a few sprouting *post-mortem* pale-green buds. It was like edging between this world and the next.

"Apart too from the gulls, with their saturnine gabbling, and flights of clanging oyster-catchers on the rocks below, what birds I saw were birds of prey: buzzards and kestrels chiefly, suspended as if by a thread from space, their small heads stooping between their quivering wings. And once I overheard what I took to be the cough of a raven. About twenty minutes afterwards my second bluff hove into sight. And I paused for a while, staring at it.

"For ordinary purposes I have a fairly good head. And yet I confess that before venturing farther I took a long steady look at this monster and at the faint patternings of the path that lay before me, curving first in, then out, along and across the face of the cliff, and just faintly etching its precipitous surface as it edged out of sight. It's a foolish thing perhaps to imagine oneself picked out clean against the sky on a precipitous slope—if, that is, you mean to put the fancy into action. You get a sort of double-barrelled view of your mortal body crouching there semi-erect, little better than a framework of bones. Pleasure may be a little *over-spiced* with excitement."

"Steep, eh?" ejaculated the man in leggings.

"Yes, steep," replied the schoolmaster. "Taken as mere scenery, of course, there was nothing up there to quarrel about. Leagues on leagues of sea stretched out

to the vague line of the horizon like an immense plate, mottled green and blue. A deep pinkish glow too had begun to spread over the eastern skies, mantling up into heights of space made the more abysmal in appearance by wisps of silver cirrus.

"Now and again I lay back with my heels planted on what was left of the path, and rested a moment, staring up into that infinite. Now and again I all but decided to go back. But sheer curiosity to see the mysterious hermitage of which I had heard, possibly too the shame of proving myself yet another discredited visitor, lured me on. Solitude too is like deepening water to a swimmer: that too lures you on. Except for an occasional gray-scaled shrimplike insect that showed itself when a flake of dislodged stone went scuttering down into the abyss below, I was the only living creature abroad. Once more I pushed cautiously forward. But it was an evil-looking prospect, and the intense silence of the evening produced at last a peculiar sense of unreality and isolation. My universe, as you might say, seemed to have become a mere picture—and I out of place in it. It was as if I had been mislaid and forgotten.

"I hung by now, I suppose, about three hundred feet above the sea; and maybe a hundred and thirty or so beneath the summit of the wall which brushed my left elbow. Wind-worn boulders, gently whispered over by saplings of ash or birch, jutted shallowly out here and there above and below me. But the third prodigious bluff towards which I presently found myself slowly, almost mechanically advancing, projected into space at a knifelike angle, cut sharp in gigantic profile against the northern skies. I watched it a while, half covertly, I remember, and as if pretending not to be aware of it and whistling a little under my breath—one of those queer devices of self with self! But my lips were dry, and breath or courage failed me. None the less, I had contrived to approach within twenty yards

or so of that last appalling silhouette when, as if a warning voice had whispered the news in my ear, I suddenly realized the predicament I was in. To turn back was now impossible. Nor had I a notion of what lay on the farther side of the headland. For a few instants my very bones and sinews rebelled against me, refusing to commit themselves to the least movement. I could do no more than cling spasmodically with my face to the rock.

"But to hang there on and on and wither like an autumnal fly was out of the question. One single hour of darkness, but one spinning puff of wind, would inevitably dislodge me. But darkness was some hours distant; the evening was of a dead calm; and I thanked my stars there was no sun to roast and confuse me with his blaze and heat. I thanked my stars—but where would my carcass be when those stars began to show themselves in the coming night? All this swept through my mind in an instant. Complete self-possession was the one thing needful. I realized that too. And then a frightful cold came over me; sweat began to pour off my body; the very soul within me became sick with fear.

"I say soul, I mean, because this renewed nausea was something worse than physical. I was a younger man then, and could still in the long run rely on nerve and muscle; but fear turns one's blood to water—that terror of the spirit, and not merely of the mind or instinct. It bides its moment until the natural edges off into—into the unknown. And what now swathed me in like a breath of poison—as, with face, palms, knees, and belly pressed close against the rock, I began once more working softly on from inch-wide ledge and inch-deep hold, my tongue like tinder, my eyes seeming to magnify every glittering atom they tried to focus—was the consciousness of some power or influence beyond nature's. It was not so much of death—and I actually with my own eyes *saw* my body inertly hurtling to its doom beneath—



that I was afraid. What terrified me beyond words to express was some positive presence here, in a more desperate condition even than I. The path was haunted.

"When you come to such a pass as this, you lose count of time. I had become an automaton—little better than a beetle obeying the secret dictates of what I believe they call the Life-Urge; and how precisely I contrived to face and to circumnavigate that last bit of precipice I can't recall. But this once done, in a few minutes I was in comparative safety. I found myself sluggishly creeping again along a path which had presently widened enough to allow me to turn my face outwards from the rock, and even to rest. And even though the precipice beneath was hardly less abrupt and enormous, and the cliff-face above actually overhung my niche, for the time being I was out of physical danger. I was, as they say, my own man again; had come back. It was high time. My skull seemed to have turned to ice; I was wet through; my finger-nails were split; my hands and wrist-bands were soaked with blood, and my clothes would have disgraced a tramp.

"But all trace of fear had left me and what now swept my very wits away in this almost unendurable reaction was the sheer beauty of the scene that hung before my eyes. Half reclining, not daring yet to stir, my outstretched hands clasping two knubs of rock, just gently moving my eyeballs to and fro, I sat there and feasted on the amazing panorama spread out before me; realizing none the less that I was in the presence of something—how can I express it?—of something a little different from, stranger and less human than—well, our old and dubious friend, Nature.

"The whole face of this precipice was alight with color—dazzling green and orange, drifts of snow and purple—campion, sea-pink, mayweed, samphire, camomile, lichen, stonecrop, and fleshy and aromatic plants, too, that I knew not even the names of, sweeping down drift beyond drift, into a narrow rock-

bound tranquil bay of the darkest emerald and azure, and then sweeping up once more drift beyond drift into the vault of the sky, its blue fretted over as if by some master architect with silvery interlacings, a scattered featherlike fleece of vapor.

"The steady cry too, possibly amplified by an echo, of the incoming tide reached me here once more, a whisper and yet not toneless. And on and on into the distance swept the gigantic coast line, crowned summit to base with its emerald springtide woods.

"Still slightly intoxicated as I was by the terror and danger in which I had been, and which were now for the moment past and gone, I gave myself ample opportunity to rest and to drink in this prodigious spectacle. And still the odd conviction persisted, though safe, I was not yet secure. It was as if I were still facing some peril of the mind and, absurd and irrational though it may sound, there was a vague and disquieting hint within me of disappointment—as if I had lost without realizing it some peculiar opportunity. And yet, all this medley of hints and intentions was wholly subsidiary to the consciousness that from some one point in all this vacancy around me a steady devouring gaze was fixed on me, that I was being watched."

Once more our hard-headed friend fidgeted uneasily on his stool.

"It sounds absurd, I agree," the schoolmaster caught him up, "simply because, apart from the seabirds and the clouds, I had been and was still the only moving object within view. The sudden apparition of me crawling around that huge nose of rock must have been as conspicuous as it was absurd. Besides, myriads of concealed eyes in the dense forest towering conically up on the other side of the narrow bay beneath me, and looming ever more mistily from headland to headland towards the north and west, could have watched my every movement. A thousand arrows from unseen archers concealed on the opposing heights might at any instant have trans-

fixed me where I lay. One becomes conscious, too, of the sort of empty settled stare which fixes an intruder into such solitudes. It is at the same time vacant, enormous, and hostile. But I don't mean that. I still mean something far more definite—and more dangerous too than that. Indeed, I was soon to learn that in actual fact I *was* being watched; and by as acute and unhuman a pair of eyes as I have ever seen in mortal head. With infinite caution I rose to my feet again at last and continued my journey. The path grew steadily easier. Soil succeeded to bare rock, and must not very long before, I discovered, have been trodden by other human feet than mine. There were faint marks of hobnails between its tussocks of grass and moss and thrift.

"It presently descended a little, and then in a while, from out of the glare of evening, I found myself entering a broader and heavily shaded track leading straight onwards and tunneling inland into the woods. It was to my amazement close on eight o'clock—too late to dream of turning back, even if I could have persuaded myself to face again the experience of the last half-hour. Yet whatever curiosity might say for itself, I felt a peculiar disinclination to forge ahead. The bait had ceased to be enticing.

"I paused once more under the dismal funnel of greenery in which I found myself, staring at the face of my watch, and then had another look at the map. A minute or two's scrutiny assured me that straight ahead was my only possible course. And why not? There was company ahead. In this damp soil the impressions of the hobnailed shoes showed more clearly. Quite recently those shoes must have come and gone along this path on three separate occasions at least; and yet for the life of me I hadn't the smallest desire to meet the maker of those footprints.

"In less than half an hour I came to a standstill beneath the ancient building that had once been marked on my map.

And an uncompanionable sight it was. Its walls lay a little back from the green track in what appeared to be a natural clearing, or amphitheater, though at a few yards distance huge pines, in shallow rising semicircles, hemmed it in. In shape it was all but circular and must no doubt have been a wayside hermitage or cell. It was of stone and was surmounted by a conical roof of thick and heavy slabs, at the south side of which rose a minute bell-cote, and towards the east a stunted stone cross, with one of its arms broken away. The round-arched door—its chevron edging all but defaced—refused to open. Nothing was to be seen in the gloaming beyond its gaping keyhole. There was but one narrow slit of window, and this was beyond my reach. I could not even guess the age of this forbidding yet beautiful thing, and the gentleman, as I found afterward, who compiled the local guide-book had omitted to mention it altogether. Here and there in its fabric decay had begun to show itself, but clumsy efforts had been made at repair. In that deep dark verdurous silence, unbroken even by drone or twitter, the effect of these walls in their cold, minute simplicity, was peculiarly impressive. They seemed to strike a solemn chill into the air around them—those rain-stained senseless stones. And what looked like a kind of derelict burial-ground to the south side of it only intensified its sinister aspect. No place surely for when the slow dark hours begin.

"The graves were very few in number, and only one name was decipherable on any of the uncouth and half-buried headstones. Two were mere mounds in the nibbled turf. I had drawn back to survey once more from this new aspect the walls beyond, when—from one instant to the next, so to speak—I became aware of the presence of Mr. Kempe. He was standing a few paces distant, his gaze in my direction—as unexpected an apparition as that of the ghost in Macbeth. Not even a robin could have appeared with less disturbance of its surroundings.



Not a twig had snapped, not a leaf had rustled.

"He looked to be a man of about sixty or more, in his old greenish-black half-clerical garb, his trousers lapping concertina-like over immense ungainly boots. An antiquated black straw hat was on his head. From beneath it gray hair flowed out a little on either side the long colorless face with its straggling beard. His eyes were clear as water—the lids unusually wide apart—and they had the peculiarity, perceptible even at this distance, of not appearing to focus what their attention was fixed upon.

"That attention was fixed upon me as a matter of fact and, standing as I was, with head turned in his direction, we so remained, closely regarding each other like two strange animals for what seemed to be a matter of hours rather than of moments.

"It was I who broke the silence with some affectedly casual remark about the weather, and the interestingness of the relic that stood, something like a huge mushroom of stone, near by. The voice that sounded in answer was even more astonishing than Mr. Kempe himself. It seemed to proceed from a throat rusty from want of use and carried a kind of vibrant glassy note in it, like the clash of fine glass slightly cracked. At first I could not understand what he said. The sound of it reminds me now of Alexander Selkirk when his rescuers found him in Juan Fernandez. They said he spoke his words by halves, you'll remember. So did Mr. Kempe. They sounded like relics of a tongue as ancient as the unknown saint's chapel beside which we had met.

"Still, I was myself as nervous as a cat. With all his oddities—those wide colorless eyes, those gestures, that over-loud voice—there was nothing hostile, nothing even discourteous in his manner, and he did not appear to be warning me off as a trespasser. Indeed, the finger wagging at me in the air was clearly beckoning me on. Not that I had any keen inclination to follow. I preferred

to go on watching him and attempted to mark time by once more referring to the age and architecture of the chapel; asked him at last pointblank if it was now too late to beg the courtesy of a glimpse inside.

"The evening light momentarily brightened above the dark spreading tops of the pines and struck down full on this queer shape with its engrossed yet vacant face. His eyes never faltered, their pin-prick pupils fixed in their almost hueless irises. Reflected thus, I seemed to be an object of an extremely limited significance—a mere speck floating in their intense inane. The eyes of the larger cats and the hawk-tribe have a similar effect; and yet one could hardly assert that their prey has no significance for *them*!

"He made no attempt to answer my questions, but appeared to be inquiring, in turn, how I had contrived to invade his solitude; what I wanted, in short. I was convinced none the less that he was deceiving me. He knew well how I had come: though, of course, meeting as we had, only one way had been possible—that from the sea.

"It might be impolitic to press the matter. I merely suggested that my journey had not been roses all the way, that I must get back to the world above before nightfall, and once more gave him to understand my innocent purpose—the desire to examine this curious relic. His gaze wandered off to the stone hermitage, returned, and then, as if in stealth, rested an instant intently on my hands. Otherwise he remained perfectly motionless: his long knotted fingers hanging down out of the sleeves of a jacket too short for his gaunt body, and those ineffable clumsy rusty boots.

"The air in this green niche of the bay was stagnant with the scent of foliage and flowers; and so magically dark and clear it was as though you were in the presence of a dream—of a dreamer indeed—responsible not only for its beauty, but also for its menacing influence on the mind. All this, however,

only convinced me the more of the necessity to keep my attention steadily fixed on the figure beside me. There was a something, an influence, about him difficult to describe. It was as if he himself was a long way off from his body—though that's pure nonsense, of course. As the phrase goes—he was not *all there*. Once more his eyes met mine, and the next thing that occurred to me was that I had never seen a human countenance which betrayed so desperate a hunger. But for what? It was impossible to tell.

"He was pressing me to follow him. I caught the word 'key'; and he at once led the way. With a prolonged reluctant look behind me—that antiquated cell of stone; those gigantic pines; the few sinking mounds clad in their fresh green turf—I turned in my tracks and the glance he cast at me over his shoulder was intended, I gathered, as a smile of encouragement.

"The straggling gabled house to which he conducted me, with its low tower and smokeless chimneys now touched with the last cold red of sunset, was almost more windows than wall. The dark glass of their casements showed like water in its discolored sides. Beyond it the ravine ascended ever more narrowly, and the house rested there in this green gap like some mummy long since deserted by its ghost. We crossed a cobbled courtyard, and Mr. Kempe preceded me up a wooden flight of stairs into a low-ceiled room with one all but ivy-blinded window and, oddly enough, a stone floor. Except for the space where hung the faded portrait of what appeared to be a youngish woman, her hair dressed in ringlets, bookshelves covered the walls. Books lay hugger-mugger everywhere indeed: on the table, on the chairs, on the floor, and even piled into the chimney of the rusty grate. The place was fusty with their leather bindings, and with damp. They had evidently been both well-used and neglected. There was little opportunity to get the general range of their titles—though a complete row of them, I noticed, were in Latin—because some

vague intuition compelled me to keep my attention fixed upon my host. He had motioned me to a chair, and had seated himself on another that was already topped with two or three folios. It must have been even at midday an obscure room; and owing to its situation it was a dark house. The door having admitted us, stood open; beyond it yawned the silent staircase."

At this the schoolmaster paused; the landlady of the "Blue Boar" had once more emerged and, like one man, we shamefacedly pushed our three glasses across the counter.

"And what happened then?" I inquired. At this the man in leggings slightly turned his tortoiselike head in my direction, as if its usual resort was beneath a shell.

The schoolmaster watched the shape of the landlady till it had vanished into the dusk beyond. "Mr. Kempe began talking to me," he said. "Rapidly and almost incoherently at first, but gradually slowing down till I could understand more or less what he was saying. He was explaining, a little unnecessarily as I fancied, that he was a recluse; that the chapel was not intended for public worship; that he had few visitors; that he was a scholar and therefore was in need of little company but his books. He swept his long arm towards these companions of his leisure. The little light that silted through the window struck down across his tousled head, just touching his brow and cheekbones as he talked. And then in the midst of this harangue he suddenly came to an end and asked me if I had been sent there. I assured him that I had come of my own free will, and would he oblige me before we returned to the chapel with a glass of water. He hesitated.

"'Water?' he repeated. 'Water?' And then with a peculiar gesture crossed the room and shut the door after him. His boots beat as hollowly on the stairs as sticks on a tomtom. I heard the creaking of a pump-handle, and in a moment he reappeared, carrying a blue-lined cup



without a handle. With a glance at the portrait over my head, I drank its ice-cold contents at a gulp and pushed the cup in between two dog's-eared books.

"I want to get back to the road up above," I explained.

"This seemed to reassure him. He shut his mouth and sat gazing at me.

"Ah! The road up above!" Then, 'Why?' he suddenly almost bawled at me as if I were sitting a long way off. His great hands were clasped on his angled knees, his body bolt upright.

"Why what?"

"Why have you come here? What is there to spy out? This is private property. What do you do—for a living? What's the use of it all?"

"It was an unusual catechism—from stranger to stranger. But I had just escaped an unpleasant death, and could afford to be indulgent. Besides, he was years and years older than I. I told him that I was a schoolmaster, on vacation; not thinking it necessary to add that, owing to a small legacy, I was out of a job at the time. I said I was 'enjoying myself.'

"Enjoying yourself! And you teach!" he cried with a snap of his jaw. 'And what do you teach? Silly, suffocating lies, I suppose; or facts; as you prefer to call them.' He drew his hand down his long colorless face, and I stole a glance towards the door. 'If human beings *are* mere machines, well and good,' he went on. 'But supposing, my young friend, they are not mere machines? Supposing they have souls in their bodies: what then? Supposing you have a soul in your body: what then? Ay, and the proof; the proof!'"

The schoolmaster's face puckered up once more into a genial smile.

"I won't attempt," he went on, "to repeat word for word the talk I had that evening. I can give only the gist of it. But it had stumbled pretty abruptly, you'll notice, on Mr. Kempe's King Charles's head. And he presented me with it on a charger. He was possessed, I gathered, by one single aim, thought, and desire. All these years of his 're-

tirement' had apparently been spent in this one quest. Certain doubts in my mind sprang up a little later in the evening, but it was clear from the beginning that in pursuit of it he had spared neither himself nor the wife that was gone. It was no less clear that he was entirely incapable of what better brains, no doubt, would have considered a scientific treatment of his theme.

"He thrust into my hand a few chapters of a foolscap manuscript that lay on the table—a fly-blown mirky pile of paper at least eighteen inches high. Never have I seen anything to which the term 'reading-matter' seemed more appropriate. The ink was faded on the top-page, and stained as if with tea. This work was entitled briefly, *The Soul*—though the sub-title that followed it would not have disgraced the author of the *Anatomy*.

"I could follow no more than a line or two at a time of the crazy handwriting. The pages were heavily interscored, annotated and revised, not only in pencil but in violet and red ink. A good part of it appeared to be in Latin and Hebrew and other inactive tongues. But turning them over at haphazard, I caught such page-headings as 'Contemplation'; 'Dreams'; 'Flagellation'; 'Cadaver'; 'Infancy.' I replaced the sheets a little gingerly on the table, though one mustn't, of course, judge of the merits of a work by the appearance of it in manuscript.

"The desolation of its author's looks and his abruptness of manner thinned away awhile as he warmed to his subject. But it was not so much his own sufferings in the cause as the thought of what Mrs. Kempe's last few years on earth must have been to her, that made me an attentive listener. Hers must indeed have proved a lingering death. He had never left her side, I gathered, for weeks at a time, except to tend his patch of garden, and to prepare their niggardly meals. And as her body had wasted—poor soul!—his daily inquisition, his daily probings had become more and more urgent and desperate.

"There was no doubt in the world that this afflicted old man had loved his wife. The softening of the vacant inhuman eyes as he told me of that last deathbed colloquy was enough to prove that. Maybe it was in part because of this affection that mere speculation had sharpened into what they call an *idée fixe*. Still, I hardly think so. More probably the insidious germ had shared his cradle. And after all, some degree of conviction on the subject is not out of place in men of his cloth. He had abandoned his calling indeed, he was assuring me, solely as a proof of his zeal!

"He showed me also one or two late photographs of Mrs. Kempe—taken with his own antiquated camera, and 'developed' may be in this very room. Soul indeed! There was little else. The face murkily represented in them wore a peculiar remote smile. The eyes had been hollowly directed towards the round leather cap of the machine. And so fallen were the features, now fading away on the discolored paper, they might as well have been the presentment of a ghost.

"What precise proofs he had actually demanded of this companion of his hermitage I cannot even guess. And what proofs might he still be pleading for, pursuing? Evidently none as yet had satisfied his craving. But it was at least to his credit that his own personal experiments—experiments on himself I mean—had been as drastic. In one of them I had unwittingly shared. For the cliff path, I discovered, had long been his constant penance. A catlike foot was concealed beneath those brobdingnagian boots. His had been the hand that had not only helped Nature protect her fastnesses, but had kept off all visitors but one or two occasional stragglers as fatuous as myself. It had been his haunt, this path—day and night. He questioned the idle heavens there. In the face of a peril so extreme, the spirit wins almost to the point of severance from its earthly clay. Night and a half moon and the northern constellations—

I could at least in fancy share his vigils there. Only an occasional ship ventures into sight of that coast, but almost any day, it seemed, during these last few years a good spy-glass might have discerned from its deck a human shape facing the Infinite from that appalling eyrie.

"Both delusions and illusions, too, are rapid breeders. Which of the two, I wondered—still wonder—was *this* old man's conviction,—the conviction, I mean, that one is likely to be more conscious of the spirit within when the body is suspended, as it were, from the lintel of Death's door. The dreams that may come in such circumstances every true-blue psychologist no doubt would merely pooh-pooh. Still, after all, Mr. Kempe had been something of a pioneer in this inquest. He had not spared himself. He could not live by faith, it seemed. He must indeed again and again have come uncommonly near dying in pursuit of it. He had fasted moreover, and was now little more than a mere frame of bones within his outlandish clothes. Those boots of his—they kept forcing themselves on the attention: a worse fit than any worn by some poor desperate Tommy clambering 'over the top' in the Great War. They stuck in my mind.

"'We don't seem to realize—you folk out there don't seem to realize,' he suddenly began shouting at me, 'that nothing in this world is of the slightest importance compared with a "Yes" or "No" to what I ask. If we are nothing more than the brutes that perish—and no sign ever comes from them, I may tell you—then let us perish, I say. Let fire descend from Heaven and shrivel us up. I care not in what cataclysm of horror. I have passed them all. I am suggesting no blasphemy. I make no challenge, no denial—merely a 'umble plodder, my dear sir. But no! Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Not a word.' He lifted himself out of his chair, opened the door, looked out and came back to it again.

"'I disapprove'—he brandished his



outspreed fingers at me—"I disapprove absolutely of peering and prying. Your vile pernicious interferences with the natural mysteries which we as humanity inherited from the old Adam! Away with them! I declare I am a visitor here. I declare that this"—he swept his hand down his meager carcass—"this is my mere tenancy. All that I seek is the simplest proof. A proof that would not so much as stay a pulse-beat in the vile skeptics that give their wretched lives to what is called Science. I am not even a philosopher," he ejaculated. "I am here alone; a wayfaring man and a fool. Alone—in the face of this one supreme mystery. And I need aid!" His voice ceased; he threw out his hands and sat there emptily gazing at me.

"And so he continued. Now he would lift himself out of his chair and, prowling from shelf to shelf, scanning at but an inch or two distant the titles of their contents, would thrust volume after volume into my hands for evidence, accompanying his clumsy motions with peevish and broken comments impossible to follow. I was presently surrounded with these things as with a surf. Then he would once more seat himself, and embark on a protracted harangue with that cracked disused voice rising steadily until it broke in a discordant screech of argument.

"'Almighty God,' he yelled at me at last, 'you sit there, living, breathing, a human being, and the one justification of this hideous masquerade left uncertain!' He flung his hands into the air. 'What right has he even to share the earth with me?' he shouted into the quiet. Then once more there followed as swift a return to silence, to self-possession—that intent devouring stare. One at least knows oneself to be something objective in any chance-encountered pair of human eyes. In his, as I have said already, I appeared to have no material existence whatever. Mr. Kempe might have been surveying, talking to, his own shadow. It was peculiarly disconcerting.

"After yet another such outburst he had for a moment lain back in his chair as if exhausted. And I was so intent in my scrutiny of him that a second or two went by before I sprang forward to pick up the few dingy photographs that had fallen out of his hand on to the grimy patch of carpet beneath. But he himself had stooped even more abruptly, and our skulls collided together with a crack that for the moment all but dazed me.

"But the eye moves almost as swiftly as the mind, and the collision had not been hasty enough to prevent my snatching a glimpse of one or two of them—photographs of which neither this widower nor his wife had been the original. I drew back appalled—their details fixed in my mind as if etched there by a flash of lightning. And, leaving him to gather up his further evidences again as best he could, I instantly found myself edging towards the door. Those *carte-de-visite*-size oblongs of cardboard were easily concealed in his immense palm. He pawed them together as clumsily as a bear might combs of honey; then slowly raised his gray disheveled head and met my eyes.

"I paused. 'You have had other visitors at times?' I queried as mildly as my tongue would allow.

"'What visitors, young man, do you mean, may I ask?' An extraordinary change had come into his voice—a flatness, an obsequiousness. The ingratiating tones were muffled, as if he could hardly trust himself to speak. For a while I could only gape in reply.

"'Like myself,' I blurted out at last. 'Visitors, who come to—well, out of sheer curiosity. There's the other route, I suppose?'

"My one desire just then was to keep my thoughts about Mr. Kempe rational, within bounds. To make a monster of him would be merely to lose my head once more as I had already lost it on his sea-cliff heights. None the less, I was now looking at him through the after image of those chance-seen photographs.

They were a distorting medium. The body of a human being who has fallen from a great height is not pleasing and pacifying to look at even though for a while its owner may have survived the fatality. There were others, too, and yet, it was less his photographs than the amateur photographer that had set my teeth on edge. He looked so old and so helpless—like an animal, as I say, enslaved by and yet incapable of obeying some heaven-sent instinct. That terrifying, doglike despair! But then, open your newspaper any fine morning of your life, and which is the more likely to greet you on the news-page: the joys of the innocent or the fruits of death?"

The tortoiselike shape of the man in leggings once more stirred on its stool. But this time his little eyes were turned in my direction.

"How did you manage to get out at last?" I inquired of the schoolmaster.

"Well," he said, "all this time Mr. Kempe had been watching me as circumpectly as I had been watching him, but as if, too, he were uncertain how many paces distant from him I stood. Then once more voice and manner changed. He feigned to be reassured. 'It has been a wonderful day,' he remarked—and with the dignity of an old retired scholar whose dubious fortune it has been to entertain a foreign prince—a wonderful day, and my only regret is that I was unprepared for the occasion; that I have so poor a hospitality to offer. You must have had an exceedingly painful experience this afternoon. Why, my dear sir, in the absence of mind that comes over me once I embark on this hobby of mine, I haven't even asked you to wash your hands.'

"Almost involuntarily, I glanced down at them. They needed the invitation!

"But I must confess I preferred this old minister when he was not talking to me as if I were some imbecile child in a Sunday school. Besides, I knew perfectly well that—whether from that tumbling watch-tower of his or from some hiding-place in the woods—there had

been one intent yet utterly passive witness of that experience.

"'If you will await me here a moment,' he added—and his utterance began to thicken again—'I will get the key to the chapel—a remarkable, even unique example of its order. There was a well, too, in former times, and even archeologists have failed to agree about its date. They used to come, they used to come: and would argue too. Why, I can *prove* it is at least not later than the eleventh century. And the interview . . . But, dear me, it will soon be dark; and—no—you mustn't think of leaving the house to-night. I need company. I *need* it.' He poked forward at me again, while yet furtively and rapidly edging towards the door.

"With a peculiar disinclination to come into the very slightest contact with his person, I had to dodge out of his way to allow him to pass, and attempted to do so without appearing to show like a visitor who has strayed by mischance into the cage of a dangerous animal in some zoological garden. The old gray tousled head turned not an inch upon its heavy angular shoulders as he passed me; but in the dimming light of the window I caught a glimpse of the wide, sealike eyes intently fixed on me—for all the world like lifeless planets in the waste of space.

"Even a young man may have intimations of the fool he is about to prove himself. Intimations, I mean, that come too late. Before the cumbrous door had closed behind him I was listening for the sound of the key being turned in the lock. I didn't even wait to try the handle, but tiptoed as rapidly as possible over the heaped-up books on the floor towards the window. It was one of dingy oblong panes, and the hasp was broken. The drop beneath its sill—to anyone at least who had reached the house by the less easy of the two roads—was almost as easy as getting into bed. It would land me fifteen feet below on a heap of vegetable rubbish. But the hinges of the window had been allowed to rust, and



the wood to shrink and swell with the changing seasons.

"I was conscious of an acute disinclination to cause any noise. So apparently was my host. For not a sound had followed the locking of the door and, unless he had disencumbered his feet of their boots, he was at that moment collecting his wits immediately outside of it. I tiptoed across once more. 'Please don't let me be any trouble,' I bawled. 'I could come again another time.'

"The next instant I was back at the window, listening. The answer boomed down at me at last from some room above. But I could distinguish no words—merely a senseless babble. It would be indiscreet, it seemed, to hesitate any longer. I seized a frowzy cushion and with all my force thrust it against the outer frame of the window. It flew open with but one explosive crack. I had prepared for that by trumpeting as loudly as I could into my handkerchief on my nose. Once more I paused. Then after a last hasty glance around that dismal laboratory, its scattered books, fusty papers, blackened ceiling, broken lamp—and that one half-obliterated portrait of the gentle apologetic faded young woman on the wall, I clambered soundlessly onto the sill, and dropped. The refuse below was thoroughly rotten; not a twig snapped.

"The moment I touched ground I regretted this ignominious exit. There was I, a young man—thirty to forty years at least the junior of Mr. Kempe—a young man who, whether or not possessed with a soul, was at least fairly capable in body. Surely I might have ventured. . . . Life has more riddles than one. . . . But I did not pursue these thoughts far. The very look and appearance of the house as I glanced up at the window out of which I had descended so abruptly, its overhanging gable, its piebald darkened walls rising towards the first stars, under the last of twilight—it was hardly less unhappy and unpleasing company than its tenant.

"I groped my way beyond its purlieus as quickly and silently as I could, mounted a low wall and was already in the woods. By luck I had caught a glimpse of the Plough straddling above the chimneys, so I knew my north, and edged off upwards and westwards for some little distance under the motionless trees before I came to a halt.

"The house was now out of sight, its owner once more abandoned to his own resources and researches. And I was conscious of no particular desire to return to examine the interior of the small stone hermitage, or the inscriptions on the few headstones which memorialized those who had been longest slumbering in the ground near by.

"Possibly I was not the only visitor who had bidden the recluse in this valley so unmannerly a farewell. I cannot at any rate imagine anyone simpleton enough to venture back even in response to the sound of hysterical weeping that came edging across the silence of the woods."

"D'ye mean that old man was crying?" queried our friend in leggings.

The drizzle in the lane outside the Inn had plucked up courage as daylight ebbed, and had increased to a steady downpour. He had to repeat his question.

"I mean," said the schoolmaster a little acidly, "exactly what I say. I am nothing much of a traveler, or perhaps I could tell you what resemblance the noise of it had to the cajolings of a crocodile."

"My God!" coughed the other derisively. With this he seemed to have finally made up his mind, and lurched heavily off his stool. And without even so much as a "good-night" to our landlady, he betook himself out of the bar.

Except for the noise of the rain a complete silence followed his departure.

"And you never went back?" I ventured presently. "Or—or spoke about the matter?"

"I mean, do you see," said the schoolmaster, "I acted like a fool. I should have taken Mr. Kempe simply on his

face value. There was nothing to complain about. He hadn't *invited* me to come and see him. And it was hardly his fault, I suppose, if an occasional visitor failed to complete so precarious a journey. I wouldn't go so far as that. He was merely one of those would-be benefactors to the human race who go astray; get lost; ramble on down the wrong turning. *Qua* pioneer, I ask," he rapped his fingers on the pewter of the counter; "was he exceptional?" He was arguing with himself rather than with me.

I nodded. "But what was your impression—was *he* sure—Mr. Kempe?"

"The soul?"

"Yes," I echoed, "the soul." But I repeated the term under my breath, for something in the sound of our voices seemed to have attracted the attention of the landlady. And, alas, she had decided to light up.

The solemnity of Man's remotest ancestors lay over the schoolmaster's features. "I can't say," he replied. "I am uncertain even if he was aware how densely populated his valley had appeared to be—to a chance visitor I mean. What's more, to judge from the tones of his voice, he had scarcely the effect of a single personality. There were at

least three Mr. Kempes present that evening. And I haven't the faintest wish in the world to meet any one of them again."

"And afterwards? Was it comparatively easy finding your way—on to the new cliff road?"

"Comparatively," said the schoolmaster. "Though it took time. But nights are fairly short in June, even in country as thickly wooded as that."

I continued to look at him without speaking; yet another unuttered question on my lips.

To judge from the remote friendly smile he just blinked at me, he appeared to have divined it, though it produced no direct answer. He got down from his stool, looked at his empty glass—and for the first time I noticed he was wearing mittens over his much veined bluish hands.

"It's getting late," he said, with an eye fixed vacantly once more on an automatic machine that stood in the corner of the tap-room.

There was no denying it; nor that even the musty human "Blue Boar" looked more hospitable than the torrential night outside that had with so dense a blanket obscured its punctual stars.







## THE HOME-TOWN MIND

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

I CAME back last summer to the Hoosier city where I was born. I had not been a permanent resident for twenty years, and in ten years had paid it only one twenty-four-hour visit.

For thirty miles along the railroad Chamber of Commerce signs proclaimed me welcome to this and that economic opportunity. But to senses Hoosier-born and Hoosier-reared a furious mid-western heat wave conveyed a welcome that seemed heartier and more intimate. In the sweating Pullman that afternoon the heat rolled in off the cornfields with a touch of oldtime courtesy—the salty manners, the vigorous expression, the fierce genuineness which the Chamber of Commerce allurements lacked.

"See here," it might have said if a heat wave could talk Hoosier, "I'm the kind of weather we raise out here, and that's all there is to it. I may be uncomfortable but I won't kill you and I figure you're the kind of a man to stand up to me and fight back. No hard feelings? Anyway, I'm going to be myself, and you can do what you please about it."

But what had Hoosiers, with their old-fashioned, critical acerbities, to do with all this boosting nonsense?

I happened to know that the place for which I was headed was being plagued just then with various devils of economic misfortune. In the memorable summer of 1896, rude forefathers would not only have admitted this. They would have emptied a whose season's vials of anti-septic laughter upon the head of any amateur affirmative psychologist so infatuated as to put up signs denying it.

Meanwhile they would have worked their hides off getting out votes for the gold standard and McKinley, or doing whatever seemed necessary to relieve their hardships.

But these Chamber of Commerce signs were to prove authentic symbols. I was to learn that the heat wave was almost the last old-fashioned Hoosier over the age of thirty left in Indiana.

### II

Indiana is as full of slogans to-day as its summer logs are of chiggers. But the only slogan that the home town takes to heart and sincerely strives to obey against its better nature is—"Hush!"

Oh, yes, they talk. The gift of expression dies hard in a people who once delighted in it, and the gift of humor dies harder still. But this is the way they talk:

I went one day to call on an old friend, half a generation older than I, the memory of whose outspoken, tartly philosophical opinions of various subjects, from the neighbors' morals to international politics, I had relished since my earliest understanding of these things. If any man, I thought, can explain how so ludicrous an organization as the Ku Klux Klan has come to dominate a society so sensitive to the ludicrous as the Hoosiers once were, why, let him.

The palaver of renewed friendship over, I stated my curiosity. I was almost frightened for a moment, his expression seemed to accuse me of having introduced the unmentionable.

We were seated in his private office.

He rose, still without replying, and shut the door. A strong hot wind rattled it in its casement, and he locked it. The room on one side fronted an L in a small office building. Thirty or forty feet away were other open windows with men behind them at work in offices. My host closed the window on their side.

Not until he had achieved this hermetical secrecy did he talk. Then, except for his lowered tones, it was with the old-time freedom and horse sense, the old sardonic dash in criticism. But when it was over he appealed to me, "My God, you're not going to write anything about this, are you?"

"Well, you don't have to live here, so I suppose it's all right. But you know the tricks of your business. Whatever you do, don't write anything that could possibly identify me. I've kept out of this thing for three years and I can't afford to get in it now. It won't mix with my business."

So I shall describe him as the magnate of the Hoosier diamond industry because there are no diamond mines in Indiana and he is no magnate. But while I do it I remember how the generation before him reviled and extolled the A. P. A. movement in informal street corner debates thirty years ago while it struggled for a feeble foothold in the state against the massed weight of the Hoosier sense of humor.

As I left I began to discover an even deeper poignancy in the contrast. I call the summer of 1896 memorable because my memories of the good things in the old Hoosier life begin there. It was, as even the tamest school histories will tell one, a period of violent differences of opinion. And how the Hoosiers, with their infinite delight in battles of wits and opinions, did make the most of it!

Main Street was not yet a mere sociological catchword. But for six months, between some incidental business transactions, it was an open forum for debating "free silver" and all the other im-

passioned issues between Democrats and Republicans, between radical minds and conservative, which "free silver" dragged in its train.

Our social codes never required then that controversial subjects should be denied admission, delicately or otherwise, merely because they were controversial. On the contrary, we recognized a stern, sometimes an almost painful, duty to express our opinions on every subject on which we happened to have any—and occasionally, I fear, on some others. Thus the evolutionist, the populist, the southern sympathizer (for the Civil War was still a fairly live issue), the prohibitionist, the woman suffragist, the town socialist, and the town atheist, even that heretic of heretics for the summer of 1896—the Bryan Democrat—had their hearings and took them. In our highest reaches we could even debate Catholicism vs. Protestantism. But sex we touched gingerly, if at all. Otherwise, we had infinite stomach for this sort of battle, and it was sometimes offered with bludgeons rather than rapiers. So we had our share of coolnesses and feuds, both temporary and lasting. But we spoke our minds and we had no reticences save those of decency and good breeding.

All this may have been rather horrible to the young man of seven summers whose patience was often tried with the incessant boom of authoritative voices above his head. But when his time came to ask questions he was never told that it was un-American and a fit cause for ostracism to hold certain opinions, or that, holding them, it was "bad business" to utter them.

In that time and place it was characteristically American to hold opinions and do battle for them, and business, at the appropriate stage in all such discussions, was supposed to be damned. But now my friend, whose mind and critical judgments were certainly not inferior to his grandfather's, had shut the doors and windows on argument and pleaded, "Keep this dark!"



## III

Again, I talked politics with the Hoosiers. For some days I was aware of something vaguely unusual in these conversations. Then one day an old friend explained it. "I don't think," he said, "that we talk politics so much out here as we used to. Can't always tell who's listening or who might take offense." . . . The light dawned. Once politics, when two or more Hoosiers were gathered together, obtruded themselves as naturally as the weather. Now it was I, the outsider, who was always dragging in politics; and it was subtly conveyed that this was rather daring of me.

When politics were talked, it was with the old, racy, professional spirit of the state which is always exhilaratingly "doubtful" and polls a larger percentage of its eligible vote than any other. There was a shrewd and ironic admiration, even in the enemy quarter, for the vote-getting efficiency with which the Republican machine had annexed the Ku Klux Klan bloc to its organization, even at the price of transferring to a great extent that noble and complex mechanism to the Grand Dragon's office. The Hoosier mind is still keen enough to take a non-partisan delight in the subtleties by which the scandal of a Republican governor's conviction and imprisonment in Atlanta was redeemed under the Klan's official robe of super-Americanism and super-righteousness.

These born technicians appreciated with scientific but sportsmanlike detachment the "politics" behind the stringent Wright prohibition law which provides mandatory jail sentences for the mere possession of liquor, outlaws pre-volstead purchases, and largely eliminates search warrants; and behind the barely defeated Simms bill which would have prohibited teachers from wearing religious garb in school rooms.

"If you're going in for Klan stuff," they counselled sagely, "you might as well go the limit and get a reputation out of it."

Yet in these political discussions there were differences. Even in Klan-ridden Indiana most of the people one meets intimately are not Klansmen or sympathetic with them. "Even under their robes on parade," my "diamond magnate" friend had said, "you can tell the crowd the Klan draws from by their shoes."

But no amount of anti-Klan predilection, so far as I could see, had driven a single Hoosier Republican out of his party allegiance, although in the last campaign the Klan, however much played down by terrorized newspapers and stump speakers, was plainly the outstanding issue. Again I remembered the campaign of 1896 and certain notorious transfers of allegiance over the momentous issue of "free silver." The Hoosiers of those days admired mere "tactics" with perhaps even more fervor than the Hoosiers of 1925. But they voted their convictions.

These political discussions had, too, an air, if not of secrecy, at least of personal confidence. Opinions were given, it is true, frankly and with analytical keenness, and not infrequently with cutting edges of the old-time wit. But how many times were they introduced with such a discretionary apology as "I don't mind saying this among friends"?

Yet thirty years ago every Hoosier of standing fought his way to and from the sustaining midday dinner through the raging free silver debate. I remember the case of one individual who on account of his views on this subject was threatened with the loss of a large business account. He met the threatener at his front gate and they had it out together for half an hour while two roasts seared and dried, and two leaders of our feminine social life looked dreadful wifely daggers from behind late-Victorian curtains.

There were no conversions, but on the other hand there was no boycott. Two Hoosiers had merely re-affirmed the ancient Hoosier doctrine that a man of substance was a political leader by

obligation of his status: if not in the organization sense, at least in the sense of letting all the world know his opinions and feel the impact of their cogency.

But the Indiana I found in 1925 seemed always timidly whispering, "Don't let anybody outside our own little circle know that I think anything."

A modern Hoosier of some local substance confessed to me proudly that he had just succeeded in inducing one of his right-hand men to withdraw from public participation in politics.

"That sort of thing's all right for a fellow who has an independent income," he said, "or for a fellow who wants to take a speculative chance on making a living out of politics exclusively. But in a legitimate business it raises hell."

#### IV

In circles intimate enough for such confidences one can still measurably be an individual in Indiana. On rare occasions I even heard Rotarians and Chamber of Commerce directors twitted with a sharply critical geniality about their sublime faith in the mystical powers of "Organization"—and heard them reply in kind.

Knowing other sections of the country where this was virtually as impossible as friendly religious debate, I was cheered with the reflection that old-fashioned Hoosier open-mindedness and good breeding carry on in spite of obstacles. I know other places where the post-prandial theories obtain that Lincoln and Jesus were the first "boosters," and where, consequently, any attack on the principles of utility of any order of "boosters" becomes *ipso facto* treasonable and blasphemous. Indiana is at least near enough to the spirit of '96 to have avoided this pass. From her own, and among her own, she still endures criticism and meets it with courtesy and some wit.

Nevertheless, the air of confidentiality must always be present in these dis-

cussions or they do not occur. And the sense of a subtle compulsion toward conformity is rarely far away.

At lower levels, indeed, the subtlety vanishes. The compulsions are as blatant as anywhere else. Putting to one side the purely political motives of its "master minds," the Ku Klux Klan has successfully swept Indiana with the same violent urge to standardize American Protestantism and its prejudices which has operated elsewhere.

A young man, recently arrived in his home town from the East, encountered a typical instance of this in its cruder form when he first tried to rent a house. The house, the price, and the prospective tenant's credit standing were all satisfactory, and it seemed a mere question of leasing formalities. But the landlord required additional satisfaction.

"See here," he demanded, "before we sign anything, are you one hundred per cent?"

The Easterner requested an explanation.

"I mean," said the landlord, "are you an American Protestant?"

The Easterner was able to establish an early and, at least nominal, connection with the Congregationalists, and the lease was signed in due order—but not before the landlord had predicted that a few weeks of "seeing how things are going" in Indiana would lead any enterprising young man of Protestant parentage into active Klan membership; and not before the landlord had told what was evidently his favorite story, of how he had refused to renew the lease for a Catholic family although they had lived more than a year in the house and had been "good pay."

When I was told this—(and it was thoroughly substantiated and apparently not exceptional)—I thought of the jibes old Joe Hanson, the town's most popular grocer's clerk of thirty years ago—a "high up" Mason and member of heaven only knows how many secret orders connected with Protestantism—would have launched at any property



owner who would turn out a good tenant because of religious differences, and of how Joe's social circle—the vanished counterpart of the “one hundred per cent” landlord's—would have laughed with him.

In groups of wider mental horizons and normal small-city social sophistication the Klan is, for the most part, condescendingly smiled at. It may be given credit for allaying labor unrest by withdrawing large numbers of American-born, Protestant factory mechanics from any sense of solidarity with their fellow workmen of foreign birth and non-Protestant theology. Here and there the Klan must not be condescendingly smiled at, because some young lawyer or physician or rising young real estate man is present who is known to have joined it for frankly commercial reasons. But, on the whole, Indiana's reasonably civilized and cultivated society views the Klan (in confidence) with mildly contemptuous mirth. As an accessory to the political machine, as a device enabling fifth-rate pastors to express their strictly economic jealousy of a prospering Catholicism, and to whoop up a temporary interest in the waning Puritanism of the more fiercely evangelical sects, it does very well—likewise, as an emotional substitute for liquor among the classes too indigent or too unenterprising to defy the Wright law. But for the Klan's fierce fervors in imposing conformity Indiana's “upper crust” has no use. Here the spirit of fascism, so crudely expressed in those regions of American life which lack Indiana's traditions of individualism and mental freedom, is at least suave. Only, one seldom escapes its suave pressures.

One day I talked for hours with a friend of my own generation which, to its sorrow, was born too late to grow up convincingly Victorian and too early to acquire with sufficient naturalness the technic of the flapper and her male satellites. My friend had solved his problem of adaptation by forcing himself—or so it seemed to me—to become, not

merely a Victorian or a super-Victorian, but a veritable Bourbon.

In a rage with the outstanding faults of taste in the present era, he has come round to damning everything modern as an insult to decent taste. Futurism in art, realism in literature, evolutionism in religion, vocationalism in education, democracy in politics, individualism in morals—to him, they were all one and all anathema. He has become a fundamentalist in church politics, not at all through conversion or even through intellectual conviction, but simply because he sees social salvation nowhere else. With the exceptions of Anatole France and Balzac, he insists that no literature fit for a civilized man has been produced since the Eighteenth Century. Denying a gentleman a drink and permitting a young girl to discover her life on her own hook are, to him, sins as black as the use of the term “complex” or the literary technic of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. On the constructive side he refuses to regard the nation as half way pointed toward safety until literal belief in the Bible is enforced upon every American child at the parent's knee, to be followed at the age of seven by the compulsory Latin book and at ten by the compulsory Greek book.

I having, for obscure reasons, sold out my soul almost as unreservedly to my juniors and betters, the argument took place after the heroic Indiana manner. That is to say, we exchanged views with exaggerated emphasis, insulted each other with sarcasms, innuendo, and frontal attacks, and parted after several hours in unusual amity.

Still, my friend's views so fascinated me by their horribleness that at parting I urged him to write them down and try to get them published. His answer suddenly made me feel the full force of the home-town's mind's conformity tides.

“I'd boil over,” he said. “I have to keep this in too much.”

“Why keep it in,” I asked, “if you believe it?”

“Such things,” was the reply, “simply

aren't said out here nowadays. Worse than that, if you don't get my meaning, saying them is a thing that isn't done.

"Imagine starting a conversation like this with So-and-So and so on"—he listed almost the full circle of his intimates.

"If you're going to be a nut and go on living in this generation, you've got to keep it dark." And he proceeded to express an almost pathetic gratitude that now, actually after years, he could let loose, even on a scoffer like me. I thought of other Hoosiers, now either dead or senile, who, having such convictions, would have spent a lifetime doing public battle for them; and of their contemporary Hoosiers who, on each choice social occasion, would have egged them on.

More and more one felt the weight of those subtle compulsions. Here was a man silently but definitely excluded from the field of complete respectability because he did not like golf. Here was a couple mildly tainted because they preferred a good deal of their own society to constant social activity. While the Ku Klux group imposes wilder and wilder legal restrictions on drinking, there seemed to be different social strata in which it could become palpably awkward not to defy these restrictions.

Thirty years ago the town atheist would have refused his children baptism with a gesture of purposeful grandiloquence. Afterwards he might have to debate theology at every porch call he made that summer. But, granting his convictions were incorrigible, his decision would have been universally respected. Yet in the summer of 1925 one listened while a group of hopeless agnostics, scandalized by the consistency of one of their number in putting his skepticism into practice, implored him to give his children the customary religious training. The sole burden of the argument was that this was customary; that it was "the right thing" to do.

There were too many such conversations regarding the irregular conduct and views of others—frequently absent others

—for one to suppose for a minute that individuality is seriously on the wane in Indiana. But the trend of each conversation forced one, likewise, to the melancholy conclusion that Hoosiers no longer cherish individuality with the old-time zest.

The well-bred do not, it is true, assail it with the bludgeons, the police edicts, the luncheon-club oratorical billingsgate, the editorial denunciation, and the ecclesiastical holy sarcasms which any marked tendency toward human differentiation must cope with in the ex-cow towns and ex-mining camps of the West and, too often alas, in the super-commerce-chambered civilization of New England. Among Hoosiers the home-town mind is mild and reasonable. It recognizes that indulgence in a personality is one of its ancient vices, deep-rooted in both tradition and habit; curable, if at all, by kindness. So it lures the victims of unorthodox sentiments onward and upward mainly by bestowing favors upon conformity and by placing the victim's non-conformities on a plane with those regrettable personal weaknesses seldom to be mentioned in his presence.

But of all those startling piquancies of belief, of conduct, of expression in which the home-town mind of old rejoiced, the home-town mind of to-day seems half ashamed or half afraid. Emphatic human differences were once the main things that made that mind's life interesting. The home town to-day will deprecate them out of existence if it can.

I heard on the station platform as I was leaving these last seductive words of the home-town mind regarding my own heresies:

"If you'll only think these things over long enough you'll come around to agreeing with us."

This was sincerely hospitable, and I recognized it as such not without gratitude. And it is also true that the home-town mind thirty years ago might have said, "You poor fool, you don't know any better, and you never will."

But beneath the billingsgate, the old



home-town mind would have been glad you were yourself.

## V

Still, there is no use calling the home town names about it. These changes will come with the passage of our generations: generations of varied originality, generations of rigid conventions; generations of faith, generations of skepticism; generations of urbanity, and generations of what might be called, with a strong modern accent, "blurbanity." The shadows of the changes pass over all the home-town minds wherever, in the world, mental motion happens; and then other changes come.

The Hoosier mind may have surrendered some twenty years back to the "bigger and better" complex, as fully as it could. It may have done its best to abide by the code ideas of the era: That positive opinions should be suppressed in the interests of business; that the individual should sink his identity in the organization or, worse, pattern himself upon the "key types" which organizations breed; that criticism should be "constructive" instead of for the fun of starting an argument; that the first rule of a gentleman and a self-salesman is to "boost, not knock."

But the surrender is incomplete and with numerous private reservations. The old Hoosier Adam whispers many a sane indiscretion between the lines of the solemn luncheon-club rituals. Not always but more often, I think, than in other states, he winks a subtle political comprehension at you even from behind the Klan mask. The home-town mind may have suffered an eclipse under the shadow of the modern slogan banners, but it has not suffered an attack of paralysis, or even a genuine transformation.

Already there are signs that the eclipse is passing. The flapper is abroad in Indiana as elsewhere and, as elsewhere, she carried her male admirers along with her in her fiery courses. The flapper

fails to recognize the hush instincts of her elders, and upon her the suave compulsions of conformity are wasted.

And in Indiana, because she is Hoosier, the flapper is interesting. When she tells you how and why she was fired from half a dozen finishing schools, or what she thinks of the Ku Klux Klan and the Wright law, and what her ideas are of the relative merits of salesmanship manuals and the *American Mercury*, the whole world can sit up and listen and fight her back for all she cares.

She is still, of course, handicapped by youth. She tells what she knows and thinks without fear or favor, but she does not yet know enough for this to be final wisdom. All the same, her more seasoned specimens have now seven or eight years of extreme youth behind them, and it was from one of these that I heard the rising Indiana express itself in the tone of its grandfathers. It was in reference to the whispered complaint of some "organization men" that one citizen of prominence had been too outspoken in his unflattering opinion about the home-town's present economic prospects.

"Why can't those damned old fossils," she propounded, "let somebody *do* and *be* and *say* what he wants?"

Call it the Mendelian law or an instinctive reaction to the organization "white terror," the flapper in Hoosierdom is her grandfather's granddaughter. Despite his natural timidity before the older business men, she is driving her young man to be his grandfather's grandson.

So, though its present enfeeblement cannot fail to amuse the critical observer who knew it ancestrally, the home-town mind no longer seems fit to be despaired of. Out on the banks of the Wabash—than which there is no more significant focus of national thinking or expression—one sees, beneath the shadow, tokens that the Hoosier world's great age begins anew.



## MRS. HOPPLE AND DAUGHTER

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THE children were the first to unearth the scandal. And of course they had to do it when eight people were gathered around the Sunday dinner table.

"Mummie," piped little Helen suddenly, "is Mrs. Hopple going to marry Uncle Dronnie?"

Nora, my wife, blushed violently. "No, dear," she explained. "They're just very good friends."

"But," persisted Helen, "is he going to marry *Miss* Hopple?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I don't think so," placated Nora.

"Well, then," broke in little Dick, brutally, "what are they doing up there at his house all the time?"

The awful silence that followed was broken only by a peculiar choke from Elise Parke at the other end of the table. By promise of a half-interest each in a wishbone, the children were bribed to settle back in their chairs, while the rest of us remained in the odd position of a group of persons who have much to think of but nothing to say.

As an institution a heavy noon dinner on a broiling hot day in the middle of summer would be all right if it were only carried out to its logical conclusion. When the last finger bowl has been littered with the last cigar ashes, my own desire is to be wafted away to a bed of balsam where gentle breezes play over my brow and unseen zithers tune up into soft Bach sonatas. What I do not care for is a hearty suggestion that three or four of us take an eight-mile walk up a

nearby mountain or that we go out and play "Cops and Robbers" with the children.

Subtly fearing at least one of these possibilities, Bob Parke and I pretended a quiet interest in the flower garden. Without actually admitting that we were fugitives from justice, we presently found ourselves over the brow of the hill where, sheltered from view by a row of white lilac bushes, we lay down in the grass and allowed our minds to revert to the topic that had been so sharply checked during dinner.

"It's really funny, when you come to think of it," chuckled Bob, "what a deadly fascination Dron Ashley has for every woman in Lakemont. Of course," he added, loyally, "Dronnie is a blame nice fellow."

"Oh, a corker!" I agreed. "Still, I know what you mean."

I watched, for a moment, the thin, rising smoke of my fresh cigar.

"When I was in college," I mused, "I used to think that if a man could only be captain of the varsity crew—thick but handsome—life would be pretty simple, so far as love affairs were concerned. But now, if I were going to write a romantic novel destined to capture all feminine hearts, I'd make the hero a little, thin, frightened sort of a man with a curious knowledge of antique brass chests, a genius for growing hollyhocks—"

"And thirty thousand a year," added Bob succinctly.

"No, that doesn't answer it all," I protested honestly. "Mul Bullard has



twice as much as Dronnie. Moreover he's just the dashing, polo-playing type of man that ought to be irresistible, but no one in Lakemont has any real use for him. Then look at Dronnie! He's thin, not especially good looking and he's forty-two years old. He wears clothes made in 1886 and he's so near-sighted that he can hardly see over his nose. Yet all he has to do is to mumble around his garden and grin at you through his spectacles and every woman in town will fly to him like steel to a magnet. The truth is, Bob, that he's got some secret that you and I, with our coarser natures, do not understand. I've told Nora frankly that if Dronnie should ever crook his finger in her direction I suppose I should simply have to take the children and get along as best I could."

"And what did she say?" asked Bob.

"She said she supposed I should."

Bob laughed. "Well, anyway, you're no worse off than I am. When Dronnie was sick last spring you'd have thought it was President Coolidge. Elise would call up his house two or three times a day for the latest bulletins. She was flying around with custards and unsweetened cakes and was sore as a crab when the Milliken girl slipped in ahead of her with a calf's foot jelly.

"Just the same," added Bob, more soberly, "neither you nor I would like it ourselves if the Hopples, mother and daughter, should suddenly settle down as the permanent heads of the Ashley household."

"Oh, I don't worry," I answered languidly. "Mrs. Hopple is simply aggressive and Dronnie's good natured. They wish for an invitation and Dronnie is too hospitable to say no. But if it ever gets to the serious stuff you'll find that he's a pretty shrewd boy."

"I'm not so sure," disagreed Bob slowly. "Hasn't it ever occurred to you that one reason why Dronnie is so magnetic for feminine hearts may be that he's pretty susceptible himself? He may look like a little professor of Greek but I've had a hint that he's pretty human."

"It may be so," I agreed pensively, but before we could say any more there came a series of birdlike tones from the house behind us.

"Jim! Oh, Ji-um!"

Turning to peer through the roots of the lilacs, we saw Nora on an upper porch, equipped with a tweed skirt and a long staff.

"Jim darling," she called as she saw something stir guiltily in the hedgerows, "we're starting for a walk up Bisby Hill in five minutes, but I thought you'd like time to change to your climbing shoes."

"Yes, Milady," I answered and, rising heavily to our feet, we both walked back to the house—beaten men.

At six o'clock we all returned from our expedition, covered with dust and burdock and our faces stinging with sunburn. Nevertheless I suppose that Nora must have been right. For when the sun had gone down and the crickets and hylas had begun to cheep in the soft summer darkness, I found myself on the front veranda wrapped in that perfect, abounding peace that one can gain only by a cold tub and fresh white linen—after physical toil. The Parkes had long since gone home. Nora was engaged in her regular evening occupation of watering the plants in the veranda boxes.

"What do you say," I suggested, "to dropping up to Dronnie's for an hour or so? I just called him up and he said the Parkes are going to be there. They must have 'phoned him as soon as they got home."

Nora paused sharply, the pitcher in her uplifted hand.

"They did?" she exclaimed. "The dirty hounds! Elise never said a word about it to me!"

"And neither did we say anything about it to them," I replied, but her attitude still remained so pained that I was forced to laugh.

"Look here, Nora," I said, "I'm beginning to believe that where Dronnie is concerned you're more jealous of Elise Parke than you are of the Hopples."

"Oh, no!" burst forth Nora in the sin-

cerity of impatience. "I'm not jealous of anyone—really. I merely don't want to have Dronnie spoiled—by the Hopples, by Elise, or by anyone else. I want him always to remain exactly as he is. I want to be able to think of his always being there just over the hill, always ready when we feel like dropping in on him, always peaceful and uncomplicated by any of the things that worry the rest of us ordinary mortals. We found him first. We were the first people he knew in Lakemont. I feel as if he belonged to us and I frankly *don't* want to share him with anyone else if they're going to change him."

This just expressed it. Andron Ashley was the one comfortable, useful, permanent bachelor of our little neighborhood. His low, rambling, luxurious house, just over the hill, took the place of a club or casino. It was the one spot in town where a man could drop in at any hour of the day or night for a drink, a smoke, or a browse in the twilight, entirely regardless of whether or not the owner were present. To the women of Lakemont, and especially the young married women, Dronnie's house not only offered the single oasis where children shouted not nor servants ever troubled, but Dronnie himself always stood, for them, in the charming attitude of an unattached man who was old enough and substantial enough to be perfectly safe, yet solicitous enough to be mildly stimulating. He was one of those quiet, industrious idlers who could talk expertly on all the things in which women are interested—chamber music and etchings, recipes for a salad, damasks and glassware, and whether to have dark green or old rose for the dining-room curtains. He always remembered the things that most men do not remember—bonbons after dinner and a basket of flowers when someone was ill. He always bought all the new novels and usually sent them over to Elise or Nora before he had read them. He constantly offered, in other words, all the thrills of a courtship with none of the dangers.

Yes, Nora was right. If Dron Ashley should suddenly marry, after forty-two years of ironclad bachelorhood, it would leave an abysmal gap in our daily existence. Yet less than ever could I take the Hopple idea with any seriousness when, half an hour later, we found ourselves with the Parkes in Dronnie's low, timbered living room. Elise Parke, at the grand piano, was idly turning over the piles of music. Nora had gone off with Dronnie to give her advice on a handmade Colonial bedspread that he had bought for his guest room. Bob Parke, standing beside the lamp table, had found an article on "Financial Trends" in an English review.

At the piano Elise had played a few bars of this and that, when abruptly, at the bottom of the pile, she found an old battered copy of "Florodora" and burst into the melody with tremendous *élan*. The sound of it brought Nora and Dronnie back to the room with a rush, and we all grouped ourselves around the piano. We belonged to an era when the original "Florodora sextette" had been the song of songs.

Suddenly, at the very height of the song, Dronnie held up his hand. "Wait a minute," he commanded. "Is that someone at the front door?"

The screen door clicked and from the broad entrance hall came a speaking voice of clear, cheery contralto.

"Good evening! May we come in?"

Before Dronnie could answer, Mrs. Hopple and her daughter Diantha were standing under the arch of the doorway, meeting, collectively, the five staring faces inside the room. The daughter, as usual, was just half a pace behind the mother. Both of the newcomers wore semi-evening gowns with long capes trailing from their shoulders.

It was incredible that Mrs. Hopple should not have noticed the general air of bleak dismay that greeted her sudden appearance. It was probably because she did notice it that she plunged at once into a supercordial effort to set us all at our ease. In her high, cultured way she



began to glad-hand the whole room. She was a tallish, vigorous woman with gray hair and a rather young face, a strikingly handsome and somewhat patrician type, with a voice running five or six notes of the scale. She gushed at once towards Elise who had risen rather stolidly from the piano.

"Oh, Mrs. Parke," she pleaded. "Please *do* go on. I wouldn't have you stop for the *world*!"

"I don't play, really," replied Elise.

"I can't believe that," answered Mrs. Hopple, archly. "Everyone tells me that you play simply *wonderfully*!"

Elise's own attitude was becoming more and more that of a courteous adder. She actually walked two or three steps away from the piano until the rest of us gathered in a sort of mass play of persuasion. We all knew instinctively that, unless she did play for a few moments at least, the rest of the evening would be wholly intolerable.

Elise consented grudgingly, began to play snatches down through the whole pile of sheet music, and the room assumed something of its former appearance. Mrs. Hopple fastened immediately on Dronnie, while Nora gravitated to Bob Parke.

It was little Diantha Hopple who fell to my lot, and I suppose that I was unconsciously flattered by the direct, eager way in which she came straight over to join me.

"Mr. Cloyne," she began, "I've really been longing to have a chance to talk with you all summer. I've heard so much about you."

What, in Heaven's name, was there to hear? I honestly wondered.

"I've heard all about your running a farm and raising horses and everything. It must be glorious to be on a farm. I've always told people that, if I had my own way, I'd go right back to a hut in the woods with a cat and about sixteen police dogs and never want to see a soul. Do you think me crazy?"

"No, not a bit," I answered. "I was

just wondering how it would be for the cat."

An odd little frightened look crossed her eyes and I began to imagine that she hadn't much sense of humor. It was not, to be sure, very much of a joke, but it might have elicited a passing smile. All that she did say, was:

"Now, I'm afraid that you *do* think I'm crazy."

Just the same I really did like her. Diantha Hopple's position in life I have already described when I said that she stood, habitually, just half a pace behind her mother. I knew perfectly well that Nora, when we got home, would dismiss her in a phrase, as would Elise Parke—"Just a little French doll."

All the same, I have always had a sneaking fondness for little French dolls. They are not much to talk to, but they do have the power of arousing a curious unrest. Diantha Hopple was pretty and dainty, with great blue, staring eyes, a bob of blond hair, ridiculous, flat, little arms and the neck of a five-year-old child. Her eyes had not left mine from the moment that she joined me. Her whole attitude said that, while we remained there, no one else existed in the world. Her slightly anxious look seemed to tell me that all the problems of earth had begun to weigh her down but that, if I would only give her the answer, then she could breathe a deep sigh and remain content.

I wasn't, in short, having a bad time at all but naturally I knew that it couldn't go on. In Mrs. Hopple's scheme of life I played no part whatever, except as a friend of Dronnie's. A dominating voice very soon called little Diantha away from my side. Her mother had just discovered that she and Dronnie had common acquaintances outside of Boston and so, of course, dear Mr. Ashley must hear who they were from Diantha's own lips—"You know, darling. Those people we met at that Southampton house party."

The daughter fell at once into her habitual, obedient attitude—"Yes,

mother dear, in a minute"—but before she left me she did me the honor to turn to me with her great china eyes.

"It's been simply wonderful, Mr. Cloyne, to see you. I just love to talk things over this way."

It was rather difficult for me to remember that we *had* talked anything over, except that I had told her that rye is planted in the fall, that apple trees grown from seed will not produce the same kind of apples, and that, in general, farm life is not all that it seems. But, as she had spoken her purely conventional words, I had had a curious feeling that she had earnestly meant them.

The evening ended much sooner than anyone had a right to expect. I have a belief that Elise and Nora had had their minds made up for an endurance contest, for all the slow agonies of trench warfare, but Mrs. Hopple upset their plans. At the end of half an hour she made a broad wave and gathered her young.

"Come, dearest. We simple folk must be getting to bed." To Dronnie's protests she argued, "Oh, no. We really didn't intend to stop in at all. We were just out for our little breath of air after dinner but we heard the music and saw the lights and we simply couldn't resist."

Yet as Dronnie helped her into her cape there was slightly more calculation visible in her eyes. She held out her hand with the full force of her contralto laugh and her "dear boy" attitude.

"And now," she asked, "when are you coming to dinner, to *us*? How about to-morrow night?"

We were all grouped around in a close semicircle and Dronnie flushed visibly.

"To-morrow?" he repeated. "I'm afraid I can't. I have just accepted a very kind invitation from Nora and Jim."

This was news to Jim. Nora must have scented danger and privately slipped in her application.

"Well, then," suggested Mrs. Hopple, "how about Tuesday?"

"Tuesday?" he repeated. "I'm dining with Mr. and Mrs. Parke."

"Dear! Dear!" wailed Mrs. Hopple, in humorous dismay. "You *are* a popular man."

There still remained all the other days of the week, but Mrs. Hopple was too old a general to push the engagement too far.

"Never mind," she answered gayly. "We'll surely be able to fix it up soon. And you too, Mrs. Cloyne—Mrs. Parke. We really must see a lot of one another before the summer is out."

As all three of the older women smirked in courteous hatred, little Diantha suddenly walked up to me and held out her hand.

"Good night, Mr. Cloyne," she said. "I am really going to accept *your* invitation, you know."

The whole group looked around, rather startled at this sudden sound of firing from a totally new quarter of the field.

"Miss Hopple and I," I explained to Nora, "have discovered a common love of farming and I have asked her to come over and see our pigs and cows."

"Lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopple, who vaguely scented danger but as yet could not quite see where it lay.

"Yes, you really must come," agreed Nora, whose feelings were probably not very different from those of Mrs. Hopple. "Jim sometimes forgets," she added, "that we also have two children, as well as the cows and the pigs."

"But I'm sure *you* don't forget it," rejoined Mrs. Hopple sweetly. I don't really think she meant anything by it. It only became a good line when you thought it over afterwards, but at any rate it served to break up the party. The Hopples refused all offers of a lift home and the rest of us settled down to what should have been one of our oldtime evenings.

But it wasn't one of our oldtime evenings. The smoke of battle still lay too heavily over the room for that. Elise went back to the piano and Dronnie mixed drinks, but all sparkle was gone from the air. Suddenly Bob Parke burst bluntly into the question that all of us were longing to ask.



"Dronnie," he demanded, "who in the world are the Hopples?"

Four pairs of ears waited eagerly while Dronnie fumbled a bit.

"Why, I never knew them," he said, "before this summer. They came up here through the Blakes. They wanted a quiet place for the season. Mrs. Hopple's husband was a Wall Street man but, when he died, I imagine that his affairs were not as—as copious as people had supposed. They had a big house just off Fifth Avenue, but they had to give that up."

"Did her husband die recently?" asked Elise.

"Oh, goodness no!" Dronnie replied. "Diantha doesn't even remember her father. She has been brought up entirely by her mother. I don't mean to say," Dronnie explained, rather embarrassed, "that they are really hard up. They live in a good small hotel in the winter and Mrs. Hopple still has a certain place in New York society. I merely meant that they have to be a little more cautious than they used to be."

"Oh," answered Elise.

It was barely eleven when we left, that night, a full hour before our usual time, and the Parkes gave us a lift as far as our gate. We had hardly left Dronnie's doorway when Bob Parke, as usual, jumped squarely into the middle of what the rest of us were hesitating to mention.

"Say, Nora," he jibed, "you're sure a fast worker. When in the world did you get a chance to slip in that invitation?"

"I asked him while we were upstairs looking at the guest room," Nora answered, primly. "We have owed Dronnie a dinner for months."

The answer, although it deceived no one, was sufficient for formal purposes, but there was never anything formal about Bob.

"Well, it's my opinion," he retorted, "that if you girls want to drive Dron Ashley straight into the arms of Mrs. Hopple you're taking exactly the right

way to do it. You can't date him up for every minute, day and night, all summer long. The harder you try the keener the old lady will be to slip under your guard. And, between you, you'll soon have Dronnie so sick of the whole blooming business that he'll begin to avoid you. Not only that, but if you keep on making it more and more obvious that the whole town is worrying about whether or not he's going to marry little What's-her-name, pretty soon he'll begin to think there's something in it himself. Then, the first thing you know, he'll up and do it."

"Oh, rot!" retorted Elise. "People don't marry that way."

"Oh, don't they!" exploded Bob. "It rushed our wedding by at least six months when people began to put you and me together at dinner parties."

After Nora and I were alone in our room a trace of the same thing was repeated.

"You didn't mind, did you," I asked, "my inviting little Diantha to come here and look at the farm?"

"Why, certainly not," replied Nora, "if you really wanted to."

Her tone was casual, yet the acid must have been lingering, for a few minutes later she added:

"I wish, sometimes, that Bob Parke were not quite so coarse in his way of putting things, but you don't really believe, do you, that Dronnie could actually fall in love with that bit of lace and tinsel?"

"I'm not so sure," I answered doubtfully and Nora looked at me in surprise.

"Do you mean to say that you really like her?"

"Well," I confessed, "between her brain and that of Barrett Wendell there might be some points of difference. But, after all, Dronnie is a lonely man, and she is certainly—huggable."

"Oh, you're worse than Bob Parke!" retorted Nora. "I honestly begin to believe that every man is nothing but an animal."

The week that followed was not a

happy one for Elise and Nora. Dronnie was oddly formal and absent-minded when he came to dinner at our house on Monday night—or at least Nora imagined that he was, and Elise Parke was thoroughly prepared to believe it when she came in for a full and anxious report on Tuesday morning. On Wednesday morning she came in again to report on her own dinner of Tuesday evening at which Dronnie had been quite as disturbing and sphinxlike. This time Nora and she spent fully an hour in whispered consultation in the darkened sitting room from which there came to me only occasional phrases such as “Do you think that he really *felt*—?” and “Did he actually *say* anything about—you know—or was it merely in the general atmosphere?”

The situation became really ominous on Wednesday afternoon when Dronnie was seen driving openly up toward the Hopples' cottage with a huge basket of peonies and afterwards appeared with both mother and daughter in his car—flaunting the creatures one might almost have said. On Thursday morning fell the last straw, exactly what Elise and Nora had been expecting. From totally outside sources they learned that Dronnie had not only dined with the Hopples on Wednesday evening, but also on Thursday evening they were to dine at his house.

Nora herself called me in to hear the worst, while Elise looked on with eyes wide as saucers. It was not that Dronnie had merely gone out to dinner but—“Why was he so secretive about it? Why didn't he say even a word about it to *us*?”

“And why, in Heaven's name, should he?” was my obvious retort.

Elise and Nora fell back in chorus on the phrases, “But, Jim, don't be silly. When Dronnie and we have always been such awfully good friends!”

Unhappily Bob Parke was not there to back me up and I thought it wisest to leave them alone with their grief. There is, however, a certain perverse relief in

coming in actual contact with the enemy. At least, then you know what is going on. It had been arranged somehow or other that the Hopples were coming to tea with us on Thursday afternoon, and subconsciously both Elise and Nora had been holding their judgments in vital suspense for exactly that moment. It was quite as if they could possibly hope that Mrs. Hopple would say at once, when she came face to face, “I think I ought to tell you that my daughter and Mr. Ashley are to be married next Tuesday.”

This actual coming to grips, in fact, put such a false note of expectancy in the air that, when the Hopples did finally appear on our east veranda, Nora welcomed them with an eagerness that was curiously genuine. It must have puzzled even Mrs. Hopple, but after we had all sat down and begun to balance tea cakes on our knees we had to admit that Mrs. Hopple herself could be very entertaining when she had no other object in mind. A tendency to drag in important names in New York society was slightly too evident in her talk—it was her stock in trade, poor thing!—but, apart from that, she really had seen a wide range of people in her day and could talk about them in a very entertaining manner. The afternoon passed on so happily, indeed, that after tea Nora suggested with quite a humorous smile that, if Diantha really wished to see the farm, now was the time for me to show it.

Diantha's eyes lighted at once and when we had begun with the pigs and the chickens I saw that her interest, while wholly inexperienced, was not at all assumed. I proposed a walk to a distant barn where some rather absurd young stock, three colts and two heifers, disported their half-grown legs around an old pasture. It proved to be a somewhat troublesome climb over rocks, among thistles and milkweed. The afternoon sun was scorchingly hot and Diantha's shoes were those of a tea party, but she made the climb without a murmur and, when the colts came scamper-



ing up in the hope of salt, she took the head of each little beast in her arms and made ecstatic noises about it.

The barn for which we were aimed was on a side hill and was packed to the roof with new hay. Once inside the great open doors, the coolness of it held us. I pulled out a milking bench that was standing under the bays, dumped off the hayseed, and we sat down side by side. Diantha leaned back luxuriously and took off her hat.

For several minutes we were completely content to rest there in silence, drinking in the picture framed by the huge open doorway, a panorama of wooded mountains and pastures and grain fields, divided by stone walls and zigzag fences into irregular squares of different colors. It apparently had on Diantha the effect that it had on me for suddenly, with a mischievous laugh, she put out her tiny hand and patted my knee.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are a very sweet person?"

"I?" I exclaimed. "What have I done?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered vaguely, "but you are just sort of big and restful."

I was twice her age and—well, I I haven't said much about it so far—but I *do* weigh two hundred and four.

Slowly Diantha began again, her eyes stilled on the mountain pastures.

"Mr. Cloyne, at a moment like this do you ever have an irresistible desire to tell all your troubles even to a perfect stranger?"

"Go ahead," I commanded. "I am distinctly interested."

"I wonder if you are," she answered, "or if you look on me just as a typical little flapper."

I made no answer to this and Diantha made no suggestions.

"Go on," I repeated, at last. "I am waiting."

She laughed self-accusingly, but there was none of the little French doll in that laugh.

"You see, the trouble is, up here where

everything is so peaceful and clean and old-timey, I wonder whether you could believe all the intrigue and calculation and digs-behind-your-back that go on in the world I have to live in."

I really don't think I did smile at that. I had time to prepare not to. And I was learning that Diantha responded to silence. Indeed, sitting now with her little brows knit in fierce concentration, nothing could have stopped her from going on with her problem.

"I suppose," she began again, slowly, "that when you and Mrs. Cloyne were married it was just a plain love match."

"That's one thing," I answered, "to which I can reply truthfully. Yes, it was."

"And, being as happy as *you* are," she said, "I don't suppose that you could conceive how any decent person could marry for money."

I really meant to be broad and liberal in my answer, even if it meant being traitorous to my own kith and kin.

"Why, yes," I replied. "I could understand it. In some cases I think it might be a very wise thing to do."

At my words her eyes narrowed sharply. "Do you know," she confessed, "that you really hurt me by saying that? Lots of people can give me that advice but I was kind of hoping—to be bolstered up on the other side."

"I'm sorry," I said. I couldn't take back the words, but she had given me a definite clue.

"And you mustn't forget," I continued, still trying to remain broad and paternal, "that the problem may not always be as plain as it seems. To marry a man simply for money and nothing else probably *would* be a very foolish thing to do. But when the man is not only wealthy but is also very fine and substantial and decent, that isn't so simple. All marriage, you know, takes a lot of adjusting."

Diantha, however, had no interest in this trite philosophy. I saw that I should have to launch some sudden shot to re-establish myself, and at once I launched it.

"Tell me this, please," I demanded abruptly. "Has he ever proposed to you?"

The shot did not even raise dust. She did not turn around.

"Oh, goodness, yes!" she replied. "He's doing it all the time."

This *was* quick work—with a vengeance. The utter nonchalance of her answer gave me a sudden sick feeling in the diaphragm. I began to know, at last, just how Nora and Elise Parke really *had* been feeling. Nevertheless I bumbled ahead.

"And you think, possibly, that it may have to be decided to-night?"

She still did not turn, merely sat there with her chin in her hand. "I have a suspicion," she confessed, "that it will have to be decided within the next few days. But why did you say to-night?"

"Because," I answered, "you are dining there, aren't you?"

Slowly she turned; her face had become an absolute blank.

"Mr. Cloyne!" she demanded. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about Dronnie," I answered. "Aren't you?"

"Dronnie?" she repeated weakly. "Mr. Ashley? Where in the world did you ever get that grotesque idea?"

"Well," I maintained. "Dronnie has been rather attentive to you, hasn't he?"

She laughed suddenly. "Why, yes," she admitted, "Mr. Ashley has been very nice to us. He's a very pleasant person, but, my dear Mr. Cloyne, he must be at least *eighty!*"

"He's two months younger than I am," I replied ruefully. Even so, I could not bear to remain the utter fool that I must have seemed to her. "At any rate," I insisted, "your mother has been very much—attracted to him, hasn't she?"

"Oh, yes," she confessed, "poor mother does like to know all the best—all the amusing people, wherever we go."

"Then who," I pursued, "is the man who's troubling you?"

She looked at me quickly with the

same mischievous smile. "After *that*," she answered, "I don't think you deserve to know." However she relented quickly. "It's Jack Mynt," she said.

If there had been in her air, as she announced it, a certain subdued triumph, it was wholly pardonable, for even I knew who Jack Mynt must be. One could not read the Sunday papers without knowing all about the Mynts—one of those colossally wealthy New York families at whom it is the democratic fashion to laugh but who have been important so long that they really seem to have earned the right to be considered feudal.

"But what," I could merely ask, "is the trouble with Jack Mynt? Is he wild? Is he homely? Does he lisp? Or is he merely stupid?"

Diantha shrugged. "Oh, no. He's not any of those things, really. But, you see—there happens to be another man."

"Don't tell me it's the Prince of Wales."

Diantha laughed. "No, it's just a plain, ordinary man, but I like him better. He rowed on the Princeton crew and stands six feet two in his stockings, and when he says 'Come' I just have to come. He lives up in Westchester and is with a good firm in Wall Street, but just the same he isn't Jack Mynt and—as you must have guessed—mother likes money."

I must have answered something to this but what I cannot imagine. I merely know that Diantha for two or three minutes sat looking out at the hillsides and pastures, her chin again in her hand and thinking, no doubt, of six feet two in his stockings. I also was looking out at the hillsides and pastures but I was not seeing them. I was seeing the whole preposterous comedy of the past five days and seeing it in all its grotesqueness.

Here we had been—Nora and Elise and Bob Parke and I—a kingdom of tiny frogs in a puddle. Poor innocent, harmless, Dronnie had been crowned as



the monarch of our little pond and to the rest of us frogs it had never occurred that in the eyes of the whole world he would not appear equally regal, equally irresistible.

And now I was seeing the other side of it. To the Hopples alike—to mother and daughter—Dronnie was only an ordinary, middle-aged man of moderate means who was merely important enough for a note on their calling list. What had been nothing more than the casual splash of a passing foot on the edge of our puddle had appeared to us frogs a Satanic and plotted invasion.

From our respective daydreams, Diantha and I must have awakened at about the same moment for the next thing I realized was that I was turning around on our milking bench and was finding her laughing at me. I could scarcely blame her, for I was laughing at myself.

"And now," I suggested, "I suppose that you are very sorry that you ever confided in me. As a confidant I must have been very disappointing."

"On the contrary," she said, "it was exactly what I needed. I have found you just as absurd and simple and dear as I thought you would be in the first place."

We stood up at that and we must have been gone a long time for, as we approached the rear of the house, we saw Nora coming out to look for us. Behind her was Mrs. Hopple, picking her way pettishly and lifting her skirts as she passed through the weeds of the hen-yards. They were almost within hearing when Diantha turned to me for the last time.

"Do you realize," she asked, "that you haven't even attempted to solve my problem?"

"I do," I replied, "and I never shall solve it. Ask me some *local* question—about pigs, chickens, or police dogs—and I'll be a Solomon but, when it comes to Jack Mynt or the Princeton tiger, I wish them both luck. Both of them are outside of my puddle, beyond my jurisdiction."

And it may have been that, from Mrs. Hopple at the same time, Nora had also imbibed information. Neither one of us attempted to compare notes but Nora was positively humming when she went in to give the children their supper. "A very nice sort of woman," was her only comment.

We were, in short, in a mood when any delightful thing might happen and thus, an hour later, we were not wholly surprised when Dronnie himself called us up. A slow smile played on Nora's lips when she returned from the telephone.

"Mr. Andron Ashley, Esquire," she announced, "to say that some guests whom he had invited to dinner—mentioning no names—have suddenly failed him. He wants to know whether we and the Parkes will take their places."

"You bet your sweet life we will," I replied, "and, just to show what good, noble souls we are, we will not even *ask* their names."

Nora agreed with me entirely and so did the Parkes, but our princely forbearance was quite unnecessary for when we arrived Dronnie himself at once spat forth the name of Mrs. Hopple.

"You know," he burst out, "that seems to me pretty raw—to cancel a dinner engagement at half an hour's notice. And the only excuse she had was that she and her daughter were going to Newport in the morning and she thought that Diantha ought to rest."

"Oh, well," he added, a moment later, "*I'm* more than satisfied. Now we can settle down for an old-time evening with just the old crowd."

A burst of melody answered him from the grand piano where Elise could not even wait until after dinner. But apparently that piano had not been used in some days, for in her usual manner Elise had plunged into the piece that lay open on the rack. And as he listened to her Dronnie looked sharply up from his cocktail.

"That's funny," he said.

And it *was* funny. It was "*Florodora*" that she played.



# THE PROMISED LAND

PROMISED TO WHOM?

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

THAT part of our planet which is not exclusively reserved for the fishes consists of a substance called "land." Parts of this land are good. Others parts are not quite so good. Still others are downright bad.

The good parts were occupied first. The late comers and the weaker citizens were relegated to the less desirable regions. Of course they cast envious glances upon those who were living within the bounds of an earthly Paradise; and as soon as they considered themselves sufficiently strong they picked up their cudgels and hammers, tried to push their more fortunate brethren out of the Elysian Fields, confiscated their houses, stole their wives, and generally behaved as the "have nots" have disported themselves since time immemorial whenever they have gained a victory over the "haves."

Those who are interested in the details of such conflict can find complete information in a book which bears the name of *Joshua, the Son of Nun*.

But what happened in the land of Canaan thirty centuries ago does not interest us here. It was "small-time" stuff. It was a storm in a water-jug. Our own problem is an honest-to-God hurricane on two full-sized oceans. It will take all the seamanship of all the sailors in threescore countries to prevent a disaster. May the Lord have mercy upon those who try to weather this storm without charts and a compass!

We are a young people. We are proud of the fact. We could not possibly have

accomplished that which we have actually achieved if we were not inspired by the enthusiasm of our own youth. But this attitude carries with it some serious defects. We always want to know about the "here" and "now." The "then" and "there" does not interest us.

As a result, we continually waste tons of energy and eons of time upon discussions which, like the coffin of the late Mahomet, are suspended in midair. And when we finally reach a conclusion, we not infrequently decide upon a policy which was tried and given up as ineffectual by Tiglath-Pileser five thousand years ago and which was discarded as preposterous by the contemporaries of Julius Caesar.

The problem is as old as the hills of Connecticut. But there are few things about which the local bards have lied as cheerfully as about this. Of course it would never do to write "Our ancestors were poor churls who lived in the slums of Mankind until they went upon a foraging expedition and broke into somebody else's country and plundered themselves rich." And so the story is revaluated into terms of "divine guidance" and "a promised land" and "inheriting the fulness of the earth and the riches thereof."

But when we reach the era of the Romans and the Greeks and the historian takes the place of the skald—when the fountain pen takes the place of the undependable lyre—then we begin to see the question under a different and much more truthful aspect. Furthermore as



the "Roman immigration problem" lasted well over a thousand years, we are presented with a mass of data which might be of some interest if only we cared to consult it once in a while for the benefit of our own enlightenment.

It was in the sixth or fifth century before the birth of Christ that the wild tribes who inhabited the central part of Asia (our own esteemed ancestors) began to grow tired of a diet of sour milk and raw meat and commenced to look for something more enticing than a tent on the high plateau of Ust-Urt. Their *Wanderlust* drove them first of all in an eastern direction. There lay the golden cities of Cathay. There they hoped to find rich plunder. But the Chinese would have naught of these uncouth visitors. They built themselves a high wall and over the gate they placed a placard bearing the pleasant legend, "Hanging space only. Keep out!"

The barbarians laughed and pushed on. But an emperor who so dearly loved the future of his people that he was willing to burn all their books of the past was a man who did not believe in half-way measures.

When Shi-Hwana-ti died, the great central asiatic migration had started upon its westward course, and soon the burning villages of Dacia told the Roman governors that all was not well with the world that had been entrusted to their care.

## II

Twenty years ago while we were still in that happy state of mind when a simplified form of history served all our needs, the period of the so-called Great Migrations offered few difficulties. We all knew how it had come about. The Romans possessed the greater part of the western world. A triangle roughly consisting of all the territory between Syria, Scotland, and Morocco was the realm of true civilization. Inside of that famous enclosure there was peace (of a sort)—roads (of a better sort)—and law (of quite a superior variety). Outside

of it there was constant strife, trackless forests, and anarchy.

Then the "outside," driven by hunger and greed, had tried to get "inside." There had been a war that had lasted almost ten centuries; the Romans had fought desperately "to keep the foreigners out"; the foreigners had been too powerful for them; the Emperor Valens had fallen in the battle of Adrianople, and that had been the end.

It was a gruesome and noble picture—a world-empire being overrun by the forces of darkness—Augustus Cæsar lying dead with a German spear through his heart.

But alas! it was not true.

This alleged superstate of steel and stone, which was supposed to have dominated western civilization by the brute strength of its arms and the cunning shrewdness of its rulers, was really a structure of very common clay.

Rome did not go to pieces because it had been too harsh in dealing with the immigrant.

It perished through sheer weakness.

To those who are interested in the subject I should like to recommend the scraps of personal information that have come down to us from the first, the second, the third, and the fourth century of our era. They make interesting reading. Change a few dates and names, and they sound as if they had been written day before yesterday in any of the thousands of cities that cover this broad republic of ours. And they show that the intelligent Roman (like his intelligent American descendant) did not wake up to the true significance of this menace until it was too late. Then of course there was nothing he could do about it. His laws, his manners, his customs, his morals, his language—they had all been absorbed by an alien race. He could count himself fortunate if he was allowed to go on living. Often enough even that small favor was denied.

I know that I am talking in generalities and treading upon dangerous ground.

This article, so far, has read like a *pronunciamiento* of one of the prophets of the great and glorious Race of Nordics. I can hear joy in the camp of our hundred-percenters. But let me explain. I do not mean to imply that I have the slightest sympathy for the poor Roman. He got what he deserved. For he was trying to interfere with one of the basic laws of existence, the law which states that Nature abhors a vacuum.

The vacuum in the case was of the Roman's own making. What his ancestors had had in mind when they grabbed the greater part of the inhabitable globe is immaterial. But the empty spaces which covered the greater part of the map, that bore the proud title of "Imperium Romanum" were of his own making. And because he refused to work and to exert himself, and to fill that geographical vacuum with the fruits of his own labor he lost what he had. This, no doubt, was very sad, but in the code of the jungle, "vain regrets" are quite as useless as "if only's."

### III

It flatters our pride to talk of the progress of the last hundred years. If only we knew a little more history we should understand ourselves better. We may think of ourselves as "modern people." In reality, we are cavemen driving in flivvers, neolithic aborigines going to our sleeping-quarters in electric elevators. And the law that the world shall belong to him who has the strength and the will to hold that which he has got stands true to-day as it did at the hour of creation.

This, no doubt, is most unfortunate, but in the language of the street, "try to buck that fact."

At the present time that part of the American continent which stretches from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific belongs nominally to the descendants of a group of people who hailed from the shores of the North Sea. They lay claim to this vast domain by right of "first possession."

And they insist that they shall dictate the forms of language and custom and culture which shall prevail within this rich domain.

So far so good. I for one (belonging to the original race of settlers) have no fault to find with such a state of affairs. It suits my own interests and prejudices. There remains the question, "Can it be done?"

And then, alas, I can see only one answer. A great big *no*.

Not because we are in any way inferior in intelligence to those races that clamor for admission, but for the simple reason that we are inferior in numbers.

We are to-day the proud owners of the most valuable and the most envied bit of real estate on the entire globe. What we have got everybody else wants. But that is not all.

We cannot for and by and of ourselves make adequate use of the riches that were so unexpectedly dumped into the laps of our grandparents. We cannot by and for and of ourselves hope to defend a sparsely settled wilderness against the hungry claims of overpopulated and poverty-stricken neighbors who have reached the point where the demarcation line between "being" and "not being" is no longer visible to the average human eye.

Of course we shall try to do it. We shall try it with harsh measures (after the fashion of the Chinese) and with mild measures (after the way of the Romans) and with half-way measures of every sort and variety.

But we have allowed our chance to slip by. Forty years, even twenty years ago, we could have held the continent for our own race if only we had had the courage of our convictions. We could then have decreed, "We want this and that and the other race of men, and all others please stay away."

But we were afraid of the consequences. Our humanitarian brotherhood (the class of men and women who insist upon waiting for the anæsthetic while the patient is rapidly bleeding to death) was



up in arms against such harsh measures. And as a result we did nothing.

Instead of forming a nucleus of what we might roughly call "our own kind," so that in time this might become a closely knit unit, able and willing to hold its own against the claims of our rivals, instead of doing this, we allowed ourselves to be swamped beyond the saturation point by those who by the very nature of their inborn tendencies are hostile to our own civilization, and when that had happened, we sadly shook our heads and said, "Tut, tut! this is too bad!"

Whether it really is too bad or not, that I cannot say, and besides, it does not matter. Nature or Providence (or whatever you wish to call it) has a way of her own, her wonders to perform. The loss of the older form of American civilization may lead to gain somewhere else

along the line and may give birth to something infinitely more beautiful and valuable than what exists to-day.

The old order, however, is not only doomed. It is already a thing of the past.

It belongs in a museum of ancestral relics and in the show-cases of "Ye Olde Antique Shoppes."

America to-day has reached a point corresponding vaguely to that of the Roman Empire in the year 378. If we recognize this fact and accept it, we may still be able to salvage some of the things which are most holy to us.

But if we fail to recognize it (we shall probably live just as happily and unconcernedly as before) then the law that shall rule our conduct shall be the law of "the stranger within our gate" and we shall be the guests in the house of our fathers.

We had our chance and we missed it.





# THE PERFECT SETTING

A STORY

BY ROY DICKINSON

**S**TORIES of the mysterious East, they say, are popular. People crave to read of starlit mosque towers, of the dim forest of minarets against the dark sky, the wail of a lone camel in the white roadway. We of the effete West are interested in the ways of turbaned men and veiled women in that far land across the hush of many empty miles. A land of jackals creeping up toward the tents at night instead of motors creeping up on traffic towers, the moonlit courtyard in the house of Bel-Abid, the magnificent one, instead of the child's dancing-class in the ball-room of the Park Lane.

This then, is a story of the far East. There men have time to wonder, to love all beauteous things, and to ponder on life itself and the things that give life its pattern: the splendor and the sadness of it, its mystery. It is a story of Ghazipur, that town on the left bank of the Ganges north of Benares. The tragic experience which befell Rao Howkins didn't happen there, but it started in India near Ghazipur. It is, as you know, a place where almost anything might happen.

It may be that you have never seen Ghazipur, the city of roses and romance. Perhaps you have never stood on the gray steps above the grave of Lord Cornwallis and looked off over the heads of the picturesque crowds at the bazaars to watch the swarms of river craft crowding the broad Ganges, while the throb of tom-toms and the moaning viols from across the delta made known that

within some far circle of flickering lights a sunset offering was being made to jealous Vishnu, father of gods. Perhaps you have never watched from a dark hillside the temple oxen with jewelled horns and aloe leaves about their necks, as they moved majestically toward the grove of trees where the high priests prepared for their mystic sacrifice.

You have never seen Ghazipur? Neither, unfortunately, have I.

Mine is a tale which was told with tiffin in the blue hills above Ghazipur a year ago, and told to me in the hills above the Ramapo by candlelight last week. Take passage now to Ghazipur.

Below them was the sprawling town, the Ganges beyond. The smell of curried prawns came from the kitchen to the rear of Howkins' house, and the first mangoes of the season were fragrant. The hookah was bubbling and lazy smoke rings hung in the heavy air. The sun looked down at a white veranda where three men sat under the dusty sky. They were all unimportant people, but one of them was very rich and wrinkled, with bitterness and dignity in the lines of his face and a manner of speaking in short quick phrases as he smoked. Rao Howkins was an Anglo-Indian with the dark eyes of his father, the fabulously rich merchant of Bombay, and the big frame of his mother, who had once picked hops in the fields of Kent. "Always the collector, from a boy," he was saying. "They taught me to trade in stamps at Winchester. Books of



them. I was never satisfied with ordinary stamps. Had to have the rare ones. All my pocket money went for stamps. When I went to Paris on vacation I saw little there except Von Ferrary's collection in the great palace he built for it. Spent more hours looking at Tapling's collection in the British Museum. They had rich settings and many of the stamps were very rare. I used to dream at night about the twenty-fourth blue Mauritius. There were only twenty-three known in the world, but in the darkness queer dreams would come to me about one more. There would be a little old man in a shop in a by-street. I could see him looking at it by candlelight and I peering in at the window behind his head. Then I would wake up. I searched everywhere unsuccessfully for it. I was never happy. I always wanted the thing I couldn't get. Almost is best. I found that out. Nearly is perfection. You discover that about life if you are a collector. You may be collecting snuff boxes or orchids, jade thumb rings or pottery. It is the nearly perfect combination of the thing and its setting which is the true perfection in this, our unhappy world. One step more and you are mad. You go over the line, off the blue edge of the world. One must stop short of that purple rim which limits us here. If you are the true collector you realize the complete futility of life in this plane: Why people have illness. Why the beautiful dancing girl gets wrinkles and dies of dropsy after all her charms have disappeared, and why old bent women who once were beautiful sell flowers at dawn in Paris streets. Collecting anything is like life itself. It is the long search for that which never was found, the quest unending for that perfect thing which cannot quite be attained."

"This endures when all created things have passed away," quoted Chan Arjuna, the Thibetan, with the somber eyes. "This is that Life named the Unmanifest, the Infinite, the All, the Uttermost. One would see that great desire every

day if one could but look into human hearts. It is why we in the East are wise. We know. Those others who sing psalms know it not."

"I owned an island once," said the American consul, Sahib O'Rafferty. "It was just off the coast of South Carolina. At night in Ridgewood, New Jersey, where I lived then, I'd be thinking of it with its palm trees and the stars above, with the great green Atlantic growling in at its caves and cliffs. One day I was in Charleston ready to go out to my island. For ten years I had looked forward to that moment itself. The boat was to sail at five in the morning and I was there long before. The crew sang an old chantey as they loaded their cargo. I was looking off over the blue to the island that waited for my coming. The captain called. The ship was ready to put off. I let it go out without me. My feet stuck to the sand and only the eyes of me looked out where the ship went. I didn't dare to see what the place was really like, and it was better that way. The dreaming of it was the better way, and it's sure I am the broker I sold it to never had half the pleasure out of that island the dreams of it gave me on winter nights in the north. Dreaming is better than going. Is that what you mean, Howkins?"

"Something like that," continued the collector. "But it is far worse when one has always searched for the ultimate. One comes even closer to it. In collecting you come finally to search the world for some possible thing, and then to search again for the right background for it. They must be in perfect harmony. And when you won't be satisfied with less, you become a tragic figure like every man in all times who has sought for perfection and refused to be satisfied with less. Every such man or woman in all times and in all places has met sorrow at the end, has called in vain after the golden wings, forever lost in the blue sky. It is an impossible quest always.

"I, too, was an idealist. I went from

stamp collecting to snuff boxes and shawls. Then I collected jade. I had to have a bit of carved jade a priest owned in the hills up north of Darjeeling. Went after it as I always did. Campfires and the smell of camels. White nights in the snow. Long walks in the icy mountain mists. Incense smells in the cavernous chapels. Then we came to the burnished treasures smoldering in the gloom. Altar ornaments. Holy vessels embossed with turquoise and silver. There was trouble then in the hills. Darkness and knife thrusts. One of them missed my lung by an inch. But I came out with the carved god with the thin scorn still on his lips that had always been there when he looked out of the dusk of his temple and watched the centuries pass before him in slow review. There was no perfect setting for so beautiful a bit of jade. It was taken by force from a temple. A museum is not a good background."

"I have not heard you mention your thievery," muttered Chan.

"Like all life, the art of collecting is cruel and curious," continued the speaker. "Like life it is always a survival of the best equipped. One takes what one can, as one can, with what one has in knowledge and judgment, in courage and capacity.

"Then, like all collectors, I came finally to the gathering of rare jewels. And it is there that harmony is most important. Glass cases for pottery. Rooms for manuscripts or stamps. Palaces for paintings or sculpture, but jewels require beautiful women for a background. A beautiful woman for each rare jewel. Each jewel to its own type. Take for example that rare topaz the Maharajah of Kikaner paid the top price for at the Van Dam auction at Haarlem last year. Did you see him last month at Bombay? He is a collector but he, too, fails to attain absolute perfection. He was dancing there with a beautiful woman dressed in cloth of gold. The night lights and the full moon wooed the shadows in her golden

hair. There was music of the new American variety. She danced well. Her lips were carmine and slightly open. Her white shoulders were as nearly perfect as any I have observed in a long experience in such matters. But the almost perfect harmony one would expect from a collector of Kikaner's standing and skill was somehow lacking. For a topaz requires for its perfect setting a woman with eyes of brown, and soft as a night moth's wing. There must be deep and smoldering fires in her golden hair. The Maharajah's companion was brown eyed but the eyes were of a metallic luster. Her hair was not softly golden. Although the lady was very beautiful, I know—for I also am a collector—that the Maharajah was not supremely happy at Bombay. Almost but not quite; that is the collector's curse. Perhaps it is Adam's also.

"I secured at one time a jade thumb ring brought from Persia by Nadir Shah. It was stolen first from the great Mogul. I presented that to South Kensington. It is lifeless under glass there. Then there was an emerald. Such an emerald. The French jeweler Tavernier purchased it for me at a small sale in Bourges. Then came the problem of its proper background. It required a woman with hair of red gold and eyes of gold also, shining with a slight yellow like the eyes of a shy animal at night. There was the Princess Catoni who seemed right for it. I met her first, as I remember, at dinner in the home of the Italian Ambassador to France. I saw her twice that week. Then came the fancy-dress ball at Cannes. She was beautiful that night. I watched her as she danced all evening long, looking in at the light from the dark balcony outside. At midnight I danced once with her and later I talked to her for a long time on the balcony. There was conversation and champagne. I held her close in the shadows. We drove later up past that beautiful Gothic castle above the town to the home of a man who sometimes buys jewels and other things



for me. Her husband, I am told, searched long for her that night. Her hair was red gold and very soft. The count searched late that night and for several months thereafter. You perhaps read the final chapter. It was in that wicked and wonderful Portuguese City of Macao on the Pearl River west of Hong Kong. The Count had followed us all the way from Cannes, but I did not know it. I had been out that night at the gaming tables and had done reasonably well. It was terribly hot. She fell from the window of our room. I had just come into the courtyard and saw it all, though I have never agreed with the suicide verdict. She died at one in the morning. The count, her husband, my agent there told me, arrived eight hours later, just after my departure. She was almost but not quite the perfect combination. Her eyes, as I now remember them, had no glint of yellow at all.

"Then later, as I continued collecting, there were rubies that craved for their setting a woman with black hair, as a raven's wing, and gray cool eyes like dawn in the hills. There were other jewels which required other types of women to wear them. The search was never ending. It led me to many places and I knew many women: beautiful women with soft hair. It has been discouraging but also wonderful and very often fascinating. Man is at heart the hunter, and what game more dangerous and more versatile than the sort of women who are born to wear jewels?

"The search for unattainable harmony has always lured men on to the edge of the purple rim at the far horizon. Beyond the almost is madness, chaos and bleak tragedy. That is why I collect no more."

The glare from the sun had become blinding. A lone fig tree shivered in the waves of heat. O'Rafferty had given up the bubbling hookah. He had been looking at the pattern of the Persian Rug on the opposite wall. It was a good pattern, he thought, a tree of gold that

had apples against a background of blue like a dark night when lamplight streams out upon it. Bright colors against the somber life of India. He leaned back to send a thin thread of cigarette smoke straight upward, and asked:

"Did you then find the true and perfect combination? Did you go over the line?"

"It is not good to tell about," said Howkins. "I have never told. But I shall. You may apply it where you will. It may be that, if you have any philosophy in your practical country, it will add one thought. For it happened in your great country, my friend, and it concerned the Kashmir star sapphire. That was the greatest sapphire of them all. A true Asteria with a star of bright blue rays, which when the sun struck, would reflect deep colors as the sea on a cloudy day. It was owned at one time, you may remember, by the fourth Gaekwar of Kashmir, who secured it from a long-haired monk one frosty night on Panjal. It was a stone which had always caused trouble. It cost four lives on the way from the Murree pass along the Jhelum valley. The Emperor Akbar gave it to the Gurramen order of monks in 1586 when he annexed Kashmir to the Mogul Empire and it had been handed down from century to century. Always there was violence in its history. My own expedition to secure it caused some slight international complications. It was the occasion for a well-written state paper composed by a diplomat without imagination. I wore it in my pocket for seven years and felt it bruise against the flesh. At night, too, it was with me, close by in its silken case. Always I could see in my dreams the one woman who should some day wear it. She would have hair like flax with a glint of gold, curling in a thousand ringlets above a lovely arched neck. Her eyes would have the glamorous magic of bluebells under water, so hazily blue. About her hair there would be the odor of a rose garden after a summer rain. To see my star sapphire hang for a moment in that setting

was my dream by day and night. Plantin of Paris set it skillfully in chased platinum for me, and I carried the pendant in its case twice round the world looking for the one woman who could wear it. It was a long search and difficult. There were many women but not the one woman. In your great city of New York, one day in July last year, I saw at last the face I had searched the world for. It was gliding among the crowds. I followed as best I could through unknown streets. Several times I lost the face in the great crowds. One day the woman stood before a shop window on a side street and I approached her slowly from behind. Her shoes were shabby and her skirt frayed, but the sheen of spun gold was in her hair and her eyes were as soft and blue as two drops of the Caribbean. I tried to speak to her. Then suddenly she was gone. That time I lost her for almost two weeks.

"Every day I walked the streets looking for that elusive picture among all the throng. One morning I picked her face from out the crowd again and followed her. A few paces behind I walked. For many street crossings I followed, and each time in the confusion of the limousines at the crossings I almost lost sight of her. Again I would see her walking far ahead and follow on. Then she went into a tea room on Forty-eighth Street, somewhere near an Avenue called after one of your presidents. Madison is the name. I watched the little tea room from the street outside and discovered that the owner of the face of my dreams presided over the three tables at one side of the room. She was in fact a waitress. Not a very good one either. Every day for three days I went in at tea time and sat at one of her tables. I would order tea and toast and jam but never eat. Instead, I would observe closely. At first she seemed shy, then she became accustomed to me. In her maid's uniform it was more than ever evident that I had finally caught up with the unattainable, that I had dis-

covered the true harmony of the collector's dream: the perfect type to wear the perfect stone. It was unbelievable. I became almost giddy with excitement. She was the one woman for the Kashmir sapphire. Then I should take away with me both the stone and its setting. There was something fine in the thought of taking her away from butter and eggs and discarded rinds of lemon left in used teacups, to some far place where I should enjoy to the full both the perfect stone and its perfect setting. After making her familiar with my appearance for the three days, the great moment arrived. I would personally hang the pendant around her neck.

"Unfortunately one does not attain the true and final perfection in this imperfect world. The vision is always far off. When one comes up with it as I did, there is always tragedy."

The speaker paused. "All right," said O'Rafferty. "Here comes the tragedy."

"Tragedy, my friend, is not always something so obvious as death," said Howkins, "though in this case it would have been far preferable. There is, or should be, something sublime about death. This was quite different.

"I rose from my chair to place the pendant about her neck. She evaded me, struggling. It was terrible. There were screams, tea drinkers rose from their seats and in a moment a rude policeman ran into the shop. The words she shouted in a harsh, loud voice will always remain indelibly imprinted upon my memory. See my friends, how much worse than death the situation became.

"This old bum," she cried, 'has been chasing me around for more than three weeks. All over town I see him following me. Every time I stop to look in a window, there he is looking over my shoulder. I ain't slept for days. Then he comes in here and orders tea for three days straight, lookin' at me like a wolf. Just now he jumps up and tries to tie a blue bead from Woolworth's around my neck. The old fool is crazy. I want him pinched, officer, put him away.'"



# Religion and Life

## I BELIEVE IN MAN

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

SOME anxious inquirers are in difficulty about their religion because they insist on starting their religion at the end farthest away from them. They strain after a cosmic theory, a belief in God as an hypothesis to explain the universe, and often they have a desperate time getting it. One may feel keenly the importance of such an inclusive cosmic faith and yet may see the necessity, in some puzzled minds, of being willing to start at the near end of the religious question if the far end proves at first too difficult. In some cases, if a man is having trouble endeavoring to say, "I believe in God," he may get light starting closer home and endeavoring to say, "I believe in man."

This affirmation is a basic article of the Christian faith if the Founder of Christianity is to be taken seriously. Indeed, it was this emphasis in Jesus' ministry which to his contemporaries seemed unique and challenging. They were disturbed little if at all by his teaching about God. When he taught his disciples to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven," he upset no current orthodoxies. When he told them that God could be interpreted in terms of human fatherhood at its best, or pictured God as sending rain upon just and unjust, no one objected. He could have gone on through a long and peaceful lifetime saying what he pleased about God, but he was hated and crucified because of his attitude toward man.

In his first recorded sermon he raised

this crucial issue and he never stopped raising it. When in his home synagogue at Nazareth he preached for the first time, and for the last time too, he laid bare the immorality of the current racial attitude. He pointed out that, with many widows in Israel, Elijah had served especially a widow of Sidon and that, with plenty of lepers at home, Elisha had healed a Syrian. On the threshold of his ministry he made explicit his impatience with contemporary racial exclusiveness and his intention to consider man as man "for a' that and a' that." They nearly killed him for the heresy. They would not have been disturbed by his teaching about God, but his teaching about man awakened all their slumbering ire.

It was this aspect of Jesus' message which always angered his enemies. The three most familiar parables he ever told, those of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the lost son, were a spirited defense of his attitude toward man. The outlawed publicans and sinners were gathering about him and the officials of organized religion were complaining "This man receiveth sinners," when he told those stories and, popular misinterpretation to the contrary notwithstanding, they are not primarily pictures of God at all. The housewife who would not stop her search for the lost coin, the shepherd who would not cease his quest for the wandering sheep, the father who waited with undiscourageable welcome for the prodigal are all pictures of the attitude of Jesus himself toward neglected and forgotten men.

The three stories are his vivid and passionate defense of his own attitude.

Always this was the center of the controversy which swirled around him. His first commandment about loving God awakened no question, but his emphasis on the second, loving one's neighbor as oneself, at once brought on discussion and in the end brought down on the young lawyer who started it the crushing story of the Good Samaritan. As that lawyer turned away with "Go, and do thou likewise," ringing in his ears, it is evident that he was not upset by Jesus' teaching about God but that he was anxiously upset by Jesus' teaching about man.

When at last Jesus began courageously unfolding the latent implications of this attitude, when he explicitly insisted that even the sabbath—most sacred of institutions—was made for man and not man for the sabbath, and that no sabbath law would keep him from serving man, the storm broke. This teaching and not his theology was the crux of his offending. He even said that at the judgment seat no technical, ecclesiastical reasons for perdition and salvation would obtain, but that human service to the hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, and imprisoned would prove the one passport to the favor of the Eternal.

In the end they crucified him because of this uncompromising humanitarianism and the conflict which it involved with their traditions. I often wonder how a clear and unmistakable statement about that came to be left out of the official formulations of Christian faith, as though they could be genuinely Christian without it.

**J**ESUS' attitude toward human personality can be briefly described as always seeing people in terms of their possibilities. He habitually looked at men in terms of what they might become. We often do that with children, but the marvel of the Master was that he did it with most unlikely people. He saw prodigals in far countries and thought of

what they might become, women taken in adultery and thought of them in terms of their moral possibilities. A disciple might cry, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord," but Jesus answered, "Come ye after me, and I will *make you* fishers of men." People might grow bad, like the woman of Samaria, or encrusted in tradition, like academic Nicodemus, but Jesus thought of what they might yet grow to be. As the Fourth Gospel put it, he was constantly giving to those who would receive him "power to become."

To be sure, he was no sentimentalist. He could not well have been a sentimentalist in his attitude toward men in view of what men did to him. Enduring the contumely and public brutality visited upon him, Jesus could have been under no illusions as to human nature. He condemned hypocrisy and cruelty with scathing words and cried, "Beware of men." But like fresh springs beside the sea which rise renewed after the salt tides have gone over them, the Master's confidence in the potential worth of human personality was ultimately undiscourageable. In this realm he has been the supreme seer.

Indeed, this attitude of Jesus toward personality is one of the major springs of Western democracy. Democracy is not simply politics, election by a majority, government by a parliament. It is also the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people and that if the doors of opportunity are thrown open wide enough surprising consequences will come from unlikely sources. We must not let the eugenisists, with their lurid and needed warning about our folly in killing off the best breeds and multiplying from the worst, blind our eyes to this other, hopeful fact. Shakespeare was the son of a bankrupt butcher and a woman who could not write her name. Beethoven was the son of a consumptive mother and a father who was a confirmed drunkard. Schubert was the son of a peasant father and a mother in domestic service. Michael



Faraday was born over a stable, his father an invalid blacksmith, his mother a common drudge, and his education began by selling newspapers on London's streets. In France they selected by popular vote the greatest Frenchman who ever lived—not Napoleon, but Louis Pasteur, maker of modern medicine, the son of a tanner. Democracy is not simply a political system; it is a moral movement and it springs from adventurous faith in human possibilities. With all its futilities, blunders, and tragic ineptitudes, we must everlastingly believe in it, for unsuspected possibilities in common folk do appear when the doors of opportunity are opened wide.

In a real sense, this insight was Jesus' specialty. His estimate of human personality, its divine origin, its spiritual nature, its supreme value, its boundless possibilities, has been rightly called his most original contribution to human thought. And, in consequence, we know by a sure instinct that wherever a man holds this estimate of human worth and lives as though it were true, he is a man whom Jesus would approve. There are many places in modern Christianity where one wonders what the Founder would think. In great conventicles of worship with elaborate liturgies and gorgeous ceremonies, one sometimes wonders what Jesus would think. In ecclesiastical assemblies where men rally around partisan standards and grow enthusiastic over sectarian shibboleths, one wonders what Jesus would think. When Christians malign Christians about divergencies of theological opinion that never yet made any difference to character, one wonders what Jesus would think. But there is one place where uncertainty vanishes. Wherever a man cares for men, gives himself in service to them, sees beneath forbidding exteriors hidden possibilities, wherever in any church, or in none, comes the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi and Father Damien, of John Howard, David Livingstone, Horace Mann, General Booth—there one is certain what Jesus would think.

SO basic is this faith in man in the religion of Christianity's Founder that there is no road to his view of God which does not start with his view of human personality. It is usually put the other way: believe in God, accept the church's faith in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and as a natural and spontaneous consequence you will take right attitudes toward men. Familiar as that approach is, it is fundamentally false.

Historically, it breaks down. The contemporary enemies of Jesus believed in God and in their most bigoted and inhuman deeds thought that they did God service. Any day they would have faced martyrdom for their faith in God, but they took no such attitudes toward humanity as Jesus did.

Experimentally, this approach to altruism by way of theology breaks down. We all know people who believe in God, who would no more be thought atheists than anarchists, but who in their human relationships are among the most undesirable citizens in the community. Hard as flint, arrogant as Lucifer, they walk among us believing in their God.

Moreover, this familiar formula which makes one's humaneness dependent on one's theology breaks down Biblically. Shall we say that a man first loves God and then spontaneously will love his neighbor well? But the New Testament reverses the order. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen." Shall we say that a man first is forgiven by God and then naturally overflows into magnanimous relations with his fellows? But the New Testament puts it the other way around. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Shall we say that the worship of God comes first and love of man inevitably follows? The New Testament takes pains to state the contrary. "If, therefore, thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy

gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Shall we say that a right attitude toward Christ is the precedent condition of a right attitude toward men? But the New Testament says that it is impossible to take a right attitude toward Christ without taking an unselfish attitude toward men. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." We may think as we please about the matter, but there is no question as to what the Bible thinks. In the New Testament there is no road to the heart of God that does not lead through the heart of man.

With Jesus, in particular, no other highway except this one which Seeley long ago called his "enthusiasm for humanity" brings one to his idea of God. We may deduce God from the vastness and order of the external universe; we may philosophize about God until we are intellectually convinced that theism is true; we may accept the creeds of Christendom as supernaturally deposited; but in no such way shall we reach Jesus' characteristic idea of the Divine. Like Millet, the painter, who picked up Normandy peasants that nobody had thought worth painting and in his "Angelus" and "Gleaners" made them strong and beautiful so that we cross the sea to look at them, so Jesus habitually treated human personality. Let a man start with that spirit and then rise from his care for men and his faith in them to think of the Eternal as the Goodwill behind his goodwill, the Purpose behind his purpose, and thereby he has gotten at the distinguishing attribute of Jesus' God. To God through love for man was the road traveling which the Master reached his unique heights of spiritual vision. He explicitly described it himself: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven!"

To be sure, the other side of the matter is true also: a vital faith in God

so experimentally attained reacts powerfully on life. Religious faith in this regard is like scientific faith. A physicist in some special realm proves the uniformity of law and then moves up from his limited area of experiment to the comprehensive faith that the whole universe is law-abiding—a proposition which cannot be proved. Returning, then, with that inclusive conviction about the nature of the universe, he finds all his work supported and illumined and is sustained by his cosmic faith when, in this area or that, he cannot find the law or is baffled by apparent lawlessness. So a Christian rises in his thought through man to God and returning brings with him a conviction about the nature of the moral universe which sustains and steadies him. But he must go through that door of human sympathy and not climb up some other way if he is to understand Jesus. He who tries to say, "I believe in God" without knowing what it means to say, "I believe in man," has not come within reaching distance of the Christian God at all. An agnostic who reverently shares Jesus' attitude toward man has a fairer claim to the name Christian than a baptized pagan with a correct theology whose human relationships are untouched by the spirit of the Master.

**WHEN**, therefore, men say that Christianity has not been tried they are speaking truly. Many imitations have been tried but, except in limited areas, not this kind of Christianity, and a large part of our Western civilization to-day is an explicit and organized denial of it. The critical struggle for the dominance of Christian principles lies in this realm. The present protagonists of orthodoxy are locating Antichrist in the wrong place. To change one's forms of thought as new knowledge comes, to see the creative activity of the Eternal in terms of evolution instead of fiat, or to make the spiritual quality of Christ, not a miracle of supernatural birth, one's reason for reverencing him—such things are not Antichrist.



The real Antichrist is to be found in another place. All irreverent treatment of human personality in individual relationships or social institutions—that is essentially Antichrist. That is an utter denial of the Christian God and of Jesus as his revealer. Racial prejudice, social pride, industrial cruelty, war, personal selfishness and lust—these are the real sins against the real God and they have one common quality—they treat human personality with contempt.

To be a Christian is a searching matter and it starts close at home. If a man is having difficulty in beginning his reli-

gion at the far end let him not use that as an excuse for irreligion. He can at least begin at the near end. Celsus, the pagan, in the third century attacked Christianity's excessive valuation of the human soul and the idea that God takes special interest in man. That attack shows real insight. That is touching the nerve of the matter. That pagan knew what Christianity is better than many Christians have known it. Eliminate his scorn and the rest is true: the root of Christianity is reverence for personality and faith that God must care for the spiritual values of his universe.

## LOST—AN APRIL

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

**H**OW can new *Aprils* come, when one was lost  
 Out of the withering gold of all the years—  
 Brief fires burned to silver of long frost;  
 Spent ardors cooled in quietude of tears?

*Last year I knew the beauty of a sea  
 Where faded cities hold an opal dream,  
 And climbed warm olive slopes of Italy,  
 And walked in Egypt by a glamorous stream.*

*These lands know starlight beautiful as death,  
 And year long wear their ardent colors still,—  
 Oh, shall there come again the March wind's breath,  
 And wild arbutus on a waiting hill?*

*How can they truly know the rapturous Spring,  
 If Beauty never lies upon a bier?  
 Oh, magic past the heart's imagining,  
 In that one April that I lost last year!*



## THE ONCE OPEN ROAD

BY CHARLES MERZ

**T**HIS is a song of the once open road. Is there as much as five miles of highway left in the United States to-day without ten filling stations and at least one farmhouse called Ye Willowe Inne? Take your car beyond its accustomed haunts on a journey of exploration. The short stretch of road with its pop-stands, gas tanks, post cards, "hot dogs," ukeleles, kewpie dolls, and chocolate almond bars to which you are accustomed, and of which you think as something peculiar to your locality, is the broad and pulsing artery of a nation.

I am a traveler returned from a motor trip which was in no way exceptional, and which took me off the beaten track only when the signs said "Closed, Detour." It was a voyage of discovery none the less. It took me only a thousand miles or so; but this thousand was from New York into the Middle West—and there lay out over the headlights an impressive and hitherto unimagined Main Street, which showed no sign of stopping when I left it and which presumably runs on forever.

Perhaps you know the road. It is not hard to find. It begins almost anywhere, climbs a hill, and runs off between two rows of brightly painted numbers on its fences, trees, and posts. It is the Dixie Highway, or the Lincoln Highway, or the Lackawanna Trail, it is the Mohawk Trail, or the Yellowstone Trail, or the Roosevelt Million Dollar Highway, or the National Old Trails Road. It is a broad avenue, paved, and with our national talent for order we have plastered it with good advice. It is impossible to

lose one's way, and difficult to lose one's life. Enough signals in the form of signboards, crossbars, death's heads, watchtowers, red lights, bells, and fog-horns guard the approach to every danger spot to warn all but the insensible that locomotives run on railway tracks. The slightest deviation from the straightway is forecast half a mile ahead. Hills have their lefts and rights. A white streak cuts the road in two, with a keep-to-your-own-side code protecting the ascending sheep from being fouled by the descending goats. There is every safeguard here which engineering can devise, every service which can be performed by free-air tanks and expert tire-changers, every dissuasion which can be brought to bear to keep travelers from self-destruction. This is the road triumphant.

Over it travels, for many hours of the day, a vast company of motors. Up and down the well-protected hills, over crossroads carefully chalked for left-hand turns, and past such bits of roadside history on billboards as "Fremont—6 mi. from here—is the former home of the nineteenth President of the United States and a center of the cutlery trade," the long procession picks its way. America is cruising. It is bumper to bumper, sometimes, for a mile, with no interfering from the sidelines. Inside his gate a farmer pulls his team up short and counts a string of sixteen cars before he sees a loophole in the traffic. The pace is steady, seldom changing, just a little more than the law allows. Only rarely does the caravan slow down. Then horns toot and heads are thrust out nervously



to look ahead. Somewhere a slow-mover is holding up the line. He creeps along, deaf, dumb, and blind, rebellion in his rear. More sirens blare, clutches shift, brakes bite. What is the matter up there, anyway? Somebody must be looking at the scenery! Doesn't that fellow know that if the rest of us don't get to Jamesport at 2:05 we shan't reach Creston by 2:36—and if we don't reach Creston by 2:36—well, then we shan't reach Smittown by 3:45? . . . Not that there is anything special for us to do at Smittown. . . .

One car slips by. Another car. A third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. The pace picks up again. All this company is hurrying on, plainly in search of something badly wanted. Impressions? Yes. Impressions of a never-ending road, a thousand farms, no-parking signs, successive towns passed through at twenty miles an hour, back-axles of no end of cars. Thrills? Yes. Thrills of scenery worth stopping for if there were only time, of police on motor cycles masked as fellow-tourists, of gorgeous sunsets well worth watching if the top were down, of getting home, at last, without a puncture. Trophies? Yes. Trophies to bring back memories of this day of travel: grass baskets, toy balloons, and paper-knives; bead bags, artificial fruit, and sea-shells with an echo. A family of six will drive two hundred miles to bring home three balls of glass with imitation butterflies inside. We are a great people for collecting local fauna. It was a cynical German who guessed, in war days, that France was fighting for Alsace-Lorraine, Britain for the Channel, and America for souvenirs.

## II

When the Via Appia was still a highway to be bragged about, and young Roman gentlemen sped from Venusia to Tarentum at so many *milia* an hour, there were occasional monuments and arches on the way. Some of them still stand, landmarks of achievement. His-

tory was written here; for each arch marked a new outpost and a new foothold for Roman culture. We cannot do, in America, as the Romans did, either in or out of Rome. But at least we have marked our own highways with appropriate symbols. What the arch was to Rome the filling station is to America.

For, as the Romans built their highway step by step, first to Capua, then Beneventum, then on to the very heel of Italy at Brundisium, so the march of the filling station across country marks the progress of a civilization which can live in new mobility, new comfort, and new speed. The change is unmistakable. Twenty years ago, before efficient manufacture and an inexhaustible supply of secondhand machines had brought motor travel within easy reach of the most average citizen, the filling station was an oddity on the road. The iron siphon, gargling gasoline for its customer in a glass jar for a moment, before spewing it into a waiting motor, was still uninvited. These were the days when travel was a matter of luck and the tourist outward bound stoked up with gasoline and oil enough to carry him from one city to another. He could not look for succor on the road. Unless he thought about his gasoline ahead of time he would have to walk a mile and borrow from a farmer. We had not yet marked our Roman roads with arches. These were the days of extra fuel carried in a can, of rear-door tonneaus, acetylene lamps, and rims which were not demountable. The filling station, where it existed in its rudimentary form, was still the mere adjunct of a garage whose weightier business lay in repairs to motors. It had not yet isolated itself or evolved its own characteristic architecture. It had not yet taken to the road. Nor had America. The rise of the filling station is coincident with the conquest of America by Americans. Gas tanks began to line the road as we acquired the ability to run over an entire country instead of staying put at home.

We do not stay put at home. We

ramble. It is left to the filling station to supply the nucleus of a new inter-city life. Here is a convenient stopping place, a friendly caravansary at which men pause, re-fuel, light pipes, counsel one another as to roads, trade warnings about speed traps, and pass the time of day. Here is amiability and conversation shorn of reticence: a first-edition Chevrolet is as good an introduction as a new Minerva. Here is a richer, creamier cross-section of America than is to be found on any Main Street: for the reason that many Main Streets have poured their quotas into it.

Nothing else in America caters to a clientèle so cosmopolitan. A moving picture theater cannot do it. Neither can a church, nor a ball game, nor the benches in a park. For all these draw their crowds from just round the corner. The filling station draws its crowds from everywhere. On the heels of a Rolls from upper Fifth Avenue, making time on its way to Saratoga, come six Alabama negroes, male and female, in a rebuilt Ford. Ten cars in a row may bear the license plates of five different states. All classes and kinds of men from all corners and sections of the country meet for a moment to discourse casually of fuels, markets, taxes, prohibition, Congress, Coolidge, Chaplin, Darwin, Darrow, glands, and cords. "I was talking last week with a fellow from down Florida-way," the Indiana farmer tells his neighbor, home from a jaunt to Michigan.

The filling station is a rare spot, in a country of magnificent distances, for the cross-pollination of ideas.

### III

Travelers from abroad who come to this country looking for something characteristically American in America, and who hesitate between lower Broadway, the Pullman smoker, Ringling Brothers, a Kansas farmyard, the quick-lunch restaurant, Chautauqua, and a night at Coney Island, can do worse

than choose an enterprising gas mart on a national highway.

For one thing, it is regular. And what aims to be typical of America must be regular. It must permit of as little deviation as possible from a standard which has been agreed upon as perfect, whether it is a standard for a sleeping-porch, a bath mat, or a successful magazine. That is what we ask of our newspapers and our happy endings in the movies, our breakfast foods, our political parties, and our Sunday afternoons. That is what we do not need to ask of our filling stations. They give it to us of their own accord. Conformity to our best standards of efficiency, equality, and speed is theirs, at all points, in abundance.

For not by so much as three dents in the contour of its battered water-can does one filling station differ from another. Each is the product of a national art, perfected and unchanging. There is the low shelter with its gabled roof. There is the custodian in khaki trousers with a shirt open at the throat and a slightly perceptible scorn for anything which lacks eight cylinders. There are the two great pumps outside his door, precisely like all other pumps, at every other station: consistently of the same height, the same diameter, the same cheery shade of red. There is the half-circle of cement driveway which makes an arc between these siphons, from the road outside. At one end of this cement is painted in white letters IN. At the other end is painted in white letters OUT. Not once in years, in this conformist nation, does it occur to any traveler to mutiny at these designations and attempt the OUT end for his IN.

Here, if it is for something typical of America that you are looking, is a scene which can be reproduced on any frontier of the country: people doing the same thing in the same way in vast numbers for the same purpose. It is not easy in any other place to find so much like-mindedness, or to observe so successfully that certain American customs have



developed an uncompromising ritual of their own. A car pulls up. There follows, in regular order, the disagreement between passengers in the front seat and passengers in the rear seat as to what brand of gasoline was purchased at the last station, the dispute as to whether this new brand is the same or not the same, the corollary dispute as to whether it does or does not make the slightest difference, the descent from the car to stretch the legs, the salutation to the agent of the station, the setting of the gauge, the turning of the crank, the shaking of the hose for whatever residue remains inside, the comment from the purchaser, "That's right, I want the dividend," the observation from the rear seat, "Isn't Gus a scream?"

Blindfold a man, whisk him around the continent, set him down in an unknown city and, from watching its manners for an hour, he might guess its name. But put him down in front of a filling station, any filling station, and not even a sixth sense could tell him whether he was one mile from the Boston Public Library or lost on the Dakota plains.

#### IV

Listen to the conversation of two travelers. They have pulled up at the siphons to buy oil. They are complete strangers: voyagers who have passed, met once by chance, and will not meet again. The first is eating a "hot dog" and waiting for his change. He is, as the crow flies, sixteen miles from home. For a traveler on the open road, a client at the filling station, that is a shamefully short distance. Wild horses would not drag the admission from his lips.

He looks at the customer on his left, and nods, "How far you come?" he asks, then adds, "Come thirty-five since noon, myself. Not bad for an hour, eh?"

The other cocks his head. He too is eating a "hot dog," while his son removes the wrapping from a chocolate bar.

"No, not bad," he says. "Come about that far myself. Let's see. Been on the

road an hour and a half and covered forty-six." This with an unseeing glance at his speedometer, which shows plainly that he has covered twenty-five.

"Come from the west, through Freeport?" asks the first.

"Freeport? Yes, that was the name of it. A little town about six miles back."

"Roads good?"

"Roads fair. One detour, with a lot of sand."

"Sand——!"

"Yes, heavy sand. Of course it don't make any difference to *this* car."

"My car either."

"This car is great on sand."

"Yeh? My car is a bear at sand."

"Hills, too."

"Hills? Say, this car of mine will go up hills like a greased pig shot out of a barrel. Why, coming up a hill near Schuyler Falls I passed three cars stalling, one of them an eight. Just have to touch the throttle——"

"I know. Same way with mine. Passed a Mercedes back there a way just like it was standing still. Say, this boat of mine——"

"And *distance*! Oh boy, but this car is a bird for distance. Never had her out in my life but I got twenty to the gallon. Never had her out, I guess, but I got twenty-one——"

"Yeh? This car of mine'll just about get that. Nearer twenty-two, I think. And run? Say, runs like a locomotive. Never have to touch her. Haven't had the hood up in two years, I guess."

"No? Me neither. Longer than that, I guess. Must be nearer three. This car—well, good luck and I'll have a look at that sand of yours. Here's my change."

Clutches grind. Off on the trail they go, one headed east, one headed west. What does it matter that five miles down the road both will have their coats off, bending over smoky motors? This is a humdrum, mechanistic age, but are men to have no chance at all to tell each other sagas?

The Indians are dead. There are no

Blackfeet left to conquer. There is no pioneering to be done, no corner of a wide country undiscovered, no stubborn soil which has never yielded to the plow. What is there left for Americans to make epics of, if not their motors?

## V

There is, I suppose, something to be said for the Woolworth Building and the county fair, for the roller-coaster and the nineteenth hole, for the non-stop elevator to the fifteenth floor and the cut-rate excursion to Niagara—as the most typically American thing about America. But the filling station cannot be ignored. Bright siphons gleaming in the sunshine, it is a symbol of speed, of regularity, of deep desire for adventure: all three are attributes of the American scene. But beyond these three, and above all else, the filling station is symbolic of the looseness of our attachment to the soil.

No other people run around on wheels as we do. There are motor cars abroad; but not a tenth as many in all Europe. There are touring clubs in France; there are treks from England into Scotland; but only Americans suddenly decide after supper to bring the family motor from its shed and take it of an evening for a run which would be thought a day's expedition anywhere in Europe. There is constantly in progress in America a migration beside which, from the point of view of numbers, the flight of the chosen people into Egypt was a mere local disturbance of a minor order. A few thousand people crossed the Nile. Hundreds of thousands cross the Mississippi. There are nineteen million automobiles in the United States. Assume that at any given moment no more than a mere one per cent of them is on the road. That still means one hundred and ninety thousand cars, forever flitting

from one filling station to another, with half a million people on their backs. Where are they going, why are they speeding, what do they hope to find?

The spoils and knowledge they bring home are no answer to these questions. Surely it is worth no man's while to drive three hundred miles to add another pennant to his string, or to scurry across country for the ostensible purpose of viewing the scenery, without stopping anywhere en route save for a change of tires, or to bring back from a point one hundred and eighty-three miles distant an impression of two dozen policemen and seven cities all alike, or to hurry half the day for the apparent purpose of arriving at a point far enough away to make it necessary to turn at once and hurry home. No rational explanation can suffice for wandering so purposeless. It is not a matter of reason. It is something in the blood.

For the history of this country is the history of the chase. First there was the settlement of the East, then the push to the West, then the doubling back of those who could not find what they sought behind the hills and looked for it again in the haunts of their forefathers. We are a young nation, and the roving spirit is still robust in us. If we cannot rove for the purpose of settling a continent, we shall at least rove, daily or nightly, for the pleasure of seeing something, anything, or seeing nothing and merely having been. Europe may stand fast, in its love of stability and a settled home. Ours is freedom from the soil and independence of the dead.

Horns toot. One car slips past the slow-mover who is holding up the line. Another car. A third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. The pace picks up again.

Twilight in September. Over the hills winds the caravan: lunches gone, lights twinkling, tonneaus full of goldenrod, America revisited.





# THUNDER ON THE LEFT

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART III

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*Summary of Parts One and Two.*—Thunder on the left, in the old Roman superstition, was a direct warning from the gods; those who heard it were wise to lay aside whatever they were doing and try to understand what warning the heavens intended to convey.

The story begins on Martin's tenth birthday, when he and his younger sister Bunny invite some other children for a small party. They discuss whether Grown Ups really have a good time. When the candles on the birthday cake are blown out, Martin makes a wish: it is not stated what this is, but the suggestion is plain that he wishes to go, unsuspected, as a spy in the world of adults to see what their life is really like.

The story is immediately projected twenty-one years into the future. The scene is unchanged. The reader divines that some of the characters are the children of the birthday party, now grown. Phyllis (Mrs. Granville) now has children of her own; she and her husband George have taken the old house for the summer, after it had stood vacant a long time. Phyllis finds a strange man in the garden, whom she takes to be an eccentric artist. This, of course, is Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Granville are making preparations for a picnic, at which there are to be three guests (Mr. and Mrs. Brook and Miss Clyde) who are the Ben, Ruth, and Joyce of the prologue. Phyllis invites Martin to join them. But his presence seems to act as a precipitating agent; the queer child-like candor of his personality has a dangerously explosive effect. Emotional tensions that have been held in uncertain balance now grow too strong for concealment. Martin, a kind of symbol of the unspoiled essence of life, is entirely unaware of sex, which is the lightning surcharged in the clouds that overhang the scene. Phyllis, only half-conscious of the crisis in which her husband is struggling, is strangely moved by Martin and seems to find in him some unguessed answer to her secret questionings. She is about to declare herself to Martin, but finds that he has run down to the beach with the children. George, before the arrival of the guests, tries unsuccessfully to explain to Phyllis his premonition of disaster, and his troubled passion for Joyce which has been an inward fever. Phyllis, similarly, struggles to express her enchantment to Martin, who does not seem to understand. Martin, bathing with the children, meets Bunny, his dead sister, who urges him to go away. The arrival of Ben and Ruth and Joyce brings all the characters onto the stage, ready for the quickening tensions of the evening.—*The Editors.*

NOW it was dusk: dusk that takes away the sins of the world. Under that soft cone of shadow, wagged like a dunce cap among the stars, are folly and glamour and despair; but no sin. The day was going back to the pure darkness where all things began; to the nothing from which it had come; to the unconsciousness that had surrounded it. The long, long day had

orbed itself to a whole. Its plot and scheme were perfect; its crises and suspenses artfully ordered; now darkness framed it and memory gave it grace. Tented over by upward and downward light, mocked by tinsel colors and impossible desires, another cunning microcosm was complete.

"I like your orchestra," said Joyce. They were all sitting on the veranda

steps. From the garden and the dunes beyond came the rattling tremolo of summer insect choirs.

No one spoke for a moment. Phyllis was enjoying a relaxation after the effort of the dinner table. It was no longer necessary to think, every instant, of something to say. Darkness takes the place of conversation. It replies to everything. Like fluid privacy the shadow rose and flowed restfully about them; faces were exempt from scrutiny; eyes, those timid escapers from question, could look abroad at ease. Reprieved from angers and anxieties, the mind yearned to come home under the roof of its little safe identity. It had not forgotten the distractions that make life hard: quarrels, the income tax, unanswered letters, toothache; but these hung for a moment merely a pretty sparkle of fireflies. I feel as though I were really Me, Phyllis thought. I wish there were someone to hold my hand.

I wonder if I *do* like it? Joyce thought as soon as she heard her own voice.

Come home, come home to yourself, cried the incessant voice of darkness. The soulless musicians of earth fiddled with horrid ironic gusto. Nothing is true but desire, they wailed and wheedled. Now they were fierce piccolo and pibroch; now they had the itinerant rhythm of bawdy limericks.

Special intensity of silence seemed to emanate from Ben and Ruth, who sat close together on the top step. In the general pause theirs was like a hard core: it was not true silence but only repressed speech. The smell of Ben's cigar floated among the group like an argument. It had a sensible, civilized, matter-of-fact, downtown fragrance. It seemed to suggest that someone—even the crickets, perhaps—should put down a proposition in black and white. Joyce had a feeling that Ben and Ruth were waiting for anyone to say anything; and that when it was said they would jointly subject it to careful business-like scrutiny. Contents noted, and in reply would say—

"Orchestra?" repeated Ben, in a puzzled voice.

"The crickets." (She tried not to make it sound like an explanation.) "I'd forgotten that nights on the Island were like this."

Martin was sitting just below her. He had been playing with the pebbles on the path, picking them up and dropping them. He turned and looked up at her.

"Like what?" he asked.

She had the same sensation of disbelief she had felt at the dinner table. One must be strangely innocent or strangely reckless to ask questions like that. George's face shone in the flare of a match: he looked emptily solemn and pensive as men always do while lighting a pipe. Joyce felt as though there were a kind of conspiracy to make her take the lead in talking.

"They fiddle away as though it was the most important night that ever happened," she said, a little nervously. "As though they think it's a First Night and the reviewers are here from the newspapers."

"It *is* the most important night that ever happened," said Phyllis slowly. "It's *now*." There was a queer frightened tremble in her voice.

"There'll be a moon a little later," said George. He said it rather as though this would be creditable to him, as host.

"No, George, don't let there be a moon. Not everything at once; it's too much."

Something in George's outline showed that he thought Phyllis was merely chaffing him; but Joyce was more clairvoyant. For the first time she became aware of some reality in Phyllis: saw that she was more than just George's wife. There was in her some buried treasure that no one had ever taken the trouble to hunt for. Why, she's lovely, Joyce thought. In a sudden impulse she wanted to take Phyllis's hand; her own fluttered liftingly in her lap; she restrained it, for she felt that she would



want to kiss George before very long and it didn't seem quite square to be in love with a man and his wife simultaneously. It would be extravagant, she supposed sadly.

"We don't need a moon," she said, "with Mrs. Granville wearing that lovely silver dress."

"It makes me feel as though we ought to do something special," said Martin.

"We can have a game of Truth," suggested George.

No one showed much enthusiasm except Martin, who wanted to know how it was played.

"Everyone must tell some thought he has had but didn't say."

Ben and Ruth felt more certain than ever that the evening was going to be a failure.

"A thought you've had *ever*?" asked Martin.

"No, this evening."

"You suggested it, George; you can go first," said Ruth.

"Ruth evidently believes that unspoken thoughts are always terrible. Well, I'll begin with a very small one. I was thinking that I mustn't forget to put away the car. Now, Ruth, what's yours?"

"That Miss Clyde probably has a very becoming bathing suit."

"I was thinking I heard one of the children calling," said Phyllis. "But it wasn't, it was only a singing in my nose."

"What a funny nose," said Martin.

"Don't you know how something seems to get caught in your nostril and makes a kind of singing when you breathe?"

Ben had had time to make a careful choice of the least damning of his meditations. "I was thinking that the crickets don't really sound like an orchestra. They're more like adding machines."

"Why, that's true," George exclaimed. "They have just that even, monotonous, cranking sound. Adding up some impossible and monstrous total. Counting the stars, maybe."

"I hope you won't think my thought is rude," said Joyce. "It struck me that if it weren't for Mr. Brook's cigar I'd be convinced this is all a dream.—I don't mean it isn't a nice cigar, just that it smells so worldly."

"Well, our secret thoughts all seem fairly innocent. But we haven't heard yours yet, Mr. Martin."

"I don't think this is a very interesting game," said Martin.

George insisted. "Come, the Guest of Honor can't escape as easily as that. Out with it!"

"Do I have to?" Martin appealed to Phyllis. She came out of her reverie, aware that even darkness is inadequate as a sedative. The threads of relationship among them all had tightened.

"I know what Mr. Martin's trouble is," said Ruth. "He says everything he thinks, so naturally he has nothing left."

"Why, that's just it," Martin said. "How did you know? What would be the good of thinking things and not saying them?"

"You're not playing fair," George objected. "No one would be crazy enough to say everything. Besides, there wouldn't be time."

Martin was stubbornly silent.

"I agree with Mr. Martin," Phyllis said. "It's not a very cheerful game. If we didn't say our thoughts we must have had some good reason for keeping them silent. Besides, I want to see if Nounou's back yet."

"I'll take the car to the stable."

"Can I go with you?" Martin asked.

George had still cherished a forlorn hope that the world was large enough for him and Joyce to have a few moments alone. For several days the stable had been sanctified in his anticipation. In the hayloft above the old disused stalls there was a big doorway that opened toward the sea. That mustily fragrant place was his favorite retreat when solitude seemed urgent. There, he had thought, he and Joyce

could talk. He had even put an old steamer-rug on the hay so they might sit more comfortably. There would be moonlight over the water. . . .

"Is it the same stable where we used to play as kids?" cried Ruth. "Oh, let's all go. I want to see it again. Why, that old haymow was the first place Ben ever kissed me."

"What did he do that for?" said Martin.

"Perhaps he'll do it again," said George bitterly. It was just like Ruth to ruin the stable for him.

"Well, I don't want to spoil anyone else's plans," said Ben.

"We could play hide-and-seek in the hay," Martin suggested.

Now they were all piling into the car, to ride round the house to the stable. This was of a piece with the absurdity of everything else, George thought. People were always driving up in crowds to visit his secrets. Like sightseeing busses loaded with excursionists. The world loves to trample over your private ecstasies and leave them littered with scraps of paper and banana peel. And this fellow Martin, with his cool mockery, was beginning to get on his nerves.

The engine leaped into life with the same eager alacrity as if they had been starting off for a long drive. Yes, the human objective means nothing to the routine of Nature. She looses her lightning indifferently, whether between the sooty termini of a spark-plug or from charged cloud to earth. She squanders as much energy in a meadow of hallooing crickets as in a human spirit tormented by conflicting passions.

They made the circuit of the house. Down the drive from the front door to the main road, along the side of the house, then up the back lane by the kitchen and the circular bed of cannas. Only a hundred yards, but it seemed interminable because it was futile and meaningless. Something had gone wrong in his time-sense. As the car passed the kitchen window he could see Phyllis talking to Lizzie, holding a

loaf of bread as she spoke. At the same moment Ruth was saying something about the moon coming up. His mind went off in a long curve. He felt a gush of anger at Phyllis because she had been so unaware of his feeling for Joyce. If she had been spiteful, or jealous, or suspicious, how much easier it would have been. Her pettiness would have driven him and Joyce blissfully into each other's arms, without the faintest sense of remorse. But this strangely detached Phyllis who seemed to move in a dream, instead of the familiar Phyllis of tempers and reproaches, was a different problem. Even sin, he thought furiously, is to be made as difficult as possible for me. And I had always imagined it would be so easy. Will God ever forgive me if I don't commit the sins I was intended to? God will get no praise from me. He's packed the house with a claue of crickets to put the show over. Through the window Phyllis's golden head shone in a haze of lamplight. As always, when angry at her he loved her most. When you love a woman, why make her life miserable by marrying her? Marriage demands too much. . . .

From this speculation he came back to find Ruth just finishing her sentence, the car still opposite the window, the loaf of bread still lifted in Phyllis's hand. It occurred to him that this evening was damnably like the slowed motion-pictures in which the stream of life is retarded into its component gestures. Now he was to have the embarrassment of witnessing the actual rhythm of living, the sluggish pattern that underlies gay human ritual, the grave airy dancing of creation treading softly its dark measure to unheard undreamed music. The smallest alteration in the mind's pace changes everything, as some trifling misprint turns a commonplace newspaper headline into obscenity.

They drove into the stable.

"I miss the nice old horsey smell," said Ruth. "Too bad, it's only a garage now."



"Which was it you wanted to revive, the horsey smell or the embraces of Ben?" said George. "The loft hasn't changed much, I think."

He snapped on the light. While the others climbed the narrow stair behind the old feed bins he filled the radiator with water and poured oil into the crank-case. Morosely he heard their words overhead.

"Someone's left a blanket up here."

"Look, the bay's all full of moonlight. I didn't remember it was like that."

"We were children then, we didn't know about the moon. We had to go to bed too early."

"The old swing's gone." (This was Martin's voice.)

"Why . . . how did you know? Yes, that's where it was, that beam . . ."

I thought that lunatic had been here before, George said to himself. He seems to know his way about.

He started the motor again. He thought he had noticed a faint roughness in its turning. He listened attentively, marvelling at the strong hurrying fidelity of those airy explosions. I know why this car has kept her youth, he thought. She hasn't had any proper care, but she's been loved. A soft throbby purring, with a sweet quavering rhythm; the sound of sliding, of revolving, of vapor evenly expelled. It was a consoling, normal kind of sound; complete in itself; it shut out the voices upstairs. A touch on the throttle and it rose to a growl of unused power, a shout of fierce unquestioning assent, not much different from defiance. The old barn rang. It was as if an officer of some colonial regiment called on his legions for a fatal exploit and heard in their answering yell a voice of savagery that might turn against himself.

He switched the key; the sound slid off into a soft conclusive sigh. There was an almost human breath of frustration in it. He closed the hood, his mind too vague for thinking, and saw Joyce standing there.

"I thought Mr. and Mrs. Brook would like a moment of privacy," she whispered.

He had her in his arms. On her soft lips was all the bittersweet of their long separation, of their mirth together, of their absurd and precious passion, denied by men and ratified by crickets. It was the perfect embrace of those who are no longer children, who can sweeten the impossible by mocking it a little. The tingling triumph of social farce, undreamed by poor candid Nature—the first illicit kiss!

"I suppose," she said tremulously, "that this really is what they call a Guilty Passion."

"My dear, my dear. What a queer world, where one has to apologize for loving people."

As though down a long avenue of distance he saw her in the perspective of her life: an exquisite gallant figure going about her brave concerns, so small and resolute in her single struggle with the world, and coming to his arms at last. He knew then that poets have not lied; that fairy tales are true; that life is hunger, and for every emptiness caters its own just food. Her mind that he had loved was tangled up with a body. Chastity was probably a much overrated virtue. For her sake, if she desired it, he was willing to make the heroic effort which is necessary to yield to temptation.

He held her close, in silence. Austere resolutions slipped away like sand in an hour-glass. For an instant his only thought was a silly satisfaction that she must reach so far upward to meet his lips. His mind taunted him for thinking this.

"Dear fool, dear damned fool," he said. "Yes, you're just as you should be: lips cool and eyelids warm. And as soft as I always imagined. Oh, it's not fair that anyone should be so soft. Joyce, do you know why I had to have you here? It's just a year . . . you remember?"

"Yes. The day you were looking out of the window. How long it seems."

"We begin to feel like a nice old unmarried couple."

She laughed, her rare broken laugh.

"Oh, George, then it *is* really you. The Fourth you, I mean. I couldn't quite believe it."

Voices came down from the loft. First it was Martin:

... "That's what I like about her. She looks as if she's happy inside."

Then Ruth, with a scornful snicker:

"Happy? I dare say. Did you see the way she looked at George at the dinner table? That kind of woman's always happy with someone else's husband."

There was an inaudible murmur, then Ben's voice:

"It's a form of nervousness."

Joyce drew back from his arms. Her eyes were dark with horror.

"Oh . . ." she said with a sob. "Why are people so . . . so *inadequate*?"

Ruth's little sneer, falling on them like a crystal spirt of poison, burned George's bare heart.

"Joyce, dear Joyce. . . ." He put his hands on her shoulders. "I must tell you, I must. I've waited so long. Oh it's so long since I've done anything I want to, I've forgotten how. Joyce, you don't know how I needed you. I was hungry, I was a beggar, you fed me with laughter and taught me how to suffer. You taught me how to love, yes, everything I love I love a thousand times better because I know you. God help me, I love even Phyllis better because of you. . . ."

With a gesture of pathos and despair she buried her face in his coat. They heard the others beginning to descend. To postpone for a few moments the necessity of speech, he turned wildly to the car and again started the engine. As Ruth appeared at the foot of the stairs, her mouth opening to say something, he speeded the motor to a roar.

"Oh, George," piped Ruth as they were walking back to the house. "I've

left my scarf. I must have dropped it in the loft. Ben'll get it. Have you locked the barn?"

"No, we don't lock anything around here."

"You laugh at locksmiths," said Joyce.

"I'll go," George said. "I can find it easier than Ben; there's a flashlight in the car."

He walked back to the stable. A lemonade-colored moon was swimming above the maple tree. He did not bother to get the torch but slipped up the stair, moving noiselessly on rubber soles. The scarf was lying just at the top, where the steps emerged into the old harness room. He was about to glance into the hayloft, to satisfy his sentimental vision of how it would have looked to him and Joyce, a cavern of country fragrance, a musk of dead summers still banked there in poured mounds. He was halted, with a catch of breath, by murmuring voices. He peered round the door-post. A slope of powdery moonlight carved a pale alley through the heavy shadow. On his rug, spread toward the open window, sat Nounou and some rustic swain, ardently enlaced.

The whispering pair, engrossed in rudimentary endearment, was oblivious of all else. It amused him to reflect that they must have been hiding anxiously somewhere in the loft while the visitors palavered near. A single cricket, embalmed in the hay, chirped sweet airy *prosits*—solitary lutanist (or prothalamist) of the occasion. George stood smitten by the vulgar irony. There was cruel farce and distemper in finding his own dear torment parodied in these terms of yokel dalliance. The parable was only too plain. This backyard amour was as rich in Nature's eyes as the kingliest smoke-room story of the Old Testament—Nature, genial procuress, who impartially honors the breach and the observance.

With the crude humor of the small boy, never quite buried in any man, he



emitted a loud groaning wail of mimic anguish. He thrilled with malicious mirth to see the horrified lovers leap up in panic. He tiptoed stealthily away, leaving them aghast.

This has got to end, he said to himself.

### XIII

If there were only one moonshiny night in each century, men would never be done talking of it. Old lying books would be consulted; in padded club chairs grizzled gentry whose grandfathers had witnessed it would prate of that milky pervasion which once diluted the unmixed absolute of night. And those who had no vested gossip in the matter would proclaim it unlikely to recur, or impossible to have happened.

Mr. and Mrs. Brook and Martin had gone on toward the veranda. Joyce lingered where the edge of the house's shadow was a black frontier on the grass. The lawn was a lake of pallor. Under the aquamarine sky, glazed like the curly inmost of a shell, earth was not white or glittering, but a soft wash of argentine gray. There was light enough to see how invisible the world truly is. The pure unpurposeful glamour poured like dissolving spirit on the dull fogged obscure of ordinary evening: the cheap veneers of shadow peeled away, true darkness was perceivable: the dark that threads like marrow in the bones of things—the dark in which light is only an accidental tremble. Where trees and shrubs glowed in foamy tissue, hung chinks and tinctures of appeasing nothing. This was abyss unqualified, darkness neat.

She was drowned at the bottom of this ocean of transparency. She felt as people look under water, pressed out of shape, refracted, blurred by the pressure of an enormous depth of love. In such clean light a thought, a memory, a desire, could put on shape and living, stare down the cautious masks of habit. The trustiest senses could play traitor inside this bubble of pearly luster; the

hottest bonfires of mirth would be only a flicker in this dim stainless peace. Better to go indoors, join the polite vaudeville of evasion, escape the unbearable reality of this enchanted . . .

"Here you are!" said a voice. "Thank goodness. I want to ask you things. You're different."

"What's the matter with all these people?" he exclaimed. "Why can't they have fun? Why do they keep on telling me they love me? I don't want to be loved. You can't be happy when you're being loved all the time. It's a nuisance. I want to build castles in the sand and play croquet and draw pictures. I want to go to bed and get a good sleep for the Picnic; and that lady wants me to kiss her. I did it once; isn't that enough?"

Here was a merriment: to expect her, at this particular junction of here and now, to join his deprecations.

"Quite enough," she said. "But it depends on the person. She may not think so."

"It's Mrs. Phyllis. I asked her if she was ready for me to go to bed, and she said I mustn't say such things. What's the matter with her? I think she's angry. Everybody seems angry. Why is it?"

Her pulses were applauding her private thought: If Phyllis loves *him*, I can love George.

"And I saw Bunny in the garden. She says you're the only one who can help me because you almost understand."

"Bunny! Bunny who? What do you mean? . . ."

He must be mad. Yet it seemed an intelligible kind of madness: some unrecognized but urgent meaning sang inside it like a sweet old tune. In the misty moonlight she saw the great wheel of Time spinning so fast that its dazzling spokes seemed to shift and rotate backward. But her mind still intoned its own jubilee: If Phyllis loves *him*, I can love George. It's all right for me to love George. Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!

"Bunny Richmond, of course. She's playing some kind of hide and seek round here. It's not fair."

"It *is* fair!" cried Bunny passionately. He could hear her calling to him from somewhere just around the corner of the path. "Oh, Martin, Martin, can't you see? I can't *tell* you, you've got to find out for yourself."

Bunny had cried out so eagerly that even Joyce almost heard her. She turned to look.

"What was that, some one whispering?"

"It's only Bunny," he said impatiently. "She's playing tricks on me. She wants me to go away."

She had stepped out of the shadow, and now Martin partly saw.

"Why, I know who you are. Why . . . why of course. They called you Miss Clyde, that fooled me. You're not Miss Anybody, you're Joyce . . . the one who gave me the mouse. *You* don't love me too, do you? People only love you when they want you to do things."

Bunny kept calling him, but he closed his ears to her.

"No, I don't love you," she said slowly. "I love George." But she had to look at him again to be sure. He was very beautiful and perplexed. Perhaps she loved everybody. For an instant she thought he *was* George; she could see now that there was a faint resemblance between them. Then she noticed that George was there too. He had come along the path from the stable. His face was sharpened with resolve. He paid no attention to Martin but spoke directly to her.

"Here's your scarf," he said, almost roughly, holding it out. Then he remembered it was not hers, and thrust it in his pocket. He made an uncertain step toward her.

"Oh, we can't go on like this," he said harshly. "This has got to . . ." He made a queer awkward gesture with his arms. She went to them.

"How funny you are," observed Mar-

tin from the shadow. "First you want to push her away and then you hug her."

Apparently George did not hear him.

"Why did you wake me?" he was asking her. "Why couldn't I go on sleepwalking through life? If I had never known you how much anguish I'd have missed. Oh, my poor dear."

"You mustn't talk to her like that," said Martin. "This is Joyce, she thinks once is enough. She isn't like Phyllis."

"Go away, Martin," called Bunny. "It's no use now."

George held her fiercely. His voice trembled on broken words of tenderness. His bewildered mind craved the ease of words, a little peace, a little resting time. Must this glory of desire be carried forever secret in his heart?

"You'll hurt her," said Martin angrily.

This they had stumbled on, George's heart cried. It was none of their seeking. She belongs to who can understand her, insisted the sweet sophistries of blood. Joyce leaned up to him, the dear backward curve of woman yearning to the face of her dream. "Don't you know me?" Martin appealed to her. "You gave me the mouse yesterday."

He was unheeded. They did not even know he was there.

"You're doing it too," he said to her bitterly and went away.

"George, when did I give you a mouse?"

"A mouse? What are you talking about? You're going to give me something much better than a mouse. Do you know what I said to you once in a dream? I said, 'the worst of my love for you is that it's so carnal.'"

Her eyes met his, troubled but steady.

"And do you know what you answered?"

"No," she said pitifully. "Oh, George, George, I don't know about these things."

"You said, 'Perhaps that's what I like about it.'"



She clung to him in a kind of terror.

"I don't know whether I said that. George . . . don't let's be like other people. Does it *matter*?"

They stood together and the crickets shouted, rattled tiny feet of approval on the floor of the dunes like a gallery of young Shelleys. The whole night was one immense rhythm; up the gully from the beach came a slow vibration of surf. She was weak with the question in her blood, her knees felt empty. Perhaps that's where your morality is kept, in the knees, she thought. She slipped her arms under his coat, round the hard strong case of his ribs, to keep from tottering. The tobacco smell of his lapel was infinitely precious.

"How do I know what matters?" he whispered. "We can wait and see. If it's important, the time will come. But I want you to know my love for you is complete. It wants everything. Can't you hear the whole world singing it? Everything, everything, everything."

"I don't like the crickets. They're trying to get us into trouble."

Everything is so queer this evening, she thought. How did all this happen? I'm frightened.

"We've always been different from other people," she said. "We're absurd and pitiful and impossible. Don't let's spoil it, let's just be *us*."

His arms held her more gently. For love is beyond mere desire: it is utter tenderness and pity. Sing, world, sing: here are your children caught in the chorus of that old old music; here are Food and Hunger that meet only to cancel and expire. Here, cries Nature in her deepest diapason, here are my bread and wine. Too great to be accused of blasphemy, she shames not to borrow the words of man's noblest fancy. Take, eat, she cries to the famished. This is my body which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of me. And her children, conscious of lowly birth, can rise to denials her old easy breast never dreamed.

"George," said Joyce quickly, "is

anyone watching . . . listening to us? I've had the strangest feeling—as though someone was trying to tell me something, calling me."

"A singing in your nose, perhaps."

"No, but really."

"I've been trying to tell you something."

"Where did Mr. Martin go? Wasn't he there?"

"I didn't see him."

They turned toward the house. Its dark shadow hung over them, clear, impalpable, black as charcoal. They felt purified by mutual confession and charity.

"I think it was the house listening to us," she said. "Why am I so happy?"

He knew that he loved her. It was not lust, for though he desired her and a thousand times had had her in his heart, yet he shrank from possession, fearing it might satiate this passion that was so dear. So it was a fool's love: perhaps a coward's, since to be taken is every woman's need. But who shall say? Life is a foreign language: all men mispronounce it.

He loved her, for he saw the spirit of life in her. He loved her as a dream, as something he himself had created, as someone who had helped to create part of him. He loved her because it was secret, hopeless, impossible. He had loved her because he could not have her: and now she was here for his arms. The Dipper and the wind in the pine trees said, Poor fool, if you want her, take her. The black flap in the sky, where the starry pinning has fallen out (it opens into the law of gravity) said, It concerns only yourselves, no one will know. The tide and the whistling sand dunes said, She's yours already.

From the sleeping porch over their heads he heard one of the children cough.

"George," she whispered, "I'll do whatever you tell me."

He turned to her. "I'd like to see *anyone* laugh at locksmiths."

## XIV

They were entrenched in a little fortress of light. The tall silk-shaded lamp made the room an orange glow, an argument against silver chaos veined with brute nothing. The clock, the clock, the clock, measured itself against the infidel crickets. Phyllis, in a corner of the big sofa, was in the center of that protecting glitter. She was panoplied in light: it poured upon the curve of her nape, sparkled in the bronze crisp of her hair, brimmed over the soft bend of her neck and ran deep down into the valley of her bosom. It rippled in scarps and crumples of her shining dress, struck through the gauzy chiffon, lay in flakes on the underskirt, gilded the long slope of her stockings like the color of dawn on snow. She could feel it, warm and defiant, wrapping her close, holding her together. Even her bright body, in such fragile garb, was hardly dark.

But the reality was still that pale emptiness outside. Where she sat she could see, beyond the dining room and the high rectangle of French windows, a pure shimmer of white night. Down the broad open well of the stair the same tender void came drifting, floating sinking. Summer night cannot be shut out: it is heavier than thin lamp-shine, it spreads along the floor, gathers beneath chairs, crowds up behind pictures, makes treacherous friendship with the gallant little red-headed bulbs.

She felt soft and ill. She felt her pliant body settling deeper into the thick cushion, her hands weighing inert upon her lap. She wished Ben and Ruth could be restful for a moment. Ruth was flitting about, looking at the furniture; Ben, though sitting quietly, kept blowing cigar smoke in a kind of rhythmical indignation. She could see his mind toiling, so plainly that she would not have been surprised to read words written in his spouts of smoke, as in the balloon issuing from the mouth of a comic drawing. If Mr. Martin

would only say something. He had just come in from the garden, without a word, and sat expectantly at the foot of the stairs. He was outside the circle of light, she could not see him clearly, but he seemed to be looking at her with inquiry or reproach. For being such a dull hostess, probably.

But speech was impossible. Now, with eyes widened by terror and yearning, she was almost aware of the sleepy world that lies beneath the mind's restless flit: the slow cruel world, without conscience, that the artist never quite forgets. In the glare of the lamp the room burned with subordinate life: the grainy wood of the furniture, the nap of the rug, the weave of the sofa, were fibred with obstinate essence. Being was in them as in her, went on and on. It seemed as though one sudden push, if it could be made, might break through the fog of daily bickerings and fore-sights and adjustments, into that radiant untroubled calm. But conscious life tends to take the level of the lowest present: how, with Ruth and Ben and even the house itself, steadfast against her, could she speak out? The darkness that, outdoors, had been sweet privacy, was here obverted into secrecy; secrecy lay under the chairs, behind the doors, between the ticks of the clock. She had settled this room, only a few hours before, with so much care—dusting, arranging; everything in its accustomed pose. Now it was too strong for her, and every pattern in it ran with shouts of taunting laughter. . . It was just like George to linger in the garden, leaving her alone to "entertain" these guests.

Then she was aware that someone had spoken. She had not caught the words, but the sound poised in her mind. It was a pleasant sound, it must have been Mr. Martin. Perhaps she would go through all the rest of her life without knowing what he had said. Yet it might have been a cry for help. You never know, she thought, when people may leave off pretending and



lay their heads on your breast. What a silly way to put it: lay their head—his head—on your breasts; because you have only one head and two breasts. Perhaps that's why the insects make such an uproar, shrilling sour grapes. They're jealous because they're not mammals. . . .

"He went back to the stable to get my scarf."

"I hope they won't catch cold," said Phyllis. "It's so much cooler to-night."

"You oughtn't kiss people when you have a cold," said Martin.

This, Phyllis supposed, was a little reckless aside for her alone. She felt a bright seed of anger in her; it was sprouting, climbing up the trellis of her nerves. She had a fine fertility for anger: her mind was shallow soil as its bottom had never been spaded: such seeds could not root deeply and slowly, so they shot upward in brilliant quick-withering flower. The rising warmth medicined her empty sickness. He was cruel, but she loved him for it and could have prostrated herself at his feet. What right had he to be so untouched, so happy and certain and sure? His mind was one, not broken up into competing yearnings.

"Competition is the life of trade," she said.

Looking up, she wondered if she had said something accidentally witty. From the other side of the room Ruth was regarding her strangely. Beyond Ruth, black against the blanchèd evening, were George and Joyce on the veranda steps. . . . Oh; so that was what Martin had meant?

Ben's face was so perplexed and bored, she took pity on him.

"What would you people like to do? Play cards? We can't dance, there isn't any music."

Ruth was quite content not to dance; she suspected she would have had to take Ben as a partner. "Ben's favorite game is Twenty Questions," she said.

"Gracious, I haven't played that in

ages. It'll be rather fun. Here come the others, let's do it."

George seemed almost like a stranger, Phyllis thought. She had an impish desire to ask to be introduced. It amused her to think that anyone should want to kiss him.

"What a gorgeous night." He spoke loudly, rather as if someone might contradict. "Here's your scarf," he added, almost roughly, holding it out to Joyce. Then he remembered, and gave it to Ruth.

"How funny you are," said Martin. "You made the same mistake again."

"Thank you so much," Ruth said. "I'm sorry you had such a long hunt for it."

Joyce crossed the room in silence. Ruth's eyes followed her, and it was in Ruth's face that Phyllis first saw Joyce was beautiful. She brought some of the moonlight with her. No man can ever admire a woman's loveliness as justly as another woman, for he rarely understands how her fluctuating charm depends on the hazard of the instant. Something had happened to make Joyce beautiful, and Phyllis was surprised by an immense compassion. This creature too was lonely, had her bewildered tumult in the blood, was defenseless and doomed. Ruth's watchful eyes, unseen by Joyce, were asking her whether she had anything to say for herself, anything that could be used against her. And Ruth (Phyllis could see) was as outraged by Joyce mute as she would have been at anything she said.

Joyce was helpless: helpless, because she was happy; helpless, for she had brought no words with her. She had brought only moonlight and it was declared contraband. In the instant that the girl hesitated in the choice of a seat, Phyllis knew that she could have loved her; they could have come together in a miracle of understanding, but Ruth had made it impossible. Ruth, the comely fidget, who would never know the stroke of any grievance greater than her own jealous mischiefs.

What could Ruth know of the great purifying passions, who had always forestalled them by yielding to the pettiest? The seedling anger in Phyllis's heart, sensitively questing an object, swayed outward as a young vine leans toward sun. She would not think of the Brooks again as Ben and Ruth. They were Ruth and Ben. She knew now why Ben peeped so warily from behind a rampart of sedentary filing cabinets. His soul lurked behind the greatest of hiding places, a huge office building.

With a swift impulse she reached out, beckoning to a place beside her on the sofa. Joyce's hand was cold and seemed surprised. The two hands, like casual acquaintances meeting by accident, lingered together wondering how to escape politely. Phyllis realized it was not a success. She leaned forward to speak brightly to George, so that her fingers might seem to slip free unawares.

"We're going to play Twenty Questions."

"Fine!" said George. This, he thought, would prevent general conversation, the one thing most to be feared.

"Ben, you go out," Phyllis suggested. Ben deserved some amusement, he had been rather patient in the middle of this silent turmoil.

"Let Ruth," said Ben. "She's clever at guessing things."

"No, Ben, you," Ruth said definitely. She was having too good a time guessing as she was.

From the sofa Joyce could see into the little dark sitting room—*her* room: her only retreat. It drew her strongly. The frame of the window opened into moonlight and a queer twist of shadows. If only she could go in there, get away. Here, under the lamp, everything was too full of dangerous artifice. The light held everything together tightly, in a bursting tension. No one could say anything for fear it would have a double meaning. One meaning at a time was burden enough.

Was there anything queer about that little room? Mr. Martin, sitting at the

bottom of the stairs, was close to the door; he was looking there too. In the back of her mind she remembered that she had started to say something to him in the garden; or he to her—she was not certain which; but something had been left unfinished. George was watching her, watching her; she could feel it, and needed to escape into herself. How could she escape?—he knew all about her now, she found him round the remotest corners of her mind. No, no, there were lovely things about her that he did not guess. If she could be alone for a few minutes she could find out what they were. . . . So this was love, this dreadful weakness. It ought to be so easy; free and easy—that gay old phrase; and the taut web of human nerves frustrated it. Beside her, in a glitter of light, Phyllis shone mysteriously. The touch of that warm hand had shocked Joyce. She knew now that they could never be at peace together.

"I'll go," she said suddenly.

Phyllis, still leaning forward, was listening.

"Was that one of the children?"

As Joyce rose, getting up with difficulty from the deep settee, Martin closed the sitting-room door with a quick push. Why did he do that? Now it would seem rude to go in there. George, whose ear was cocked toward upstairs, looked angrily at him.

"I didn't hear anything. You've got the children on the brain, Phyl."

"I'll go on the veranda while you think of something," Joyce said.

It was amusing to see how eagerly they all turned to the old almost-forgotten pastime. She heard them mumbling together while they concerted their choice. They were like savages at a campfire, rehearsing some cheerful ceremonial to dispel sorcery. The bare mahogany of the dining table was glossed with panels of dim color. This led her eyes upward to the red-and-blue window. It reminded her distantly of some poem, some perfect enchantment



that mocked the poor futility of her own obsession. That most magic outcry of unreflecting love, from the most wretched of poet-lovers: the eternal collision between life as dreamed and life as encountered.

There was a burst of laughter.

"She'll never guess that," she heard Ruth saying.

"All ready," George called.

"There are five of us, you can go round four times. You must ask questions that can be answered Yes or No."

She began in the traditional way.

"Is it animal?"

"No," said Ruth.

"Is it vegetable?"

"Yes," said Phyllis.

"Is it in this room?"

"Yes," said Ben.

The part of her that was asking questions seemed separate from her racing undertow of feeling. She was the frightened child who was shy about games because she was always playing and watching simultaneously. What should she ask? It was vegetable and in the room. She had a preposterous eagerness to say something wildly absurd, she was weary of telling lies. If it had been Animal, she might have said "Is it George's love for me?" Their faces would have been comic. But it was Vegetable. . . . *My vegetable love shall grow vaster than empires and more slow* . . . but if I quote that it will have to be explained. Why do poems insist on coming into the mind at instants of trouble?

"Is it Mr. Brook's cigar?"

"No," said George.

"Is it associated with some person in this room?"

"Yes," said Martin. A little self-consciously, she thought.

"Look here," George interrupted, "that answer of Phyl's wasn't quite right. Is it fair to say it's vegetable?"

"It was vegetable, vegetable in origin," Phyllis protested.

"Yes, but in a way it's animal too. It's *becoming* animal."

"Is it—anyone's affection for anyone else?" Joyce demanded promptly.

"No," said Ruth, amid general laughter.

"The difficulty with this game," said Phyllis, "is that there are so many questions you can't answer with just Yes or No."

"That's why it's a good game," said George. "It's like life."

Joyce tried to recapitulate. It was in this room, associated with a person, it was vegetable in origin but becoming animal . . . but how absurd.

Perhaps they mean becoming *to* an animal, she thought.

"Is it Mrs. Granville's silver dress?"

"No."

"Is it anything to wear?"

"No."

"Is it associated with a man or a woman?"

"I can't answer that with Yes or No," said George.

"Well, with a man?"

"Yes."

"Is it something I can see now?" she asked, looking directly at him.

"You're asking him twice," Martin said. "It's my turn."

Why did her mind keep straying away? Standing in the middle of the circle, she could feel them surrounding her, desiring her to divine this thing. Perhaps it was something she didn't want to guess, something that would mean—

She repeated the question, looking at Martin this time.

"No," he said, smiling.

Her mind was a blank. She went round the group again, asking almost at random. The succession of Noes had a curiously numbing effect. But she knew, without having put the question directly, that it was something connected with Martin.

She came to Ben, on the last time round. She stared at his white canvas shoes, trying to think.

"Is it . . . is it . . ."

She turned away from the strong

scent of his cigar. The glimmer of colored light on the dining-room table caught and held her. It suggested—

"Something to do with a cake?"

"Yes," said Ben, amazed.

They were all startled, for her last attempts had been far off the track.

"Two more tries," said George, encouraging her.

She had a queer sensation that the back of her dress was open, and reached unconsciously to button it. How silly, of course it's not open, it fastens on the shoulder. . . . A cake, a cake . . . there was a warm whiff of burning candles in the room. She knew now what it must be; what he had begun to tell her in the garden. . . . They were all crowding round her, tall people, voices coming down from above, wanting her to explain. Two more questions . . . *one* would do! Martin was standing behind George, he looked eager and yet anxious. She remembered now: the mouse, the mouse she had brought him; it was such a little thing; chosen and cherished for her difficult own; and the joy of giving away what was dearest . . . joy embittered by hostile scrutiny. . . .

Everything was all tangled up together. What had she given, a mouse to Martin or her truth to George? Oh the pride, the fierce pride of now telling her pitiable secret. She could see the stripy pattern of George's coat, she smiled to think that she knew exactly how it smelled. George looked eager and yet anxious—

No, George, no! her mind was crying miserably. It wasn't you, it wasn't you; I gave it to *him*—

She must not tell him that she had guessed it. George must be spared this last inconceivable edge of irony; and Martin must go away before either of them found out.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't get it."

George caught her arm as she swayed.

"I'll don't feel very well. Please forgive me. I think I'll go to bed."

"I knew she wouldn't guess it," said Ruth.

"Of course it wasn't really fair," said George. "She couldn't possibly know about the slice of cake Mr. Martin had. But it was queer how close she came."

## XV

George stood uneasily on the landing, half-way up the stair. The house seemed overpopulated. Upstairs was a regular dormitory, he thought angrily; all down the long passage he could hear the stealthy movement of people going to bed: doors opening cautiously, reconnoiterings to see whether the bathroom trail was clear. And the ground floor was worse: Joyce in the sitting room filled the whole place with her presence. He could not stay in the hall, the dining room, or the porch without being in sight or hearing of her sanctuary. Against his will he lingered on the thought of her there, the small ugly chamber transfigured by her intimacy. Even the dull brown wood of the door was different now, it thrilled him with unbearable meaning, his mind pierced through it and saw her loveliness—perhaps tormented like himself with farcical horrors. It was unbearable to think of her going away into the dark nothing of these empty hours, un comforted. Why couldn't he go and tuck her in like one of the children? She seemed to him just that, a frightened child who had somehow crept into his arms. She was there, divided from him only by that senseless panel. He imagined her prostrate on the couch in a quiver of silent tears; she, exquisite, made for delight, whose pitiful reality had shaken his solid well-carpentered life into this crazy totter.

My God, he reflected, I thought I had got beyond this sort of thing.

There was a creak at the stairhead; he saw her above him, shadowy against the bay window. In her translucent wrap she was delicately sketched in cloudy brightness, young and firm of



outline. So the door had been mocking him. With a twinge of self-disgust he shrank, stumbled down the stairs, tip-toed out, and took refuge at the far end of the garden.

A splinter of light drew him to the table under the pine trees. The jug and glasses, left there since lunch time—mutely pathetic, as forgotten things always are. There was still a heeltap of tea in one of the tumblers; he drank it and found it sirupy with sugar. It's a mistake, he thought, to eat sweet things late at night: they turn to sour in the morning. Night is the time for something bitter.

In the house yellow squares flashed on and off. Downstairs he could see Joyce's shadow against the blind. At the other end of the building, in the gable, the spare-room window went dark. Martin had slipped off to bed rather oddly after their game. In the embarrassment of Joyce's momentary dizziness he had simply gone, without a word. George found himself thinking that much of the evening's difficulty was due to this bumpkin stranger. He was probably well meaning, but either with his idiotic pleasantries or a silent smirk of censure he had a gift for blighting things. There was nothing about him that you could put precise finger on, but he had a way of making one feel guilty. How queerly, too, he had looked at Joyce.

The evening was changing. The air had shifted toward the northwest; suddenly, over the comb of the overhanging dune, a silvery spinnaker of cloud came drifting. It was like a great puff of steam, so close and silent it frightened him. For an instant, passing under the moon, this lovely island of softness darkened the night to a foggy gray. It was something strange, a secret between himself and the weather, encouraging his silly wits not to be afraid of the desperate magic of fancy, the fear and tenderness hidden in men's hearts.

He turned again toward the house and saw that now Joyce's window was black.

She was there, at rest; he blessed her being in that little room. He had thought of it only as opening into the main thoroughfare of the house; but it was open, too, into the garden and freedom. What did the door matter! She was there, shining. He could speak to her. He imagined her voice, her trembling husky whisper, when she heard him at the sill. Why is kindness always whispered, while anger is so loud? How delightful if people *shouted* "I love you!" as though it were an insult. Glorious, to stand under the window and halloo it at her, watch the house rouse with scandalized life! Ah, what friends we might have been if they hadn't made us whisper. Why did they force us to be lovers?

Then he remembered—the accurate circumstantial memory of the householder. The window was screened. To speak to her through a wire mesh—intolerable. Besides, it might only make matters worse. He could never tell her his own joy, and might merely smirch hers. They might only struggle dumbly in the grotesque antic of spirits whose moods cannot mingle. The moment had passed. Life had gone by him, while he was fretting over paltry trifles, and left him a drudge. There was nothing to do but go indoors and work on the booklet. How exciting that brochure would be, what marvellous Advertising, if he could really tell what summer was like at the Island. Why, the company would have to run special trains. The very aisles would be packed, people sitting on up-ended suitcases, if they knew that this dangerous coast was the place where Temptation really broke through . . . where the old Demiurge laid his cards on the table. It would become a Resort—yes, an asylum for lunatics, people ridiculed by transfusions of the moon. How a poet might write it, telling the color of that world. Warm tawny flanks of sandhills, sprawled like panthers. The sun a coal of topaz, veiled in white flame that sheeted the whole summit of sky.

Light so fierce one never looked upward. Wherever one turned was a burning and a glitter; the air was a lens and gathered all its rays into one stream. Always one's knuckles were sweet with salty smell. Repressed thunder yawning in the blue elixir of afternoon: deep deep afternoon, penetrated with lawless beauty. The small sorry whisper of the wind sang it in the keen scimitar grasses; smooth beams of driftwood, faded by the sea, felt it; sandpipers, drunk with it, staggered on twiggy legs. Bronzed thighs and shoulders, shining in the green shallows marbled with foam. . . .

The transitive billow of cloud slipped away beyond the roof; again the strong resinous air was clarified, streamed with gracious light. His mind almost smiled at his fatuity: the sentiment did not graduate into an actual smile, but spent itself in a tiny whiff of self-deprecation through his nostrils. He stretched upward, raising his arms, standing tiptoed, feeling the calf-tendons tighten and coolness in his fingers as the blood sank. His hands met a low limb that reached across his head. He gripped it and chinned himself. There was good animal satisfaction in feeling the quiver in the biceps, the hanging weight of his body. Well, we're not done for yet, he said to himself. No sir, not yet. He capered a few dance steps on the silky floor of needles, and pulled out his pipe. . . .

She was coming. He saw her coming, swiftly across the lawn. No, not swiftly; evenly was the word; unquestionably; as he had always known she would come. His mouth was open to warn her of the croquet hoops, but she passed surely among them. When he saw her face he knew this was something not to be spoiled by words. Her face was enough.

In that unreasonable glamour she was pure fable: the marble (Oh, too cold, too hard a word) come to life. There was no pang, no trouble, no desire; he knew only that there is some answer to

the gorgeous secret—the secret that the world is in conspiracy to deny—No, not to deny; more cunning than that: to admit and pass heedless on. There was meaning in everything; significance in the shapes of things. The black plumes and pinnacles of the trees were fashioned exactly so, could never have been otherwise.

They were away from rooms and roofs. They were on the beach; the tide was far ebbcd, they ran over mirrors of sand, they were in sparkling black water milder than air. Still there were no words; their white bodies gleamed in silver, laved in snowy fans of surf. They were just themselves, chafing impediments were gone; nothing was between them, and they wanted nothing. They ran, breathing warmly, to burrow in the powdery cliff, where the acid smell of sharp grasses sifted down from the dunes. They lay in a hollow of sand; she curled against him, nestled smoothly close—he could feel her thrilling with small quivers of joy. There was no pang, no trouble, no desire; only peace.

Everything else they had ever known had been only an interruption. This had always been happening, underneath. It was the unknown music for which their poem had been written. They were quit of the pinch of Time, the facetious nudge of Custom. Quietness was in them, satient like fresh water in a thirsty throat. Here was the fulfilment men plot and swink for; and how different from crude anticipation. What could there be now but pity and kindness? Here was triumph: Man, the experimenting artist, had created fantasy above the grasp of his audience, Nature. Like any true artist, he must always play a little above his audience's head.

"Now I'm going to tell you the truth," he said happily, and waited a moment, for the luxury of her voice.

She was silent. He turned to look; her face was anxious.

"Why is it," he said gently, "that when you announce you're going to tell



the truth, people always expect something disagreeable?"

Then he knew that the sand was chill and gritty. A breeze was blowing, the light was dim and meager. This was not the glad forgiving sun but the cold and glassy moon.

"No, no!" she cried. "You must never tell the truth in a dream. If you do . . . it happens."

"But this was a lovely truth," he began. A window snapped into brightness beside him, just above his head. Phyllis was looking from the pantry.

"George! What on earth are you muttering about, out there? Come in and help me cut sandwiches."

## XVI

He was startled to find Phyllis at work in her nightgown. Another hallucination perhaps, he thought sardonically. Everything seems to burlesque everything else.

She had thrown aside her blue quilted wrapper and was busy slicing and spreading. The table was crowded with bread, ham, beef, lettuce, mustard, jam, and cheese. The Picnic. George had forgotten the menace of the Picnic. It struck him as pathetic to see her valiantly preparing the details of this festival which was already doomed and damned. She was chopping off little brown corners of crust. Wasteful, as usual; besides, the crust is the best part. He managed not to say so, remembering that he had made the remark every time he had ever seen her cut sandwiches. The lace yoke at her neck had two tiny buds of blue ribbon stitched in it. There was something pitifully nuptial about them. How soft and young she was in her flimsy robe. Her eyes were smudged with fatigue. How beautiful she would have looked to any other man.

"My dear child, cutting sandwiches in your best nightgown."

"I haven't anything better to do in it, have I?"

"Yes, you have. Go to bed in it."

He held the wrapper for her.

"Put this on. I'll open the door. Whew, it's hot in here. I'll finish all this for you."

The blade of the long carving knife continued, small definite crunches.

"You can have your sardines. . . I found a box in the pantry. There isn't any key for them, you'll have to use the can-opener."

The warm kitchen air was like a stupor. This was the steady heart of the house. Ghostly moonlight might wash up to the sill, fragile fancies pervade other rooms: here strong central life went calmly on. In the range red coals slept deep, covered and nourished for the long night. The tall boiler, its silvery paint flaked and dulled, gave off drowsy heat. Under the table the cat Virginia, who was not to be shocked, lay solidly upright with her paws tucked in, sated with scraps, vibrating a strong stupid purr. The high grimed ceiling was speckled with motionless flies, roosting there after a hard day. Packages of groceries, series of yellow bowls and platters were ranged on the shelves in comfortable order. This was not a modern kitchen, shiny, white, and sterile like a hospital. It was old, ugly, inconvenient, strong with the memory of meals arduously prepared—meals of long ago, for people now vanished.

"The weather's changing," he said. "I don't know if to-morrow will be fine or not."

He wondered at himself: able to speak so lightly, as if everything was usual. His mind was still trudging back, up clogging sandhills, from a phantom bend of shore.

"If it rains we'll have our sandwiches at home. I've promised Lizzie the day off."

He saw a quick horrible picture of the Picnic spread in the dining room, rain driving outside, the children peevish, themselves angrily mute.

"There's cold chicken in the ice-box; please get it out and slice it for salad

sandwiches. I don't think Mr. Martin cares much for beef, I noticed at lunch."

"What does he think he is? Some kind of Messiah? If he doesn't like our ways, what did he come butting in for?"

He checked himself. The moment was ripe for quarrel, the gross mustard-sharpened air seemed to suggest it. He put the carcass of fowl on the scrubbed drain-board by the sink and began to carve. Standing so, his back was toward her. He made some pretext to turn, hoping to divine her mood; but her face was averted. There was ominous restraint in the shape of her back. The anticlimax of all this, the delicatessen-shop smell, after his ecstasy in the garden, fretted his nerves. Brutal shouts of wrath clamored in his mind. It was infuriating to see her so appealing: can't one *ever* get away from it, must a man love even his wife? He wanted to ask her this, but feared she would miss the humor of it. He longed to horrify her with his rage, so that he could get rid of it and then show the tenderness he secretly felt. Certainly I'm the colossus of sentimentalists, he thought. I can turn directly from one kind of love to another. Queer, the way it looks now it's my feeling for Joyce that is disinterested and pure, my love for Phyl that's really carnal. How did this morality business get so mixed up?

He amused himself by putting the slivers of chicken in two piles: the dark meat for Martin, the white for Joyce. How white she had been in the surf. . . . But that was only a dream. This is real, this is earnest. This is Now, I'm cutting sandwiches for the Picnic. This is what time is doing to me; what is it doing to *her*? How did our two Times get all knotted up together? He found himself affectionately stroking a smooth slice of chicken-breast.

There was something in Phyllis's silence that pricked him. He looked uneasily over his shoulder. She had sat down in the chair by the table, her chin

leaning on one wrist, watching him. He went to her and touched her shoulder gently.

"Go to bed, Phyl dear."

"George, can't we get away from this house?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Get away. Take me away, George; we'll take the children and go. Tonight. Before anybody wakes up."

She rose suddenly.

"I'm frightened. Take me away. George, I can't live through to-morrow, not if it's like to-day."

Just the way I feel, he thought.

"There, there, little frog, you're all frazzled out. It'll be all right, don't worry. Go and get your sleep."

"No, I'm not tired. I wish I were. I'm all burning up with *not* being tired. George, we could take the babies and just get in the car and go. Go anywhere, anywhere where there isn't anybody. We'll take Miss Clyde with us if you like. She's frightened too."

"Don't be absurd."

"George, it would be such fun; when they all came down to breakfast, Ben and Ruth and Mr. Martin, we just shouldn't be here. Never come back, never see this place again."

"You're raving, Phyl. Why, I took this house specially for you. Besides, you know I can't go away now, I've got this booklet to finish."

She looked so miserable, so desperate, his anger began to throb.

"You can write a booklet about something else. You know you can, they're all crazy to get your stuff. George, you're so big and clever, you can do anything. Miss Clyde can illustrate it. I don't mind your loving her, I'll be sensible, just take us away before the Picnic. Go and wake her now, she can go in her wrapper, you'll like that."

"Damnation," he burst out, "don't talk such tripe. I believe you're crazy. It's this half-wit Martin who's got on your nerves. I've got a mind to wake *him* up, throw him out of the house. What the devil did you ask him in for?"



"It's my fault. But he's changed so, since this morning. We've all changed. We're not the same people we were."

She pushed her arms up inside the sleeves of his coat and caught his elbows. He remembered that cherished way of hers, unconscious appeal to old tenderness. He looked down on the top of her head, into the warm hollow where his head had lain. Her neck's prettier than Joyce's, he thought bitterly.

"It's queer *you* should hate him so," she said.

"What do you mean?" He pulled his arms away.

"Oh, I don't know what I mean. Perhaps he—perhaps he *is* what you said."

"What, a half-wit?"

"A kind of Messiah. They come to make silly people unhappy, don't they?"

He looked at her in cold amazement and disgust. Only a few moments ago he had been afraid of her; but now, by showing her poor thoughts, she had put herself at his mercy.

"You go to bed," he said. "I'm sick of this nonsense." He gripped her shoulders roughly and pushed her toward the door.

"Please, just let me put away the sandwiches. I want to wrap them in wet napkins so they'll keep fresh."

"Forget the damn sandwiches."

"Not damn, *ham* sandwiches." She couldn't help laughing. It was so paltry to have him propelling her like a punishable child.

"Ham, jam, or damn, forget them!" he cried, raging. "You and your Messiah have ruined this Picnic anyhow. You spoiled it because you knew I looked forward to it. You've plotted against it, sneered at me and at Joyce because you knew I admired her."

"Admired her! Oh, is that the word?"

The little sarcasm hummed like a tuning fork in some silent chamber of his mind.

"You fool," he said. "Are you trying to push her into my arms?"

"I guess she can find the way without pushing."

"Well, you *are* a fool," he said slowly, in a dull voice that struck her deeper than any temper could have done. "You throw away love as if it was breadcrusts."

With a furious sweep he was about to hurl the neat piles of her handiwork on the floor. In one last salvage of decency he altered the course of his hand. He seized a fistful of the little brown strips of crust and flung them wildly across the room. The carving knife clattered off the table.

"You're frightening Virginia," was all she said.

Anger, the red and yellow clown, burst through the tight paper hoop of his mind and played grotesque unlaughable capers. Bewildered by his own ferocity, he strode to the corner, swung open the door of the back stairs and pointed savagely upward. She went without another word. Her blue eyes were very large and dark, they faced him with the unwavering defiance he detested and admired. Good old Phyl, he couldn't help thinking. She's unbeatable. Now, as usual, he had put himself in the wrong. He crashed the door behind her, and stood listening to her slow steps.

He soothed the cat with some sardine-tails, finished making the chicken sandwiches, wrapped them carefully as Phylis had suggested. I wonder what we'll be thinking when we eat them? As he put them away in the ice-box he noticed the cocoanut cake on a shelf. With a sense of retaliation he cut himself a thick slice. He became aware of the scrambling tick of the alarm clock on the dresser. A quarter past eleven. The house was thrillingly still. The serenely dormant kitchen slowly sobered the buffoon dancing in his brain.

He fetched his precious bottle of Sherwood and poured a minim dose. The golden drug saluted him gently. In this fluid too the flagrant miracle lay hidden, the privy atom of truth and

fury. The guest of honor, he thought ironically, feeling his vitals play host to that courteous warmth. The guest of honor, always expelled. A spark falls into your soul. Shall you cherish it, shelter it to clear consuming flame, or shall you hurry to stamp it out? Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? The smell of burning cloth is mighty disagreeable. Vacantly he studied the label on the bottle. *Manufactured prior to Jan. 17, 1920. These spirits were tax paid at the non-beverage rate FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES ONLY. Sale or use for other purposes will subject the seller or user to very heavy penalties.* Well certainly this is a Medicinal Use, he thought. "If ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me." Where did the phrase come from? . . . Yes, old Billy Bones, in *Treasure Island*.

Well, these foolishnesses would have blown over by to-morrow. Do a little work on the booklet and then turn in. He must get the thing done, earn some money. The gruesome burden of expenses. How little Phyllis realizes the load a man's mind carries. I suppose she carries one too, poor child. Every mind carries the weight of the whole world.

He was on hands and knees, picking up the scraps of crust that had fallen under the boiler. In a luxurious self-pity he found himself humming a hymn tune. Blessed solitude, where a man can sing to himself and admire the sweet sorrow of his own cadence! An almost forgotten poem came into his head and fitted pleasantly to the air.

"The Silver Girl she came to me when spring  
was dancing green,  
She said, 'I've come to wait on you and keep  
your cabin clean;  
To wash your face and hands and feet, and  
make your forehead cool—  
I'll get you into Heaven yet, you Damned  
Old Fool!'"

Something in this appealed nicely to his mood. He allowed himself an encore. His voice, rising behind the

stove, got a good resonance. Then he heard a footfall, a door opening. Ah, he thought, Phyl has come down to say she's sorry for being so crude. Well, I'll let her speak first. I'm tired of always being the one to make advances.

He waited, industriously gathering crusts, though he felt that the posture of Lazarus was not advantageous. There was no word.

"Well," he said impatiently, "have you had enough of your funny business?"

He turned, and saw Nounou's amazed face in the aperture of the back door. With an incoherent murmur he rose, took his bottle, and stalked out of the kitchen.

## XVII

"It would be interesting to speculate," said page 38 of George's treatise, "how such a cheery little town obtained the name Dark Harbor. Perhaps it was due to the scenic background of rugged hills that overlooks the picturesque old fishing port and reflects its invigorating pine woods in the water. At any rate the future of the place is bright indeed. The Eastern Railroad's express service now stops there, and large metropolitan interests have pledged themselves to the erection of a modern caravansary which will supplement the long famous 'folksy' hospitality of the Bayview Hotel. Separated only by a lengthy trestle from the mainland, the Island spreads its varied allure of rolling sand-dunes, pine groves, and broad shallow beaches. Shaped like a crescent, its outward curve is buffeted by the mighty ocean; on the inner side, sheltered from easterly gales by the unique sand-hills, is the comfortable cottage colony where a number of wise people have been vacationing for many years. Many artists have discovered the pictorial charm of the region, and find in the forests or in the maritime life of the Bay subjects for their water colors and oils. Canvases that have later become famous in Acade-



mies and exhibitions have first felt the brush in those shingled studios clustered about the old Inn, renowned for its savory chowder. There is a brilliance in the air, an almost Italian richness of color, in the Island's landscape. It will be many years before so vast a terrain can become crowded, but many new bungalows have been built lately and the newcomers pay tribute to the good taste of those who, a generation ago, divined Dark Harbor's magic as a haven of summer tranquility."

He felt a rational pride in this composition. It was in the genially fulsome vein esteemed by railroad companies. Even if people weren't tranquil in a place so competently described, they ought to be. He thought there was a neatness in that touch about Dark Harbor and its bright future. Phyllis was probably right when she often said it was a shame Mr. Granville should spend his talents in mere publicity work when he might so easily write something famous—fiction for instance. These are my fictions, he always replied, pointing to his private shelf of advertising pamphlets, nearly bound and gilded as his Works.

He had spread out his papers on the dining table, where he could write without seeing Joyce's door. But he couldn't seem to resume the flow of that slick treacly style, which the experienced brochurist can smoothly decant, like a tilted molasses barrel. The discomfiting irony of the last word penetrated him. He changed "Italian richness" to "Italian passion," but that was as far as inspiration carried him. It was vain to remind himself that Walter Scott had written novels all night long, that Napoleon had planned campaigns in the agony of stomach ache, that Elbert Hubbard was never at a loss for a Little Journey. In a nervous fidget he pared his nails, sharpened pencils, rearranged the glasses on the sideboard, emptied Ben's cigar debris from the living-room ashtray. He trod stealthily, in stocking feet, for fear of

disturbing Joyce. Without his usual couch to sleep on, his usual table to work at, he felt homeless. There was a dull pain at the bottom of his ribs. He tried to remember whether he had unduly bolted his food at dinner. Perhaps he was going to have appendicitis.

He had a sort of insane desire to justify his existence, to atone for a day of such incredible futility, by getting some work done. If every possible extraneous trifle could be attended to perhaps his mind might be calmed. He crept upstairs to clean his teeth and found that Phyllis had put his dressing gown and pajamas and slippers on the window seat. Was that a softening overture, or a hint that she did not want him in the bedroom? He tiptoed warily onto the balcony to glance at the children. Even in sleep Sylvia was still the coquette: she lay with one hand curled against her cheek, the most ravishing pose, her face a lovely fragile gravity. Janet was restless, muttering something about bathing.

He undressed, sitting on the window seat. With a vague notion of postponing the struggle with the pamphlet, he went through his routine with unusual care, watching the details. He noticed for the first time his ingenious attempt to retain the tip of each sock, by curling his toes into it, as he removed it. The purpose was evidently to turn the sock completely inside out in the one motion of stripping it off. For the first time in weeks he decided to fold his trousers neatly instead of just throwing them on a chair. He gave them a preliminary shake and found that the sand lodged in the cuffs flew unerringly into his eyes. He discovered that if he tried to put the left leg into his pajamas first, instead of the right, it didn't feel as though he had them on at all. The laundress had managed to let the end of the waist-string vanish inside its little tunnel of hem. It required some very sharp work to creep it out again. What a good booklet could be written, for some pajamas and underwear manufacturer,

on The Technic of Getting Undressed. How pleasant that if you lay out your clothes just in the order of their discarding they are exactly serialized in the correct sequence for dressing to-morrow.

All this, he knew with subtle horror, was just a postponement of something inevitable, something he knew was coming but could not identify. Some great beauty of retribution had him in its onward march.

He was unworthy of the glory of living, he had niggled and haggled, and somewhere in his bunglings he had touched some fatal spring. He had broken some seal, let the genie out of the bottle. The little whiff of fragrant vapor had flowed and spread until it darkened the whole sky. It hung terrible above him and the four tiny Georges cowered beneath it. And behind and within every other thought was Joyce. He could see her, perfect, inaccessible, afraid. This dear device of Nature, this gay simple ingenuity of dividing life into halves and making them hanker for each other! Oh, Joyce, Joyce, it *does* matter. Joyce, I need you so.

A craven impulse tempted him to turn in at once, on the window seat; but its curved shape was not comfortable; moreover how could he possibly sleep? Downstairs the big couch had a lamp by it; he could read and, while reading, think. The principal pleasure, of reading, he had always found, is to fix the attention of the course outer mind, allowing the inner faculty to slip free. As he went down the clock startled him by counting midnight. He timed his step on the creaky treads so that the chime would silence them. But that settled it, he thought. One can *continue* working after twelve, but one can't possibly begin work at that hour. Besides, it's impossible to be conscientious in dressing gown and slippers. Morals, conscience, ambition, all the cunning artifice of custom, are laid aside with the garments of the day.

The sophistries of virtue avail you nothing now. The thing in your heart that you are angriest at and most ashamed of, that is God. And that's what gods are invented for: to be despised and rejected. A god who was honored and welcomed, how unhappy he would be.

He lay down on the couch with a book, but his mind ran wild behind the printed lines. The weight and breathing of the silent house pressed about him. How well he knew that feeling of a house at night. All the others, broken at last by the day's long war of attrition, lost in their silence; himself the sole survivor, gleaning stupidly over the battlefield. Matching his lonely wit against destiny, aware of a shuddering compassion for all this unruly life under his charge. What was it that kept them all going? Only his dreams, his poor busy ideas. For the moment he could feel the whole poor fabric transfigured with truth and tenderness; with love that was furious and clean, with work that was sane and absorbing. What did he really care whether thousands of people did or did not spend their summer on the Great Scenic Route of the Eastern Railroad? Or whether they bedded on the Morrison Mattress, that *Makes Sleep a Career*?

He slipped to his knees beside the sofa, but he could not even pray. He was aware of the door behind him, and of Phyllis in the room overhead. How terrible if anyone should find him on his knees. Praying is only respectable if done in congregations. He remembered those cold evenings long ago, when he and Phyllis couldn't sleep unless she were pressed close behind him, her arm across his chest. And now he was living among strangers. I'll do whatever you tell me, I'll do whatever you tell me. But by heaven he had glimpsed it: he had seen beauty within breath and grasp: too close to mar it by selfishness. No, said his demon, you shan't even have the consolation of fine words. You shall have all the mockery and none of the bliss.



I suppose biology's pulling my leg, he reflected. . . .

He must have been kneeling there a long time. His forehead was numb from pressing on the ridged tapestry of the couch. At least you don't need the light on when you're trying to pray. The bills are big enough as it is. He rose stiffly and snicked off the current.

At the foot of the stair he paused. If Joyce were awake he might hear her stir. His hand gripped the carved newel. He stood a moment, and turned away.

The bedroom was dim. The blinds were not all the way down, dregs of that sparkling moonlight flowed underneath. Phyllis was asleep, he could see her head against the white linen. She lay as she always did, at the far side of the bed, turned away from the door, her arms crossed, one hand perching on her shoulder, the other tucked under the pillow. He went softly round the foot of the bed, stepping aside to avoid her slippers. He knew by instinct exactly where they would be.

Crouched at the bedside, he slid one arm under the pillow to find her hand. His fingers met a small damp handkerchief.

He gathered her into his arms. Out of some far-off vacancy she moved drowsily and welcomed him home. They knew every curve of their old embrace. Here was no fear and no doubting. Here was his consolation. Who was

ever more beautiful? The tiny flattened handkerchief, was it not a pathetic symbol of the bruised mercies of love? Ah, be slow to mock the plain simplest things: good-byes, angers, fidelities, renunciations.

He held her close and more close. Then, with a gruesome pang, he checked the name that was on his lips. In the poor comedy of his heart there was room for but one thought: gratitude to Joyce; Joyce who, in the unstained bravery of her spirit had taught him anew the worth and miracle of love, and whose only reward had been suffering. Her name, so long echoed in his unuttered voice, now filled his mind and terrified him. Here, with Phyllis in his arms, he was thinking of her; this frail ghost of passion came between them. In physical sickness his embrace grew faint. It could not be: the last scruple of his manhood revolted against this consummate deceit.

Still half in dream, Phyllis divined him laggard. She crept closer. "Oh, Martin, Martin," she whispered. "I knew you'd come."

Now he knew where the dark current of the hours had been bearing him. Nothing else was possible. Quietly, without anger or surprise, in the relief of one free to face his destiny, he left the room and went down the stair. His hand was out to turn the knob when he saw that Joyce's door was opening toward him.

TO BE CONCLUDED



## THESE AMERICAN WOMEN

BY REBECCA WEST

THE Englishwoman who visits the United States is at a disadvantage when she seeks to come into relation with the American woman, because she is bound to be paralyzed with nervousness at having to take part in social functions which are quite unlike those given in England, and which are the expressions of a theory of society which is not held in England. I had two intimations of this during the first hour I spent in New York. When I came off the boat I was met by a group of people consisting of several Americans with whom I was to be associated in the enterprise for which I had crossed the Atlantic, and an Englishman who manages my literary business in London and happened to be visiting the States at the time.

While we were waiting for my luggage to go through the customs there appeared an American lady whom I had met in London. I was delighted to see her, for she is a person of a lovely eagerness to know all the best things in the kingdom of the mind, and she expresses her curiosities in a funny, flat, wistful voice that is somehow more childlike than childhood and very endearing; and I thought it very kindly of her to come down to the unattractive pier to greet the newcomer. But I was amazed by her effect on my business associates. They had none of them ever seen her before, they could not know about her mind, and they heard but little of her voice; but they were tremendously impressed by her coming. And gradually I gathered from them that they felt that it was a good thing for me that she had made this demonstration of friendliness,

that it gave me a certain prestige, because she was a very important person in New York society. They evidently felt—and they were shrewd and sensible people—that her recognition was a sort of certificate, the validity of which would not be disputed by the ordinary American.

Now that astonished both my English friend and myself. And the ground of our astonishment was that the incident could not have taken place on the arrival of the boat-train at London. If a group of London business men were waiting for an American woman writer on Waterloo platform, they would not be moved to excitement by the appearance among them of any lady except Queen Mary. The case would have been different, of course, fifteen or twenty years ago. In those days if Teresa, Marchioness of Londonderry, or the Duchess of Devonshire, or any one of a dozen great ladies had swept her largeness down the platform past porters who would have touched their caps as if this had been a country station, and had saluted a visitor from America—any group of business associates that might have already gathered in welcome would have fallen into an awed and gratified hush. Her presence would have been a guarantee that various doors, and those belonging to the most magnificent of the monster stone cubes which line the London squares, would be opened to the visitor in spite of their (since lost) predilection for remaining shut; a considerable number of people who were anxious to placate her would nervously remember to be nice to her protégée; and these



things would have had their effect on the entirely respectful press, who liked to dine in great houses now and then.

But those days died with King Edward. No lady of modern London would make such a reassuring and edifying appearance before a stranger. There is no fixed ballet on the London stage, with prima ballerinas and obedient choruses doing their steps neatly in the hope of being some day advanced to the center of the stage. There is simply a flux of people which sometimes hardens here and there into a set, but which is never sufficiently settled for it to be organizable by a leader. And the press is eating its own very good dinner, thank you. And so if a lady of quality came to meet an American visitor to-day it would mean nothing except that she would introduce the stranger to her own friends, who would take her up if she were amusing and leave her alone if she were not. There would be nothing remotely hieratic about her function.

## II

That first incident made me realize that there were here conditions such as I had not previously encountered; and I realized it again when I bought an American newspaper in the lobby of the Waldorf and found in it the photograph of a lady who was described as "an exclusive social leader" of Chicago. It was, honest Injun, the first time I had ever seen that phrase. It struck me as fantastically foreign, as the extremest statement of the distance between England and America, both then and every time I subsequently saw it (which is to say every time I opened a newspaper during my stay in the United States). For it is a phrase that is never used in England, that is unknown to journalistic vocabulary because the conditions it implies do not exist over there. The word exclusive is never used in that sense, for there is really nothing to exclude people from nowadays and nobody to do it if there were.

The phrase made me feel apprehensive concerning the evidently immense differences in social customs to which I should have to adapt myself; and I should have felt much more apprehensive had I known how fiendishly these differences have been planned by the President of the Immortals to militate against mutual liking on the part of the two countries. For I understand now why English travelers often seem to Americans glacially blank: it is because they are taking part in a social ritual which is utterly strange to them and which numbs them with the constant fear that they are doing or saying the wrong thing. I know too why Americans who visit England frequently think they are treated rudely; they misread as evidences of chilly, casual feeling the lax forms that are all our national informality will permit.

In England, if you do want to do a guest supreme honor you do not give a party for him or her. That must seem to the American an unholy paradox, but it is true. If a person of distinction from a foreign country has presented a letter of introduction to me, I have heretofore given a luncheon-party or a dinner-party to him or her only if it was a matter of admiration and moderate interest. But if I very greatly admired his or her mind and wanted to come into close contact with it, and also if I wanted to be really helpful with suggestions of what and whom to see in England, I would ask him or her to come to see me alone. The luncheon or dinner might follow or not as time permitted, but the intimate conversation would be the real evidence of welcome and good will. This is so much taken for granted that when I recently gave an Englishwoman visiting New York letters of introduction to certain of my friends, she wistfully reported to me that though she had liked them she feared that they had not liked her, for not one of them had ever asked her to see them alone. There one has the neatest possible example of the difference in point of view.

Her hostesses, holding the conception of society as a set and glittering ballet, participation in which is a satisfying function of the normal, would never have dreamed of taking up the time of a celebrity on a brief visit to New York save to give her a party. She, holding practically no conception of society at all, imagined that they gave her parties because they thought it would be tedious to be alone with her.

Since my return to England I have been leading through London life a distinguished and earnest American woman, and I have detected in her very often signs of doubt as to whether we can possibly be at once sincere and such mixers; whether the Liberal journalist can really be so very Liberal and dine so amiably with the Conservative Cabinet Minister, whether the Socialist artist and the coal-owner can really have any differences to sink if they sink them so easily. Her suspicions are quite unfounded, for this is only the social manifestation of that instinct for tolerance which makes England, with all her strong bent for orthodoxy, allow all manner of heretics and rebels to speak their mind every Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park. But I can see that it does start a feeling that we are listless folk, and that this is intensified by our curiously impersonal behavior. We speak about anybody's work except that of ourselves and the stranger's. We may admire the stranger's last book enormously, but we will say so in just a sentence for fear of embarrassing him or her. We will not in any circumstances make any comment on his or her personality, we will not tell him or her in any but the most subtle ways that we like him or her. In England, incredible as it may seem, a woman will drop her voice and say, as one who imparts an indelicacy, "My dear, I know it's bad manners of me to tell you, but I think your gown is perfectly lovely." And if the dinner-party is succeeded by a weekend in the country, the guest will become even more convinced that his or

her hosts find his or her personality lacking in interest. For, not realizing the American's never-ending abundance of vitality, they will think that their visitor will be glad of a rest and will leave him or her about for long spaces of time without making the slightest effort to provide any entertainment. I can understand the American making the return journey across the Atlantic in a state of acute resentment.

We cannot help our behavior. Indeed, it is quite well adapted to contact with our own kind. For instance we do not talk to people about their own work for the reason that English life produces, much more than American, the type of person who works almost entirely in the unconscious. To judge from my own experience, and that of a great many of my friends, the talent of the English author is apt to be localized in his right hand, not above the wrist. He never knows more than vaguely what he thinks about a subject till he comes to write about it. He never remembers what he has noticed in a scene till he comes to describe it. If he wants to give a lecture he moons over the subject in a sort of trance state, and when he comes before the audience he finds in his mouth an address which bears evidence of having been prepared from its consistency with the rest of his work and by its use of his knowledge, but which has been prepared on the other side of the threshold of the conscious mind. If he consciously prepared it, so that he could tell a reporter what he was going to say the morning before his lecture, he would find himself burdened with a discourse which is so little expressive of real feelings and so little characteristic of his mental processes that he would be as likely as not to forget it.

The greatest living English novelist illustrates this national character in an acute form. I am convinced that if Thomas Hardy were to publish an essay on his own novels, the result would be dismissed as the effort of a mind no doubt sincere but far too limited to com-



prehend the vast significances of the great genius. Now the American works far more with his conscious mind. I was always being amazed by the extent to which Americans knew what they were doing, by the way they sat down at their writing table with a perfect knowledge of what their pencils were going to write, by the way they can tell you accurately the thesis of the lecture they are going to give next week. And Mr. Hardy's American contemporary, Mr. Henry James, as aptly illustrates his fellow countrymen's idiosyncrasy by the accurate inventory of himself that he was able to take in the Prefaces to the New York Edition; he showed that he had known what he was doing all the time. This is a real difference between the two peoples, and its practical effect is this unfortunate opposition of opinion concerning one's own work as a topic of conversation.

Our failure to speak out our mind concerning an admired personality springs from something not less profound. It is a remote consequence of the eccentricity which, as I have said before, is a marked characteristic of the English nation. Since we intend to make our personalities just what we please, and to let our neighbors do the same, we school ourselves in an elaborate pretense that our personalities produce no effect on us at all and take one another for granted. This puts us out of the habit of bestowing either praise or blame, and when we wish to break down this inhibition we are hampered by another which springs from our national mania for understatement. That is an offshoot of the irony with which our military past has infused our spirit; for irony is the form of humor that can most easily be practiced by men who are keeping a stiff upper lip on land or sea, and we have done a lot of that.

### III

But I will not attempt to justify my country, for if the Americans only knew it they get their own back. No inhabi-

tant of the United States can guess the bewilderment and panic which comes upon the English visitor when he or she is first introduced to American hospitality. I do not mean that they do not like American parties. They do. They must. For American parties are glorious. And to the woman who cares about women, they are exhilarating. For, always before this business of house-keeping has been a burden to women; but these American women are tossing it up into the air and catching it again as if it were a ball. No German *Hausfrau* ever had a neater house, and no woman since the world began has ever practiced such lavish and involved hospitalities, yet the American hostess looks as free from care as if she had followed the raggle-taggle gypsies. She, and all those present, would in any case be impressive and invigorating to encounter because of their extreme vitality. Nobody born on the other side of the Atlantic can understand what it means for a European to come into a gathering of Americans and find that they all possess that glittering energy which he has encountered before only in individuals and has put down as their fascinating idiosyncrasy. That a whole society should pour out this nervous radiance without cease is just such a revelation of the amazing potentialities of the universe as the idea of radium was at its first discovery.

In England, where society does not do this, when a family goes away for the week-end they go with the firm intention of spending the time quietly with such friends as they may have invited to stay with them. The only time when they seek out their fellows during their visit is when they go to the golf-house or to an infrequent dance. What they want to do is to potter about in their own park or garden, and spend the evening at home. The American habit of building palaces in the country, where the socially established inhabitants of a district can go and spend the entire week-end in one another's society, would

appall the Englishman—partly because he has not the money to pay the subscriptions that such palaces entail but chiefly because he would regard it as a hardship to be so social. And while Americans could not understand that I held Saturday to Monday as sacred, they expected me to hold all sorts of things sacred that in fact I did not. Repeatedly they spoke of extinct social institutions of my country as if they were still inspiringly extant. When I was in America a Duke's daughter was taking part in a theatrical performance in New York, and I was often asked whether English society was not greatly concerned when she took this step, though certainly fifteen years have passed since any such event would have caused a ripple of excitement in London. The thing rises to fantastic heights at times. In a certain Middle-Western town I learned that when the daughter of a leading citizen had been married, a week or so earlier, she had worn for that great day the dress she had worn on the great night when she danced with the Prince of Wales. . . .

Was it right of the American woman to be quite so social? Was her gregariousness simply the trivial enjoyment which was all that a limited imagination could distill from her unequaled material advantages? There existed a great many American novels to tell me that it was. But I did not believe it, because she bore in most cases unmistakable signs of belonging to the race of those who give themselves away. The proof of that lies in her gratuitous feminism, so magnificently undictated by her circumstances. She had such a chance as was never offered woman before of being comfortably and securely kept, and she has not taken it. Passivity, which is the most sensible course, could have been hers in the most attractive conditions; and she is about as passive as Napoleon. If one were told of a country where a greater proportion of men than the world has ever seen enjoyed ample means, one might be tempted to guess

that the women of the country would be very largely parasitic on the male and would behave as parasites do: moving about to extract nourishment from their hosts but avoiding any incautious movement that would lead to expulsion. But in fact the American woman does neither of these things. She is as little a parasite as any other woman in the world; and she adjusts herself far less than any other woman to suit what men think of her. She loves men. What is more remarkable to the European observer, she likes them. But she does not surrender the sacredness of her own. Even the little amateur vamp (*scuola di Gloria Swanson*) though obviously richly responsive to the idea of sexual love, shows, in the way she holds up her chin as she talks to her boy and never lets her little shrill voice dip into acquiescence, that she would preserve the integrity of her standards from interference by the other sex as any strong-spirited boy would do.

No. If American women go in for society there must be something in it. And when one looks into the case one finds there is. Merely a good part of the politics of future America, merely a wholly necessary part of the art of future America.

#### IV

The channel through which so much of the American woman's social activity flows—the Woman's Club—seemed to me to be of immense importance politically because its routine is planned to be compatible with the domestic arrangements of married women. It has recently become obvious that the reason women have not produced nearly so many of the great as men have is, not that what we regard as the characteristically masculine activities demand different powers from those demanded by the characteristically feminine activities of wifedom or motherhood, but that they demand the same. For now that the raising of the marriage age and the lowering of the birth rate allow more



women to follow at any rate the initial stages of an artistic and scientific occupation, we find that the women who show most promise are usually those who are most sexually attractive. To take a conspicuous instance, there are probably no more beautiful women in England than our finest woman pianist and 'cellist of the younger generation. In fact, the women who would make the best artists, scientists, or politicians are the very ones who are most inevitably called to another career which is usually incompatible with any other. In the past this coincidence of sexual and creative powers meant utter frustration of feminine talent, since these were the very women who were most certainly doomed to marry young and be bound to such an unrelenting toil of childbearing, child-rearing, and housework that when their children were grown up they were in most cases too tired to do anything but rest.

Nowadays the physical conditions of life are so much improved that it is no more natural for a woman to be exhausted at the age of forty-five, after having been a wife and a mother, than it is for a man to be exhausted at that age after having practiced as a lawyer or doctor. We must resign ourselves to the fact that, in spite of this improvement, it will be very difficult for such a woman to return to the practice of an art or a science. She will have forgotten its technic, and since domestic life calls (above all things) for a chameleon adaptability of mind that can shift from object to object as emergency dictates, she will have impaired her power of concentration. But there are other careers, and in particular there is the political career. This is the ideal field for the middle-aged woman who has acquired a sense of values by many years spent in the cultivation of human relationships, if only she has meanwhile kept in touch with affairs. That is an immensely difficult condition; and the woman's club seems to me the best device yet framed for fulfilling it.

The development of this device in the

United States may be due to the fact that in one important respect it has better material to work on than it would have in England. American women do not dislike men as much as Englishwomen do. Englishwomen probably love men more for, owing to the more sedative airs of Great Britain, they are apt to sit still and feel, while the exhilarated Americans run about and receive new impressions. But they do not like men. It may be objected that I am speaking of my friends, who will be alleged to be disgruntled intellectuals. But it is precisely not of that type that I am speaking; I maintain that the ordinary, domesticated, upper- and middle-class Englishwoman feels a bitter resentment against her menfolk as perfect nuisances to whom she has been unfairly bound by her natural affections. This is a consequence of the ridiculous English custom of sending boys away to boarding schools from the ages of eight or nine. They have not had enough of their mother at that age; they go away from her to a life of much greater physical hardship than they have known at home, and they make her a symbol of the comfort and childish irresponsibility they have left behind them. As a result the average Englishman is always attempting to make his relationships with women replicas of the relationship with his mother, and to that end he behaves like a child, with the selfishness and unreasonableness and lack of self-control that are characteristic of children.

There exists a considerable body of literature, the most conspicuous examples of which are written by Barrie, which glorifies this tendency as something touching and lovable and productive of great emotional satisfaction in women. It is in fact a neurosis which is loathsome to women. Nobody has a right to behave like a child except a child. It is a theft from real childhood, for a woman who has constantly to be mothering her husband has not so much time or energy to mother her children. This falsification of one of the

most important relationships of her adult life leaves the English middle-aged woman very often much more spiritually exhausted than the American woman of the same age. This is the great advantage the American woman has over the Englishwoman. They seem to me to start fairly equal. Indeed, if anything, the young English girl of this particular moment has the advantage over her American equivalent, for she does much more walking in the open air (since she rarely possesses an automobile) and this gives her a fresher and fitter look. But the number of serenely energetic American women between forty-five and sixty-five far surpasses the number in England who manage to preserve the integrity of their nervous system.

Certainly the United States has need of these and any other women who will take an interest in politics. I have often suspected from the condition of European affairs that incapacity for political thought and action ought to be scheduled as a tertiary sexual characteristic of man. Although Englishmen think and talk perpetually of politics (from a necessity I mentioned in my previous article) masculine achievement is so far below its usual level in this one department of life that it seems obvious that, in handling it, man is working against his true nature. It would have been impossible, for example, for Mussolini to have been tolerated in any other sphere. If a similar charlatan had appeared in medicine, in literature, in art, or in law he would have been swept away in a flood of criticism; but he was able to get away with *Fascismo*, which ranks as the governmental equivalent of Doctor Abrams' electric box, because so few people are sufficiently at home with the principles of politics to be able to indulge in the kind of positive and fearless criticism that alone impresses public opinion.

My incredulity concerning the masculine aptitude for these matters was enormously increased when I visited the United States and saw how American

men, compelled by the need of their country for economic exploitation to take less interest in politics than the European, overshoot the mark and take none at all; and my suspicion that women have more aptitude for the work—based on observation of the way the emancipated Englishwoman takes to politics, at the first opportunity, as a duck takes to water—was as enormously increased when I saw how an otherwise politically barren land blossoms forth from coast to coast in Leagues of Women Voters. Indeed, it is almost beside the point to discuss whether the women of the United States have a special aptitude for the work, since they are the only people who seem to be ready to do it. And there are the vast carcasses of Russia and China—sprawling helplessly over the map, magnificently endowed with population and natural wealth but insufficiently innervated by governmental systems—to prove what happens to a country that is not a political entity.

## V

But the American woman's social activities are most admirable when they are merely social. It is then that she is taking care of the art of future America. Because in the course of these merely social activities, "exclusive social leaders" emerge, prominent families, an aristocracy, a class system. And being English, I know how useful a class system is. It is a silly thing in itself, but a most useful defense mechanism. Genius, once the necessary irritant has been introduced into its imagination, can develop anywhere. If one had given Shakespeare a few years in Warwickshire and then put him on an iceberg with no company but polar bears, he probably would have led a richly satisfying creative life. Reading a Yorkshire vicarage for an iceberg and curates for Polar bears, as spare an environment nourished the Brontës and did not starve them, because they had read a few books. But mere talent cannot perform such miracles of self-suste-



nance. It is not sure of itself. It loses faith in the standards of the intellect. God forgive it, it reads its press clippings, and studies its book sales, not because it wants to know how much money it is going to make but to see whether people think well of it. It has, therefore, a great need to be able to fall back on some useful myth of rightness and authority. And if there is a class system it says to itself, "Well, the people may giggle, but that simply shows how absurd they are, for I am the right sort of person, for I am a Smith of Mympton Parva."

Who doubts it should look at the part which Ireland has played in English literature. Ireland has the class system in a very emphatic form, owing to the circumstances of its conquest. There one has an Anglo-Irish, Protestant ruling class who came over from England to live on lands granted them by the Tudors or the Stuarts or Cromwell, and were imbued with an unequaled sense of snobbery because they were always contrasting themselves with the native Irish whom they had defeated in battle, who were of a different religion, of inferior education, and in less prosperous circumstances. This snobbery has now effloresced into the most amazing growth of the sort that the world has ever seen. There never have been, there are not, there probably never will be again such snobs as the Anglo-Irish. Now most of them are merely snobs, but some of them have stepped out of their ranks and written nearly all the good comedy and satire that has been written in English. Swift, Sheridan, Oscar Wilde, Synge, and George Bernard Shaw are all of that blood. They were able to laugh at life because they were lords of life. Shaw himself has described the way it works in a passage wherein he describes how he has missed much of the misery of life because he has always been quite sure that he was a gentleman; even when he was so poor that he had to wear a hat which made the passer-by wonder if he had snatched it off a dustbin, he never

doubted that he was a gentleman. What is more important, is that he never doubted, however unpopular a truth lay on his lips. If you doubt what value that assurance was to him and others of his stock, you need only refer to the different destiny of the native Irish who, though of infinitely more sympathetic and ardent character, have created little literature of positive force and practically no satire at all; and have consistently been guided by the beautiful but fatal morality, which governs slaves of noble character, to choose as their medium for self-expression rebellions whose foreseen climax is sacrifice.

England is covered with persons who carry themselves proudly because they are second cousins to baronets. They may jeer at their emotion, they may advocate measures which are hostile to whatever interests baronets as a class may have, but the defense mechanism is there and they avail themselves of it in their inevitable moments of weakness. Moreover, since titles themselves have become discredited (owing to the free purchase of such from the political parties by vulgar people) the emphasis is now laid on the element of continuity; and that the people have always had. The cottager has always been proud that his name is in the parish register and on the churchyard graves with dates of long past centuries beside it. His pride is stouter now that he feels no real conviction that the squire and parson are of better clay than himself. It makes us a confident people, who can give away to the national tendency to experiment and try such new forms as the Labor Government.

A world devoid of such defense mechanisms would be safe only for genius; and they are created by the merely social activities of women—by "getting together" that seemed, no doubt, pointless at the time.

## VI

It is magnificent to see American women working to make their national

equivalent of this defense mechanism. There was a city in upper New York State where I spent some days which I shall never forget, because of the different sorts of very intense and beautiful impressions they gave me. My hostess was a person who alone might have contented me with my visit. She had that enchantment which belongs to women who could have been great actresses if they had gone on the stage, but who have never acted and therefore pervade any hour of their week with the magic that they would otherwise have concentrated on six evening performances and a *matinée*. One could never tell when she would not delight one with a significant movement, a significant inflection, which for the moment promised that chaotic life was going to resolve itself into a drama with a meaning.

This had once been a frontier town. It was still a frontier town. Its frontier quality had been built enduringly into its houses, it had been bred into its women. For my hostess and her friends were tall and far-gazing, as is to be expected from the descendants of a stock selected by its adventurousness; and they spoke with the real Yankee drawl, which is one of the most aristocratic accents in the world—since it is charged with noble history, being essentially an echo and an inheritance from the voice of a brave man discomfiting peril and cheering himself by ridiculing it. And they had evidently perpetuated in the social life of their town that amity of frontier life which must have been as fine as its sternness. There was a village atmosphere—and by this I mean something opposed to the unneighborly indifference of urban life—which, despite the expansion, curiously persisted in the long avenues of neat frame houses that look unrelated enough in other towns. The place dwells in my mind as being as exquisite an entity as Chester or Shaftesbury, though it had hardly any looks at all. It was as satisfying in its refreshment of one's deep need for reassurance

that this terrestrial thing is worth while. It was strange and mystical to perceive how this entity was the creation of these club women. I do not merely mean that by their cultivation of the social arts they were able to present themselves and their surroundings in the best possible light and present the happiest interpretation of everything. They were responsible for the quality of the life and the power of its being. By forming so close and active a society, they had kept within the country of their childhood and had not been deprived by time of their frontier heritage; and their community, keeping in touch with its past, had roots and was strong.

That was good, and it was not unique. There was a Middle-Western town which was specially memorable because it possessed so apt an architectural symbol of its social life. It was a dull town, with skyscrapers that looked like giant petrol cans and suburbs of frame houses that were as monotonous as hencoops; but it contained a public library which might have stood beside the temples of Pæstum and not made the ancients too greatly angered with the New World. Also it contained a society, not less classic nor less beautiful than the library, which presented to the world a balanced conception of life in which the pursuit of economic ends was plainly given no false prestige, but thought did not insolently withdraw itself from the common man. A hundred years ago there was nothing there at all save the prairie. It was in this town, miraculous to the European mind, that the young lady had been married in the dress in which she had danced with the Prince of Wales. Looking at the gay yet scrupulous faces of my hostesses as they performed, so much more earnestly than Englishwomen would have done (who have not had to perform such miracles), their masque of hospitality—and thinking how they had created this graciousness by merely living, it seemed to me that her sense of romance had been too remote.





## THE FETISH OF THE JOB

ANONYMOUS

The author of this article has held several important executive positions: she has been the editor of a magazine and has been prominently connected with a national welfare organization. We can vouch for the truth of this account of her revolt.—*The Editors.*

A FEW months ago I threw off the burden of a lie with which I have struggled for fifteen years; a lie which has distorted my whole life; a lie which has kept me spiritually a coward, although outwardly I am a glossy, successful business woman. That lie is the myth of The Job.

It began when I was a little girl. We were poor people, and ever since I was old enough to understand the talk it was always about jobs—losing jobs, getting a new job, somebody having a better job than you, somebody taking your job away from you. Having a job seemed to be what life was for. Not having it was failure and death. Never an intimation of any purpose or reason in life beyond the job. It was nicer, of course, if one got a job one liked, but always the best job for a person was the job that paid the most money.

Now we had not always been poor. My father and mother had come from a country where there was leisure and tradition and certainty for them. Here there was nothing for which their easy, lazy manner of living fitted them, and probably it was because it was hard for them to make a living that we heard so much about jobs.

It was no better at school. When it was time to graduate from grammar school my teacher called each of us separately to her desk and asked us, little children of thirteen and fourteen, what we were going to do. Everybody was

going to do something—study stenography or be an errand girl or an office boy or a tailor's apprentice. A few were going on to high school. I wanted to go to high school. But that whole school term there had been talk at home of how soon I should earn money, and how much so-and-so earned already, and she only two years older than I. Nothing was urged on me at home; my father and mother were too gentle and too hopeless of us all. But under their despair, and under the prompting of my schooling, I too told my teacher I would get a job. And I did, wrapping bundles in a department store at three dollars a week. I could not break the string correctly. It demanded a certain twisting of the cord around certain fingers in a certain way, and then a deft and quick sundering wrench. But what cut instead was my flesh, and after two weeks I was fired because I was no good at the job and my third finger was cut almost to the bone.

Discharged, unfit, I thus came by my first failure—came by that sickening self-loathing in which I morbidly counted over, step by step, every reason why I had failed—and went out like a scared, sick rabbit to hunt other jobs, to face other terrifying persons and situations.

The strange double life I came to lead, even as a young girl!—by day typewriting letters about mining stocks, typing orders for caffeine, for saccharine, typing articles of divorce, saying "yes, sir" continually; by night writing an essay on

Savonarola, or discovering for myself the humanly evil pride of Milton's fallen angel. At home the life I loved and could understand still went on: my father sitting up all night, studying a book he already knew by heart, my mother singing songs of her home land, showing us photographs of her beautiful sisters who had got their Ph.D.'s at the Sorbonne, telling us the escapades of her hot-tempered, graceful brothers who beat the countryside at riding, at hunting, at dancing. In that old life there was no mention of jobs. Seemingly no one had held them, and they didn't matter. What mattered in that life was who had painted a good picture, the praise which came to father when he had composed a beautiful oratorio—what had mattered was wit and learning and spirited, lazy living. Money didn't matter, or social position, or ambition of a mean order, in that wonderful world. But that was the Old World, as my father called it, and it had no relation to the life which I and everyone in the world I knew lived. Promptly at eight o'clock everyone seemed to board cars and go downtown. Promptly at twelve the whole world emptied itself from its hives and ate. Promptly at one it went back to its hives.

It did not occur to me to question the rightness of such a world, because I was a good girl and anxious to do what was right. And all the magazines and newspapers were constantly printing the pictures—as in later years they printed mine—of men and women who had “made good” on their jobs. The greatest person was the one that had the biggest job and made the most money. If you didn't, if you couldn't make a lot of money you weren't successful. That axiom was universal, and I never questioned it. I never questioned that those who ran the world didn't know what was right. It was right to make lots of money, to work hard all the time, to hold on to your job—no matter what happened, to hold on to your job.

I had just tumbled into any job, but

this primitive method of my youth has been improved upon by the modern pseudo-sciences. Now there are vocational experts who will fit you for the right job. They will fingerprint and chart your mentality so that from your earliest years there shall be no divagations—your straight and narrow path will lie before you, and you will make good with all the intensity and narrowness that is possible. In schools and colleges the emphasis is not on the beauty and the adventure and the pity of life. It is on “how to make good”—one of the mean catchwords invented by shrewd and sharp old men to hem in the wandering, noble, and helpless phantasy of young people.

You may not stop and waste time smelling a primrose by the river's brim, unless it's on your half-holiday, or you'll be docked for coming late to work. You can't get the right job early enough. The instinct to hunt it begins at college. Make friends with the right people, be in the right set, and you will be taken care of right through life with the right kind of jobs—jobs that get you into the good clubs, jobs that fix you up for life. The result is solemn and ox-eyed young people instead of eager and delighted and troubled and exasperating ones, as properly spirited young people should be.

I haven't been able to be solemn, and my sense of proportion has held me back a good deal. Once a dearly beloved, profane old boss of mine and I went out one day to celebrate the closing down of our offices. He gave me good advice, now that he was no longer my boss and that I had a new job to get. “The trouble with you is that you don't take yourself seriously enough,” he insisted. “Now I'm old in this business and I know what goes. I get a lot of money because I'm big, and fat, and I always look wise, and make 'em think my job's harder than the president's. You do a hard job with a crook of your finger and laugh and joke it off. It makes the other guys sore because



they're not so smart and you're showing them up. People don't understand you. Take my advice and forget how to joke while you're on a job. Look solemn and treat your job as if it were the—damnedest thing you ever tackled. Then people will give you a lot of money. Take it from me, I know. They mistrust people who have a sense of humor about themselves."

On my various jobs, though I have not learned to be solemn, I have learned how to obliterate my own likes and dislikes and beliefs completely. I have nodded sympathetically while people have told me that Catholics were the scourge and menace of our country; that all Jews should be burned; that all Protestants were burning Ku-Kluxers. I have nodded sympathetically when people I worked for have told me they fired all people they suspected of being radicals because their names bore some South European ending. I have laughed with Y.M.C.A. leaders who told of the difficulties they had in collecting the "good old stuff" for their newly enlarged wine cellars. I have sat in the Senate lunchroom and given cynical advice to political leaders whom it was my business to propitiate. I have entered with seeming enthusiasm into the plans of women's organizations for business purposes. I have condemned and discharged women for doing things which would have been none of my business had they been men. I have spoken for people not what I really believed, but what they wanted to hear. In all this I was not a slinking hypocrite—indeed I was exercising my private conscience overtime—I was simply doing my job well, whatever it was. If my job demanded that pink be called blue, I did so; or red, yellow; and I always tried to do it as well as I could; to do otherwise would have been to violate the interests of my employers. If I made a sharp distinction between what I believed and what I professed for business reasons, I was doing only what most successful people around me were doing: A political leader who told

me all this stuff about not recognizing Russia was nonsense—yet whose public stand was right with Secretary Hughes; an editor who in 1916 told me the outcome of the war would be state socialism, which he believed to be the only efficient modern form of government, wrote editorials in which he invented all the Hun epithets and led the newspaper rabble which cried down every sane thought. Indeed, I was simply following my leaders, as my underlings were doubtless following me.

The crisp sureness, the crisp glibness of the whole affair! Everyone in line, marching to the tune, saying the right things, doing the right things! The only ones who were out of line were the occasional free-lance writers and artists you employed to write and illustrate advertisements and books—always the unsure, soft attitude of amiable puppies about them, save in their eyes. In their eyes there was an aloofness, a strange sureness that looked beyond you, that made you uncomfortable. Yet these soft, shabby creatures somehow challenged all the sureness, all the shininess of your job. The girl with bobbed hair, when bobbed hair was something questionable, who came in and sold you a capital story about Russia or London at the net space rate of eleven dollars and fifteen cents—not very good business for her—had something in her bearing that was gay and brave. Even when she asked for a job and you repulsed her with unnecessary asperity, it didn't seem to crush her to the ground as it should have—as it would have crushed you. She lived in a world beyond jobs.

## II

I know an old fellow who fancies himself a little Roosevelt. In his self-imposed role, he is always saving the country. He notoriously underpays his servants and employees, but as head of a great corporation he is always sending out long high-sounding pronouncements on the virtues of faithful, unquestioned

servitude. He writes long eloquent letters to the headmaster of the school his grandson attends, extolling the glories of hard work and honesty and patriotism, and these letters are duly read aloud at chapel to the scions of the high houses of America. One of this old man's diversions and noble duties is to hire an editorial syndicate service to which he sends editorials on the perils of socialism; in which he broadcasts canards like the one on the nationalization of Russian women, and predicts that the radicals and liberals will soon bring a like state of affairs in our own homes; and to which, lastly, he sends editorials on the iniquity of federal and state control of his kind of business, which is notoriously served by highly paid lobbies. Truly, a successful, a great man, who lunches with head-line names only, whose photograph is sold by every press service. Yet this man is a martyr. He has his own tragedy. His own son is worthless—that is, he hates office jobs—and is vain and charming and gay. The old man hides away in some hole in the countryside, when he could be living in the expensive palaces of Newport, and sticks by his son, in endless martyrdom.

What matters the truth that his son has taken a run-down farm, and by years of hard work transformed it into a place whose beauty is the talk of the county? What matters that he works from seven in the morning until six at night, and on Sundays too? What matters that he is his own architect and builder and his own landscape gardener, building with a quicker taste than many a professional, and saving thus to his father many many thousands of dollars? What matters that with him at home the place is full of delight and wit and a sense of beauty—that without him it is a dead, cold place filled with old dull people? You cannot count his success in dollars and cents. He is the lifegiver to a whole circle of people, including his eminently successful father; yet by our standards he is a miserable failure, dependent on his father for his bread.

There is no honorable place in the American scheme for this kind of man. He is regarded as a failure. He may work every day, but it isn't *real* work because he doesn't go down in the commuting train every morning, and he makes no money, and he doesn't lord it over a stenographer and a telephone.

He doesn't make any money. We disparage anyone who doesn't make money no matter how worthily he occupies his time. Success in our country means making money. A foreign woman and I were discussing a certain person. Is he a success? she asked. Yes, he makes lots of money. I understand that, she murmured, deprecating my vulgarity. I mean, is he a successful human being? It was the first time in my life that I had heard the question couched with spiritual rather than material implications.

Are these successful men of ours successful human beings? In my mind I run over the men I know. I think of a man who was once my boss, sixty by now, unmarried, with an innocent heart, and innocent of experience. Since he was a little boy he had sat in his shop. His eyes, like those of a shy fawn, evaded yours in embarrassment. He could make powerful things with figures on paper. Aside from that, he was lost and alone. Aside from that, he had the vague, sweet yearnings for beauty that assail every adolescent. So he gave a million dollars to found an art museum—the only effort he could make toward gaining for himself any place among the things that seemed to matter in beautiful living. I pitied him. In a kinder, more leisurely civilization with a tradition of honorable leisure he could have had real happiness pottering about in his garden, noticing the arrival of a new pair of robins, writing books on roses, fussing with his pipe and a book, sitting long, lazy hours on a chair out on his wide, quiet lawns—really living with the dignity and the simplicity and the kindness of the warm cultivated human animal he was meant to be instead of giving



dollars to pile up what must for him personally ever remain sterile marble halls.

Indeed, jobs are both an escape from human individual failure, and a cause of human individual failure. When one has no routine job one is forced to face one's inadequacies, one's lack of purpose. In America living and having jobs seem to be synonymous. And we don't know how to live. We will not take the chances individuality involves. We will not realize that a higher form of life comes from taking a chance, that life comes through fear and pain and the chance of failure as well as through being good and always being right. The person who has a job is always right. He can look any man in the face and feel that the world is on his side. He moves in a mechanical groove sanctified by systems instead of out in a trackless world where he must find a path made by his own peculiar needs and desires and hungers.

It does not take courage, independence, daring, initiative to hold a job. It takes tact, obedience, subservience, subtlety, shrewdness, hypocrisy, intrigue—even servility. I have had my lessons in job holding and in being a boss. By chance I once read a note returned to my office for want of a clear address. It was written by a member of my staff, and from it I learned that I had the reputation of being a martinet and a gruff and brutal tyrant. I have come to realize a great part of that must have been true—it is still true when at times I put myself in the perilous position of directing others. Having been an executive at an early age, I was necessarily always in the right.

What is the use of taking such a way of life too seriously? Here I am, thirty-seven years old, and as soon as I have given up my job my social importance drops from me. Here I am wanting to know how to embroider and how to dance the Charleston and how to be a charming home woman, and the fact that I have had the biggest jobs won't help me. Women have sighed with

envy when talking to me. Women with jobs may be more interesting than women who are just lilies of the field, but that is because in any situation in life they would be alert and eager-minded. If you work as long as I have done, you get to the place where it holds no false thrills for you. I like to change places with my housekeeper. I like my children to be with me all day, instead of with her. I like to be the one to take walks with them, to read to them; I like to cook and to sew and to be restful and leisurely. Why are we rushing girls into jobs, teaching every one of them a job or a trade, no matter how much money they have? Is it because we have lost the art of leisure? Is it because the pace is so fast that it has withered the amateur's attitude out of the women, too? Are women to forget how to spend their lives valuing things that have no money tag? Enjoyment of life is the end of life, not enjoyment of a job. Even in the Christian philosophy, the Marys, the life-givers, the charming, delightful women, were given precedence over the workers; and if you hold jobs long enough you're apt to become a pretty dull girl indeed, knowing one thing only, with few accomplishments, with few delightful ways of just being alive; taking things too seriously, budgeting out all the things which can't be systematized and analyzed and accounted for. We women mustn't take jobs so seriously.

### III

I don't say job-holding isn't necessary and admirable for some people, but I object to its being made the end and all of life. I object to its emphasis in our civilization. Work in itself is not the end in life for cultivated, intelligent people. Growth of understanding, enjoyment of all the fine things of life, toleration, kindness—these are some of the real ends of life, and jobs atrophy, rather than strengthen, our faculties in these directions. I have won the right

to say these things because I am always introduced to audiences as "the first woman who ever" did thus and so: I have been written up in success articles, and I am asked to speak before clubs on how to do likewise. And because I have progressed beyond jobs, I would especially like to warn young women against taking this religion of jobs too literally. I have got to the place where I am willing to do—and want to do—my own housework, to practice all the little economies, because in this way only can I get a chance to be a leisurely human being, with time to do all the things one never has the time to do when one is working.

It was almost with a feeling of relief that, a few months ago, I read of the first woman cashier who ran off with her bank's money. At last, I thought to myself, business women are growing up: they are coming to understand what a job really is. Women have humbly swallowed all this bunk about jobs where men, although they pay it lip service, have a tacit undercurrent of rebellion against jobs. They go to baseball games and out to the country clubs when they are supposed to be sweating over their desks; they know how to be lazy, how to bluff, and they respect one another's bluff, even in the long dreary panegyrics they write about how they eliminated one waste movement in a manufacturing process and gained millions as a result. Men swagger, and their opponents know they swagger; whereas women serving their business novitiate are grim and on the make. It puzzles women to see men who are the fiercest business rivals sit down the next moment and call each other Bill and Joe and have a pleasant drink together. Women, too, must take jobs as a game, and stop all this talk of giving up husbands and children and homes to live in little city cells so that we can efficiently follow "our careers."

I happen to have read the manuscripts of two books coming out this fall. Both were written by young men

who ran off to Europe rather than continue to work in Wall Street, and both novels deal with the revolt of their heroes from office jobs. To these young men life was something greater and beyond what they found in offices, yet there was no place here for them. We have too great a tendency to call those men parasites—or bums—who know how to live fine ridiculous, gay, carefree lives. Why? Why should they add to the piles of money? They've too much sense. Is it their fault that we have been so busy grubbing for money that there is no tradition of leisure in this country—no tradition of life spent in dignified play and in public service without gain? It is because so many young men and women have begun to question this Mumbo-Jumbo God of the Job that the art of this country is becoming vigorous.

#### IV

I have asked many young Americans I met in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, why they were there. Because living is cheap, they answered. Because I can live my life without ridicule or disapproval, think and do as I please on the little money I have. Because I don't have to bend the knee to a bourgeois society in which only one thing counts—money . . . money and dead, very dead, and very old masters, bogus or genuine. We who are alive don't count in America, and they laugh at our art. That was the gist of the talk. Sons of wealthy parents, young men from middleclass homes, from the homes of clergymen—invariably these young men had revolted from jobs.

And their parents? One of the most absorbing sights in Paris to me was the lounge of my hotel after the dinner hour. Patronized mostly by middle-class Americans, the women sat all dressed up, each in her Spanish shawl—miraculously acquired in her very first day in Paris—and over the cards, and during and after dinner all they talked about was the bargains they had picked



up. They would pass bead bags, bought in little alleyways for a few francs, and finger them and relate the whole battle of the bargain, and where so-and-so got her hat, and where thus-and-so got her real lace and how—it went on hour after hour, night after night. Their men would sit by, middle-aged, bald and heavy, silent, twiddling their thumbs, glancing at one another—the men always in groups separate from the women—making a few tacit grunts and relapsing into silence, never looking about them, never curious, never a keen, an alert glance from them. Like pallid old birds they sat, yet they must on their own heath have been keen to have made the piles of money their women were spending with such zest. Here was a world of color, of clash, of romance, yet they sat miserably longing for coffee as only it was made at home; longing for the office and the loud friendly joshing of the Rotary Club lunch.

Then one would look at a Continental family group in the same room. To begin with, they sat around the little marble tables, taking coffee. Men and women together, with a friendly family priest, all laughing and talking together, lively, mature, sophisticated, interested; understanding one another and human. By their side our American fathers looked like shy boys. Their jobs being the only thing they could talk about fluently, they were silent in an atmosphere where the fact that the bottom had fallen out of the market didn't matter. Busy all day at the office, they had no time or patience with wild vagaries, with the art of just conversing, with the subtle, mysterious flowerings of the mind. In Europe modernism is an accepted fact with the middle-aged because they have enough leisure to be bored with the old and enough curiosity to welcome the new, no matter how half heartedly. But the American business mind, though it can play with the fact of paying more for an old master than has ever been paid before, cannot play with the mysterious fact of artistic creation in its

own day and age. And the older man has his absorption in his job to thank for his lack of contact with the spiritual and artistic life of his own sons.

This morning I cooked an excellent shoulder of veal *en casserole*, with rounds of carrots and potatoes and onions stewing in butter. And as I cooked I sang, and as I sang I thought about this article, and thought how if I were at work in an office I could not have sung—indeed I knew a little girl once who was fired because her boss heard her whistling. I recalled that no one sings in offices. In the thousands and thousands of offices in this country where millions of young men and women live out their days no one sings—that most natural and joyous form of human expression. To be able to sing on a lovely summer morning—that alone is worth the price of admission to this life. I have been singing and thinking and working at something very pleasant. I might have been spending this lovely morning sitting importantly at a desk, talking in competition with the shrieking auto horns outside the windows, having conferences with various men and women on my staff—always being right, always handing down the law, everybody deferential to me, my self-esteem gradually swelling me up to where my greatest emotion would be “Well, I’m pretty good, I am. I guess I’m about the best woman executive there is.” That is all I should have amounted to as a human being—a conceited, bullying thing triumphing by the exercise of a certain cheap kind of shrewdness—of knowing what “will go.” Instead of this I take my chances as a simple human being at living and feeling all the things that are around me in my home life, in my village.

Money means little to me. So long as I can make my living expenses—which are one-third what they are when servants do my work—I am willing to pay with the hardships and inconveniences involved. What do I do with my time? Well, I live out a day going

to the nurseryman's and picking up some exceptional plants and learning something from him about rare flowers, instead of just mailing him an order. I laugh with my butcher about the amusing foibles of human beings; I cook, I clean—only as much as is necessary—I take my children to see Peter Pan in the movies, and then we go to the Greek's for our rare ice cream soda. I walk, I gossip, I read—and I write a little. That is very little to want from life, but that little which means true and joyous living to me I should never get

from the most important jobs I have ever held.

We have got to admit that it is really more important to live out life with the dignity, the acceptance, and the fullness of animals than it is to hold the best job in the world. We have got to admit in our creed of success that it is more important to be a lovely, brave, and beautiful human being than it is to hold the biggest job or to make the most money in all the world. I cannot do that and hold a job, so I have had to give up the jobs.

## REFLECTION

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

**W**HEN my poor beauty passes to its doom  
 I will not let it go through any room  
 With mirrors, nor by any hall  
 With burnished metal things along the wall,  
 Nor linger in the forest ways alone  
 Without someone to throw a stone  
 In all the pools, and watch them break, and swear  
 There was no lady leaning there.  
 I will have done with shining surfaces  
 And I will fare  
 In peace without this cloud of witnesses.

*I think if this can be arranged  
 I shall not realize that things have changed;  
 The ghosts that go  
 Unchallenged need not ever know  
 That they are ghosts; and if I never pass  
 Except by ways made temperate and wise,  
 With nothing like a looking glass  
 To stare and stab, and never gaze too deep  
 In forest pools where the brown autumn lies  
 With its lost leaves asleep . . .  
 But then what will I do about your eyes?*





# WHERE THE NEXT EUROPEAN WAR WILL START

BY FREDERICK PALMER

It will be recalled that the Peace Conference of 1919 gave Poland access to open water by running a strip of Polish territory (called the Polish Corridor) through Prussia to the Baltic Sea, as shown in the map on page 741. The city of Danzig lay in the Corridor, but was set apart as a Free City, under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations.—*The Editors.*

**I** HAVE been over the ground where the next European war will start. Previous experience that great wars cast their shadows before them was my guide. When I saw the Russians at Port Arthur twenty-five years ago I knew that they had signed up for a war with Japan. The only question was how soon it would come. It came in 1904.

"Look for trouble in the Balkans which will turn Europe into an inferno," was a saying among traveled men long before it came at Sarajevo.

Insist, if you will, and advisedly, that the causes of war are economic. Ambition for gain and material well-being may be the culture of the germ; but the germ itself is national antipathy growing in the soil of a sense of economic oppression and fertilized by racial recriminations.

No one knows this better than a man of distinguished position, an old friend whom I recently met abroad for the first time since our service together in France. I censor his name in order that his remarks may be uncensored. He knows Europe as a Congressman knows the patchwork interests of his district; he knows and hates war; he is an old student of its human origins.

"So this is to be the new toxin in the age of preventive medicine," he said at the opening of the Paris Peace Conference. "Self-Determination is to be the

serum for the war germ. The brooding points of racial illwill which cause war are to be removed by a system of racial frontiers."

Later when the peacemakers, laboring over their colored ethnic maps, were concluding their labors, he exclaimed:

"It is to be worse than I feared. Now they've given us this Polish Corridor. This is like feeding the fever patient with roast pork and plum pudding; inoculating the tiger against man-eating by a taste of human blood; administering a dose of germs instead of the serum. Well, wait five years! Then, if you want to go to the seat of future trouble, I know from what terminus you will take the train and what will be your destination."

Recently, after seven years during which European statesmanship had been unceasingly exercised in the effort to keep the peace, my friend reminded me of his prophecy about the Polish Corridor. He did so without vanity—as if it were something that any one might have looked up in the almanac as he would the changes of the moon.

"It's odd that the League of Nations should be the goat," I said.

"Not at all," he said. "That was the part prepared for it. And there is Silesia, too. Temporary pacts are only the mud poultices on an irritated skin which covers the growing tumor."

As he had prophesied, I was to take

the train from Berlin to Danzig, as sure of my compass bearings as any other explorer. Danzig is more remote to the American mind than the Tacna-Arica dispute between Chili and Peru, which at best could lead only to a localized war in South America. Danzig is as vivid to the German mind as the Boston massacre to the New England patriots, or the sinking of the *Maine* to American public opinion in 1898.

## II

At dawn, when the train came to an abrupt stop, I raised the shade of my sleeping compartment to see in the open country, far from any town, dead bodies being borne away on improvised litters by peasants. The cars of the through train in the opposite direction lay telescoped and splintered on the embankment.

"A bad wreck!" I exclaimed.

"Thirty killed," said a German. "But we are in the Polish Corridor."

The accent on the word Polish! It was another way of saying that the shiftlessness of Polish track maintenance of what had once been a section of an efficient German railroad system had done murder to Germans. The Polish answer was that German chicanery had derailed the train in order to make propaganda against the Poles.

Nine out of ten passengers on the wrecked train were Germans. The Polish theory was that, to gain a point in the race war, the Germans had been destroying their own. One could come to believe in any kind of depravity if one took either race's view of the other.

"Danzig has more than three hundred thousand population," the German continued. "There is now no direct night sleeper as in the old days—and this cannot last." He was red-faced at the thought. "So now Danzigers have to take the Königsberg sleeper, changing at Marienburg—that is, those that don't go by plane. You escape the Poles by plane."

He did not say "lousy" Poles. He was trying to be diplomatic to a foreigner. But "lousy" Poles is the favorite German description. It comes as naturally to the German tongue as *sale Boche* to the French during the war. A Pole finds himself cramped in mentioning a German without calling him a "brute."

Marienburg is in East Prussia, that nesting place of Prussianism, which spread its mastery until it made the German Empire. The Corridor cuts off East Prussia from the rest of Germany. All goods between two parts of the same country have to pass in bond through the territory of another country. It is just as if a strip of Massachusetts extending to the Hudson River were foreign soil separating the rest of the United States from New England. This is excellent economic culture for racial-antipathy germs.

From Marienburg to Danzig takes about the same time by train as from Worcester to Boston. We had gone two or three miles when all passengers had to descend for passport and customs inspection.

"We are back in the Corridor now,"

I was told.

Another two or three miles and we had to descend again.

"We are back in East Prussia now,"

I was told.

There were six inspections from Marienburg to Danzig. Ethnology had drawn the frontier without regard to existing railroad lines. At every station a number of government officials were twiddling their thumbs between inspections.

Danzig is neither in East Prussia nor in the Corridor. It is a pocket in a pocket that is in another pocket. It is in the same position as Boston would be if it belonged neither to the alienated strip of Massachusetts nor to the United States, but had a government of its own.

Having recreated Poland by again amalgamating the subject Polish sections of the old German, Austrian, and





THE POLISH CORRIDOR

The shaded area indicates the territory lying outside the pre-war boundary which is now a part of Poland.

Russian empires, the map-makers of Paris, studying how to prevent at the source any future racial antipathies, concluded that the new nation must have access to the sea. Without this it would not be a complete nation, and a sense of dependence upon other nations for its trade contacts with the outside world might arouse covetousness which would result in seeking to secure a port by force.

So the blue pencils of Paris ran two lines from Northern Poland to Danzig through German territory. Danzig cried out in protest that eighty-five per cent of her population was German. So intermixed residually were the fifteen per cent of Poles with the German majority that the thorough application of the principle of Self-Determination would have made every Pole and every German in Danzig a state in himself.

The map-makers called in historical

precedent to effect a compromise. Danzig had been a Free City in the ancient days of the Hanseatic League. It was made a Free City again under its own legislature and a Commissioner to be appointed by the League of Nations.

Now all would be well, thought the harassed and conscientious map-makers. The Danzigers would be an independent happy family. The Poles had the Corridor as their very own; they had guaranteed to them free use of the port just as if it were their own. Their new nation—which was the very flower of Self-Determination—would recognize the right of all other races to share its benefits. All Poles would glow with gratitude for release from tyranny. They would look back at their past as proof of the folly of extreme nationalism. All causes for racial bitterness having been removed, the two neighboring products of Self-Determination would thrive and

prosper in the mutual understanding of a new era in the history of mankind.

However, the Poles had the feeling of each people represented at the Paris Peace Conference: that they were getting no adequate recognition for their sacrifices in winning the war. They were not thinking of what the map-makers had given them but of what the map-makers had denied them.

Once they had their nation secure, they found that there was no dealing with the brute Danzigers. Former under dog on top, with former upper dog having a good throat hold, are never good at compromise when the feud is ancient.

Polish enterprise kept pace with Polish imagination. The Poles decided that they would have a port where no brute German would foul the air by his presence or, to use the words of the Danzigers, "where they could be as lousy as they wanted to be"—a port that should be as Polish as Naples is Italian, or as Liverpool is British.

Otherwise, they could not feel that they had really achieved national dignity in return for their miseries of the centuries while the miseries of the other Allies had lasted for only four years. It was a wholly irrelevant fact to them in their enthusiasm that Danzig was the natural harbor which had been chosen by the Baltic traders of primitive days—one fully equipped to care for all the modern shipping in sight.

At Gydnia, five miles from Danzig, there is a litter of dumps and piles and new railroad sidings. With capital supplied by French capitalists in return for timber concessions, the Poles are building new piers and dredging out peat beds between two promontories to make a port within the Corridor. Off the half-completed breakwater I saw a Polish gunboat. A maritime nation must have a navy. The Poles have the beginnings of a navy and three admirals. And Gydnia, at the end of that narrow strip of Polish soil, is like an apple at the end of a limb which awaits the descent of the provoked sword-slash for both limb

and apple to fall. It is a piece of pitifully exposed property for whose defense Poland must arm. It is further economic fertilization for the war germ of racial bitterness.

The Danzigers smile grimly at Gydnia as a veteran cowboy might at a small boy playing Wild West. They might laugh and shrug their shoulders if laughter were in them and they were an expressive race. If they were, I think that they would take setting-up exercises in grimness lest they appear like the Poles. The heads of the Danzigers are hard; their aspect angular and forbidding. Emotion is for the weak; and no one will ever regard them as weak. They squeeze a penny tight in bargaining; but they will not allow gain to interfere with their indulgence in their pastime of baiting the Poles as the Poles bait them. Fierce Baltic winds and ruthless winters have kept their Prussianism pure at the source in their ancient city with its medieval warehouses and towers—the picturesque background for modern German architecture of a defiant solidity.

I have seen cities in time of war, with rations and ammunition short, with women and children under fire and with officers and soldiers ashen faced as they prolonged resistance against the inevitable. When Danzig knew such sieges in the Middle Ages, in the defense of her wealth and economic independence from the buccaneering leaders and their ruffian soldiery of the hinterland, her aspect must have been one that suggested the caves of the moon.

For I have never known a war siege as grim as this peace siege in which no quarter of sentimental allowance or racial tolerance is given. In the midst of the grisly sickness and filth of war sieges I have heard the jests of women as the wind of bullets brushed their cheeks and quips of satire and laughter from wounded soldiery and tributes from the breastworks to a savage enemy's courage and stratagems. But cheer of no kind is required to keep up the Danzigers' morale.



## III

I listened in wonder to talk of MacDonnell, the Commissioner of the League of Nations in Danzig. I felt that I had discovered in him a new type of man whose increase and the spread of whose gospel mean the hope of world peace. It was hard to believe what I was told—but there seems no doubt of it—that he never lost his temper and cried out, “A plague on both your houses!” His is the loneliness of an apostle of fellowship in a wilderness of hates. That the League should have found him and chosen him for this position is the best human tribute I know to the League and a warrant that its idealism can have a practical turn in its judgment of men. A product of the trained British Colonial Service, expert in the law, suave, sincere, a good linguist, a superman of patience, who has to make decisions in the eternal quibbling over Treaty provisions, he receives scratches from both Kilkenny cats whom he is trying to save from mutual extinction.

There is no praise for him from either side. For either to admit that he had made his decisions as a jurist on the evidence would be for the Germans to admit that the Poles might be right about something and the Poles to admit that the Germans might be. Each decision must have a personal bias; it must be pro-German to the Poles or pro-Polish to the Germans. No Pole ever admits that any decision is pro-Polish; no German admits that any decision is pro-German.

But mention MacDonnell’s name to foreign residents of Danzig who still have balanced minds, and there is an outpouring of admiration. More respect could not be paid to an angel. I should like to think that MacDonnell, for his own sake, goes by himself on week-ends to the Baltic shore and, looking toward the Arctic Circle, relieves himself by strong language which, it seems to me, any reasonable angel would excuse. My suggestion, for education’s sake, is that the

Council of the League go to Danzig for one of its sessions and that the next meeting of the League of Nations be held in the old Danzig Senate House.

It was there that I talked with Herr Sahm, President of the Danzig Senate, in his six feet four of Prussianism, as he sat in a high-back chair in front of the row of portraits of past rulers of Danzig. That scene told more than Herr Sahm would say to a foreigner. Polish emotionalism would whip itself to pieces against the Prussian rock. All those faces were waiting “the Day” for which the Danzig schoolboys were drilling on one side of the border and Polish schoolboys were drilling on the other. They knew that all Germany was thinking with them: “It cannot last.”

Danzig—their Danzig!—a Free City by grace of a Peace Conference celebrating a victory over Germany! The period of Free Cities was as out of date as the blunderbuss. In this period of great economic units Danzig belonged to the German family.

Meanwhile, let the Corridor rest between the pincers of East and West Prussia until they were ready to close. Well might German staff officers smile at the most tempting salient that ever invited attack. “Wait! Bide the Day!” wait not only in Danzig but elsewhere in Eastern Europe.

All along the German, or western, border of the Corridor and the main body of Poland as far as Czechoslovakia, the Poles, once the subject people, are masters over soil and populations where the Germans had long been masters and where now a German minority finds itself subject. A master ever makes a poor subject; and a subject suddenly promoted to power is often an intemperate master.

Minorities quickly find virtues in themselves to offset numbers. Posen might have been a Polish city and Upper and Lower Silesia Polish provinces by count of heads; but the Germans had the high percentage of literacy, they had the

wealth, they owned the great estates, they had been the overlords, capitalists, and organizers. By the same reasoning that Mussolini reads clear his mandate to control Italy with his two million Fascisti, the Germans hold that they have been defrauded of vested rights and the world defrauded in turn by Self-Determination's map-making.

#### IV

As I went farther south, away from the bleak home of Prussian hardness and fortitude, my hope that softer manners and natures might make views more tolerant was broken. Leaving behind land tilled to the very house walls by the industrious German peasantry, I crossed the frontier in the congestion of mine shafts, furnaces and plants and dreary smoke-grimed rows of workmen's houses which shared with the Ruhr, in secondary place, the steel-making power of Germany. Frederick the Great, a believer in Self-Expression rather than Self-Determination, who never lost sleep over the rights of subject majorities, took Lower Silesia in order that he might have ore for his cannon.

Here, under the direction of the Commission appointed by the League of Nations, with French and British soldiers on guard, a plebiscite in the choice of nationality was held to guide the Commission in delimiting the frontier. While rail-fence irregularity might be an allowable compromise for a frontier (you may cross this one sixteen times, paying your respects to sixteen groups of officials, by one highway) it could not consist of a series of hoops reaching back of two towns that voted one way to include a town that voted another. But the Commission had to draw a line somewhere. It drew one which included in Poland towns that had voted German. The Germans will never forget this. Nationalistic bitterness could find no better theme to brood upon.

While the Danzigers hold their property under their own laws, German own-

ers and managers have seen their properties divided. The integrity of that industrial area, which is the product of more than a century's growth, has been ruptured. In one instance the shafts of a mine were placed in Germany and the mine in Poland. Workmen going to and fro to their work must tarry for inspection in crossing the frontier. The complaint of our own capitalists against "fool" legislation is faint badinage compared to that of the German capitalists of Silesia against Polish rule.

Hate, which had only the quibbles over Treaty provisions for its fare in Danzig, here dines richly on concrete examples in practice. I wondered if even MacDonnell could keep his temper in Silesia.

"Mines losing efficiency," say the Germans, "workmen deteriorating, markets going, bankruptcy staring us in the face! Look at the roads on the Polish side! They were once as good as those on the German side. That filthy verminous hotel in Cattowitz was once a clean German hotel. This Self-Determination is industrial extermination."

"Conceited brute liars who think that they ought to rule the world because they are Germans," answer the Poles. "Better have a verminous hotel than a verminous heart. And the hotel is not filthy except as the Germans who stop there make it so. Give us time! We had no chance under German rule. We are making a chance for ourselves now, and the Germans hate us and malign us because we are. They hate us because we have souls. We are training engineers. We are learning to run our railroads. What is ours is ours. Nothing on this side of the frontier shall be German."

The former German municipal Opera House in Cattowitz gives only Polish plays and operas. A Polish secret patriotic society makes sure that there are no signs in German; it keeps an eye out for all treasonable German influences. Patriotic societies on the German side of the frontier are not idle.



Hate breeding hate to express hate's decree in more drastic form has reached its climax since I was in Silesia in the expulsion from Poland of all Germans who voted to retain their German citizenship. Farmers have had to leave their ancestral acres, shopkeepers their businesses, and others the only employments for which they are fitted and to tear up all their economic roots, and enter a land which is almost strange to them. Moving in the opposite direction are the Poles who have been expelled from Germany.

Imagine such an edict from the British government to all American citizens living in Britain, or from the American government to all British subjects living in America, or such an exchange of refugees between Canada and the United States—and you will better understand the feelings of Central Europe which may start a war that will involve the whole world!

Are nations to become alien-tight compartments? Will no one be allowed to reside in one country when he holds citizenship in another? Is this movement of "repatriation," which began with the expulsion of the Greeks from Turkey and the Turks from Macedonia, to be the ultimate form of Self-Determination which will eliminate the causes of war? Or will the expelled Germans and Poles become missionaries whose tales of their wrongs will do more to incite bloodshed than the cry of kinsmen for relief from across a border?

This I know. The imaginative, likable, enthusiastic Poles, who are in the expansive fervor of adolescent nationalism, have made amazing progress considering that they had little but emotion to start with seven years ago. I know that they will fight against any odds in an uncontrollable burst of patriotism rather than yield a foot of their soil. They have a large army, well equipped by French munition makers who took their pay from loans by the French to the Polish government.

Germany, disarmed by Treaty provi-

sions, has only her hundred thousand Reichswehr, with no heavy artillery, tanks, or military aircraft. Therefore "Wait!" is the caution which follows the German thought, "It cannot last!"

Wait upon German economic recovery until Germany is free to arm again! Wait and grow strong in body and mind while all the athletic societies drill and Communists as well as Hindenburgers march in military formation on election days and holidays! There are thirty million Poles, sixty-five million Germans and one hundred and thirty million Russians. Wait on Russia! It is the other prong of the pincers for the main body of Poland, as East and West Prussia are prongs for the Corridor.

Wait upon the waxing of German nationalism in the course of German regeneration! Relish every little morsel that gratifies nationalism in these days of ill fortune when the memory of how Germany held off the whole world for four years keeps confidence in the future steadfast! When "The Covered Wagon" appeared in Berlin the German captions said that all the pioneers whose fortitude it celebrated were German. Another bit of Berlin motion-picture craft shows German athletes surpassing some of the victors at the Olympic games from which the Germans were excluded. Cheer scenes of the old German army goose-stepping by on the screen! For that is not forbidden by the Allied Control Commissions which are on the watch to prevent Germany from secretly arming. Make a virtue of oppression and recite shibboleths in self-pity biding its day of justification, as beaten peoples have always done!

Never were the German people so united. It is a unity from the bottom up instead of the top downward, as in the Kaiser's day; a self-contained, forward-looking unity of racial self-consciousness rooted in bitterness. The return of the monarchy would be only the incident of the headship of mass determination. Germany has a cause now, such as she had in the wake of

Napoleonic conquest—that of a sense of national wrong as the spur to preparedness.

The Day of which she dreams will not bring dominion over the sea or a place in the sun of France. That dream belongs to the past when she was near the top round of the ladder. Now she is beginning to mount again from the bottom. What Alsace Lorraine was to the French for forty years, the Corridor and Silesia are to all Germans.

In 1914 Germany looked to the West; to-day she looks to the East. The new Day, as the Germans conceive it, will come when German soldiers march through Cattowitz, be it five or fifty

years hence, and when the toast that the departing officers drank is fulfilled by the presence again of a German garrison in the Danzig barracks. German eyes will greet the German flag flying from the Danzig Senate House with the same exultation that French eyes greeted the French flag when it was unfurled from the tower of Strassbourg Cathedral in 1918.

This will happen unless the MacDonnells multiply very fast and their spirit prevails in European councils. It was worth enduring all the heart-breaking, short-sighted, war-breeding display of racial antipathy just to discover a MacDonnell.

## NOT THE HUSHED GRAVE

BY VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

**H**ILL-FOLK, who long have lived among the stars,  
*Fret in the valley, as at iron bars,  
 And those who by the surging sea have lain,  
 Are deafened by the silence of the plain.  
 How then should I, who love the sea and sky,  
 Not dread the darkness when I come to die?  
 How then should I, who love the sky and sea,  
 Lie within a small grave quietly?  
 I think in some way I should be aware  
 Of earthly beauty that I might not share—  
 The first frail crocus and the wild bird's call;  
 A breaking wave beyond the graveyard wall.  
 I think I could not bear it, lying there,  
 Wistful and lonely as unanswered prayer.*

*Then let the white fire have its way with me,  
 And the wild gales of heaven set me free!  
 So shall my timid body, purged of pain,  
 White as my shriven soul, ride with the rain;  
 Laugh with the winds that kiss the buttercup,  
 And skim the shallows where the gray gulls sup.  
 It may be I shall tire of sky and sea,  
 And the quick dust that was the heart of me,  
 Like homing dove that seeks her nest again,  
 Will find some dear, remembered English lane.*





# THE WAYS OF THE WEEVIL

SOME REFLECTIONS OF A MATERIALIST

BY HENSHAW WARD

THE most tragic moment in the history of the human race was when the first philosopher reasoned out the cause of thunder. Up to that day of woe men had accepted thunder as a big flash followed by a big noise. It was disquieting, but our primitive forbears lived peacefully through the summer storms. Then Ur of the tribe of Kink set his mind to work on the cause of the roaring up in the sky—and thus brought terror into the hearts of the three thousand generations who have lived since his time.

Ur had a superior intellect. He could perceive that there are meanings behind the veil of sense. So he despised the materialists of his tribe and applied his powerful reason to the heavenly crashes. "Thunder," he argued, "cannot be merely thunder; it must be, like all else in the world, born of something. What is its parent? The parent must of necessity be alive, for nothing is born of lifeless matter. Therefore the parent is a very large person. And it follows that this parent is angry, since the human mind cannot conceive that pleasure would be expressed by such terrifying noises. At what is this great person's wrath directed? Obviously at us living beings, for it could not rationally bellow at things."

This first philosophy was as convincing as all that has followed it. When Ur expounded it to the intellectuals of his day they at once saw the profundity of it and formed a club to discuss it. Ever since then the philosophers have

scorned the materialists. They have filled earth and sky with the terrors of the spirits they perceive and have kept us in awe of their glittering systems of thought.

Does the thunder parable seem playful? It pictures the most momentous blunder ever made on earth and presents the most serious business that the human mind has to deal with in the twentieth century. To speak of Ur as a philosopher is not irony, but the plain truth about primitive thought, which is declared, for one example, by Edward B. Tylor, as keen and straightforward a thinker as ever lived. He shows to any candid reader that the savage was in very truth a philosopher and that his doctrine of spirits in nature is continuous to the latest refinements of the Bergsons and Hockings. In Frazer's *Golden Bough* we may see the same calm proof that the race has been forever terrified and blinded by the original assumption—so natural and unavoidable for our intellect—that the forces of nature are like the forces of man, that they are spirits. A regiment of persuasive authors—like Draper, Ellis, Sumner, Lippert, Haldane—have striven to inform us about the history of this assumption; but it is not yet understood by more than a small fraction of college graduates. There are still cultured people who chatter against materialism as a base and sinful way of thinking; they prefer the thrill of feeling that nature is spiritual.

It is the business of science to oust

these ghosts from our thoughts, and science finds them as tenacious as the legion of devils that once drove a herd of swine violently down a steep place into the sea. I am going to illustrate, by a homely story about pine trees, the difference between savage spiritism and scientific "materialism." Before I tell it I must remove the curse from that horrid word.

Apparently there have been scientists who have been so carried away by natural laws that they have argued, more artlessly than a savage, that there is nothing in the universe except those laws. I have never seen any such reasoning, but the dictionary asserts that it exists. If I ever encounter it I shall call it the weakest and most curious logic since brains began to work. To argue that there is nothing behind natural laws is sillier than to conjure up a magnified man who operates them. No sensible scientist denies that an infinity of spirit may exist beyond his laws. He denies only that he has ever found any spirits at work in thunder or trees. No more than that denial is in the "materialism" of this article. Perhaps I ought to choose a prettier word; but I prefer the ugly one because it is liked by the enemies of science as a target for their spiritistic chatter. I don't mind giving them every verbal advantage by adopting it. Readers who have higher interests than such logomachy will see that my "materialism" means science—the process of freeing ourselves from mental spooks by observing that our senses have never yet encountered anything beyond natural law.

Now for my story about the practical and metaphysical advantages of materialism for anyone who wants to succeed in either the world of the senses or the world of ideas.

## II

My cabin on the Maine coast was built at the edge of an open field, and I planted little trees about it to

relieve the bareness of the place. A certain spruce had made a growth of thirty inches the previous season, so that it was a special pride and source of hope. One day I noticed that its vigorous green whip—its "leader," as the forestry people call it—was drooping. Harsh fate was upon me; an evil menace to all my trees was leering at me.

What to do? The answer of the very best intellects for a thousand centuries has been, "Pray." Mankind has known of a surety that a Very Large Spirit shows his anger in diseases. All the best minds of America fifty years ago knew that malaria was a visitation of God and that to discuss it as a purely physical matter was crass materialism. No doubt ninety-nine per cent of the human race still believe so and would refer my tree calamity to divine anger. I should have had strong leanings that way myself if the life of the spruce had meant my whole fortune.

If I had asked a philosopher what to do he would have answered in terms of the general metaphysics of witheringness, the general principle that all which is tends toward decline and droopitude. Philosophy, to be sure, is not unwilling to have lower types of mind investigate bark and leaves for the physical phenomena, but it considers such materialism as mere day labor. I am not using sarcasm, but am putting concretely what the philosophers claim. "Philosophy," says Simmel, "was the mother of all sciences. Its essence is its self-sufficiency. Every exact science has to submit to an investigation, by philosophy, of its presuppositions." His claim is taught to college boys to-day; one of them, now in the dry-goods business, has pitied me as a poor materialist because I called the claim absurd. When it is applied to modern thought it must mean that the particular science of forestry was mothered by philosophy and must submit its methods to philosophy if it wishes to diagnose my sick spruce tree.

No living forester can understand



this or can find an atom of evidence that forestry ever had the faintest remote connection with philosophy. All foresters are materialists.

My own poor mind, confronted with the problem of saving trees, relied on reason. It knew no better than to deduce a cause for wilting, and after some cogitation it decided that the spruce had exceeded its strength and was lanky, like a fast-growing boy. So I helped it out by lashing it to a stout stick till it could gain stiffness.

But my philosophy went wrong. The leader grew daily more limp and brown. It died. I cut it off and held it sorrowfully in my hand, pondering on the inscrutable malevolence of the aleatory element.

Then came the sort of accident which has always helped materialists. I happened to cut the leader in two. Why such an impulse came I have no idea; I only know that it was not a reasoned act. It was an accident.

What I happened to reveal was a burrow that some animal had been making under the bark. I followed this up and came upon a white grub that was busy eating. Dissection showed five other grubs equally busy. They had eaten all the nourishment that the tree had conveyed toward the top for a season's growth.

Spiritual minds would have known at once that the grub was merely the instrument of vengeance, and philosophy would have claimed the methodology which reveals grubs. But I was too engrossed with materialism to heed them. I was busy putting together memories of previous experiences with worm-shaped creatures that hungered for some of my property. I recalled how buffalo bugs eat and eat at household belongings, how cutworms become moths and breed many other cutworms, how borers eat and breed, eat and breed till they consume great timbers. I wondered what these nasty things in my spruce would breed; I inferred that they would be like everything else in

the animal kingdom, capable of reproducing themselves in vast numbers where food was plentiful. I thought it possible that in another season the descendants would swarm over my acre of young pines and destroy them all.

In my fright I was entirely materialistic. Advice from divinity and philosophy made no appeal to me. I wrote an inquiry to a band of materialists at Orono. One of them told me that my enemy was *Pissodes strobi*, the white pine weevil, cousin of the cotton boll weevil, a member of the most voracious family of animals that ever learned to live by adjusting themselves to an environment. He sent me a pamphlet which told the life history of the grub.

It hatched in May from an egg which was under the bark at the top of last year's leader, and in its first hour of infancy followed an instinct to set its microscopical jaws into the soft tissue where it found itself imbedded. Little Strobi did no reasoning. If she had been philosophical, she would have eaten her way upward to gaze out on immensity—and a frost would have freed her soul from a life of hardship. She did what she was born to do, with no more consciousness than a root has when it pushes toward moisture.

No philosopher can rest content with her mere instinct. He feels the mystery of those unerring impulses so keenly that he must needs adorn them with some of his thoughts—such as “vital principle” or “appetence.” To me all such terms are cheap things, mental conceits, a kind of diploma which our brain pompously confers on nature for learning one of our brainsick lessons in a tome of philosophy. To speculate about life in such fashion is prosy scholasticism.

A materialist can only wonder and enjoy what his eyes reveal as he watches Strobi at work. If he applied a microscope, he would discover that she is composed of tens of thousands of cells, each of which is an organ of a com-

plexity that is utterly beyond his observation and infinitely more to be revered than all the fancy-castles of all mentality. Every body-cell in Strobi is so far beyond our ken that imagination can nowise guess at even the most material part of its structure. Much less can we get any inkling of how the myriad of cells are co-ordinated into one being. Somehow they are organized to be served by an instinct which compels jaws to chew at the inner bark of a helpless tree that is dear to me. Strobi's appetite is entirely opposed to the moral law; it is in a wicked competition with me, destroying life and beauty, violating the social compact. If philosophers could have their way they would instruct her in co-operation and unselfishness, just as they propose to alter human nature in about twenty years and bring in the new social order of justice and good will. A materialist will merely try to see what he can learn from her about justice and the moral law.

### III

He will follow her down the stem, as she continues her course during June and July, till she has eaten out a tunnel ten inches long. On the morning of July 21st her appetite fails and a lethargy is upon her. For the first time in her life she lies quiet and has desires of a new sort: she wants to go to sleep, she yearns to have space about her, she wants a bed of chips. If she is a spiritually-minded grub, she perceives that she is going to heaven, and she has definite ideas of heaven. It is a warm place, snug but not too snug, resinous, lined with delicate mealy chips, where all the blessed ones slumber forever and never have to chew any more. God is a large grub of shining white, without any legs, whose pulpy jaws are eternally placid.

Strobi, you see, is more spiritual in her conceptions than we are, for she does not attribute her own sharp jaws to her god. We think that God looks

just like us physically, as a Judge and a General and an ex-Secretary of State recently testified in Tennessee. We consider it spiritual to put our legs and arms on to God and to declare that he looks as much like a chimpanzee as we do. If you don't believe that God has this much resemblance to an ape, you are a materialist and will go to Sheol when you die.

Strobi composes herself for sleep in the chamber she has shaped; all memory of the grubby life goes from her; in dreamless peace she enters a new life.

It is not the heaven she anticipated, but it is bliss. For she is becoming a new creature, as different from her former self as a grub is from an egg. On her back she can feel wings sprouting, more delicate and marvelous in texture than human painters have put on angels. Over these gossamer sails are growing hinged covers, strong as armor and lighter than eggshell. On her sides, which have always been ribbed in soft folds and have had no limbs, six legs are growing. The prosaic jaws are disappearing and sloughing off; a shapely slender snout is extending from her head, at the end of which will be other jaws that are more refined and becoming. Glorious eyes are being placed in her head, faceted like a diamond, fitted to show her a universe of green and gold and blue. A beautiful plate, most deftly shaped and colored, adorns her shoulders; ornamental markings of luster and refinement appear from day to day; antennæ of more than maidenly sensitiveness are being formed for her delight, to reveal a world of odors which human beings shall never know in their nostrils. A book would be required to tell about all the detailed niceties of this new body, from the exquisite prongs of her feet to the exquisite scissors at the end of her nose.

Strobi moves slightly now and then, but for the most part she remains quite still, happy in the splendors that are coming upon her without any effort of hers. This must be heaven, for all



good things and graces come to one here without strife; whereas in her former life she could never remit struggle for an hour, and could gain for all her labor only a little more size.

Of course, Strobi is concerned with the outward changes, which are so entrancing that I don't blame her. But my materialistic mind is in awe at all the depth of metamorphosis that has utterly transformed her internally. Not a particle of the former organism remains the same. The mechanisms for breathing and feeling, for digesting food, for interpreting sensations—in short, for every function of life—are completely new. At the end of two weeks Strobi is as unlike her former self as a gull is unlike a starfish. When she first moves with legs and cuts through her prison walls with quivering proboscis, she is animated by a whole new set of instincts; she must be free, must soar in the ocean of air, must speed to distant ambrosial places that allure her, must respond to unknown ardors, must creep to novel perils and confront all manner of strange fears and enticements. She has no more knowledge of the grub life than I have of the place whence I once came trailing clouds of glory into the light of common day.

I suppose that even a philosopher would not ascribe spirit to a grub. I suppose I am right in thinking that Miss Strobi, past and present, is an aggregation of materials, of mere atoms. If spiritism attempted to invade these two regions of life, of grub and weevil, it would be dull and commonplace, telling of dry husks of fancy. I am glad to be free for wonder and reverence, to be liberated from the clanging trumpery of spiritism.

I can follow Lady Weevil for two months of idle pleasure while food is abundant and not much needed. She roams and explores, learning a lore of which we can know nothing, maturing her new powers, actively delighting in her boundless freedom. In September

she seeks out a sheltered nook, shapes it to her desires, rolls herself in it, and lapses into seven months of hibernation.

The first warm day in April rouses her. She stretches, then awaits a second and a third warm day. Reason cannot tell her to do this, for she has no experience. Divine guidance is not to be thought of, since a mere weevil in a hole is conceded to be just a bunch of matter. So the materialist feels that philosophy has strangely underrated atoms, which are here seen to be wise and to have foreknowledge. Don't think of that statement as a rhapsody or a poetical license; it is plain, ordinary materialism recording a fact about matter.

When this prescient assemblage of electrons decides that the season is far enough advanced, it causes Miss Strobi to poke her antennæ forward, to take stock of the state of the weather, and carefully crawl out into a chilly world where patches of snow still linger and many hard frosts are still to come. And now there is stirring in her the longing for a mate. He comes promptly, enticed to a gusty pilgrimage by an ineffable lure that he knows nothing about.

Mrs. Strobi, like every other mother since time began, is now mastered by an impulse toward the future. She is driven to seek some place which she has never seen, never conceived of. Nothing will answer her need but some spot—how shall she describe it to herself? She cannot picture it or explain in the least what she searches for, but search she must. Every cell in her body drives her to something—oh, to an airy swing, high up, but not at a towering height, to a kind of nest that is all open, to some sort of basket formed of long spines, the bottom of which is full of throbbing life, and all of which is odorous with a divinely intoxicating smell of infant resin and the baby life of trees.

To Mr. Strobi this is all lunacy. His mind is logical and turns to a search for

food. Not finding any in a season of snow squalls, he logically lies down and dies.

Mrs. Strobi goes questing for the airy, waving place that obsesses her whole being. There it may be, yonder, ten feet above her. She spreads her wings, flies, alights, feels partially satisfied, begins to gnaw under a spicy tip of new spruce growth, then halts, walks round the stem uneasily. No, it won't do. It smells wrong; it is not the right kind of spruce. How can she judge of that which she has never smelled before, about which she has never taken any lessons? Nobody will ever know the answer, because it could be given only by some wisdom that is high above the wit of man, by some higher knowledge that understands how matter can carry the intelligence of endless generations of trial and error. A mind in a human skull assumes that it knows what matter is; it begins all its reasoning with the axiom that matter is an inert something. So it immediately jumps away from matter and begins a rignarole of logic about that which is not matter—that is, about a fancy of its own, about spirit.

Yet a humble mind, if it is willing to observe what its eyes report, can learn that Mrs. Strobi is composed of matter which knows all about a most intricate adjustment to nature, and which can direct her what to do. If she relies on reason, as her husband did, she will violate every condition for which she exists. Trust her. She will not reason.

She obeys the guidance of the age-old wisdom that is in the molecules of her palps and ovipositor. She flies away from a balsam fir and hunts farther. She keeps to open fields, where there is going to be sunlight during the summer, avoiding this tree-top because it is too old and high, and that one because it is too thin and low.

For several days she has to fumble and blunder, since nature has made her imperfect, made her only skilful enough to provide for children by following an

instinct. One sunny morning her goal is found: a bushy little white pine which stands four feet high and shows by its last year's leader that it is vigorous and will pump much rich sap under its bark this summer. With trembling joy Mrs. Strobi treads over its tip, feeling its budding life and smelling its promise for weevil infants. In a glad fury she walks down it and just underneath it digs into the bark with her sharp mandibles. Before the resin can collect she deposits an egg in the incision and tamps it well down against the slippery wood.

If she lives for some weeks longer, her life means nothing to her. She is empty of all desire. In calm peace she idles about for a time, and then whatever soul she has goes to whatever heaven is provided for those grubs who have fought the good fight against pine trees.

#### IV

My own curiosity is much more excited about her destiny than about the acts of her bodily life; but since I can get no information of her spirit, I must be content with the egg she has left behind in this material world. There is sufficient wonder in it to content the profoundest philosopher if he could understand it all.

Have you ever asked yourself what is in an egg? Probably not. I can say for myself that I had diligently pondered about spiritual values for forty years before I thought of the content of the cell in which every animal begins its life. An egg is such a small thing, so purely materialistic, so very commonplace, that we regard it as a squashy bit of matter and let it go at that. Thus we are true to our savage nature, heedful of nothing that is usual, struck by anything that has a tinsel glint.

Rouse all the powers of your mind and attend to the speck of protoplasm which has been deposited at the top of a small tree. Can it produce a blade of grass, or a gnat, or a minnow? We



know with the most complete assurance that a new Strobi is to grow from it. This new creature will not be built on any original pattern, but on precisely the pattern of its mother. At first it will be just the same microscopic grub with which this story began; it will infallibly become longer by feeding in a certain preordained way; it is absolutely destined to work downward in just such a course as its mother took; we have complete faith that after a given period it will follow the same instinct to stop eating and make the same kind of nest for pupating; its transformation will not be into a ladybird beetle, or into a bean weevil, but into exactly the sort of pine weevil that any entomologist can classify as being indubitably of this species; it will have precisely such and such sutures on its tibiae and identical gray bands on elytra of the unvarying brown shade. The whole of the future animal can be predicted as accurately as the second print from a negative. Shall we guess that some spirit presides over this development, to make sure in the case of every one of the million eggs in Maine next spring that the specific pattern is properly followed? There is good precedent for such a surmise; indeed almost the whole human race has always made that sort of explanation for itself. Or shall we be materialists and say, as we say of a photographer's results, that some mechanism in the egg insures the reproduction of every one of the countless refinements of an infinitely complicated structure?

Do not make haste to answer yes, for then you will have to assent to other proposals that will confound all your notions of matter and spirit. At present you are thinking of the egg as a sort of blue-print room in which there are specifications for all the countless details of bodily make-up; you can even imagine specifications for the two lives of grub and weevil, with the metamorphosis in the pupa stage. It is beyond understanding, but still can be conceived in a way, since it is bodily, material.

What of the emotions in the brain of a grub? What of the instincts that instruct it to make a pupating chamber, to seek unknown foods as soon as it is an utterly new sort of animal in utterly new surroundings, to hibernate, to summon a mate, to seek out certain peculiar places having certain odors, to incise bark at a certain spot, to stow an egg in a certain way? A weevil cannot have knowledge of all these operations, but merely obeys impulses that come from somewhere within itself. The impulses are not random; they are precisely ordained and *provide* for results of which a weevil has no conception. Are there spirits that guide weevils? Or must we judge, considering how the impulses come with perfect regularity to all weevils alike, that instincts too are matters of mechanism? If we judge so, we believe that "mere matter" contains immaterial feelings. We are compelled to believe that the mere matter of an egg contains equivalents for desires and passions, for wise responses to a bewildering environment—in short, for all the purposes of a most intricate psychological life.

I do not urge this conclusion, because I know of scientists who flinch from it and who figure out in some way an escape from it. One of them has said to me, "At each stage of development in an insect's life there is no more in its mechanism than a provision for the next stage." But what is a "stage" in building a creature's body? The processes are continuous. And how could a stage originate anything? Every detail of growth must have an exact detail for its antecedent. If this is not true, then I may expect to see chicks originate in coconuts without eggs for antecedents.

There is another reason for not urging my conclusion about an egg: the idea is very unsettling. Its effect is to destroy all knowledge of the difference between matter and spirit. To most people the faith that they know that difference is pleasant and assuring—like the faith

that they know where "up" and "down" are in the universe. To face the idea that we cannot make a distinction between matter and spirit is a bold adventure, too hazardous for some to risk.

Yet it is wholesome and brings peace to minds that become acquainted with it. It is quite common nowadays among delightful people who labor for the betterment of the world. Witness John Dewey: "The 'matter' of materialists and the 'spirit' of idealists is a creature similar to the constitution of the United States in the minds of unimaginative persons. But the vague and mysterious properties assigned to mind and matter, the very conceptions of mind and matter in traditional thought, are ghosts walking underground." The more I reflect upon the grub of a weevil, the more I feel sure he is right. If I conceive the "matter" in its body as something superior to, or in any way different from, the "spirit" that sounds more cheerful to my friends, I am as superstitious as they.

I am not pleading the cause of materialism vs. spiritism. I am only explaining that the human mind has no conception of what matter is; that to give matter a bad name is to be silly; and that to invent some spiritual qualities for the glorification of matter is like making jewelry for a grub. Why must matter be decked out with the baubles of our intellect? As well try to decorate the nebulae.

When a man calls himself a materialist he is only asserting that he wants to reverence nature as it is, not as a millinery philosophy would frounce it with intellectual bunting.

## V

What's in a grub? For me there is wonderment to supply a lifetime of

cogitation. There is also a stimulating query that has a purifying effect and that will keep anyone occupied through fruitful years if he pursues it. When I think of the grub in a pine tree, I wonder in what ways my heaven-aspiring mind resembles that cluster of instincts. I can imagine how the grub may feel all its life that it is controlling itself and making decisions and exercising will-power and learning to think straight. But I can see that all the while it is being led by a heritage of emotions which direct it to destined ends and leave its mind almost nothing to do. I wonder to what extent I and my mind are like the grub and its mind. As an illustration: sometimes I review an argument I have had, in which I supposed I was using cold reason and reaching objective truth; years later I can look back and detect that there was no reason in me, for I was simply defending emotions. As another illustration: I read some modern philosophy—say of Santayana—and I learn this about so profoundly logical a reasoner as Kant: "His postulates and categories were mere tenets of protestantism, fossils imbedded in the old man's mind." So I wonder about the intellect of which we are so proud and from which we expect so much. Does it amount to anything? Sometimes I suspect it is just a kind of appendage to our inheritance of instincts, perhaps no more than a pretty iridescence on the surface of the body of molecules which carry the real personality.

Of course I have no such theory; I am only wondering. I have found that my brain works better and is much more cheerful since it became curious about this materialistic possibility. There is, for the cheerful and wondering brain, much virtue in your grub.





## THE OLD-TIME DRUM MAJOR

BY GILBERT P. SYMONS

WE have come in from the balcony where Lafayette once addressed the town. Armistice Day parade is all gone by. It was quite a sight and at times quite a sound. The Old Guard band from Aurora had the best uniforms and gave the best music, but the family voted the palm to the Silver Cornets from Plainfield because they had the only drum major.

The children didn't even know the name "drum major" and had to have the word explained to them. I voted for this fellow from Plainfield to make the decision unanimous, but I pouted to myself, mentally, that he was not much of a drum major. Why! The fellow was no taller than myself. He had the insipidity to wear a cap! In uniform he was the very lick of the piccolist in the rear rank! Worse than that, he twirled his baton in but one hand and never threw it skyward. Out upon such drum majors! In my time he would have received no vote at all. No small boy would have been seen near him. My thumbs are still down against this charlatan, though of course I daren't say anything to the children about it.

They were giants in our days, those drum majors. Where they came from in a domestic and private way no boy knew; and indeed no proper boy was so irreverent as to inquire. There *was* a boy in our block, I remember, who suspected aloud among us that a certain tall young policeman might also be a drum major. And why? Simply because he was very tall and sometimes twirled his billy. We decided that that boy had an indecent mind and sent him

to Coventry. No doubt he grew up into a scientist with his prying ways, and invented truth-toxins. Or else he is by now an impious psychologist, happy enough if he can relieve our poor age of its last illusion.

No. Our drum majors came from the place where they kept the fairies and Santa Claus and the little god Pan. They awoke before Decoration Day for boys who believed in the Flying Dutchman and the Old Man of the Mountain. We allowed that a drum major might hunt down wolves with Hiawatha in the winter, and fish for sturgeon between parades. A great one might have a lodge in the Apennines with Julius Cæsar and Hannibal (winks in geography class over that when we came to Italy) and talk over old campaigns with them; but as sure as the shadow grew shorter on the sundial, he would take his orbéd scepter down from the wall and go. The boys would be looking for him to lead the band.

Or he might hibernate after the fashion of Barbarossa. We allowed him that. He might even hibernate in a cave in the Catskills like Rip van Winkle. There was dignity in the thought. Such exertions, such defiance of the Fourth of July sun under a bearskin busby called for long rest. Perhaps, upon the right day, a gnome touched him awake with the pointed end of his silver staff and said one magic word, such as "Time!" or perhaps "Parade!" Upon thought, "Parade!" would be the word.

Then the drum major would stretch his great length. He had need to stretch like Achilles before the combat.

He would draw on his buff chamois breeches—breeches that would make long pants for any boy and then need rolling up at the bottom. Over these came the Wellington boots—those shiny black boots of a dragoon, rising high on the thigh in front but cut away behind the knee. A scarlet tunic with square gold buttons on the cuffs; a silver-steel cuirass over his great chest; a Hungarian lancer's green dolman over one shoulder—sleeves empty; and then the shako, black bearskin ever so high, but still with a pompom or an aigrette to carry it higher. And the face! The face of the terrible Maréchal Davoust, or of Hector saying farewell. The grimness of the shako's brass chain held below the lower lip! And yet in the eyes a twinkle of tolerance for proper boys: just that and no more.

At parade-rest our drum major was a god. At a halt he came to a pose with his staff under his arm. Then, *some* boys might choose to be allowed to look down the great bell of the tuba by a man who on other days kept a market and made good bologna sausage. *Some* might be charmed by the Circular Altos, who used their every halting moment to turn and turn and turn until out of their bells ran water—the troublesome water that makes burbles for all Circular Altos. *Some* might risk intimacy with the Side Drum, now drawing up his snares; and go so near as to let him do a short tattoo upon their close-cropped pates to the delight of the crowd. Or, shameful worst (and serve them right), they might have Side Drum openly and publicly inquire, "Say, boy! Does your Ma know you're 'way out here?"

Not so the choicest of us—the ones who are still the dreamers of our time—never mind if the income is small. We stayed by the drum major. He never passed remarks. He never slipped any fine-cut chewing tobacco, or even voice lozenges, into his mouth. He might once lift the shako off from his head to wipe his brow with his free hand, much as an archbishop might for a moment lighten

himself of his miter, or a knight doff his helmet, or a king his crown. But no flippancies, no familiarities.

We gathered silent in a ring about his majesty, storing up sensations for the winter to come. I remember once standing beside that great chamois-leather thigh in the half vertigo of a devotee. A sudden breeze switched the fringe of the giant's gold sash in a spray against my mouth. I could have kissed it—if boys kissed anything but lucky marbles. The gold knop of the tassel smote my snub nose. It was an accolade. It said, "Boy, you seem to be respectful. You may attend me."

Yes. In repose he was a god.

But in action? At first severe, strict. Just an up-and-down thrust of the silver staff to give the tempo, like the beautiful piston-rod of a river boat's engine. Just enough of this to get the band into good step, and then the sign for Sound Off! Side drums ruffle out a long teasing roll. Big drum and cymbals chop off its head with boom and crash. Cornets and trombones join in on the step with a fanfare. They are heralds trumpeting from a high keep. Now harmony-parts slide in from tuba, baritone, fluegels, altos, and clarinets, and they build up the castle from below. You can smell oxen roasting for the barbecue. You can see a hundred pennants mingling their primary colors in the castleyard. The varlets are broaching red wine. The cooks are larding brown capons on the spits. There is custard by the firkin. There is mincemeat by the keg. The ladies all have golden hair. Their ribbons flutter while the chargers paw and neigh.

Is this not what a boy hears when the band is at full tilt behind him? Or did you see a diamond crown, deep in the thick crimson plush of a cushion upon an abbey altar, while the organ played processional for the coronation? How can words tell what goes on in a boy's mind as the genii of music transmute brass into gold for his ear?

Glory mounts within us until it would seem that the heart must burst. It is in



vain that relatives beckon to us with bananas—even with red bananas—and call to us to join them upon the sidewalk. We see nothing but the gallant figure of the drum major. We hear nothing but the golden breathings of his slaves there behind.

His knees lift higher. His Wellington boots smite the Belgian blocks with scorn of earth. He is a royal lion ramping upon his way.

The French horns tear at one's vitals with their ravishing wail. It is not to be borne. Even that silver cuirass must burst with this rush of emotion.

But no. There is sufficient escape for all this heart-pressure in that silver staff with the golden orb! The band can now take care of itself. The staff begins to turn slowly in the right hand: a Dutch windmill in a breeze. Faster and faster it spins: locomotive drive-wheels getting up speed. Faster and faster, and the staff disappears. It is but a silver shield held out before, the glittering aura of an advancing magic presence.

From hand to hand the staff flits—a dragon-fly between reeds. And then the climax, the very utmost blazoning of glory. Up it flies into the air; up there nearly on a level with those folks gazing out of third storys, spinning like the spokes in the wheels of the chariot of the sun. We hold our breath, but the drum major has no fear. He is as sure as the champion center-fielder waiting for a long fly.

Caught, and caught spinning! Up again and again while we are passing the reviewing stand. A left hand will do to signal to the side drums for three ruffles to his Honor the Mayor.

Oh, this is no ordinary mortal! It is Richard the Lionheart brandishing his mace in defiance of Saladin. It is the Cid scattering the Moors, or Mehemet Ali massacring Mamelukes on the desert. It is Sir Richard Grenville working the *Revenge* to the tune of Papist culverins. It is Pickett at the head of his brigades advancing to the Bloody Angle!

## II

Dear reader of my own age, is it not so? Did we not have such drum majors?

Do you remember the march called "Beau Ideal"? Do you remember how, near the end of the first strain, the drum major would march backward to prepare the band for the coda? Do you remember how his staff became a horizontal bar talking to the trombones and saying, "Watch out now, you brasses? Enough of your rearing and your blaring. Have done with all this champing and stamping. You've given the step well enough to the Marching Club behind there. The people on the sidewalks are all tapping with their shoes. Now for something limpid. Now for something soothing. Now give them honey oozing from the comb. Give the mothers and babies something dreamy and *legato*."

And they did it! They did every blessed thing he signed for. They had better obey that drum major! The cornets had been whinnying like stallions. Now they knelt down and prayed all together like organ stops. The trombones repented of ramping and roaring like Bulls of Bashan and cooed like mourning doves.

He had them in the hollow of his hand.

Was it not just that way, my friend who ran barefoot with me in the early days of Grover Cleveland?

Do you remember when we came to the Square: the place of the Soldiers' Monument? It was there, you remember, that the Zouaves did a star in honor of Ellsworth. They opened out ranks. They milled and mingled before the confused eye like dropping glass in the end of a kaleidoscope. And all at once, before you could tell how it was done, you had your star—a five-pointed star in honor of noble Ellsworth. And all the people clapped their hands and shouted, "Hooray for the Zouaves!"

Well, the band could do something too. It could countermarch. At a

secret sign from the pumping silver staff, the band knew what was coming. Drum major spins a precise right angle on one heel. His staff points rigidly to the base of the Monument as if to say, "There, the impossible. Scale that!" Almost to the curb he comes. Some zanies from the country back away in fright. The staff goes up like a spire. Drum major spins right-about face. The staff comes downward with a slash. Drum major splits his band in two and strides through them, past the oomping big horns and the ta-ra-ing little horns. Right through the squawking, chattering clarinets, past the boom and rattle and crash of his drums and cymbals, out into the free again—with the whole band involuting and winding after him, mesmerized!

It wasn't a star like the Zouaves'. It was better than a star.

They say that on Good Friday, after Tenebræ in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, the Spanish Cardinal steps down through the crowded nave just like that, cleaving the mob apart without a word or a touch or a look. He would step upon the necks of men even if they were prostrate praying. Well, that may all be. Perhaps the Spanish Cardinal might have made a drum major if he had not gone into the Jesuits. You can't be everything.

### III

You can't be everything, I have said. I fear I must take that back. There are men who lead double lives.

There is, for instance, Henry Gorsuch. Gorsuch is not his real name. I have invented it to protect the man. Henry is almost my neighbor. A little path runs from the rectory side door across empty lots to Henry's back door. I have worn it, going to visit the shyest man in town. Henry visits no one. I got him just once to visit me. The man was plainly uneasy. He kept his eyes upon the door. Perhaps he thought women folks might break in and make him talk. After broaching new topics for fifteen

minutes, I fancied Henry seemed to be thawing out for a sentence. But then the door-bell rang. It was only a child selling tickets for the Methodist oyster supper; but when I returned to the library Henry had fled. Why, to see the man going downtown for his mail, you would think some tall criminal was being returned by conscience to the constable!

I go to Henry when our house gets too uproarious and I want to think. Henry likes to have me come. Not that he ever said it in so many words, but that there are signs. There is the pipe he made me: cherrywood and carved with my initials. One day he jerked his thumb toward a pigeonhole near my particular chair in his shop. Trifle to be found there, so to speak. You know where the tobacco is. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

I can watch Henry in his workshop half a morning and at the same time think up a sermon. Silence, for me, seems to breed good words.

He knows I cherish an enormous respect for his skill of hand (he makes violin and 'cello bows for artists). He will pass a finished Grenadilla stick over to me without a word, and wait. My part is to squint along its length and say, "Straight as a plumb-line, Henry," and go on with my sermon in smoke. His aunt is the only other soul in his house. She never comes into the workshop when I am there. If I have tarried so late as noon I hear her say, "Dinner, Henry," from the other side of the door. And we go our two ways without a word.

But this furtive being leads a double life. I found him out last April. It was a dry, warm morning, and the telephone was getting too much for me. To Henry's for quiet! I found the house locked: the pair of them away at one time. Never mind, there was a good quiet spot out beyond Axtel's bad piece of lane, the hidden meadow in the ravine.

I was about to look for my especial gap in the osage-orange hedge when I heard a quaint little sound from the



other side. It went: "Tump—tump—tump, tump, tump!" Child drumming in there? One of Axtel's little boys playing soldier? I peered in cautiously, and I swear no faun spying upon Venus ever saw a more delicious sight. There was old Miss Gorsuch sitting on a tussock with her black skirts spread about her feet. She was biting at her lower lip and most earnestly whacking away at a child's Christmas drum!

But what was that to the sight of Henry Gorsuch out there in the meadow? The man was transformed. He was Beau Brummel a-going down Piccadilly. The man was ramping down the meadow with all the pomp of one of old Frederick's grenadiers, and twirling a drum major's baton as he went! From time to time the glittering stick would go whirling up aloft. Could I believe my eyes? Well, I could believe my ears, for it was Henry Gorsuch's high tenor voice that squeaked out, "Faster, Aunt Minnie, faster! Ye're slowin' down."

I sneaked away from that osage-orange hedge like a redskin on the trail. This old world will never come to the end of its surprises, and we parsons know it. Upon my next visit I said nothing; but the time after that I could hold in no longer. I waited for a moment when he had nothing sharp or delicate in his hands and then I broke over, "Henry, you old rascal! You gay

old deceiver! I saw you in Axtel's meadow."

He turned about as if shot. His long hands went out together as if in petition, or as if ready for a pair of handcuffs. "Oh, come," I protested. "It's no crime. I wouldn't breathe it to a soul. Be a good fellow, Henry, and let me hold your baton. Never touched one in my life. Like to feel the heft of one."

Henry looked at me with stricken eyes and then went and bolted the door. This place was a confessional, and no mistake. Then he reached down a long box from a shelf over his head. It was only his practice staff. The orb was dented in.

I almost chuckled aloud. So this was why he was never around on Decoration Day and the Fourth of July! Well, I would press him a little further. "Where do you go, Henry?" I had the brass to inquire. Henry took the staff and put it back in its place, and said absently, "Oh, them big places. Cleveland, C'lumbus, Indyanopolis. Once they fetched me clean to Dee-catur, but trolley wires is bad there. . . . But don't say nothin'—I'd have to move if more'n you knew about it."

Glory seems to have a way of fading. I guess that perhaps we boys may have been a mite too fanciful with that lodge in the Apennines with Julius Cæsar and Hannibal.

## The Lion's Mouth



### MAKE IT SNAPPY

BY ALEXANDER BLACK

THE generation that is proud of living longer than its predecessors is becoming acutely partial to incidental experiences that are shorter. A long life but a snappy one. Quicker emotions and more of them. Better and sooner successes. An age that seeks to put conscience into a capsule naturally resents the enormous deliberation of the creative processes. The sharpest quarrel with evolution is that it is so slow.

Art cannot ignore the growing nervousness of taste. An audience that looks for the crisply creative may seem to ask the artist to be on his toes; yet it is better that the artist should hustle than that the audience should walk out or "hang up" on him. The unpopularity of speeches is directly related to their length. I know at least one wife who remarked to an impending speaker, "I don't ask you to make the best speech, but promise me that you will make the shortest one." Thus we are continually reminded that brief art is favored if not imposed by social pressure. And there are excellent arguments for a distinguished brevity. Certainly the Gettysburg Address lost nothing in qualities of endurance by the fact that it was trimmed to the bones. The thing that is the soul of wit must ever enjoy a profound advantage. Wit is quick or it

isn't wit. Probably wit has made more fame than has wisdom. The fame of humor is debatable as well as perishable, chiefly because it has more bulk. It takes time to produce a glow, whereas a spark can be struck in an instant.

As for literature, we find vastly reiterated examples of the quick and the dead. The epigram outlasts the quarto, the sonnet leaves the poor epic breathless. The essay, for example, might plead for the space permitted to a chapter. But its traditions are doomed. The short must be shorter. Bacon had the trick. If we can't repeat his shrewdness we might at least imitate his compression. In fact, the "little" essay has again and again been ventured as a form. Some of our own people have been instinctively terse. We have Franklin. And Emerson is as pithy as they make them, though not technically tabloid. He sustains the effect of brevity, whereas many a lesser performer is at each stage longer than his total. I am inclined to think that the best short essays produced in this country have been written as newspaper editorials.

Perhaps it would not do to insist, in the matter of the audience, that the new spirit is merely a passion for precision. Pep is not always a passion. It is often only nerves, or a kind of gooseflesh, so that it is difficult to appraise the era in which mere duration is subjected to such bitter rebuke. Probably we are, basically, an impatient people. Both the Fundamentalists and the Modernists agree that God takes his time; but it hurt to hear Ruskin speak so contemptuously because we had no ruins, that is to say, no ruins of the respectable class, and it was natural that we should urge our social evolution to step lively. If we



can't do better, our civilization might become synthetically mellow.

By whatever fortuity, the life that asks hurry is very much a psychological consideration at the moment. This is the Snappy Age. No one has sought to put more than sixty seconds into a minute, but it never can be astonishing if someone establishes a cult devoted to squeezing sixty matured emotions out of an hour. Neither skirts nor skits were ever so short. Divorces chop marriages into endurable lengths. The human body is criticized as altogether too complicated. Doctors are busy cutting it down. Science reduces our redundancy with a knife. Ultimately we shall each of us be as snappy, organically, as an aphorism. We are to live longer, but we shall be quick about it. Written thrillers have something happen every five hundred words. The conservative in living will come to be one who is willing to dawdle with something happening no oftener than every five hundred breaths. There will be a technic in transitions, a fine art of multiplicity. We shall be concerned not so much in whither we are going as in how soon we can get there. Doctor Holmes wished for a book taster who should give him a volume "in an epithet and a wink." We do better. The newspaper is a sort of life taster that splendidly aids the hurry of experience. As we become more imperatively impatient it will learn to offer us a murder in one line, a trial in two. A sex scandal naturally will take three.

You must not conclude that, in such a future, life will twitch like an electric sign and that St. Vitus must be the preferred saint. We shall simply have acquired a high-voltage alternating current that enlarges capacity. It is unquestionably a heightened facility in the faculty for enjoyment that demands progressive brevity in the things to be enjoyed. Quite obviously, things not to be enjoyed cannot be too brief. Dying briskly always will be in the best of taste. What may befall on the Other Side if it turns out that we have been peculiar

here—if Peace isn't snappy—would be a speculation utterly distasteful to our self-respect.



### MARSYAS

#### *An Old Tale with a Modern Moral*

IN the days of gods, the God Apollo  
Happily heard the syrinx blown,  
Heard the horn and the huntsman's hollo,  
And shepherds piping to flocks far-strown;  
But his brow was black and his laugh  
was mute  
When Marsyas played upon his flute.  
(Just like me when I hear the toot  
And belch and baw of the saxophone.)

Marsyas found—if the tale be true—  
The reed Athena had cast away;  
He set the reed to his lips and blew  
Continuously for many a day;  
The Naiads sat on a foam-wet boulder,  
Little they recked when eve grew colder,  
But cried, as they shook a shimmering  
shoulder:  
"Atta goat! The faun can play!"

Ah, happy hours that the fates permitted,  
The youth of the world, forever flown!  
When through the groves the Dryads flitted  
And Satyrs crouched by brake and stone;  
Ere the golden gods were vanquished,  
Ere Zeus grew old, ere Pan was dead,  
Ere the sound of lute and lyre had fled,  
And Sax invented the saxophone.

But how does arrogance destroy us!  
Marsyas swaggered and puffed with pride;  
Syncopating his hoof-beats joyous,  
The god of music he thus defied:  
"The faun," he boasted, "out-flutes  
Apollo!  
Marsyas leads! Let Apollo follow!  
These my words let Apollo swallow,  
Or call on the Muses to decide!"

Straightway the Muses nine assembled—  
What mortal may know what the fates  
contrive?—

Marsyas blew till Olympus trembled,  
 While Apollo scarcely deigned to strive.  
 "Apollo wins and Marsyas loses!"  
 Decreed with one accord the Muses,  
 "And the penalty for beginning the  
 Blues is  
 That the fluting faun be flayed alive!"

Marsyas paid for his peccadillo,  
 And found the end that the prideful find;  
 His hide was hung to a weeping willow,  
 To swing and dance in the Phrygian wind;  
 And that is the thing I intend to do  
 To a certain saxophonist who  
 Squawks and squonks till half-past two  
 Under the room of the undersigned!

—MORRIS BISHOP



## OUR FETTERED FREEDOM

BY MARCELLE ENGLAND

MUCH is being talked and written at this time on the subject of human liberty, of individual liberty, of national liberty. We discuss it earnestly, jokingly, passionately, derisively, but with a persistence that proves it to be one of the deep-lying preoccupations of our day. "Is liberty, especially our famous American brand, really more than a pale *ignis fatuus*, hovering strangely and luminously over the marsh of our individual prejudices and inhibitions? Poor self-bound humanity, each one visioning a liberty according to his own desires, a liberty that shall free himself but bind his neighbor! Can freedom really exist side by side with this passion of the average individual to shape all humanity to his own mold?"

This question looms ever more gloomily before a large proportion of our population, a proportion which from month to month seeths into ever-increasing irritation and resentment, yet is bal-

anced by a counter-proportion of individuals who were never more blissfully satisfied with America than they are to-day, for they find at last a mental and moral atmosphere which allows free play for one of the most ineradicable of human weaknesses—the weakness for telling other people what they ought to do.

Not long ago a woman came to me with the request that I would take part in a certain "drive." After a regretful but unqualified refusal to harry any further the already overtaxed citizen, I ventured curiously, "Don't you hate doing it?"

"No," she replied, with obvious relish, "I like it. There are a whole lot of tight-wads in this town who would never give a cent to welfare work if someone didn't go and bully them into it. There's no reason why they shouldn't give as much as anyone else, and I just enjoy going around and telling them so."

There we have it, in the proverbial nutshell. There are altogether too many individuals and too many organized groups who "just enjoy" going around and telling other people what they ought to do. The question of the "drive" is a minor one. Women got the "drive" habit during the war, and are now loth to give up a form of free-booting that combines all the thrill of a successful hold-up with the pious satisfaction of instructing humanity in what they deem the higher ethics of existence. And they go forth, moreover, in the gleeful certainty that whatever the object of the "drive" the great American public will always pay. And the American public does pay, not only in coin of the realm but in the surrender little by little of its right to individual freedom of action in many matters where our busy reformers and self-appointed vigilantes are working with fanatic zeal to enforce rigid and universal adherence to their own code.

Modern psychologists inform us that these determined zealots are merely rushing about trying to work off their



unsatisfied sex-urge, which is forced to find outlet in some such channel or turn inward and produce introverts or nervous wrecks. But this information singularly fails in its pacifying intent. We muse gloweringly on how much less disastrous to America at large would be these same swarms of introverts doirly withdrawn into the seclusion of their dens and boudoirs, brooding on their nerves and other ills and scorning society and the world at large. Dear world at large, so happy to be scorned, free to pursue its colorful existence unhampered by the drab restrictions of these wearisome exponents of the arid life, these victims of the itching fever to instruct, the passion to prohibit.

And this thing of instructing humanity can really assume grotesque proportions. Once I heard a woman declaiming with passionate conviction against dish mops. She said if a woman *had* to wash dishes, why couldn't she put her hands right in instead of fiddling around with a bunch of string on a stick? In the interests of housekeeping humanity I held out for dish mops. I said I would rather wash dishes with a feather duster than put my hands in. And as she gazed back at me scornfully I could see in her eyes how ruthlessly, given the chance, she would legislate dish mops out of existence. These simple utensils were to her, if not plainly immoral, at least an insidious weakness and a lurking menace to the race. Looking at her I seemed to see—in some sternly restricted and menacing future—ghostly barges crawling fearfully along our coasts laden with surreptitious dish mops, while among the underbrush on shore wild-eyed women lurked furtively, waiting to dodge the suppression squad and purchase one of these minor but coveted alleviations of a bound and gagged existence.

Small wonder indeed that our outgoing ships are laden with disgruntled citizens determined to seek a freer air! And in that freer air one of the first things we feel is the subtle amusement of Europe over our plight. It isn't only

that a Frenchman will say to one with a mocking little smile, "But do they still permit you to dance in America?" or "But I thought it had been made a criminal offense for an American to drink wine, even in another country." It isn't the amusement of all Europe that disconcerts one, it's the feeling that their amusement is legitimate—that we really *are* funny. But not, alas! to ourselves. There is still the large and fatuous and dominating majority to whom America and all its works is the cap and climax of all that is good and desirable in existence. It is as if they shouted, "*we* were born there. It produced *us*. Therefore its excellence jumps to the eye." We have all met this type abroad. It goes, primarily, to say it's been there and to ratify its preconceived and unshakable conviction that there is nothing in Europe to compare with the natural or acquired advantages of the great and glorious U. S. A. Flanked and buttressed impregnably by flocks of its own countryman, it proceeds to sit in weary judgment on all of Europe. Its favorite adjective is "decadent." It lauds America and all things in it with a smugness and complacency that is only equalled by its crudeness and inexperience and amazing ignorance. But why elaborate? One can't convince such people that any European could possibly prefer his own country if he could once experience the peculiar joys and privileges of America.

I met in London a fat and tired father from the Middle West who had been dragged by his energetic family through seven countries of Europe at the incredible speed known only to a certain class of traveling American. He was weary and satiated yet full of soothing joy, for he was sailing on Wednesday. Europe to him was a mad, chaotic whirl of passports, sightseeing busses, hotel accommodations, and enraging red tape.

"Before I left," he said fervently, "I knew I loved America. Now I love it with an intensity I didn't dream I could feel."

"Yes," I said, "it's one's own country after all, isn't it?"

"But it isn't that," he protested somewhat indignantly. "It really is the best. It's incomparably ahead of all these other countries."

"Well, you know," I said ruminantly, "I came over on an English ship. It was full of English people purring with joy at getting back to England. It was 'dear old England' for them, just as it's 'the good old U.S.A.' for us."

He looked combative and unconvinced.

"They must have been there just a very short time then," he returned resentfully. "If they'd really lived there a while they'd never want to go back to their stupid England."

At this I couldn't resist relating to him a little incident of my voyage.

I was lying idly in my steamer chair near a group of English people as we steamed tranquilly along on our first afternoon out. One of the men inquired conversationally of his compatriot, a pretty Englishwoman of thirty-five or so:

"Well, and how did you like America?"

She smiled and answered in that casual tone so soothing to our emphasis-racked American nerves:

"I confess I wasn't very much impressed." Then with a fleeting little glance in my direction she added politely:

"But I was there only three months. I suppose one would have to stay a long time to learn to like it."

Her interlocutor, a soldierly looking man slightly gray at the temples, who also recognized my nationality and respected it, leaned nearer.

"Yes," he replied in a sibilant whisper that easily bridged the distance between us, "*a damned long time.*"

My auditor protested uncertainly:

"But they must have been people of the nobility, who have power and ex-

alted position in their own country, and when they found they couldn't have that sort of thing in America they didn't like it."

They weren't, of course. They were just average English people. But he felt vaguely and obstinately that it must have been a mistake, that no one unfortunate enough to have been born in the effete and decadent countries of the Old World could fail to be hurled into a paroxysm of joy on finding himself ensconced permanently under the Stars and Stripes of our native land. A worthy sentiment perhaps if it were not so deliberately blind and complacent, so lacking in the clear vision that would make our land more alluring to the thoughtful among the sons and daughters of its own soil.

We have loved our country for its freedom, but a nation that is bound by fear is not free. We Americans are locked in the grip of fear, fear of being different, fear of doing or saying something that our own particular community group will criticize or condemn. And these others—the eager groups of "condemners"—the avid busybodies concerning themselves solely with restrictions and bans on things of which they personally do not approve—these people are victims of the most cowardly fear of all, the fear of temptation—for themselves and others. They would have a nation of spineless weaklings, "good" in their own particular acceptance of the term because there is no chance to be anything else.

Wasn't it Bernard Shaw who said, "Try to get what you like out of life or you'll end by liking what you get"?

Perhaps the great American public, too lethargic to fight for its liberty, is learning to like what it gets.

"Freedom" is still a word of seven letters, but its meaning is becoming blurred.





## *Editor's Easy Chair*



### OUR SATISFACTION WITH MR. COOLIDGE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

I HAD not thought of Jim Lines for weeks, but after dinner at the Secular Club, as I started for home, it was suddenly borne in on me that it was ever so long since I had seen him and that I ought to search him out and discover what, if anything, he knew now.

I hadn't more than got home when Philip who was with me, listened at the telephone and said, "Mr. Lines is on the wire and says if you will be home tomorrow at five at your house in the country he will drive over from his house to see you." So I said, All right! Whether my spirit called to Jim and made him think of me or his spirit called to me and made me think of him, I know not, but one or the other of these things happened, and likely enough it is so, as asserted by Prof. Cazzamali of Milan and reported in the New York papers on August 21, that the human brain shoots out radiographic waves by means of which we may and do communicate with one another. What's more, and this proves it, Jim Lines and his wife did motor over the next afternoon and I did talk to him.

Interest attaches to discourse with Jim because his ideas and opinions impress people, not as factory made and come by from the department store, but as originating on his own premises. He isn't the man-in-the-street at all. He doesn't merely receive opinions and pass them along but seems to hatch them out himself. At least that notion about him is what makes him valuable

as a talker to those who hold it, the more so because he is blessed with an able mind, and wants to be good. I even think he wants, moderately, to save the world.

As usual, Jim was interesting. He had been abroad and got home. He didn't tell me much about "abroad." He said his son, aged sixteen years, was going to college this year and much against his will, as his interest was not in colleges but in horses, and he preferred to sleep in the stable and aspired to be a hostler. It seemed to me that, considering the times, the boy was keeping pretty good company and had fairly wholesome aspirations. At least, he does not yet aspire to get rich, and that is something.

Jim did not care at present to have the Democrats elect the next President because he could not think of any likely candidate who wanted what he wanted. He admired the remarkable ability of our present President to suit the country in its present mood, but thought he would make a very nice king. As a President he seemed to Jim not to do enough, but as a constitutional monarch to keep hold of the ends of the reins and let his ministers drive, he thought he might do handsomely. Being a Democrat, Jim felt there was a job to be done that wasn't getting due attention, one detail of it being the tariff. The Republican leadership did not impress him. His attention being directed to Borah, he complained that Borah was mean;

that he hadn't a big enough heart, though in powers of mind he seemed about the best the Republicans had, if indeed they can be said to have him.

Jim thought the ablest of the current American weeklies was Brother Villard's *Nation*. He bought it and read it every week, he said. It encourages me to hear any periodical commended, just as it encourages one to know that somewhere exists a good man or a good woman, making a good performance and averting wrath from the race. It is not a secret that Brother Villard is an able journalist and makes interesting papers. To be sure they don't always taste good, but in ordinary times that doesn't matter; and I think Jim likes the penetrating quality of Brother Villard's bite, especially when he speaks out in some good cause, like free speech, as he did two months since in this Magazine.

But of all that Jim said what most lodged in my mind was what he said about Mr. Coolidge, and his modified satisfaction with that gentleman as a President proper for the present hour but still not more than a stopgap in world affairs. His feeling was that Mr. Coolidge's immense success in acquiring the approbation of the people of the United States was due to the fact that he represents the disposition of lovers of the old order to hold on to conditions of existence which are passing. The jig was up with the old order, so Jim thought. It died in the war; but a considerable proportion of mankind was all for embalming it and keeping it in the show window. Mr. Coolidge—so Jim thought—had an instinctive and hereditary affection for the departed and though, as said, Jim felt that he would have made a better king than president, he did not mind his being President in this interval while the remains of the old order are awaiting interment.

**I** WONDER if Jim is right about him. Very likely Mr. Coolidge would wonder too. He gives himself very few of

the airs of a man of destiny and, though he stands up to have his picture taken when requested, he does not seem to give much time to cultivation of the arts of popularity. Colonel Roosevelt was always saying what a good time he had as President. So he did. He enjoyed the job—enjoyed it enormously—and always admitted, and indeed bragged, that he did. Mr. Coolidge also enjoys it, but much less boisterously. He is a politician, and enjoys political life, and twenty-four hours a day of it do not seem to be too much for him. Moreover, his strength seems equal to his day. He gives no sign that the Presidency distresses him.

When we study Mr. Coolidge we study ourselves and the country in general. Why does he give all but universal satisfaction? Frank Kent of the *Baltimore Sun* is much quoted about him. He is not a great admirer of Mr. Coolidge but is very much bent on seeing him as he is and has lately made a three-months journey through the country to find out what the people in general think of their President. He says "About his hold on the people there is not the slightest doubt. His most ardent admirers underestimate it. Literally everybody save a very few is satisfied. Even the radical press teems with praise." That is good testimony and agrees with the general opinion. Is it due to anything Mr. Coolidge has done? It seems not. It is due partly to what he is, and considerably to what he has not done, and largely, it would seem, to public confidence that he will continue not to do anything which will disturb the country. People like his ideas of economy because they save them money. They also approve them not only on economical but on moral and political grounds. They think that to pinch extravagance out of government is an excellent thing. They do not ask to be furnished with entertainment from the White House. They are content if the ministrations which emanate from that edifice make for equanimity and repose.



That is all right so long as it will last and it suits these times. We have been over-supplied with entertainment and agitation from governments. We like just now a government that does not run much to headlines. Jim Lines said that Borah was mean. Probably Mr. Borah would not admit it. But certainly Mr. Coolidge is not mean. He is not averse to helping the world if it can be done according to what looks to him like good sense. He was agreeable to the Belgian debt settlement. He is one of the least emotional of public men, but he is not a bitter-ender and probably not even a thorough-going stand-patter. He would believe in standing pat only as long as it was good politics so to stand. He is curiously wide in the range of his advisers. He will talk to any one of any party whose ideas he thinks may be important. He has had Hearst and Brisbane at the White House. He is perfectly willing to advise with Democrats by whose thoughts or information he thinks the country may profit. Those are interesting characteristics and help to explain what Jim Lines meant when he said Coolidge would make a good king. Something like that a competent modern king is always doing. He does not himself govern, but he is one of the gates by which living ideas may penetrate into government.

**I**T IS often said in these days that nothing can save the world but religion. And that is true enough. Mr. Babson, the expert in statistical economics, would agree to that and, indeed, he has said it himself; but when he thinks of religion he probably thinks of it more as intelligence than emotion. The world has got to be saved by intelligence, and the real office of religion in that job is to stimulate and spiritualize intelligence; to make men wise; to give them a truer understanding of human life. Mr. Borah had a piece in the September *Forum* on "The Fetish of Force," in which he protests against the all but universal persuasion of govern-

ments that force is the main factor in human affairs. He denies that assumption, and speaks out for the abolition by general agreement of force as a means of settling international controversies on the American continent. Perhaps he is getting religion, for that is considerably a religious idea—an idea that was part of the make-up of Mr. Wilson and of which Mr. Coolidge seems a better representative than Colonel Roosevelt was.

Anyone who has any doubts of the need of the application of intelligence to current human affairs should get hold of the observations communicated to the Boston *Herald*, at its request, by Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School. Dean Pound was invited to say what ought to be done about the administration of the criminal law. Deposing that there was not enough accessible information to enable an observer to offer adequate suggestions on that subject, he went on to say, in effect, that our current system of laws and legislation was out of date; that it had been devised for a country whose communities were mostly rural and agricultural and, that, applied now to great urban and industrial communities, it did not work well. Our whole system of criminal justice, he said, "needs to be studied functionally with reference to the needs of urban—industrial America of the day." Besides that, he thought we had got to learn the art of administration. A century ago we did not need much and our inherited mode of thought is adverse to administrative government. "But it takes men," said Mr. Pound, "to do things speedily, and a huge metropolitan area requires the speedy doing of many things." Colonel Roosevelt would have agreed to that.

Dean Pound protested against "hysterical crusades without any solid basis in scientific entertainment of the facts." Altogether, his column and a half of talk in the paper conveys remarkably the need of an infusion of intelligence into our governmental affairs, a need forcibly illustrated by the current struggles

of the city of New York to bring its complicated problems to solution.

**MR. COOLIDGE** has a cold mind. He would probably see the point of Dean Pound's observations—has seen it very likely and is in sympathy with it. But how long will his present attitude suffice? Does it make for stability in international affairs? If the current zeal, for example, for arranging with France and Italy about payment of their debts to us succeeds, where will it bring us out? Almost nobody opposes it, except a few remonstrants from sentimental reasons, but the payments must be made in goods. Will that strengthen us or the contrary? Will the tariff be jacked up in the interest of home industries and more kites attached to the cost of living? How will American Labor feel about it? One reads that in September the Union Label Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor was to conduct a drive throughout the towns and cities of the United States to buy only American-made goods. Mr. Borah in his discussion of force inclines to the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount. Perhaps in due time that philosophy may be found applicable also to the matter of the foreign debts.

Money is considerably a mystery. Has Mr. Coolidge solved it? Has Mr. Borah? Looked at from one point of view, money is dross. From another it is human life. It is energy; it is power; it is the means of accomplishing material things. It is the blood in the veins of a nation and likely, when there is too much of it, to induce blood pressure and apoplexy. There are good things of which we cannot have too much, but money is not necessarily one of them. No more of it is wholesome than one can digest. There never was so complicated a money problem as that presented by the debts left by the Great War. The problem of the debtors is

how to pay without injury to national life; how to maintain credit—which is very necessary to them—without too great a loss of blood; for that is what excessive payments would really amount to. If they pinch life too hard they have a result comparable to the loss of lives by war. The problem of the creditors is how much they can exact without damage to their own economic apparatus and without so weakening their debtors as to injure the market for their own exports. These things are not easy at all. The decisions about them depend on information which is uncertain and on estimates which are more or less speculative; and how much actual money the debtors will ever pay depends on things entirely beyond calculation, like the behavior of the nations and the peoples of the world in the next half century.

Whatever Mr. Coolidge thinks of these things, in what he does he is simply carrying out the orders of Congress the best he can. There is another money matter to which he might give part of his mind and that is waste. The *New Republic* has had some articles on that subject which have been impressive. We have wonderful facilities in these times for wasting materials and we use them with great diligence. If Mr. Coolidge lived in New York and could see the buildings that are torn down every day to make room for bigger buildings of a different sort, it would break his heart. Then there is the universal waste that comes from the cost of labor and the saving of money by throwing away almost anything made by machinery, instead of getting it repaired by hand labor.

But waste will not go on forever as it goes on now. These curious times will pass on presently and so, of course, will Mr. Coolidge; and probably in due time I shall have a clearer notion of just what Jim Lines could not find in Calvin Coolidge that he thought belonged to the make-up of a President.



